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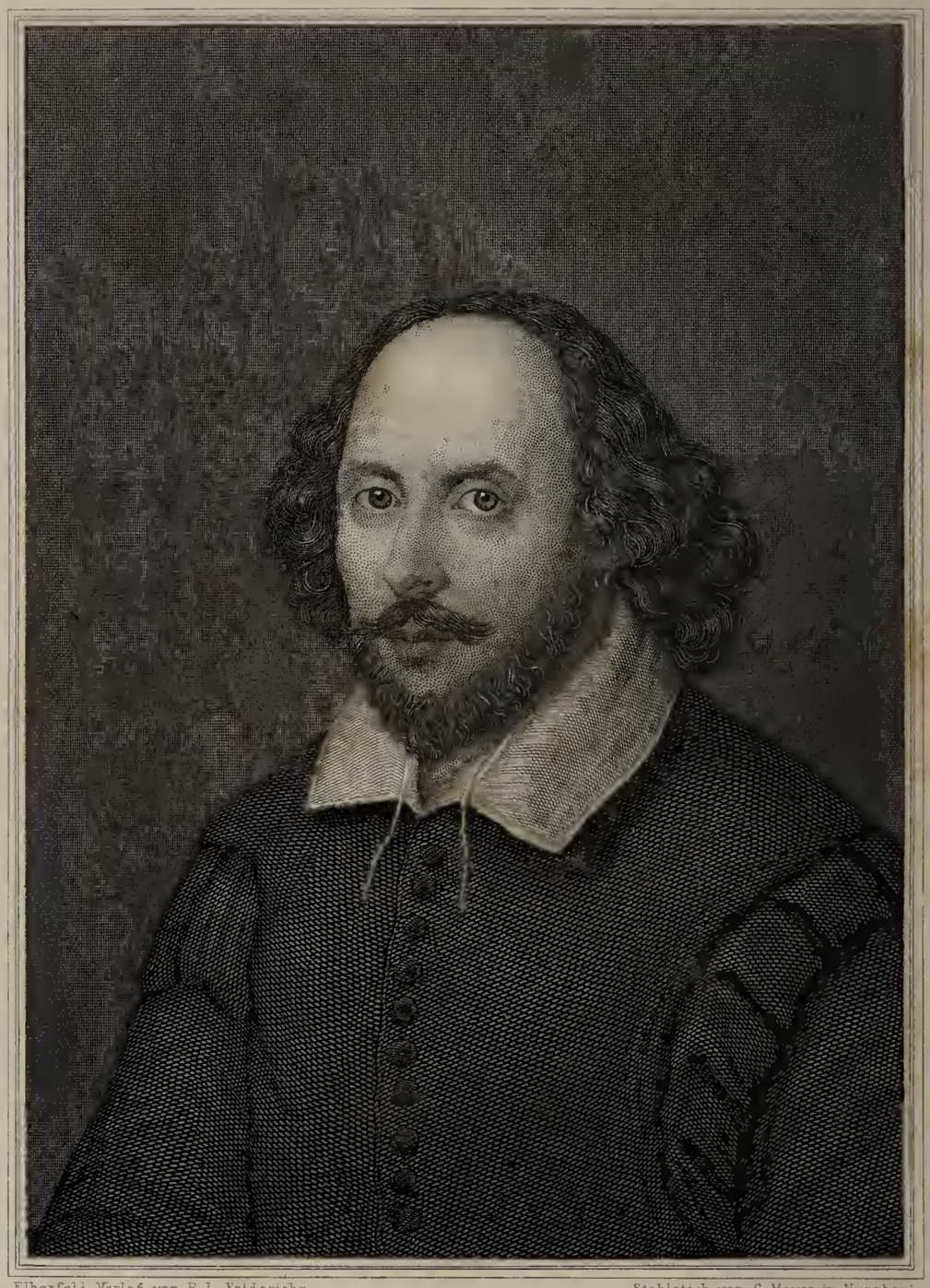

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William Shakspere.

SHAKSPERE'S WERKE.

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HERAUSGEGEBEN UND ERKLÄRT

VON

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THE TEMPEST.

Einleitung.

Die erste Ausgabe dieses Dramas ist die Gesammtausgabe der Shakspere'schen Dramen in Folio (1623), worin The Tempest die Reihe der Comedies und des ganzen Bandes eröffnet. Es steht daselbst in Acte und Scenen eingetheilt und mit einem Personenverzeichniss versehen, das die späteren Herausgeber beibehalten konnten. Der Text ist correcter gedruckt und macht der Kritik geringere Schwierigkeit, als der mancher anderen Shakspere'schen Dramen aus seiner spätern Zeit, die zuerst in der Folioausgabe erschienen sind.

Als früheste Notiz vom Tempest findet sich in den oft erwähnten Accounts of the Revels at Court, dass am 1. November 1611 a play called the Tempest vor dem Könige im Palaste zu Whitehall aufgeführt wurde, und zwar By the King's Players, d. h. von der Schauspielergesellschaft, welcher Shakspere selbst angehört hatte. Der Name des Verfassers ist übrigens in dieser Notiz unerwähnt gelassen. Dass dieses Drama damals ein neues war, hat, abgesehen von den innern Gründen des Styls und Verses, welche entschieden auf ein spätes Datum in des Dichters schriftstellerischer Thätigkeit hinweisen, namentlich Malone wahrscheinlich gemacht durch die Beziehungen, welche er zwischen dem Shakspere'schen Schauspiel und zwischen verschiedenen Reiseberichten von einem Seesturm und Schiffbruch an den Bermudasinseln im Jahre 1609 hervorgehoben hat. Das betreffende Ereigniss wird in Howes' Ergänzung zu Stowe's Annalen so erzählt:

In the year 1609 the adventurers and Company of Virginia sent from London a fleet of eight ships, with people to supply and make strong the colony in Virginia; Sir Thomas Gates being general, in a ship of 300 tons: in this ship was also Sir George Sommers, who was admiral, and Captain Newport, vice-admiral, and with them about 160 persons. This ship was „Admiral", and kept company with the rest of the fleet to the height of 30 degrees; and being then assembled to consult touching divers matters, they were surprised with a most extreme violent storm, which scattered the whole fleet, yet all the rest of the fleet bent their course for Virginia, where, by God's special favour, they arrived safely; but this great ship, though new, and far stronger than any of the rest, fell into a great leak, so as mariners and passengers were forced, for three days' space, to do their utmost to save themselves from sudden sinking: but notwithstanding their incessant pumping, and casting out of water by buckets and all other means, yet the water covered all the goods within the hold, and all men were utterly tired, and spent in strength, and overcome with labour; and hopeless of any succour, most of them were gone to sleep, yielding themselves to the mercy of the sea, being all very desirous to die upon any shore wheresoever. Sir George Sommers, sitting at the stern, seeing the ship desperate of relief, looking every minute when the ship would sink, he espied land, which, according to his and Captain Newport's opinion, they judged it should be that dreadful coast of the Bermudas, which islands were, of all nations, said and supposed to be enchanted, and inhabited with witches and devils, which grew by reason of accustomed monstrous thunder-storm and tempest near unto those islands; also for that the whole coast is so wondrous dangerous of rocks that few can approach them but with unspeakable hazard of shipwreck. Sir George Sommers, Sir Thomas Gates, Captain Newport, and the rest, suddenly agreed of two evils to choose the least, and so, in a kind of desperate resolution, directed the ship mainly for these islands, which, by God's divine providence, at a high water ran right between two strong rocks, where it stuck fast without breaking, which gave leisure and good opportunity for them to hoist out their boat, and to land all their people, as well sailors as soldiers and others, in good safety; and being come ashore they were soon refreshed and cheered, the soil and air being most sweet and delicate.

Nach Malone's plausibler Beweisführung soll Shakspere namentlich einen Bericht benutzt haben, den ein Reisegefährte, ein gewisser Silvester Jourdan, im folgenden Jahre 1610 veröffentlichte unter dem Titel: A Discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called the Isle of Divels, by Sir Thomas Gates, Lord George Sommers, and Captain Newport, with divers others. Einzelne Ausdrücke, welche sich in Shakspere's Drama übereinstimmend mit diesem Berichte finden, so wie die entsprechenden Verhältnisse der wunderbaren Rettung des Admirals und seiner Mannschaft, von denen erst später, nachdem der Rest der nach Virginien weitergesegelten Flotte sie schon verloren gegeben, eine Kunde verlautete, der Aufenthalt der Gestrandeten auf einer bis dahin für unwirthlich und verzaubert gehaltenen Insel, endlich die ausdrückliche Erwähnung der Bermudasinseln als the still-vex'd Bermoothes in unserm Drama (A. 1, Sc. 2), machen es sehr wahrscheinlich, dass Shakspere daher die Idee zu seinem Tempest schöpfte, wenigstens zu dem Rahmen, der die eigentliche Intrigue des Dramas umgiebt. Für die letztere und für die darin auftretenden Personen hat sich eine novellistische

oder dramatische Quelle, die Shakspere benutzt haben könnte, bisher nicht auffinden lassen. Und doch deuten manche Züge in einem deutschen Drama des Shakspere'schen Zeitgenossen, des Nürnberger Notars Jacob Ayrer, »die schöne Sidea«, welche eine auffallende Aehnlichkeit mit einzelnen Zügen in Shakspere's Tempest aufweisen, auf eine gemeinsame, von beiden Dichtern benutzte Quelle hin, sei es nun, dass diese eine jetzt verlorne italienische Novelle, oder, was wahrscheinlicher ist, ein nicht mehr vorhandenes altenglisches Drama war.

Zu A. 1, Sc. 1. Lord Mulgrave's Aufsatz über Shakspere's Anwendung nautischer Ausdrücke lautet im Wesentlichen folgendermassen:

The first scene of The Tempest is a very striking instance of the great accuracy of Shakspeare's knowledge in a professional science, the most difficult to attain without the help of experience. He must have acquired it by conversation with some of the most skilful seamen of that time. - No books had then been published on the subject.

The succession of events is strictly observed in the natural progress of the distress described; the expedients adopted are the most proper that could have been devised for a chance of safety: and it is neither to the want of skill of the seamen, or the bad qualities of the ship, but solely to the power of Prospero, that the shipwreck is to be attributed.

The words of command are not only strictly proper, but are only such as point the object to be attained, and no superfluous ones of detail. Shakspeare's ship was too well manned to make it necessary to tell the seamen how they were to do it, as well as what they were to do.

He has shown a knowledge of the new improvements, as well as the doubtful points of seamanship; one of the latter he has introduced, under the only circumstance in which it was indisputable.

The events certainly follow too near one another for the strict time of representation: but perhaps, if the whole length of the play was divided by the time allowed by the critics, the portion allotted to this scene might not be too little for the whole. But he has taken care to mark intervals between the different operations by exits.

1st Position.	*1st Position.*
Fall to 't yarely, or we run ourselves aground.	*Land discovered under the lee; the wind blowing too fresh to hawl upon a wind with the topsail set. — Yare is an old seaterm for briskly, in use at that time. This first command is therefore a notice to be ready to execute any orders quickly.*
2d Position.	*2d Position.*
Yare, yare! Take in the topsail! Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!	*The topsail is taken in. — 'Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough.' The danger in a good sea-boat, is only from being too near the land: this is introduced here to account for the next order.*
3d Position.	*3d Position.*
Down with the topmast!) Yare; lower, lower! Bring her to try with the main-course!*	*The gale encreasing, the topmast is struck, to take the weight from aloft, make the ship drive less to leeward, and bear the mainsail under which the ship is laid-to.*
4th Position.	*4th Position.*
Lay her a-hold, a-hold! set her two courses! off to sea again; lay her off!	*The ship, having driven near the shore, the mainsail is hawled up; the ship wore, and the two courses set on the other tack, to endeavour to clear the land that way.*
5th Position.	*5th Position.*
We split! we split!	*The ship, not able to weather a point, is driven on shore.*

Zu A. 1, Sc. 2. Schon Farmer machte auf ein im Jahre 1577 erschienenes Reisewerk Eden's Historye of Travayle in the West and East Indies aufmerksam, dem Shakspere Einzelnes zur Charakteristik seines Caliban entlehnt haben möchte. Von diesem Buche, in welchem der Dichter auch die Namen mancher Personen seines Tempest gefunden habe, theilt Staunton folgende zwei hierher gehörige Auszüge mit:

Departyng from hence, they sayled to the 49 degree and a halfe under the pole antartike; where being wyntered, they were inforced to remayne there for the space of two monethes: all which time they sawe no man, excepte that one day by chaunce they espyed a man of the stature of a giant, who came to the haven daunsing and singyng, and shortly after seemed to cast dust over his head. The captayne sent one of his men to the shore, with the shyppe boate, who made the lyke signe of peace. The which thyng the giant seeying, was out of feare, and came with the captayne's servaunt, to his presence, into a little ilande. When he sawe the captayne with certayne of his company about him, he was greatly amased, and made signes, holdyng up his hande to heaven, signifying thereby, that our men came

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*) The striking the topmasts was a new invention in Shakspeare's time, which he here very properly introduces. Sir Henry Manwaring says, „It is not yet agreed amongst all seamen whether it is better for a ship to hull with her topmast up or down.“ In the Postscript to the Seaman's Dictionary, he afterwards gives his own opinion: „If you have sea-room, it is never good to strike the topmast.“ Shakspeare has placed his ship in the situation in which it was indisputably right to strike the topmast, when he had not sea-room.

from thence. This giant was so byg, that the head of one of our men of a meane stature came but to his waste. He was of good corporature, and well made in all partes of his bodie, with a large visage painted with divers colours, but, for the most parte, yelow. Uppon his cheekes were paynted two hartes, and red circles about his eyes. The heare of his head was coloured whyte, and his apparell was the skynne of a beast sowde togeather. This beast, as seemed unto us, had a large head, and great eares lyke unto a mule, with the body of a camell and tayle of a horse. The feete of the giant were foulded in the sayde skynne, after the maner of shooes. — — The captayne caused him to eate and drynke, and gave him many thinges, and among other a great lookyng glasse, in the which, as soone as he sawe his owne lykenesse, was sodaynly afrayde, and started backe with such violence, that hee overthrewe two that stoode nearest about him When the captayne had thus gyven him certayne haukes belles, and other great belles, with also a lookyng glasse, a combe, and a payre of beades of glasse, he sent him to lande with foure of his owne men well armed. — —

The captayne retayned two of these [giants] which were youngest and beste made. He tooke them by a deceite in this maner, — that givyng them knyves, sheares, looking glasses, bells, beades of crystall and suche other trifles, he so filled theyr handes, that they could holde no more; then caused two payre of shackels of iron to be put on theyr legges, makyng signes that he would also give them those chaynes, which they lyked very wel, bycause they were made of bright and shining metall. — — When they felte the shackels faste about theyr legges, they began to doubt; but the captayne dyd put them in comfort, and bad them stand still. In fine, when they sawe how they were deceived, they roared lyke bulles, and cryed upon theyr great devill, Setebos, to helpe them. — — They say, that when any of them dye, there appeare X or XII devils, leaping and daunsing about the bodie of the dead, and seeme to have theyr bodies painted with divers colours, and that among other there is one seene bigger then the residue, who maketh great mirth and rojoysing. This great devyll they call Setebos.

Zu A. 2, Sc. 1. Die von Shakspere benutzte Stelle aus Florio's Uebersetzung des Montaigne, betitelt The Essayes, or Morall, Politike and Militarie Discourses, of Lo: Michaell de Montaigne, Knight, (1603), steht in dem 30. Capitel des ersten Buches unter der Ueberschrift Of the Caniballes und lautet:

Those nations seeme therefore so barbarous unto mee, because they have received very little fashion from humane wit, and are yet neere their originall naturalitie. The lawes of nature do yet commaund them, which are but little bastardized by ours. And that with such puritie, as I am sometimes grieved the knowledge of it came no sooner to light, at what time ther were men that better than wee could have judged of it. I am sorie, Licurgus and Plato had it not: for me seemeth that what in those nations we see by experience, doth not onlie exceede all the pictures wherewith licentious Poesie hath prowdly imbellished the golden age, and al hir quaint inventions to faine a happy condition of man, but also the conception and desire of Philosophie. They could not imagine a genuitie so pure and simple, as we see it by experience; nor ever beleeve our societie might be maintained with so little arte and humane combination. It is a nation, would I answere Plato, that hath no kinde of traffike, no knowledge of Letters, no intelligence of numbers, no name of magistrate, nor of politike superioritie; no use of service, of riches, or of poverty; no contracts, no successions, no dividences, no occupation but idle; no respect of kinred, but common, no apparell but naturall, no manuring of lands, no use of wine, corne, or mettle. The very words that import lying, falshood, treason, dissimulation, covetousnes, envie, detraction, and pardon, were never heard of amongst them.

Zu A. 2, Sc. 1. Die als Bat-fowling bekannte Jagd wird von Markham in seinem Buche Hunger's Prevention so beschrieben:

For the manner of Bat-fowling it may be vsed either with Nettes, or without Nettes: If you vse it without Nettes (which indeede is the most common of the two) you shall then proceede in this manner. First, there shall be one to cary the cresset of fire (as was showed for the Lowbell), then a certain number as two, three, or foure (according to the greatnesse of your company), and these shall haue poales bound with dry round wispes of hay, straw, or such like stuffe, or else bound with pieces of Linkes, or Hurdes dipt in Pitch, Rosen, Grease, or any such like matter that will blaze. Then another company shall be armed with long poales, very rough and bushy at the upper endes, of which the Willow, Byrche, or long Hazell are best, but indeed acording as the Country will afford, so you must be content to take.

Thus being preparcd and comming into the Bushy or rough ground where the haunts of Birds are, you shall then first kindle some of your fiers as halfe, or a third part, according as your prouision is, and then with your other bushy and rough poales you shall beat the Bushes, Trees and haunts of the Birds, to enforce them to rise, which done you shall see the Birds which are raysed, to flye and play about the lights and flames of the fier, for it is their nature through their amazednesse, and affright at the strangenes of the light and the extreame darknesse round about it, not to depart from it, but as it were almost to scorch their wings in the same: so that those which haue the rough bushye poales may (at their pleasures) beat them down with the same, and so take them. Thus you may spend as much of the night as is darke, for longer is not convenient, and doubtlesse you shall finde much pastime, and take great store of birds, and in this you shall obserue all the obseruations formerly treated of in the Lowbell; especially, that of silence, vntill your lights be kindled, but then you may vse your pleasure, for the noyse and the light when they are heard and seene a farre of, they make the birds sit the faster and surer.

The byrdes which are commonly taken by this labour or exercise are, for the most part, the Rookes, Ring-doues, Blackebirdes, Throstles, Feldyfares, Linnets, Bulfinches, and all other Birdes whatsoeuer that pearch or sit vpon small boughes or bushes.

Zu A. 4, Sc. 1. Die Stelle in Lord Sterline's Tragedie of Darius, welche unserm Dichter bei Abfassung von Prospero's Betrachtung über die Vergänglichkeit alles Irdischen vorgeschwebt haben muss, lautet folgendermassen:

Let greatness of her glassy scepters vaunt,
Not scepters, no, but reeds, soon bruis'd, soon broken;
And let this worldly pomp our wits enchant,
All fades, and scarcely leaves behind a token.
Those golden palaces, those gorgeous halls,
With furniture superfluously fair,
Those stately courts, those sky-encount'ring walls,
Evanish all like vapours in the air.

Zu A. 5, Sc. 1. Die von Shakspere für Prospero's Beschwörung benutzte Stelle aus Ovid's Metamorphosen lautet in Golding's unserm Dichter bekannter Uebersetzung so:

Ye airs and winds, ye elves of hills, of brooks, of woods alone,
Of standing lakes, and of the night, approach ye every one.
Through help of whom (the crooked banks much wondering at the thing)
I have compelled streams to run clear backward to their spring.
By charms I make the calm sea rough, and make the rough sea plain,
And cover all the sky with clouds, and chase them thence again.
By charms I raise and lay the winds; and burst the viper's jaw;
And from the bowels of the earth both stones and trees do draw.
Whole woods and forests I remove, I make the mountains shake,
And even the earth itself to groan and fearfully to quake.
I call up dead men from their graves, and thee, O lightsome moon,
I darken oft, though beaten brass abate thy peril soon.
Our sorcery dims the morning fair, and darks the sun at noon.
The flaming breath of fiery bulls ye quenched for my sake,
And caused their unwieldy necks the bended yoke to take.
Among the earth-bred brothers you a mortal war did set,
And brought asleep the dragon fell, whose eyes were never shut.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALONSO, King of Naples.
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ANTONIO, his Brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.
FERDINAND, Son to the King of Naples.
GONZALO, an honest old Counsellor.
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, } Lords.
CALIBAN, a savage and deformed Slave.
TRINCULO, a Jester.
STEPHANO, a drunken Butler.
Master of a Ship, Boatswain, Mariners.
MIRANDA, Daughter to Prospero.
ARIEL, an airy Spirit.
IRIS, CERES, JUNO, Nymphs, Reapers, } Spirits.
Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE, the Sea, with a Ship; afterwards an Island.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

On a Ship at Sea.

A tempestuous noise of Thunder and Lightning heard.[1]

Enter a Ship-master and a Boatswain, severally.

Master. Boatswain!

Boats. Here, master: what cheer?

Mast. Good, speak to the mariners: fall to 't yarely,[2] or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. *[Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare. Take in the topsail; tend to the master's whistle. — Blow, till thou burst thy wind,[3] if room enough!

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, *and Others.*

Alon. Good boatswain, have care.[4] Where 's the master? Play the men.[5]

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boson?[6]

Boats. Do you not hear him? you mar our labour. Keep your cabins; you do assist the storm.[7]

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What care these roarers[8] for the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not.

Gon. Good,[9] yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boats. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor: if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present,[10] we will not hand a rope more; use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.[11] — Cheerly, good hearts! — Out of our way, I say. *[Exit.*

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks, he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows.[12] Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging! make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable. *[Exeunt.*

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the topmast:[13] yare; lower, lower.

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1) Diese Bühnenweisung findet sich schon in der Fol. 2) *yarely* = gewandt, munter. — *good* ist die ermunternde Anrede des Schiffspatrons an den Bootsmann. — Sh.'s genaue Kenntniss nautischer Details, wie sie aus dieser ganzen Scene erhellt, bezeugt mit competenter Autorität Lord Mulgrave in einer längeren Anmerkung, die zuerst in Malone's Ausgabe erschien. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 2. 3) Steevens wollte lesen *till thou burst thee, wind.* — Der Sturm wird humoristisch wie ein Mensch aufgefasst, der so bläst, dass er darüber seinen Athem oder seine Athemsorgane vernichtet oder platzen lässt. — *if room enough* erklärt Dryden in seiner Bearbeitung des Tempest (1667): *Let 's have sea-room enough, and then let it blow the devil's head off.* 4) *have a care* bei Dryden. 5) *play the men* = handelt wie Männer. So in K. Henry VI. First Part (A. 1, Sc. 6) *When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.* — Der Gegensatz findet sich in Macbeth (A. 4, Sc. 3) *I could play the woman with mine eyes.* 6) So die Fol. Viele Hgg. setzen das gewöhnlichere *boatswain* dafür, woraus *boson* durch Abschleifung entstellt ist. 7) So in Pericles (A. 3, Sc. 1) *Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.* 8) *these roarers* bezeichnet der Bootsmann gleich nachher genauer als *these elements.* — Für *care* hat die Fol. *cares*, was Rowe verbessert, die Cambridge Edd. aber beibehalten, indem sie bemerken: *This grammatical inaccuracy, which escaped correction in the later Folios, probably came from Shakespeare's pen. Similar cases occur frequently, especially when the verb preceđes its nominative.* 9) Vgl. oben Anm. 2. 10) *present* = der gegenwärtige Augenblick. 11) Bereitet Euch in der Kajüte auf Euren Tod vor, wenn es so schlimm ausgeht. 12) Der Gesell hat kein Merkmal an sich, dass er im Wasser umkommen soll; vielmehr deutet sein Gesicht ganz auf den Galgen hin. — Dieselbe Anspielung auf das Sprichwort *He that is born to be hanged is not drowned* ist auch in Two Gentlemen of Verona (A. 1, Sc. 1). 13) Wie Lord Mulgrave bemerkt, war das Herunterschlagen der Bramstange zu Sh.'s Zeit eine neue Erfindung, über deren Thunlichkeit

Bring her to try with main-course.[14] *[A cry within.]* A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather, or our office.[15] —

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, *and* GONZALO.

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang! you whoreson, insolent noise-maker, we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Gon. I 'll warrant him for drowning,[16] though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell, and as leaky as an unstanched[17] wench.

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold![18] Set her two courses: off to sea again; lay her off.

Enter Mariners, wet.[19])

Mar. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost! *[Exeunt.*

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let 's assist them, For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I am out of patience.

Ant. We are merely[20] cheated of our lives by drunkards.— This wide-chopp'd rascal, — 'would, thou might'st lie drowning,
The washing of ten tides![21]

Gon. He 'll be hang'd yet,
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at wid'st to glut him.[22]

[A confused noise within.] Mercy on us! — We split, we split! — Farewell, my wife and children! — Farewell, brother! — We split, we split, we split! —

Ant. Let 's all sink wi' the king.[23] *[Exit.*

Seb. Let 's take leave of him. *[Exit.*

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze,[24] any thing. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. *[Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Island: before the cell of PROSPERO.

Enter PROSPERO *and* MIRANDA.

Mira. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,[1]
Dashes the fire out. O! I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel,
Who had no doubt some noble creatures[2] in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O! the cry did knock
Against my very heart. Poor souls, they perish'd.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or ere[3]
It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
The fraughting[4] souls within her.

Pro. Be collected:
No more amazement. Tell your piteous heart,
There 's no harm done.

Mira. O, woe the day!

Pro. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
(Of thee, my dear one! thee, my daughter!) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am; nor that I am more better[5]
Than Prospero, master of a full poor[6] cell,
And thy no greater father.

Mira. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.[7]

Pro. 'T is time
I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me. — So:
[Lays down his mantle.
Lie there, my art.[8] — Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wrack, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision[9] in mine art

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die Sachverständigen noch nicht einig waren. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 2 die Anmerkung. 14) Wie Malone vermuthet, entlehnte Sh. dieses Manoeuvre aus Hackluyt's Voyages (1598), wo es heisst: *And when the barke had way, we cut the hawser, and so gate the sea to our friend, and tried out all that day with our maine course.* — Zur Erklärung citirt Steevens aus Smith's Sea Grammar (1627) unter dem Artikel *How to handle a ship in a storm* Folgendes: *Let us lie as Trie with our maine course; that is to hale the tacke aboord, the sheat close aft, the boling set up, and the helme tied close aboord.* 15) Die Passagiere machen mit ihrem Angstgeheul mehr Lärm als der Sturm und die lärmende Arbeit der Matrosen. 16) Steevens und Malone ändern ohne Grund *from drowning.* — *for drowning* = in Betreff des Ertrinkens. 17) *unstanched* = unersättlich, geil. 18) *to lay her a-hold* = das Schiff hart an den Wind legen. — Dazu gehört denn die folgende Ordre. Vgl. Lord Mulgrave's Erklärung in der Einleitung pag. 2. Steevens interpungirt *Set her two courses off; etc.* 19) So schon in der Fol. 20) *merely* = schier, gänzlich. 21) Möchtest Du so lange ertrinken, wie zehnmal Fluth und Ebbe wechseln, wie die Fluth zehnmal anspült. 22) *to glut* = verschlingen. — Das folgende wirre Geschrei der Ertrinkenden, das hinter der Scene laut wird, drucken manche Ausgg. als einen Theil von Gonzalo's Rede. 23) So Capell. — Die Fol. hat *with' King*, die späteren Folioausgg. *with King*, wofür die meisten Hgg. *with the king* setzen. 24) Hanmer las *ling, heath, broom, furze.* — *furze* ist *firrs* in der Fol.

1) *cheek* für Angesicht, Antlitz im Allgemeinen, in übertragenem Sinne, kehrt bei Sh. öfter wieder; so in K. Richard II. (A. 3, Sc. 3) *the cloudy cheeks of heaven*, und in Coriolanus (A. 5, Sc. 3) *the wide cheeks o' the air.* — Staunton schlägt *crack* für *cheek* vor. 2) *creatures* ist Theobald's Verbesserung für *creature* der Fol. 3) *or ere* = ehe, wofür im ältern Englisch auch bloss *or* steht. — Die gewöhnliche Schreibweise ist *or e'er* für *or ever*. 4) *fraughting* in der Fol. wird von manchen Hgg. in das gewöhnlichere *freighting* umgeändert: die Seelen im Schiffe, welche die Ladung ausmachten. 5) *more better*, für das einfachere *better*, wie Sh. oft den Comparativ doppelt bezeichnet: vornehmer, von höherem Range. 6) *full poor* = ganz arm. 7) *to meddle with* = sich in Etwas mischen, sich mit Etwas zu schaffen machen: mehr zu erfahren, hat nie meine Gedanken gekümmert. 8) Da Prospero's Zauberkraft wesentlich in dem Zaubermantel steckt, den er jetzt ablegt, so redet er in diesem, der nun ungebraucht daliegt, seine Zauberkunst an, deren er für den Augenblick nicht mehr bedarf.

So safely order'd, that there is no soul —[10]
No, not so much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down;
For thou must now know further.
Mira. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd,
And left me to a bootless inquisition,
Concluding, »Stay, not yet.«
Pro. The hour 's now come,
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not
Out three years[11] old.
Mira. Certainly, Sir, I can.
Pro. By what? by any other house, or person?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.
Mira. 'T is far off;
And rather like a dream, than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once, that tended me?
Pro. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it,
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm[12] of time?
If thou remember'st aught, ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here, thou may'st.[13]
Mira. But that I do not.
Pro. Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,[14]
Thy father was the duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.
Mira. Sir, are not you my father?
Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said — thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was duke of Milan, and his only heir
A princess; —[15] no worse issued.
Mira. O, the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was 't, we did?
Pro. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence;
But blessedly holp hither.
Mira. O! my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen[16] that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance. Please you, further.
Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio, —
I pray thee, mark me, — that a brother should
Be so perfidious! — he whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my state; as, at that time,
Through all the signiories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke; being so reputed
In dignity and, for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel: those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported,
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle —
Dost thou attend me?
Mira. Sir, most heedfully.
Pro. Being once perfected[17] how to grant suits,
How to deny them, who to advance, and who
To trash for over-topping,[18] new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd them,
Or else new form'd them: having both the key[19]
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was
The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on 't. — Thou attend'st not.
Mira. O good Sir! I do.
Pro. I pray thee, mark me.
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated[20]
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind
With that, which, but by being so retir'd,
O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false brother
Awak'd an evil nature: and my trust,
Like a good parent,[21] did beget of him
A falsehood, in its contrary as great
As my trust was; which had, indeed, no limit,
A confidence sans bound.[22] He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact, — like one,
Who having, unto truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,

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9) Für *provision* änderte Hunter *prevision*. — *provision* ist = ein thätiges Vorhersehen, Vorsorge. — Die zweite Folioausg. setzt aus Versehen *compassion* für *provision*, was auch Rowe noch beibehält. 10) Rowe ergänzt den Satz, den Sh. mit einem ihm geläufigen Constructionswechsel unterbricht, mit *no soul lost*. — Capell setzt *no loss* für *no soul*. 11) *out three years old* = volle drei Jahre alt, so dass man aus den drei Jahren heraus ist. 12) Sh. hat *abysm* hier und in Antony and Cleopatra (A. 3, Sc. 11). — Das gewöhnlichere *abyss* kommt bei ihm nicht vor. 13) scil. *thou may'st remember*: dann kannst Du Dich auch erinnern, auf welche Weise Du hierher geriethest. 14) *year* ist, wie Steevens bemerkt, zuerst zweisylbig, und nachher einsylbig zu lesen. Manche Hgg. setzen, im Widerspruch mit der Fol., an beiden Stellen *years*. 15) *a princess* verbessert Pope das *and princess* der Fol. — *no worse issued* = von nicht geringerer Abstammung, bezieht sich im Allgemeinen auf Miranda. 16) *teen* = Kummer, Noth. — *which is from my remembrance* = dessen ich mich nicht mehr entsinne. 17) Da er einmal darin ausgelernt war, wie ein Fürst sich zu benehmen hat, wie er Gesuche gewährt oder abschlägt u. s. w. 18) *to trash* = anhalten, niederhalten, eigentlich von zu raschen und hitzigen Jagdhunden, denen man einen Strick mit einem Gewicht beschwert um den Hals bindet. — *for over-topping* = damit sie nicht zu übermüthig werden, eine Sh.'sche Construction, die sich auch sonst findet; so in Two Gentlemen of Verona (A. 1, Sc. 2) *Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold*. — Dryden hat dagegen in seiner Bearbeitung *Whom to advance, or lop for over-topping*. — *whom* für *who* der Fol. findet sich schon in den spätern Folioausgg. 19) *key* ist, in Verbindung mit dem folgenden *to set* und *tune* der Stimmhammer, womit ein musikalisches Instrument gestimmt wird. 20) Steevens setzte, aus metrischen Gründen, *dedicate* für *dedicated*: ich war ganz der Stille ergeben und bemüht, meinen Geist mit dem auszustatten, was alle Schätzung des Volkes übersteigen würde, wenn es nur nicht so geheim wäre, also der Kunde des Volkes sich entzöge. 21) Wie ein guter, zu nachsichtiger Vater leicht ungerathene Kinder hat. 22) *sans bound* = ohne Grenze. — *sans* für *without*. 23) *unto truth*, wie Warburton das von Dyce beibehaltene *into truth* der Fol. plausibel umändert,

To credit his own lie,[23] — he did believe
He was indeed the duke; out o' the substitution,[24]
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative: hence his ambition growing, —
Dost thou hear?

Mira. Your tale, Sir, would cure deafness.

Pro. To have no screen between this part he play'd,
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan.[25] Me, poor man, my library
Was dukedom large enough:[26] of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable; confederates
(So dry he was for sway)[27] wi' the king[28] of Naples,
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown,[29] and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd, (alas, poor Milan!)
To most ignoble stooping.

Mira. O the heavens!

Pro. Mark his condition, and the event;[30] then tell me
If this might be a brother.

Mira. I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother:[31]
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

Pro. Now the condition.
This king of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he in lieu o' the premises,[32]
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother: whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpose,[33] did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying self.

Mira. Alack, for pity!
I, not rememb'ring how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint,
That wrings mine eyes to 't.[34]

Pro. Hear a little further,
And then I 'll bring thee to the present business
Which now 's upon us; without the which this story
Were most impertinent.

Mira. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?

Pro. Well demanded, wench:
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not,
So dear the love my people bore me,[35] nor set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few,[36] they hurried us aboard a bark,
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepar'd
A rotten carcass of a boat,[37] not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively have quit it, there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us: to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

Mira. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you!

Pro. O, a cherubim
Thou wast, that did preserve me. Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd[38] the sea with drops full salt,
Under my burden groan'd; which rais'd in me[39]
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Mira. How came we ashore?

Pro. By Providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, (who[40] being then appointed
Master of this design) did give us; with

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gehört zu *sinner*: Einer, der sein Gedächtniss zu einem solchen Sünder gegen die Wahrheit gemacht hat, Einer, der sein Gedächtniss sich so an der Wahrheit versündigen lässt, dass er seine eigene Lüge glaubt. — *by telling of it*, wofür M. Mason *by telling oft* lesen wollte, wird meistens auf das folgende *his own lie* bezogen: indem er seine Lüge wiederholt oder äussert. Vielleicht ist es ganz allgemein, ohne bestimmte Beziehung: indem er davon sprach. 24) *out of the substitution etc.* = in Folge der Statthalterschaft und weil er u. s. w. gehört noch zu dem vorhergehenden *he did believe etc.* 25) Der erklärte, vollkommene Herzog von Mailand. 26) Mir, armem Mann, war, nach der Ansicht meines Bruders, meine Bibliothek ein hinlänglich grosses Herzogthum. 27) So sehr dürstete ihn nach der Herrschaft. — *dry* = durstig, hat Sh. auch in Troilus and Cressida (A. 2, Sc. 3) *Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.* 28) So Rowe und Capell für *with king* der Fol. — Die meisten Hgg. setzen *with the king.* 29) *his coronet* = Antonio's Herzogskrone von Mailand; *his crown* = Alonso's Königskrone von Neapel. 30) *his condition* ist der Vertrag Antonio's mit dem Könige von Neapel; *the event* die Folge, das Ergebniss desselben. 31) Ich würde sündigen, wenn ich anders als edel von meiner Grossmutter denken wollte, weil sie zugleich die Mutter eines so schlechten Sohnes gewesen. 32) Auf Grund der verabredeten Bedingungen. — *in lieu of* wird in diesem Sinn = auf Grund von, als Erwiederung für, auch sonst gebraucht; so in As you like it (A. 2, Sc. 3) *In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.* — Knight und Staunton streichen das Comma hinter *premises.* 33) Dryden hat in seiner Bearbeitung *And on a night mated to his design.* 34) *to 't*, das Steevens streichen wollte, bezieht sich auf das vorhergehende *cry it o'er again* = Etwas auf's Neue beweinen. — *hint* = Wink, Motiv, Anlass. — *to wring* = auspressen, hier von den Augen, wie sonst von den Thränen selbst gebraucht; so in Much Ado about Nothing (A. 5, Sc. 1) *Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me.* 35) So innig war die Liebe, die mein Volk für mich hegte. 36) *in few* = in wenig Worten, kurz gesagt. 37) *boat*, das sich schon in Dryden's Bearbeitung fand, setzte Rowe in den Text für *butt* der Fol. — Nach Dryden's Vorgange änderte Rowe weniger plausibel auch zwei Zeilen weiter *had quit it* für *have quit it.* — *quit* für *quitted* im älteren Englisch. So ist vielleicht auch *hoist* als Präteritum, nicht als Präsens zu fassen. 38) *to deck*, oder auch *to deg*, ist im nordenglischen Dialekt = *to sprinkle*, und in diesem Sinne scheint Sh. das Wort hier zu gebrauchen. 39) *which rais'd etc.* bezieht sich auf *thou didst smile etc.* = was in mir einen Muth zu dulden erweckte, um mich aufrecht zu halten bei Allem, was da kommen mochte. 40) Für *who*, das kein Verbum hinter sich hat, setzt Capell *he.* Indess ist solche Nachlässigkeit der Construction, namentlich in der Anwendung der Relativpronomina in parenthetischen Sätzen, bei Sh. nicht selten.

Rich garments, linens, stuffs,[41] and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much: so, of his gentleness,[42]
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.
Mira. 'Would I might
But ever see that man!
Pro. Now I arise.[43] —
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arriv'd; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princess'[44] can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.
Mira. Heavens thank you for 't! And now, I pray you, Sir,
For still 't is beating in my mind, your reason
For raising this sea-storm?
Pro. Know thus far forth. —
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,
Now my dear lady,[45] hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore; and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions.
Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 't is a good dulness,
And give it way:[46] — I know thou canst not choose. —
[MIRANDA *sleeps.*
Come away, servant, come! I am ready now.
Approach, my Ariel: come!

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. All hail, great master; grave Sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be 't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds: to thy strong bidding task
Ariel, and all his quality.[47]
Pro. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point[48] the tempest that I bade thee?
Ari. To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist,[49] the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement: sometimes, I 'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the topmast,
The yards and bowsprit,[50] would I flame distinctly,[51]
Then meet, and join. Jove's lightnings,[52] the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-outrunning[53] were not: the fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune
Seem[54] to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yes, his dread trident shake.
Pro. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?
Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad,[55] and play'd
Some tricks of desperation. All, but mariners,
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit[56] the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring (then like reeds, not hair),
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, »Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here.«
Pro. Why, that 's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?
Ari. Close by, my master.
Pro. But are they, Ariel, safe?
Ari. Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining garments[57] not a blemish,
But fresher than before; and, as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle.

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41) *stuffs* wie *necessaries* ist = Reisegeräth, Gepäck aller Art. 42) *of his gentleness* = vermöge seiner Freundlichkeit, gehört zu dem folgenden *he furnish'd me etc.* 43) Der Sinn dieser Worte ist dunkel. Blackstone fügt sie noch zu der vorigen Rede der Miranda, welche, in der Meinung, die Erzählung ihres Vaters sei zu Ende, von ihrem Sitze sich erheben will und von Prospero mit den folgenden Worten *Sit still* zurückgehalten wird. — Steevens erklärt, dass Prospero damit das gesteigerte Interesse seiner ferneren Erzählung andeuten wolle. — Dyce fügt zur Erklärung die Bühnenweisung hinzu: *Resumes his robe.* — Staunton meint, dass Prospero diese Worte an den nur ihm sichtbaren Ariel richte. — Die Deutung von Dyce scheint die plausibelste zu sein, insofern Prospero sich wieder in seiner zaubermächtigen Rolle als ein höheres Wesen zeigen will. 44) *princesse* in der Fol., der Sh.'sche Plural für *princesses*, der auch in As you like it (A. 1, Sc. 2) vorkommt. Die meisten Hgg. setzen *princes* dafür. — Sidney Walker verallgemeinert die Regel, indem er aufstellt: *The plurals of substantives ending in s, in certain instances; in se, ss, ce, and sometimes ge; occasionally too, but very rarely in sh and ze; are found without the usual addition of s or es — in pronunciation at least, although in many instances the plural affix is added in printing, where the metre shows that it is not to be pronounced.* — Wie die Cambridge Edd. bemerken, findet sich der für Sh.'s Zeit angezweifelte Plural *princesses* in dem alten Drama von King Lear. Ob das Wort daselbst aber, der jetzigen Aussprache gemäss, dreisylbig zu lesen ist, erscheint mindestens zweifelhaft. Die Stelle lautet: *Sweet princesses,* || *I am glad I met you heere so luckily,* || *Having good newes which doth concern you both* || *And craveth speedy expedition.* 45) Die gütige Fortuna, die jetzt meine Gönnerin ist. So in Cymbeline (A. 2, Sc. 3) *Your mother too: she's my good lady.* 46) Es ist eine rechte, ächte Müdigkeit, eine Schlafsucht, der Du nachgeben darfst. — Dass diese Müdigkeit in der Miranda eine übernatürliche, durch Prospero's Zauber schon länger vorbereitete war, zeigen seine früheren Fragen und Bemerkungen, wie *Dost thou attend me?* und *I pray thee, mark me* u. s. w. 47) *quality* = Begabung, Kunst. So in Hamlet (A. 2, Sc. 2) *Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing?* 48) *to point* = genau, Punkt für Punkt. 49) *beak* = Schiffsschnabel; *waist* = Bauch des Schiffes. 50) Für *bowsprit* hat die Fol. *bore-sprit* und Rowe *bolt-sprit.* 51) *distinctly* = getrennt: in mehreren einzelnen Flammen zugleich. — Sh. schildert hier das Phänomen des sog. St. Elmsfeuers, wie er es vielleicht in Hackluyt's Voyages beschrieben fand. 52) Die Fol. hat im Singular *lightning* neben dem pluralischen *precursors.* 53) *sight-outrunning* = das Auge überholend im Lauf, ist wie *momentary* mit *more* zu verbinden. 54) Für *seem*, das durch die lebhafte Schilderung gerechtfertigte Präsens, setzen viele Hgg. stillschweigend *seem'd.* 55) *a fever of the mad* = ein Fieber, wie es die Wahnsinnigen haben. — Dryden's Bearbeitung hat *a fever of the mind.* 56) *quit* für *quitted.* Vgl. oben Anm. 37. 57) *sustaining garments* erklärt Steevens: die Kleider,

The king's son have I landed by himself,
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs,
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.[58]
Pro. Of the king's ship
The mariners, say, how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o' the fleet?
Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes;[59] there she 's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Whom, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,[60]
Bound sadly home for Naples,
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wrack'd,
And his great person perish.
Pro. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there 's more work.
What is the time o' the day?
Ari. Past the mid season.
Pro. At least two glasses.[61] The time 'twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most preciously.
Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.
Pro. How now? moody?
What is 't thou canst demand?
Ari. My liberty.
Pro. Before the time be out? no more!
Ari. I pr'ythee,
Remember, I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made thee [62] no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge, or grumblings. Thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.
Pro. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?
Ari. No.
Pro. Thou dost; and think'st it much, to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep,
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,
To do me business in the veins o' th' earth,
When it is bak'd with frost.
Ari. I do not, Sir.
Pro. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who, with age and envy,
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?
Ari. No, Sir.
Pro. Thou hast. Where was she born? speak; tell me.
Ari. Sir, in Argier.[63]
Pro. O! was she so? I must,
Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forgett'st. This damn'd witch, Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible[64]
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she did,[65]
They would not take her life. Is not this true?
Ari. Ay, Sir.
Pro. This blue-ey'd[66] hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by the sailors: thou, my slave
As thou report'st thyself, wast[67] then her servant:
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy[68] and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests,[69] she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,
And left thee there, where thou didst vent thy groans
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island
(Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
A human shape.
Ari. Yes; Caliban, her son.
Pro. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in: thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears. It was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo: it was mine art,
When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.
Ari. I thank thee, master.
Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,

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welche sie über Wasser hielten; M. Mason aber: die Kleider, welche ohne Schaden das Meerwasser über sich ergehen lassen. Letztere Erklärung ist die wahrscheinlichere. 58) Indem er traurig die Arme so in einander verschlingt. — Ariel ahmt dabei pantomimisch Ferdinand's Haltung nach. 59) Die stets von Stürmen und Brandungen heimgesuchten Bermudasinseln kannte Sh. aus verschiedenen Reisebeschreibungen. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 1. Sie galten zugleich als ein Wohnsitz von Hexen und bösen Geistern und werden in dieser Beziehung häufig bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen erwähnt. — *Bermoothes* für *Bermudas* oder *Bermudos* gehört nicht bloss Sh. an; so steht in Webster's Dutchess of Malfi: *I would sooner swim to the Bermoothes.* 60) *flote* oder *float*, wie Dryden in seiner Bearbeitung das Wort schreibt, = Fluth. So in Middleton's Spanish Gipsey: *It did not || More check my rash attempt, than draw to ebb || The float of those desires.* 61) Staunton interpungirt *At least two glasses — the time 'twixt six and now — || Must by us both etc.*, damit nicht Prospero eine Frage thue und selbst beantworte. — Upton wollte eben deswegen die Worte *at least two glasses* dem Ariel zutheilen. Indess scheint es ganz natürlich, dass Prospero Ariel's Zeitangabe näher bestimme. — *two glasses* = zwei Stunden, nach dem Stundenglas berechnet. 62) *thee* ist vielleicht, wie manche Hgg. vermuthen, durch ein Versehen des Abschreibers oder Setzers hier wiederholt, weshalb Pope es streicht. Indess hat selbst Dryden in seiner Bearbeitung es beibehalten. 63) *Argier*, die ältere Form für *Algiers*. 64) *too terrible* bei Dryden. 65) Da Sh. das *for one thing she did* unerklärt lässt, so ist die natürlichste Erklärung in dem folgenden *with child* zu suchen. Man wollte in Algier die Hexe Sycorax nicht umbringen, weil sie sich hatte schwängern lassen. 66) *blue-ey'd* = mit blauen Augenrändern. So in As you like it (A. 3, Sc. 2) *a blue eye, and sunken.* — Staunton vermuthete *blear-eyed* dafür. 67) *was* in der Fol., von Rowe verbessert. 68) *earthy* = irdisch, gemein, grobsinnlich, steht im Gegensatze zu *delicate*, was den Ariel als einen zarten Luftgeist charakterisirt. 69) *hests* veraltet für

And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.
Ari. Pardon, master:
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spriting gently.
Pro. Do so, and after two days
I will discharge thee.
Ari. That 's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what? what shall I do?
Pro. Go, make thyself like[70] a nymph o' the sea: be subject
To no sight but thine and mine; invisible
To every eyeball else. Go, take this shape,
And hither come in 't: go, hence, with diligence.
[Exit Ariel.
Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake!
Mira. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.[71]
Pro. Shake it off. Come on:
We 'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.
Mira. 'T is a villain, Sir,
I do not love to look on.
Pro. But, as 't is,
We cannot miss him:[72] he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us. — What ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth,[73] thou! speak.
Cal. [Within.] There 's wood enough within.
Pro. Come forth, I say, there 's other business for thee:
Come, thou tortoise! when![74]

Re-enter Ariel, *like a water-nymph.*[75]

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,[76]
Hark in thine ear.
Ari. My lord, it shall be done. *[Exit.*
Pro. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter Caliban.

Cal. As wicked[77] dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,[78]
And blister you all o'er!
Pro. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins[79]
Shall forth, at vast of night,[80] that they may work
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-comb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made them.[81]
Cal. I must eat my dinner.
This island 's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,[82]
Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st[83] much of me; wouldst give me
Water with berries in 't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,[84]
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And show'd thee all the qualities o' th' isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place, and fertile.
Cursed be I that did so![85] — All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king; and here you sty me,
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o' the island.
Pro. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have us'd thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodg'd thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.
Cal. O ho! O ho![86] — 'would it had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.[87]
Pro. Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness wilt[88] not take,
Being capable[89] of all ill! I pitied thee,

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behests. 70) Die zweite Fol. hat *like to*, weshalb Steevens, indem er zugleich *thine and* weglässt, die Verse so regulirt: *Go, make thyself like to a nymph o' the sea:* || *Be subject to no sight but mine; invisible* || *To every eyeball else.* — Schon Dryden in seiner Bearbeitung strich *thine and.* 71) Miranda schreibt ihre Einschläferung, welche in der That von Prospero's Zauber herrührte, dem Auffallenden und Wunderbaren seiner Erzählung zu. — Die Cambridge Edd. vermuthen *strange heaviness.* 72) Wir können ihn nicht entbehren, nicht ohne ihn fertig werden. 73) Vgl. oben Anm. 68. 74) *when!* ein Ausruf der Ungeduld und der Zurechtweisung, der bei Sh. und seinen Zeitgenossen häufig vorkommt. 75) So schon in der Fol. 76) *quaint* = gewandt, geschickt, mit dem Nebensinne des Gefälligen und Artigen. 77) *wicked* = bösartig, verderblich. So kommt *wicked weed* bei Spenser vor. 78) Douce citirt hierzu Folgendes aus dem Sh. höchst wahrscheinlich bekannten Buche Batman's uppon Bartholome his booke De proprietatibus rerum (1582), woher nach Douce's Ansicht Sh. den Namen von Caliban's Mutter entlehnte und modificirte: *The raven is called corvus of Corax — it is said that ravens birds be fed with deaw of heaven all the time that they have no black feathers by benefit of age*, und in einer andern Stelle desselben Buches: *This Southern wind is hot and moyst — — Southern winds corrupt and distroy; they heat and maketh men fall into sicknesse.* 79) *urchin* = Igel, Stachelschwein. Von dem widerlichen, unheimlichen Aussehen dieses Thieres wurde auch eine Art von Kobold so bezeichnet, und Sh. fasst wahrscheinlich das Wort hier in solchem Doppelsinn. 80) *vast of night* = die Oede und Leere, die grauenhafte Stille der Nacht, in der solche Kobolde ihr Strafamt an Caliban ausüben sollen. Die Hgg. lasen bisher, nach Vorgang der Fol.: *urchins* || *Shall for that vast of night that they may work,* || *All exercise on thee*, bis Ingleby auf die, wie er sagt, schon von Thomas White im Jahre 1793 angegebene evidente Textverbesserung wieder hinwies. 81) Caliban soll von den Kobolden so über und über gezwickt werden, wie in den Honigwaben eine Bienenzelle dicht neben der andern liegt, und jeder Zwick soll schmerzhafter sein, als der Stich der Bienen, welche die Honigwaben machen. 82) Ritson wollte lesen *When thou cam'st here first*, da die Fol. *cam'st* liest. 83) Die Fol. hat *stroakst* und *made*, was zuerst Rowe verbesserte, nach Dryden's Vorgange. 84) Das grössere Licht, das bei Tage brennt, und das kleinere, das bei Nacht brennt. 85) Da die Fol. *Curs'd* liest, so setzen die späteren Folioausgg. *Curs'd be I that I did so.* 86) *O ho!* ist der charakteristische Ausruf des Teufels in den altenglischen Moralitäten. 87) Die folgende Rede, welche die Fol. der Miranda zuertheilt,

Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning,[90] but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known; but thy vile race.[91]
Though thou didst learn, had that in 't which good natures
Could not abide to be with: therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.

Cal. You taught me language: and my profit on 't
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you[92]
For learning me your language!

Pro. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou 'rt best,[93]
To answer other business. Shrugg'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I 'll rack thee with old[94] cramps;
Fill all thy bones with aches;[95] make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, 'pray thee! —
[Aside.] I must obey: his art is of such power,
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,[96]
And make a vassal of him.

Pro. So, slave; hence! *[Exit* Caliban.

Re-enter Ariel, *invisible,*[97] *playing and singing;* Ferdinand *following him.*

Ariel's Song.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd, —
The wild waves whist,[98] —
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.[99]
Hark! hark!

Burden. *Bowgh, wowgh.*
The watch-dogs bark:

Burden. *Bowgh, wowgh.*
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.[100]

Fer. Where should this music be? i' the air, or the earth? —
It sounds no more; — and sure, it waits upon
Some god o' the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again[101] the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather: but 't is gone. —
No, it begins again.

Ariel sings.

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.[102]
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
[Burden. *Ding-dong.*
Hark! now I hear them, — ding-dong, bell.[103]

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father. —
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes.[104] — I hear it now above me.

Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eye[105] advance,
And say, what thou seest yond.

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giebt zuerst Theobald, nach Dryden's Vorgange, dem Prospero, dem sie offenbar auch zukommt. 88) Für *wilt* der Fol. setzen viele Hgg. mit den späteren Folioausgg. *will.* 89) *capable of* = empfänglich für Etwas, ist in Verbindung mit dem vorhergehenden *any print* aufzufassen. 90) Diesen etwas ungenauen Ausdruck erläutert Steevens: *when thou didst utter sounds to which thou hadst no determinate meaning:* Du äussertest Dich in einer Weise, dass Du Dich selber nicht verstandest. — Capell änderte *when thou couldst not, savage,* || *Show thine own meaning.* 91) *race* = die angeborne Art: obgleich Caliban gelehrig war, so behielt er doch vermöge seiner teuflischen Abstammung Etwas in sich, mit dem edlere Geschöpfe es nicht aushalten konnten. 92) *to rid* = aus dem Wege räumen, wegschaffen. — So in K. Henry VI. Third Part (A. 5, Sc. 5) *As, deathsmen, you have rid this sweet young prince.* — Wie hier *red plague,* so steht in Coriolanus (A. 4, Sc. 1) als Verwünschung *the red pestilence.* Ob Sh. damit speciell die als Erysipelas bezeichnete Krankheit verstanden wissen will, erscheint doch sehr zweifelhaft. 93) Für *thou 'rt best,* was parenthetisch als drohende Insinuation steht, setzen manche Hgg. *thou wert best.* — Die späteren Folioausgg. haben *thou art best.* 94) *old* = reichlich, mehr als genug. 95) Das substantivische *aches* war im Unterschiede von dem verbalen *akes* zweisylbig mit palataler Aussprache des *ch;* so in Timon of Athens (A. 1, Sc. 1) *Aches contract and starve your supple joints.* 96) *Setebos* fand Sh. in Eden's Historye of Travayle in the West and East Indies als einen von den Patagoniern angerufenen Oberteufel. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 2 u. 3. 97) Steevens citirt dazu aus dem Verzeichniss einer Theatergarderobe (1598) u. A. *a robe for to go invisebell.* 98) Da die Fol. kein Interpunctionszeichen hinter *kiss'd* hat, so liesse sich der Passus deuten: Wenn Ihr Euch verneigt und die wilden Wellen geküsst habt, dass sie stille sind. Indess scheint es natürlicher, mit Steevens *the wild waves whist* parenthetisch zu fassen: während die wilden Wellen stille sind, und das *kiss'd* wie das *court'sied* als Einleitung zum Tanze zu erklären. 99) Die Fol. hat *bear the burden,* was Theobald nach Dryden's Vorgange umstellte, um den Reim herzustellen. — Die dann folgende alte Bühnenweisung *Burden dispersedly* besagt, dass auf Ariel's Geheiss die Geister von verschiedenen Seiten und mit nachgeahmten Thierstimmen den Refrain zu Ariel's Gesange bilden, um den Ferdinand zu verwirren und in den Zauber zu verstricken. 100) So die Fol. — Die Hgg. setzen meistens das gewöhnliche *cock-a-doodle-do.* 101) *again* versteht Malone hier als die veraltete Form der Präposition *against* = gegenüber, im Angesichte des Wrackes, und Rowe setzt sogar *against* in diesem Sinne in den Text, wie schon vor ihm Dryden in seiner Bearbeitung. Indess scheint es natürlicher, *again* in dem gewöhnlichen Sinne zu nehmen: indem ich auf's Neue den Untergang des Königs, meines Vaters, beweinte. 102) Alles Vergängliche an ihm wird durch den Einfluss des Meeres in etwas Kostbares und Seltenes verwandelt, wie z. B. die Augen in Perlen. 103) Denselben Refrain hat Sh. in Merchant of Venice (A. 3, Sc. 2) *Let us all ring fancy's knell:* || *I 'll begin it. — Ding, dong, bell.* 104) *to owe* = sein eigen nennen. 105) Diese poetische Umschreibung

Mira. What is 't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, Sir,
It carries a brave form: — but 't is a spirit.
Pro. No, wench: it eats and sleeps, and hath such senses
As we have, such. This gallant, which thou seest,
Was in the wrack; and but he 's something stain'd
With grief, that 's beauty's canker, thou mightst call him
A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find them.
Mira. I might call him
A thing divine, for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.
Pro. [Aside.] It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompts it. — Spirit, fine spirit! I 'll free thee
Within two days for this.
Fer. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend! [106] — Vouchsafe, my prayer
May know if you remain upon this island,
And that you will some good instruction give,
How I may bear me here; my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid, [107] or no?
Mira. No wonder, Sir;
But certainly a maid.
Fer. My language! heavens! —
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 't is spoken.
Pro. How! the best?
What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard thee?
Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me,
And that he does I weep: [108] myself am Naples;
Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, [109] beheld
The king, my father, wrack'd.
Mira. Alack, for mercy!
Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the duke of Milan,
And his brave son, [110] being twain.
Pro. The duke of Milan,
And his more braver daughter could control thee,
If now 't were fit to do 't. — *[Aside.]* At the first sight
They have chang'd eyes: — delicate Ariel,
I 'll set thee free for this! — *[To him.]* A word, good Sir;
I fear, you have done yourself some wrong: [111] a word.
Mira. Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
That e'er I sigh'd for. Pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!
Fer. O! if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I 'll make you
The queen of Naples.
Pro. Soft, Sir: one word more. —
[Aside.] They are both in either's powers: but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light. *[To him.]* One word more: I charge thee,
That thou attend me. Thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on 't.
Fer. No, as I am a man.
Mira. There 's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.
Pro. [To Ferd.*]* Follow me. —
Speak not you for him; he 's a traitor. — Come.
I 'll manacle thy neck and feet together;
Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.
Fer. No;
I will resist such entertainment, till
Mine enemy has more power.
[He draws, and is charmed from moving. [112]
Mira. O, dear father!
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He 's gentle, and not fearful. [113]
Pro. What! I say:
My foot my tutor? — Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward, [114]
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.
Mira. 'Beseech you, father!
Pro. Hence! hang not on my garments.
Mira. Sir, have pity.
I 'll be his surety.
Pro. Silence! one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
An advocate for an impostor? hush!
Thou think'st there is [115] no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish wench!
To the most of men this is a Caliban, [116]
And they to him are angels.
Mira. My affections

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für Augenlider fand Sh. in Sidney's Arcadia: *Sometimes my eyes would lay themselves open — or cast my lids, as curtains, over the image of beauty her presence had painted in them.* 106) Die Göttin, auf deren Befehl diese Lüfte solche zauberische Musik ertönen lassen. 107) Für *maid* der Fol. lesen viele Hgg. mit der vierten Folioausg. *made*, als fragte Ferdinand die Miranda, ob sie geschaffen sei oder nicht. Vielmehr fragt er, dem sie zuerst als eine Göttin erschienen war, sie jetzt, ob sie das sei, als was sie ihm jetzt erscheint, eine Jungfrau. So versteht auch Miranda Ferdinand's Frage, wie aus ihrer Antwort erhellt. 108) Da er todt und ein Geist ist, so kann er mich hören, und dass er das kann, das beweine ich. 109) Meine Augen haben seitdem nicht aufgehört zu fluthen, Thränenströme zu vergiessen. 110) Dieser Sohn des Herzogs von Mailand kann hier nur aus Versehen von dem Dichter erwähnt sein, da weiterhin, wo alle aus dem Schiffbruch Geretteten auftreten, nirgendwo von einer solchen Person die Rede ist. — Unter dem *duke of Milan* versteht Ferdinand den Antonio, Prospero versteht darunter sich selbst. — Für *control* = zurechtsetzen, seines Irrthums überführen, vermuthet Staunton *console*. 111) Ferdinand hat sich selbst zu nahe gethan, indem er sich für verwaist und demnach für den König von Neapel hält und erklärt. 112) Diese Bühnenweisung ist aus der Fol. 113) *fearful* = geeignet Furcht einzuflössen, schrecklich; also der natürliche Gegensatz zu *gentle* = sanft, freundlich. — Staunton erklärt mit Smollet zu gesucht *he is of a lofty spirit and not to be intimidated.* — Für *foot* im folgenden Verse vermuthet Sidney Walker sinnreich *fool*, wie Prospero bald nachher seine Tochter als *foolish wench* anredet. 114) Gieb Deine Fechterstellung auf, Deine Position mit gezücktem Schwerte. 115) Für *is* der Fol.

Are then most humble: I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.
Pro. *[To* Ferd.*]* Come on; obey:
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.
Fer. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wrack of all my friends, nor [117] this man's threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.
Pro. It works. — Come on. —
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel! — *[To* Ferd.*]* Follow me. —
[To Ariel.*]* Hark, what thou else shalt do me.
Mira. Be of comfort.
My father 's of a better nature, Sir,
Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.
Pro. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds; but then exactly do
All points of my command.
Ari. To the syllable.
Pro. Come, follow. — Speak not for him.[118] *[Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Another Part of the Island.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, *and Others.*

Gon. 'Beseech you, Sir, be merry: you have cause
(So have we all) of joy, for our escape
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe [1]
Is common: every day, some sailor's wife,
The master [2] of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe; but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good Sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.
Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.
Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.
Ant. The visitor [3] will not give him o'er so.
Seb. Look; he 's winding up the watch of his wit: by and by it will strike.
Gon. Sir, —
Seb. One: — tell.[4]
Gon. When every grief is entertain'd, that 's offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer —
Seb. A dollar.
Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed: [5] you have spoken truer than you purposed.
Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.
Gon. Therefore, my lord, —
Ant. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!
Alon. I pr'ythee, spare.
Gon. Well, I have done. But yet —
Seb. He will be talking.
Ant. Which, of he or Adrian,[6] for a good wager, first begins to crow?
Seb. The old cock.
Ant. The cockrel.
Seb. Done. The wager?
Ant. A laughter.
Seb. A match!
Adr. Though this island seem to be desert, —
Seb. Ha, ha, ha! So, you 're paid.[7]
Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible, —
Seb. Yet —
Adr. Yet —
Ant. He could not miss it.[8]
Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.
Ant. Temperance [9] was a delicate wench.
Seb. Ay, and a subtle, as he most learnedly delivered.
Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.
Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.
Ant. Or as 't were perfumed by a fen.
Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

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setzen viele Hgg. *are.* 116) Im Verhältniss zu den meisten Männern ist dieser hässlich wie Caliban, und sie sehen ihm gegenüber wie Engel aus. 117) Für *nor* der Fol. setzte Rowe, nach Dryden's Vorgange, *and*, und Capell plausibler *or*. Indess wechselte Sh. vielleicht die beabsichtigte Satzwendung und setzte *nor*, als wolle er fortfahren: würden mich nicht kümmern. — Ebenso müsste mit genauerer Construction *were but light to me* stehen: sie würden mir geringfügig oder leicht erträglich sein, wenn ich nur einmal täglich u. s. w. 118) *Come, follow* ist an Ferdinand, *Speak not for him* an Miranda gerichtet.

1) Unser Anlass zur Klage, die Veranlassung, die wir haben zu trauern. So in A. 1, Sc. 2: *it is a hint that wrings mine eyes.* 2) So liest Capell plausibler für *masters* der Fol., wofür Steevens *mistress* (*maistres* in alter Orthographie) vermuthete. — Die Cambridge Edd. vermuthen *the master's*, wozu also *wife* aus dem vorhergehenden *some sailor's wife* zu suppliren wäre. — *master* = Schiffspatron; *some merchant* = irgend ein Kauffahrteischiff, und gleich darauf *the merchant* im gewöhnlichen Sinne = der Besitzer dieses Schiffes. 3) *visitor* = der im Dienst der Kirche Kranke besucht und tröstet. 4) *one* bezieht sich auf *it will strike:* die Uhr seines Witzes hat schon Eins geschlagen, und die Andern sollen die weiteren Schläge zählen. 5) Das Wortspiel zwischen *dollar (dollor* in der Fol.) und *dolour* kehrt wieder in Measure for Measure (A. 1, Sc. 2) und in King Lear (A. 2, Sc. 4). 6) So die Fol.: Wer von den Beiden, von ihm und von Adrian, um darauf ordentlich zu wetten, fängt zuerst an zu krähen? — *he* steht nachdrücklich für *him.* — Dieselbe Construction hat Sh. in Midsummer-Night's Dream (A. 3, Sc. 2) *Now follow, if thou dar'st to try, whose right,* || *Of thine or mine, is most in Helena.* — Die meisten Hgg. setzen stillschweigend *which of them, he or Adrian.* 7) Theobald verbindet die Worte *So, you 're paid,* welche die Fol. dem Antonio zuschreibt, mit Sebastian's vorhergehendem *Ha, ha, ha!* — Da Adrian zuerst das Dispüt beginnt, also der junge Hahn zuerst kräht, so hat Antonio die Wette gewonnen, und Sebastian bezahlt sie ihm, indem er lacht. — Capell ändert *So, you 've paid,* und lässt diese Worte dem Antonio. 8) Er konnte in seiner Schilderung der Insel nicht fehlgehen. 9) Adrian gebraucht *temperance* in gezierter Höflingsrede für *temperature,* und Antonio fasst *Temperance* als den Namen eines ihnen bekannten

Ant. True; save means to live.
Seb. Of that there 's none, or little.
Gon. How lush[10] and lusty the grass looks! how green!
Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.
Seb. With an eye of green in 't.[11]
Ant. He misses not much.
Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.
Gon. But the rarity of it is, which is indeed almost beyond credit —
Seb. As many vouch'd rarities are.
Gon. That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea,[12] hold, notwithstanding, their freshness, and glosses; being rather new-dyed, than stain'd with salt water.
Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak; would it not say, he lies?
Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.[13]
Gon. Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the king of Tunis.
Seb. 'T was a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.
Adr. Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.[14]
Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.
Ant. Widow? a pox o' that! How came that widow in?[15] Widow Dido!
Seb. What if he had said, widower Aeneas too? Good Lord, how you take it!
Adr. Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that: she was of Carthage; not of Tunis.
Gon. This Tunis, Sir, was Carthage.
Adr. Carthage?
Gon. I assure you, Carthage.
Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.[16]
Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.
Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?
Seb. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.
Ant. And sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.
Gon. Ay?[17]
Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments seem now as fresh, as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.
Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.
Seb. Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.[18]
Ant. O! widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.
Gon. Is not, Sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.
Ant. That sort was well fish'd for.
Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?
Alon. You cram these words into mine ears, against
The stomach of my sense.[19] 'Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy remov'd,
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou, mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan! what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?
Fran. Sir, he may live.
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs: he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him.[20] I not doubt,
He came alive to land.
Alon. No, no; he 's gone.
Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African;
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on 't.
Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.
Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise[21]
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd, between loathness and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam she 'd bow.[22] We have lost your son,
I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have
More widows in them, of this business' making,
Than we bring men to comfort them:

Mädchens. — Darauf bezieht sich auch das folgende *a subtle* scil. *a subtle wench.* 10) *lush* = üppig, saftig. 11) *an eye of green* = ein leichter Anflug von Grün. 12) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 2, Anm. 57. 13) Das Wortspiel zwischen *pocket* = Tasche, und *to pocket* = Etwas in die Tasche stecken, hat Sh. auch in K. Henry V. (A. 3, Sc. 2). — *falsely* = unrechtlich. 14) Die Bewohner von Tunis hatten niemals vorher solch ein unvergleichliches Geschöpf zu ihrer Königin. 15) Antonio begreift nicht, wie man die Dido als Wittwe bezeichnen könnte, und Sebastian denkt dabei an den Aeneas, der die Dido treulos verliess. — *good Lord*, das manche Hgg. *good lord* schreiben und als Anrede an den Antonio fassen, ist ein Ausruf = guter Gott! wie Ihr das aufnehmt! 16) Indem Gonzalo Carthago und Tunis für eine Stadt erklärt, hat sein Wort mehr vermocht, als die wunderbare Harfe des Amphion, welche doch nur die Mauern Thebens aufführte, während Gonzalo auch die Häuser dazu schafft. — Die Cambridge Edd. theilen diese Rede wie die folgende dem Sebastian zu. 17) Dieses ironische *Ay?* = Wirklich? mit dem Gonzalo die von den Höflingen über ihn gemachten Witze abfertigt, ertheilt Staunton als einen Seufzer oder Ausruf dem König Alonso zu, der mit diesem *Ay!* aus seiner träumerischen Melancholie auffahre. — Natürlicher scheint es, dass Gonzalo mit seiner nächsten Rede erst den König aus diesem Grübeln und Sinnen zu erwecken sucht. 18) Abgerechnet die Wittwe Dido, wenn ich bitten darf. — Manche Hgg. schreiben *'bate* als abgekürzt aus *abate.* 19) Ihr stopft diese Worte in mein Ohr, ohne dass ich Lust habe, sie zu hören oder zu verstehen. — Bei *eram* und *stomach* dachte Sh. an Thiere, die sich wider Willen nudeln lassen. 20) Das ausgehöhlte Gestade, dessen Fuss von den Wellen ausgespült war, neigte sich gleichsam vorneüber in die Fluthen, als wolle es dem Ferdinand die Arme zur Rettung entgegenstrecken. — So in Hamlet (A. 1, Sc. 4) *the dreadful summit of the cliff* || *That beetles o'er his base into the sea.* 21) Wir beschworen Euch auch in anderer Weise, nicht bloss durch einen Kniefall. 22) Die Fol. hat *should bow*, was Pope beibehielt, indem er las *at* || *Which end the beam should bow.* — Malone hält mit Recht *should* für eine Abkürzung von *she would (sh' ould)* und setzt demnach *she'd.* — Claribella schwankte zwischen dem Widerwillen gegen die Heirath und dem Gehorsam gegen

The fault 's your own.
Alon. So is the dearest of the loss.[23]
Gon. My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in; you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.
Seb. Very well.
Ant. And most chirurgeonly.[24]
Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good Sir,
When you are cloudy.
Seb. Foul weather?
Ant. Very foul.
Gon. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord, —
Ant. He 'd sow 't with nettle-seed.
Seb. Or docks, or mallows.
Gon. And were the king on 't, what would I do?
Seb. Scape being drunk, for want of wine.[25]
Gon. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things, for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil:
No occupation, all men idle, all;
And women too, but innocent and pure;
No sovereignty: —
Seb. Yet he would be king on 't.
Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.
Gon. All things in common nature should produce,
Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,[26]
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of its[27] own kind, all foison, all abundance,[28]
To feed my innocent people.
Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?
Ant. None, man; all idle; whores, and knaves.
Gon. I would with such perfection govern, Sir,
To excel the golden age.[29]
Seb. 'Save his majesty!
Ant. Long live Gonzalo!
Gon. And, do you mark me, Sir? —
Alon. Pr'ythee; no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.[30]
Gon. I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs, that they always use to laugh at nothing.
Ant. 'T was you we laugh'd at.
Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you:[31] so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.
Ant. What a blow was there given!
Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.
Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle: you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter Ariel, *invisible; solemn music playing.*[32]

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.[33]
Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.
Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?
Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.
[All sleep but Alon., Seb., *and* Ant.
Alon. What! all so soon asleep? I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find,
They are inclin'd to do so.
Seb. Please you, Sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:[34]
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.
Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.
Alon. Thank you. Wondrous heavy. —
[Alonso *sleeps. Exit* Ariel.
Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!
Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.
Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not
Myself dispos'd to sleep.
Ant. Nor I: my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;[35]
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian — O! what might — no more: —
And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be. The occasion speaks thee,[36] and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

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ihren Vater, an welchem Ende des Wagebalkens sie sich neigen oder senken sollte. 23) Wie mein die Schuld ist, so ist mein auch der schmerzlichste Theil des Verlustes. 24) *chirurgeonly* = wie ein Wundarzt. — Das Wort kommt sonst kaum vor. 25) Ich würde dem Trunk entgehen, da es auf der Insel keinen Wein giebt. — Für die folgenden Reden Gonzalo's benutzte Sh. theilweise wörtlich einen Abschnitt aus Montaigne's Essais, das in englischer Uebersetzung von Florio im Jahre 1603 erschienen war, ein Buch, von dem Sh.'s eigenes, mit seinem Autograph Willm Shakspere versehenes Exemplar sich auf dem British Museum in London findet. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 3. — Der Abschnitt ist überschrieben *Of the Caniballes*, und man hat vermuthet, dass Sh. daher auf den Namen Caliban verfiel. 26) *need of any engine* = Bedarf irgend einer Art von Kriegsgeräth. 27) *it* in der Fol., *its* in den späteren Folioausgg. — Zu Sh.'s Zeit schwankte der Sprachgebrauch zwischen *it* und *its* als Possessivpronomen, wofür gewöhnlicher *his* steht. 28) *foison* und *abundance* sind Synonyme. 29) Vgl. damit die Stelle in Florio's Montaigne: *I am sorie, Licurgus and Plato had it not etc.* in Einleitung pag. 3. 30) So in Merchant of Venice (A. 1, Sc. 1) *Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing.* 31) In dieser lustigen Narrheit bin ich ein Nichts im Vergleich mit Euch, kann ich mich mit Euch nicht messen. Wenn Ihr also über mich lacht, so lacht Ihr über nichts. 32) Ariel tritt auf, unsichtbar für die Anwesenden, während zugleich eine feierliche Musik ertönt. — Die Bühnenweisung der Fol. ist *Enter Ariel playing solemn music*, wozu Steevens mit Recht bemerkt, dass Ariel nicht selbst diese Musik spiele. 33) Wenn wir den Mond vom Himmel entfernt, also die Nacht ganz dunkel gemacht hätten, so könnten wir mit Fackeln auf die Vogeljagd gehen. — Diese Art von Jagd wird in Markham's Hunger's Prevention (1600) näher geschildert. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 3 u. 4. 34) *of it* bezieht sich auf das in *asleep* steckende *sleep*: die dumpfe Aufforderung des Schlafs. — *heavy* ist = schläfrig, und = einschläfernd. 35) Wie auf Verabredung unter einander. 36) Die günstige Gelegenheit

Seb. What! art thou waking?
Ant. Do you not hear me speak?
Seb. I do; and, surely,
It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.
Ant. Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep, die rather; wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.
Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly:
There 's meaning in thy snores.
Ant. I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do,
Trebles thee o'er.[37]
Seb. Well: I am standing water.
Ant. I 'll teach you how to flow.
Seb. Do so: to ebb
Hereditary sloth instructs me.
Ant. O!
If you but knew, how you the purpose cherish,
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it![38] Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run
By their own fear, or sloth.
Seb. Pr'ythee, say on.
The setting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim
A matter from thee, and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.[39]
Ant. Thus, Sir.
Although this lord of weak remembrance,[40] this,
(Who shall be of as little memory,
When he is earth'd) hath here almost persuaded
(For he 's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade)[41] the king, his son 's alive,
'T is as impossible that he 's undrown'd,
As he that sleeps here, swims.
Seb. I have no hope
That he 's undrown'd.
Ant. O! out of that no hope,
What great hope have you! no hope, that way, is
Another way so high a hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubts discovery there.[42] Will you grant with me,
That Ferdinand is drown'd?
Seb. He 's gone.
Ant. Then, tell me,
Who 's the next heir of Naples?
Seb. Claribel.
Ant. She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life;[43] she that from Naples
Can have no note,[44] unless the sun were post,
(The man i' the moon 's too slow) till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable;[45] she, from whom
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again;[46]
And by that destiny to perform an act,
Whereof what 's past is prologue, what to come,
In yours and my discharge.
Seb. What stuff is this! — How say you?
'T is true, my brother's daughter 's queen of Tunis;
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.
Ant. A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, »How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake!«[47] — Say, this[48] were death
That now hath seiz'd them; why, they were no worse
Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples
As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate
As amply and unnecessarily,
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat.[49] O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

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verkündet Dich als das, was Du sein kannst, was Du wirst. 37) Ihr müsst auch ernsthafter als gewöhnlich sein, wenn Ihr auf meine Reden achtet; wenn Ihr das thut, so verdreifacht es Euch, so macht es Euch dreimal so gross, als Ihr seid. — In den folgenden Wechselreden wird das Gleichniss von einem Wasserstande, der weder fluthet noch ebbt, also unentschieden ist, weiter ausgesponnen. So in Twelfth-Night (A. 1, Sc. 5) *'t is with him in standing water.* 38) Sebastian, indem er seine angeborene Trägheit, die er mit einer Ebbe vergleicht, vorschützt, um nicht auf Antonio's Pläne einzugehen, legt um so mehr diesen Plan gleichsam wie ein Gewand an, je mehr er scheinbar es von sich abzustreifen sucht. 39) Eine Geburt, die von Dir zu geben Dir viele Geburtsschmerzen verursacht. 40) *this lord of weak remembrance*, d. h. der aus Altersschwäche vergessliche Gonzalo, steht im Gegensatze zu dem folgenden *of as little memory* = dessen man sich ebenso wenig erinnern wird, wenn er einmal beerdigt ist. 41) Antonio bemerkt zu *hath here almost persuaded the king, his son 's alive* in einer Parenthese höhnisch in Bezug auf Gonzalo: denn er ist ein Geist der Ueberredung, macht sich ein einziges Geschäft daraus, Andere zu überreden, zu beschwatzen. — Steevens wollte *professes to persuade* streichen, und las dann *For he 's a spirit of persuasion only.* 42) *there* bezieht sich auf *a wink beyond*: Diese Hoffnungslosigkeit nach der einen Seite begreift nach der andern Seite in sich eine Hoffnung von solcher Höhe, dass der Ehrgeiz selbst mit seinem Blicke nicht darüber hinausdringt, sondern die Möglichkeit, dort noch Entdeckungen zu machen, bezweifelt, oder vor Entdeckungen, die er dort noch machen könnte, sich scheut. — *doubts* verbessert Capell das *doubt* der Fol. 43) Sie, die zehn Meilen weiter wohnt, als wohin ein Mensch in einem ganzen Leben kommen kann. 44) *note* = Kunde, von Sh. allgemein für *notice* gebraucht. 45) *razorable* = für das Rasirmesser geeignet, also = bärtig. — Das Wort, das in der Fol. *Razor-able* gedruckt ist, kommt sonst kaum vor. 46) Sie, von der zurückkehrend wir Alle von der See verschlungen wurden, wenn auch Einige von der See wieder ausgespieen wurden. — Die Fol. hat *she that from whom.* — Zu *some cast again* gehört auch das folgende *by that destiny*: und um gemäss diesem Schicksal eine That zu vollbringen, zu der die Vergangenheit nur das Vorspiel war, und bei der die Zukunft in Eurer und meiner Erledigung beruht. — Erwähnungswerth erscheint Staunton's Conjectur: *though some cast again, — || And that by destiny, — to perform.* — Für *in yours and my discharge* ist vielleicht mit Pope *is yours etc.* zu lesen. 47) Bleibe in Tunis und lass den Sebastian wachen, sich auf alle Fälle gerüstet halten. Diese Worte, an die Claribella gerichtet, gehören so gut wie die vorhergehenden, noch zu *seems to cry out.* 48) *this*, d. h. dieser Schlaf, der die Uebrigen so plötzlich überfallen hat. 49) *chough* = Dohle, wird als Bezeichnung

Seb. Methinks, I do.
Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?
Seb. I remember,
You did supplant your brother Prospero.
Ant. True:
And look how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater than before. My brother's servants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.
Seb. But, for your conscience —
Ant. Ay, Sir; where lies that? if it were a kibe,
'T would put me to my slipper; but I feel not
This deity in my bosom:[50] twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,
And melt,[51] ere they molest! Here lies your brother, —
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he 's like, that 's dead,[52] —
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever; whiles you, doing thus,[53]
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course: for all the rest,
They 'll take suggestion[54] as a cat laps milk;
They 'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.
Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent: as thou got'st Milan,
I 'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st,
And I the king shall love thee.
Ant. Draw together;
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it[55] on Gonzalo.
Seb. O! but one word.
[They converse apart.[56]

Music. Re-enter ARIEL, *invisible.*

Ari. My master through his art foresees the danger
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth
(For else his project dies) to keep them[57] living.
[Sings in GONZALO's *ear.*

While you here do snoring lie,
Open-ey'd Conspiracy
His time doth take.
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake! Awake!

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.
Gon. Now, good angels,
Preserve the king. *[They wake.*
Alon. Why, how now, ho! awake! Why are you drawn?[58]
Wherefore this ghastly looking?
Gon. What 's the matter?
Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions: did it not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.
Alon. I heard nothing.
Ant. O! 't was a din to fright a monster's ear,
To make an earthquake: sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.
Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?
Gon. Upon mine honour, Sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me.
I shak'd you, Sir, and cry'd; as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn. — There was a noise,
That 's verity:[59] 't is best we stand upon our guard,
Or that we quit this place. Let 's draw our weapons.
Alon. Lead off this ground, and let 's make further search
For my poor son.
Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts,
For he is, sure, i' the island.
Alon. Lead away. *[Exeunt.*
Ari. Prospero, my lord, shall know what I have done:
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. *[Exit.*

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Island.

Enter CALIBAN, *with a burden of wood.*
A noise of thunder heard.

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up

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eitler Geschwätzigkeit auch sonst gebraucht; so in Hamlet (A. 5, Sc. 2) von dem Höfling Osrick: *'t is a chough.* — *deep* ironisch für das Gegentheil = seicht. 50) Das Gewissen ist eine verborgene Gottheit, die ich in meiner Brust nicht fühle, die für mich nicht existirt. 51) *candied* in Bezug auf *consciences* ist = ein verhärtetes Gewissen, so wie *melt* = ein Gewissen, das flüssig wird, das sich regt. Dieser Process hätte sich zwanzigmal auf Antonio's Wege zum Besitze von Mailand wiederholen können, ohne dass Antonio dadurch sich belästigt gefühlt hätte. — Für *and melt* liest Capell *would melt* und Steevens *or melt* — Beides ohne Noth. 52) Aus dem parenthetischen Zwischensatze *no better — — that 's dead* strich Steevens die letzten Worte als eine aus Versehen in den Text gerathene Glosse. Der Sinn zeigt aber die Nothwendigkeit derselben: Er wäre nicht besser als die Erde, darauf er liegt, wenn er das wäre, was er jetzt nur scheint, das heisst todt. — *whom* knüpft dann wieder an *your brother* an: den ich mit diesem willfährigen Schwerte, mit drei Zoll davon, für immer zur Ruhe bringen kann. 53) Zu *doing thus* ist eine begleitende Pantomime des Schwertzückens hinzuzudenken: während Ihr, so verfahrend, zum Schliessen der Augen auf ewig dieses alte Stück, diesen Herrn Weisheit, d. h. Gonzalo, veranlassen könntet. — Derselbe Euphemismus für Tod ist in Winter's Tale (A. 1, Sc. 2) *give mine enemy a lasting wink.* 54) Sie werden sich so leicht gewinnen lassen, wie eine Katze Milch schlürft. — *suggestion* gebraucht Sh. allgemein für *temptation.* 55) *to fall* = senken, niederfallen lassen. 56) Diese zur Erklärung nothwendige Bühnenweisung ist erst von den späteren Hggn. hinzugefügt. — Die folgende Bühnenweisung lautet in der Fol. *Enter Ariel with music and song.* Vgl. oben Anm. 32. 57) *them* kann sich nur auf die beiden eben jetzt vom Tode Bedrohten, Alonso und Gonzalo, beziehen, wenn auch die Construction, wie häufig bei Sh. in Folge einer eingeschobenen Parenthese, ungenau ist. — Dyce setzt *thee* für *them,* auf *you, his friend,* bezüglich, und Malone liest *and sends me forth, || For else his projects die, to keep them living,* indem er *them* auf *projects* bezieht. 58) Warum habt Ihr das Schwert gezückt? — Diese Reden vertheilt Staunton, abweichend von der Fol. und allen anderen Ausgg., so: Gon. (Waking.) *Now, good angels, preserve the king! || Why, how now? ho, awake! Why are you drawn? || Wherefore this ghastly looking?* — Alon. (Waking.) *What 's the matter?* 59) *verity* verbesserte Pope das *verily* der Fol.

From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse; but they 'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin-shows,[1] pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but
For every trifle are they set upon me:
Sometime like apes, that moe[2] and chatter at me,
And after, bite me;[3] then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall:[4] sometime am I
All wound[5] with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness. — Lo, now! lo!
Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me,
For bringing wood in slowly: I 'll fall flat;
Perchance, he will not mind me.

Enter Trinculo.

Trin. Here 's neither bush nor shrub to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind: yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard[6] that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls. — What have we here? a man or a fish? Dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the newest, Poor-John.[7] A strange fish![8] Were I in England now (as once I was), and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man: any strange beast there makes a man.[9] When they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian.[10] Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm; o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunder-bolt. *[Thunder.]* Alas! the storm is come again: my best way is to creep under his gaberdine;[11] there is no other shelter hereabout: misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. I will here shroud, till the dregs[12] of the storm be past.

Enter Stephano, *singing; a bottle in his hand.*

Ste. *I shall no more to sea, to sea,*
Here shall I die a-shore. —
This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral. Well, here 's my comfort. *[Drinks.*

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang:
She lov'd not the savour of tar, nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might scratch her where-e'er she did itch;
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.

This is a scurvy tune too; but here 's my comfort. *[Drinks.*

Cal. Do not torment me: O!

Ste. What 's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon us with savages, and men of Inde?[13] Ha! I have not scap'd drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs[14] cannot make him give ground: and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me: O!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle, with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he 's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.[15]

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee: I 'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He 's in his fit now, and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never

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1) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 2, Anm. 79. 2) *to moe* = Gesichter schneiden. Das Wort wird auch *mow* und *mowe* geschrieben. 3) Dryden setzt in seiner Bearbeitung *often* für *after*. 4) Die Stachelschweine wälzen sich auf dem Wege, den ich barfuss gehe, und sträuben ihre Stacheln, wie ich den Fuss niedersetze. — Douce citirt zu diesem und dem vorhergehenden Passus eine Stelle aus Harsnett's Declaration of Popish Impostures, einem Buche, das Sh. bei seinem King Lear benutzt hat. Es heisst dort von angeblich besessenen jungen Mädchen: *they make antick faces, girn, mow and mop like an ape, tumble like a hedge-hogge etc.* 5) *wound* von *to wind* = umwinden, umringeln. 6) *bombard* = grosser, dicker Weinschlauch, von Leder gemacht. 7) *Poor-John* = eingesalzener Stockfisch. 8) *strange fish* wird im weiteren Sinne von allem seltsamen Gethier gebraucht, das in der See gefangen sein sollte und zu Sh.'s Zeit die Schaulust der Londoner in hohem Grade anlockte und befriedigte. So ist in den Registern der Buchhändlergilde von 1604 ein Buch verzeichnet mit dem Titel: *A strange report of a monstrous fish, that appeared in the form of a woman from her waist upward, seen in the sea;* und in dem Notizbuche des Sir Henry Herbert, vom Jahre 1632, der als damaliger Master of the Revels solche Ausstellungen zu autorisiren hatte, findet sich *A license to James Seele to shew a strange fish for half a yeare.* 9) *to make a man* = Jemandes Glück machen, ihn zum gemachten Manne machen. Dabei ist ein Gegensatz zwischen *monster* und *man*, wie zwischen *beast* und *man*. 10) Wie solche Unthiere des Meeres wurden auch Wilde, Indianer, die die englischen Schiffe mitgebracht, für Geld gezeigt, nicht nur lebendig, sondern auch nach ihrem Tode, einbalsamirt oder ausgestopft. So in K. Henry VIII. (A. 5, Sc. 3) *or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us?* 11) *gaberdine* = ein weiter Rock, der sich nicht anschliesst, so dass also Trinculo bequem darunter kriechen konnte. 12) Wie Trinculo vorher die schwere Regenwolke mit einem dicken Weinschlauch verglichen hatte, so bezeichnet er hier den letzten Regenguss als den Bodensatz des Weins. 13) Die Fol. schreibt *salvages* hier, nach einer älteren Orthographie, während sie gewöhnlich *savages* hat. So in Love's Labour's Lost (A. 4, Sc. 3) *like a rude and savage man of Inde.* 14) Die sprichwörtliche Wendung lautet eigentlich *as proper a man as ever went on two legs*, und wird von Stephano hier modificirt in Bezug auf das vierfüssige Geschöpf, als welches ihm Caliban mit dem Trinculo unter dem Rocke erscheint. — *at' nostrils* hat die Fol. am Schluss dieser Rede, woraus die Cambridge Edd., vielleicht mit Recht, *at's nostrils* machen. 15) So in Julius Caesar (A. 1, Sc. 1) *as proper men as ever trod upon*

drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him:[16] he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: now Prosper works upon thee.[17]

Ste. Come on your ways: open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat.[18] Open your mouth: this will shake your shaking,[19] I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who 's your friend; open your chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice. It should be — but he is drowned, and these are devils. O! defend me! —

Ste. Four legs, and two voices! a most delicate monster. His forward voice, now, is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come, — Amen![20] I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano!

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.[21]

Trin. Stephano! — if thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me. for I am Trinculo: — be not afeard, — thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth. I 'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo[22] indeed! How cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon-calf?[23] Can he vent Trinculos?

Trin. I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke. — But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now, thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano! two Neapolitans scap'd.

Ste. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about: my stomach is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.
That 's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor:
I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didst thou scape? How cam'st thou hither? swear by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved over-board. by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast a-shore.

Cal. I 'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject, for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here: swear then how thou escap'dst.[24]

Trin. Swam a-shore, man, like a duck. I can swim like a duck, I 'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano! hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf? how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man in the moon, when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee: My mistress show'd me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.[25]

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents:[26] swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster: — I afeard of him![27] — a very weak monster.— The man i' the moon! — a most poor credulous monster. — Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.[28]

Cal. I 'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island,
And I will kiss thy foot. I pr'ythee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster; when his god 's asleep, he 'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I 'll kiss thy foot: I 'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on, then; down, and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster: I could find in my heart to beat him, —

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin. — but that the poor monster 's in drink. An abominable monster!

Cal. I 'll show thee the best springs; I 'll pluck thee berries;
I 'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I 'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard!

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neat's-leather, was zugleich an diese sprichwörtliche Wendung und an die ebenvorher berührte erinnert. 16) Boswell's Erklärung, Stephano wolle damit ironisch sagen: so will ich für ihn nehmen, was ich kann, erscheint plausibler als Malone's Deutung: so viel ich auch für ihn bekomme, ich werde nie zu viel für ihn bekommen; ich werde ihn nie zu theuer verkaufen können. 17) Indem Prospero seinen vermeintlichen Geist antreibt, den Caliban zu plagen, fängt dieser Geist an zu zittern, — ein Symptom, das die vom Teufel Besessenen charakterisirt. 18) Steevens citirt dazu ein altes Sprichwort *Good liquor will make a cat speak.* 19) Dieser Trunk wird Dir das Zittern vertreiben. Vgl. oben Anm. 17. 20) *Amen!* der Schluss des Gebets, ist hier als der Schluss des Trunkes gemeint, den Caliban genommen hat. — Den Rest der Flasche will Stephano in den andern Mund des Ungeheuers, d. h. in Trinculo's Mund giessen. 21) Anspielung auf das Sprichwort *He who eats with the devil hath need of a long spoon.* 22) So in Cymbeline (A. 4, Sc. 2) *I am absolute, 't was very Cloten.* 23) *siege* = Nachtstuhl, Stuhlabgang. — Dass die letztere Bedeutung hier gilt, zeigen die folgenden Worte. 24) Bei diesen Worten reicht Stephano dem Trinculo die Flasche hin, wie ein Buch, auf das Jemand einen Eid leisten soll. Ebenso schon vorher *swear by this bottle etc.* und nachher *Here, kiss the book.* — Ritson wollte dagegen getrennt lesen: Ste. [To Cal.] *Here swear then.* [To Trinc.] *How escap'dst thou?* — Es scheint aber, dass Stephano hier auf Caliban's Zwischenreden noch nicht hört und erst nachher mit den Worten *how now, moon-calf?* an ihn sich wendet. 25) So wird der Mann, wie ihn der Volksglaube im Monde entdeckt hatte, auch in Midsummer-Night's Dream (A. 5, Sc. 1) geschildert: *I, the man in the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.* 26) Die Flasche, die er wieder mit Sekt füllen will, muss auch hier wieder das Buch vorstellen, das jetzt Caliban bei seiner Eidesleistung küssen soll. 27) Trinculo weist mit Entrüstung den Gedanken zurück, dass er jemals sich vor einem so albernen Ungeheuer habe fürchten können. 28) Trinculo macht dem Caliban sein Compliment über

Cal. I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmoset: I 'll bring thee
To clustering filberts, and sometimes I 'll get thee
Young scamels[29] from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I pr'ythee now, lead the way, without any more talking. — Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here. — Here; bear my bottle. — Fellow Trinculo, we 'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. [Sings drunkenly.]

Farewell, master; farewell, farewell.

Trin. A howling monster, a drunken monster.

Cal. *No more dams I 'll make for fish;*
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring,
Nor scrape trencher,[30] *nor wash dish;*
'Ban, 'Ban, Ca — Caliban
Has a new master — get a new man.[31]
Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom! hey-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monster! lead the way. *[Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Before Prospero's cell.

Enter Ferdinand, *bearing a log.*

Fer. There be some sports are painful, and their labour
Delight in them sets off:[1] some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me, as odious;[2] but
The mistress which I serve quickens what 's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures; O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father 's crabbed;
And he 's compos'd of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction:[3] my sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work; and says, such baseness
Had never like executor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours;
Most busiest[4] when I do it.

Enter Miranda; *and* Prospero *at a distance.*

Mira. Alas, now, pray you,
Work not so hard: I would, the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile.
Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns,
'T will weep for having wearied you.[5] My father
Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself:
He 's safe for these three hours.[6]

Fer. O most dear mistress!
The sun will set, before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mira. If you 'll sit down,
I 'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me that:
I 'll carry it to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature:
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

Mira. It would become me
As well as it does you; and I should do it
With much more ease, for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.[7]

Pro. Poor worm! thou art infected:
This visitation shows it.[8]

Mira. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress; 't is fresh morning with me,
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,
What is your name?

Mira. Miranda — O my father!
I have broke your hest[9] to say so.

Fer. Admir'd Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration;[10] worth
What 's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have ey'd with best regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I lik'd several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her

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den tüchtigen Zug, den er aus der Flasche thut, welche Stephano ihm vorhält. 29) *Scamels* in der Fol., ein bisher unerklärtes Wort, höchst wahrscheinlich ein Druckfehler. Theobald vermuthete *shamois* und *sea-malls* oder *sea-mells* = eine Art von Möve, und dachte auch an *staniels*, wie man damals für *stannyels* schrieb. — Dass ein Vogel gemeint sei, der gefangen wird, ehe er flügge ist, scheint allerdings aus dem Context hervorzugehen. 30) *trencher* = hölzerner Teller, wie solche ehedem im Gebrauch waren, setzte Pope für *trenchering* der Fol. Auch Dryden in seiner Bearbeitung hat schon *trencher* für *trenchering*. 31) *get a new man* = schaffe Dir einen andern Diener an, ruft Caliban dem Prospero zu, den er in seinem Rausche anwesend glaubt.

1) Es giebt Spiele, die mit Anstrengung verknüpft sind, und deren Mühe das Vergnügen daran noch mehr hervorhebt. — Die Fol. hat *set off*. 2) Zur Verbesserung des Verses lesen manche Hgg. mit Pope *as 't is odious* und setzen *would be* in die vorhergehende Zeile. 3) Nach einem eingeschärften Gebote, das mir lästig und schmerzlich ist. — Wie hier *injunction*, so bald nachher *those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile.* 4) So verbessert Singer das sinnlose *most busie lest* der Fol. — Andere Hgg. lesen mit der zweiten Folioausg. *most busie least*, oder auch mit Theobald *most busyless.* — *most busiest*, was durch Sinn und Metrum sich gleicherweise empfiehlt, bezieht sich auf *these sweet thoughts:* Diese holden Gedanken, die mir die Arbeit erleichtern, sind am geschäftigsten, während ich die Arbeit thue. — Aus der Reihe hypothetischer Emendationen, welche die Cambridge Edd. verzeichnen, erscheinen noch zwei der Erwägung und Erwähnung werth: *most busiliest* von Bullock, die der corrupten Lesart der Fol. am nächsten kommt, und *most busiest when idlest*, wie Spedding das *most busie lest, when I doe it*, sinnreich genug liest. — Wegen *do it* wollte Staunton *labour* für *labours* setzen, indess ist Sh. in dieser Anwendung des Pronomens im Singular in Bezug auf einen vorhergehenden Plural durchaus nicht genau. 5) Miranda meint die Tropfen, welche das noch innerlich feuchte Holz beim Brennen ausschwitzt. 6) Er ist für die nächsten drei Stunden wohl aufgehoben, wird uns nicht stören. 7) scil. *it is against your good will.* — Steevens strich *it is*. 8) Der Besuch, den Miranda dem Ferdinand bei seiner Arbeit abstattet, zeigt, wie sehr sie von der Liebe inficirt ist. 9) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 2, Anm. 69. 10) *top of admiration* = der Gipfel der

Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foil:[11] but you, O you!
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.
Mira. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men, than thou, good friend,
And my dear father: how features[12] are abroad,
I am skill-less of; but, by my modesty
(The jewel in my dower), I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.[13]
Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
(I would, not so!)[14] and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth.[15] — Hear my soul speak:
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it: and for your sake,
Am I this patient log-man.
Mira. Do you love me?
Fer. O heaven! O earth! bear witness to this sound,[16]
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me, to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.
Mira. I am a fool,
To weep at what I am glad of.
Pro. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between them!
Fer. Wherefore weep you?
Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take,[17]
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;
And all the more it[18] seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I 'll die your maid: to be your fellow[19]
You may deny me; but I 'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.
Fer. My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.[20]
Mira. My husband then?
Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom:[21] here 's my hand.
Mira. And mine, with my heart in 't: and now farewell,
Till half an hour hence.
Fer. A thousand thousand![22]
[Exeunt Ferd. *and* Mira.
Pro. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surpris'd withal;[23] but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I 'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. *[Exit.*

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Island.

Enter Caliban *with a bottle;* Stephano *and* Trinculo *following.*[1]

Ste. Tell not me:[2] — when the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em.[3] — Servant-monster, drink to me.
Trin. Servant-monster? the folly of this island! They say, there 's but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if the other two be brained like us, the state totters.
Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee: thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Bewunderung, das Bewundernswertheste, was es giebt, bezieht sich auf den eigentlichen Sinn des Namens Miranda. 11) Niemals habe ich ein Weib mit solcher Innigkeit und Hingebung geliebt, dass nicht irgend ein Gebrechen in ihr entgegentrat dem edelsten Reiz, den sie besass, und ihn damit in meinen Augen vereitelte. 12) *feature* = Körperbildung überhaupt, nicht bloss = Gesichtszug. So in Spenser's Faerie Queene *Which the fair feature of her limbs did hide.* 13) Steevens kürzt auch hier den Vers ab und liest *therein forget*, mit Auslassung von *I* und *do*. 14) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 2, Anm. 108. 15) Ich würde diese Sklaverei des Holzschleppens so wenig dulden, wie ich dulden würde, dass eine Fleischfliege sich auf meinen Mund setzte, um ihn zu beschmeissen. — Für *than to suffer* setzte Pope aus grammatischen und metrischen Gründen *than I would suffer*. Indess lässt Sh. auf einen Infinitiv ohne *to*, wie hier *would no more endure*, leicht einen Infinitif mit *to* folgen, wie hier *than to suffer*. So in Measure for Measure (A. 2, Sc. 4) *that either* || *You must lay down the treasures of your body* || *To this supposed, or else to let him suffer.* 16) *this sound* ist die folgende Liebesbetheuerung Ferdinand's. — In der vorletzten Zeile dieser Rede dachte Malone an *of aught else* für *of what else*, aber er selbst citirt zur Unterstützung der alten Lesart aus K. Henry VI. Third Part (A. 3, Sc. 1) *With promise of his sister, and what else,* || *To strengthen and support king Edward's place.* 17) Vor *take* ist aus dem Vorhergehenden *dare* zu suppliren: da ich nicht darzubieten wage, was ich zu geben begehre, und noch viel weniger das zu empfangen wage, bei dessen Entbehrung ich sterben würde, d. h. Ferdinand's Liebe. 18) *it* steht, als ob ein Wort wie Liebe oder Neigung vorhergegangen wäre. 19) *fellow* = Genossin, Ehegenossin, von gleichem Range mit dem Gatten, steht im Gegensatze zu dem folgenden *your servant*. 20) Zu diesen Worten ist eine begleitende Pantomime hinzuzudenken, mit welcher Ferdinand der Miranda seine Huldigung darbringt oder seine Ergebenheit bezeugt. 21) Mit so willigem Herzen, wie die Knechtschaft je zur Freiheit willig war. 22) *A thousand thousand!* das manche Hgg. weniger gut *A thousand! thousand!* interpungiren, bezieht sich auf *farewell*. 23) *withal* setzt Theobald für *with all* der Fol., das andere Hgg. beibehalten: So froh kann ich darüber nicht sein, wie die Beiden, die davon ganz bewältigt, hingerissen sind. — *withal*, für *with it*, bezieht sich auf *of this*. — Prospero contrastirt seine ruhigere Stimmung mit der leidenschaftlichen der beiden zunächst Betheiligten.

1) So stellt Dyce die richtige Bühnenweisung her, in Uebereinstimmung mit der Fol. *Enter Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo,* und mit dem Schlusse von A. 2, Sc. 2. — Die meisten Ausgg. lassen Stephano und

Trin. Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.[4]

Ste. My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me: I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues, off and on, by this light.[5] — Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he 's no standard.[6]

Ste. We 'll not run, monsieur monster.

Trin. Nor go neither; but you 'll lie, like dogs, and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe.
I 'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case to justle a constable. Why, thou deboshed[7] fish thou, was there ever man a coward, that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous[8] lie, being but half a fish, and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he! — that a monster should be such a natural![9]

Cal. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head: if you prove a mutineer, the next tree![10] — The poor monster 's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

Ste. Marry will I; kneel and repeat it, I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter Ariel, *invisible.*

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant; a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey,[11] thou;
I would, my valiant master would destroy thee:
I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in his tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more. — *[To* Cal.*]* Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle;
From me he got it: if thy greatness will,
Revenge it on him — for, I know, thou dar'st;
But this thing dare not.[12]

Ste. That 's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I 'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord: I 'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest; thou canst not.

Cal. What a pied ninny 's this! Thou scurvy patch![13]
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that 's gone,
He shall drink nought but brine; for I 'll not show him
Where the quick freshes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I 'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.[14]

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing. I 'll go further off.[15]

Ste. Didst thou not say, he lied?

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? take thou that. *[Strikes him.]* As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give the lie. — Out o' your wits, and hearing too? — A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do. — A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale. Pr'ythee, stand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time,
I 'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further. — Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 't is a custom with him
I' the afternoon to sleep: there[16] thou may'st brain him,
Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember,
First to possess his books; for without them
He 's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command: they all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books;
He has brave utensils (for so he calls them),
Which, when he has a house, he 'll deck withal:
And that most deeply to consider is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw a woman,[17]
But only Sycorax my dam, and she;

Trinculo zuerst auftreten und Caliban ihnen folgen. 2) *tell not me* = komme mir nicht damit, versetzt Stephano auf Trinculo's Vorschlag, das Zechen einzustellen. 3) Er denkt an das Entern eines Schiffes. 4) Stephano fasst *almost set* = fast geschlossen, fast untergegangen, wie von dem Sonnenuntergange das Wort gebraucht wird; Trinculo nimmt *to set* im gewöhnlichen Sinne = setzen, anbringen. — Farmer citirt dazu eine Anekdote aus der Chronik Stowe's, wo es von einem im Jahre 1574 bei Ramsgate an's Ufer geworfenen Wallfisch heisst: *a monstrous fish; but not so monstrous as some reported — for his eyes were in his head and not in his back.* 5) Knight und Staunton verbinden die Betheuerung *by this light* mit dem folgenden Satze. 6) Caliban ist so berauscht, dass er nicht aufrecht stehen kann. — *standard* = Fahnenträger, und = aufrechtwachsender Obstbaum. 7) So die Fol. *deboshed* in älterer Orthographie für *debauched*, was manche Hgg. in den Text setzen. 8) *monstrous lie* = eine ungeheure Lüge, und = die Lüge eines Ungeheuers, wie Caliban überall als *monster* titulirt wird. 9) d. h. solch ein Einfaltspinsel, den Stephano für einen Lord zu halten. 10) So wirst Du am nächsten Baum aufgehängt. 11) Als *jesting monkey* bezeichnet Caliban den Trinculo, dem er Ariel's Worte zurechnet, weil Trinculo ein privilegirter Spassmacher ist: *a Jester*, wie er im Personenverzeichniss heisst. 12) *this thing* = dieses Geschöpf da, verächtlich von Trinculo. 13) *pied ninny* und *patch* geht auf die bunte, aus verschiedenen Flicken zusammengesetzte Narrentracht, in der Trinculo erscheint. 14) Ich will Dich weich klopfen, wie man Stockfische klopft. 15) So die Fol. — Manche Hgg. lesen mit der zweiten Folioausg. *I 'll go no further off.* 16) Wie Dyce bemerkt, gebrauchen die älteren Schriftsteller *there* im weiteren Sinne; so in Romeo and Juliet

But she as far surpasseth Sycorax,
As great'st does least.
Ste. Is it so brave a lass?
Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.
Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen; (save our graces!) and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys. — Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?
Trin. Excellent.
Ste. Give me thy hand: I am sorry I beat thee; but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.
Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep;
Wilt thou destroy him then?
Ste. Ay, on mine honour.
Ari. This will I tell my master.
Cal. Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure.
Let us be jocund: will you troll[18] the catch
You taught me but while-ere?
Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason. Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. *[Sings.*

Flout 'em, and scout 'em;[19] *and scout 'em, and flout 'em;*
Thought is free.

Cal. That 's not the tune.
[Ariel *plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*
Ste. What is this same?
Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of Nobody.[20]
Ste. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness:[21] if thou beest a devil, take 't as thou list.
Trin. O, forgive me my sins!
Ste. He that dies, pays all debts: I defy thee. — Mercy upon us.
Cal. Art thou afeard?
Ste. No, monster, not I.
Cal. Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,[22]
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds, methought, would open, and show riches
Ready to drop upon me, that when I wak'd
I cry'd to dream again.
Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.
Cal. When Prospero is destroyed.
Ste. That shall be by and by:[23] I remember the story.
Trin. The sound is going away: let 's follow it, and after do our work.
Ste. Lead, monster; we 'll follow. — I would, I could see this taborer: he lays it on.[24]
Trin. Wilt come? I 'll follow, Stephano.[25] *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Part of the Island.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, *and Others.*

Gon. By 'r lakin,[1] I can go no further, Sir;
My old bones ache: here 's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights and meanders![2] By your patience,
I needs must rest me.
Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd,
Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land.[3] Well, let him go.
Ant. [Aside to Seb.*]* I am right glad that he 's so out of hope.
Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolv'd to effect.
Seb. [Aside to Ant.*]* The next advantage
Will we take throughly.[4]
Ant. [Aside to Seb.*]* Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance,
As when they are fresh.
Seb. [Aside to Ant.*]* I say, to-night: no more.

Solemn and strange music; and Prospero *above, invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet: they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the King, etc. to eat, they depart.*[5]

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!
Gon. Marvellous sweet music!

(A. 2, Sc. 4) *Bid her devise* || *Some means to come to shrift this afternoon;* || *And there she shall at friar Laurence' cell* || *Be shriv'd and married.* 17) Pope änderte, um den Vers zu verkürzen, *I ne'er saw woman.* 18) *to troll* = trällern. So in Ben Jonson's Every Man in his Humour: *If he read this with patience, I'll troul ballads.* — Littleton erklärt *to troll along his words* lateinisch mit *volubiliter sive rotunde loqui.* 19) Die Fol. hat *cout*, jedoch bei der Wiederholung das richtige *scout.* 20) Trinculo bezieht sich auf ein damals auf Hausschildern und Büchertiteln vielfach angebrachtes Caricaturbild, das so hiess. Zugleich fasst er *Nobody* im eigentlichen Sinne, da er den Musiker, der die Melodie zu dem Canon spielt, nicht sieht. 21) Zeige Dich in Deiner eigentlichen Gestalt. — Diese Formel kommt auch sonst bei Geisterbeschwörungen vor; so in Romeo and Juliet (A. 2, Sc. 1) *I conjure thee* — — || *That in thy likeness thou appear to us.* 22) *noise* = musikalischer Ton, Musik überhaupt. 23) *by and by* = alsbald. 24) Er versteht sich darauf, er macht seine Sachen gut. — Diesen Zug entlehnte Sh. vielleicht aus Frampton's englischer Uebersetzung des Marco Polo (1579), wo es von der Wüste Lop in Asien heisst: *You shall hear in the air the sound of tabors and other instruments, to put the travellers in fear etc. by evil spirits that make these sounds, and also do call divers of the travellers by their names.* 25) *Wilt come?* sagt, nach Heath's Erklärung, Trinculo zu dem zaudernden Caliban, während Ritson diese Worte noch dem Stephano zutheilt, worauf Trinculo antwortet *I 'll follow, Stephano.*

1) *lakin* für *ladykin*, Diminutiv von *lady.* 2) Gonzalo denkt an künstlich angelegte Irrgärten, mit geradwinklichten und mit geschlängelten Wegen. 3) Das Meer, das meinen Sohn verschlungen hat, spottet unser, die wir ihn vergeblich auf dem Lande suchen. 4) So die Fol. Viele Hgg. setzen *thoroughly.* 5) Diese Bühnenweisung ist aus der Fol., nur dass dort *on the top* für *above* steht. — Die ersten nächstfolgenden Reden Alonso's und Gonzalo's kommen noch vor dem Auftreten der Geister, die das Mahl bringen; bei deren Erscheinung

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?
Seb. A living drollery.[6] Now I will believe
That there are unicorns; that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne; one phoenix
At this hour reigning there.[7]
Ant. I 'll believe both;[8]
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I 'll be sworn 't is true: travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn them.[9]
Gon. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say, I saw such islanders[10]
(For, certes,[11] these are people of the island),
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle-kind,[12] than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.
Pro. [Aside.] Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present
Are worse than devils.
Alon. I cannot too much muse,
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing
(Although they want the use of tongue) a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.
Pro. [Aside.] Praise in departing.[13]
Fran. They vanish'd strangely.
Seb. No matter, since
They have left their viands behind, for we have stomachs.—
Will 't please you taste of what is here?
Alon. Not I.

Gon. Faith, Sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at them
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men,
Whose heads stood in their breasts?[14] which now we find,
Each putter-out of five for one[15] will bring us
Good warrant of.
Alon. I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last: no matter, since I feel
The best is past. — Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to,[16] and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Ariel *like a harpy, claps his wings upon the table, and, with a quaint device,*[17] *the banquet vanishes.*

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom Destiny
(That hath to instrument this lower world,
And what is in 't) the never-surfeited sea
Hath caus'd to belch up you,[18] and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
And even with such like valour men hang and drown
Their proper selves.
[Seeing Alon., Seb., etc. *draw their swords.*[19]
You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of fate: the elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle that 's in my plume:[20] my fellow-ministers

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sagt dann Alonso *Give us kind keepers, heavens!* und bei ihrem Verschwinden *What were these?* 6) Ein Puppenspiel, aber von lebendigen Personen aufgeführt; ein Spiel, wie man es sonst auf einem Marionettentheater sieht. 7) Malone citirt dazu aus Lyly's Enphues and his England: *As there is but one phoenix in the world, so is there but one tree in Arabia wherein she buildeth.* 8) *both* scil. *unicorns* und *phoenix.* 9) Wenn auch Thoren, die immer zu Hause bleiben, den wunderbaren Erzählungen der Reisenden keinen Glauben beimessen wollen, sondern diese für Lügner ausgeben. 10) *islands* in der Fol., von der zweiten Folioausg. verbessert. 11) *certes* = gewiss, fürwahr, zweisylbig zu lesen. 12) *gentle-kind* verbindet Theobald mit Recht zu einem Compositum; manche Hgg. lesen getrennt, wie die Fol., *gentle kind.* 13) *Praise in departing* = Lobe beim Ausgang, warte das Ende ab, lobe nicht zu früh, eine sprichwörtliche Phrase. 14) Der Kropf, der sich bei den Alpenbewohnern leicht ausbildet, wird in dem Glauben der Sh.'schen Zeitgenossen als etwas Unglaubliches noch zusammengestellt mit Leuten, deren Kopf in der Brust sitzt. Von den Letzteren erzählt auch der wunderbare Reisebericht in Othello (A. 1, Sc. 3) *and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders.* — Sh. kannte sie vielleicht aus Hackluyt's Voyages (1598): *On that branch which is called Caora are a nation of people whose heads appear not above their shoulders. They are reported to have their eyes in their shoulders, and their mouths in the middle of their breast.* 15) d. h. jeder Reisende. — Diese Umschreibung erklärt sich aus einem Gebrauche jener Zeit, dass Jemand, der eine weitere Reise unternahm, gleichsam als eine Art von Lebensversicherung eine Summe auslieh, für die er bei seiner wohlbehaltenen Rückkehr eine grössere Summe zurückerhielt, während im anderen Falle das ausgeliehene Geld verfallen war. Für eine besonders gefahrvolle Reise scheint die fünffache Erstattung der ausgeliehenen Summe die Regel gewesen zu sein. So in Ben Jonson's Every Man in his Humour: *I do intend, this year of jubilee coming on, to travel; and (because I will not altogether go upon expence) I am determined to put some five thousand pound to be paid me five for one upon the return of my wife, myself, and my dog, from the Turk's court in Constantinople.* — Theobald liest *on five for one*, aber *on* und *of* sind im Sh.'schen Sprachgebrauch Synonyme. — Malone stellt um *of one for five.* Jedoch scheint *five for one* hier als ein Begriff zusammengefasst: Jeder, der sich auf ein solches Geldgeschäft einlässt. 16) Die Fol. hat *stand too,* was manche Hgg. beibehalten. Indess ist *stand to* offenbar die Wiederholung des vorhergehenden *I will stand to and feed* = ich will mich daran halten und essen. 17) *quaint device* ist die geschickte Erfindung des Theatermaschinisten, wodurch die Speisen vom Tische verschwinden, als ob Ariel, als Harpye, sie verschlungen hätte. 18) Viele Hgg. lesen, mit Weglassung von *you: hath caused to belch up.* Indess ist eine solche Wiederholung des Pronomens zu Ende des Satzes, wenn das Relativpronomen zu Anfang des Satzes lange vorangegangen ist, bei Sh. nicht ungewöhnlich: Ihr seid drei Sündenmänner, welche das Schicksal, das diese niedere Welt und was darauf ist zum Werkzeug hat, von der nie übersättigten See hat wiederausspeien lassen. 19) Diese Bühnenweisung ist zur Erklärung von Ariel's Worten *even with such like valour etc.* von den späteren Hggn. hinzugefügt. 20) *dowle* = die einzelne Flaumfeder. — *plume* verbessert Rowe das *plumb* der Fol. — Wie die Idee zu dieser ganzen Erscheinung der Harpye, so insbesondere Einiges zu diesen letzten Worten mag Sh. aus Virgil entlehnt haben, der ihm in Phaer's Uebersetzung bekannt sein mochte. Es heisst

Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted. But, remember,
(For that 's my business to you) that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Expos'd unto the sea (which hath requit it)
Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me:
Lingering perdition (worse than any death
Can be at once) shall step by step attend
You, and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from
(Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads), is nothing, but heart's sorrow,
And a clear life ensuing.[21]

He vanishes in thunder: then, to soft music, enter the Shapes again, and dance with mocks and mows,[22] and carry out the table.

Pro. [Aside.] Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring.[23]
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated,
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life
And observation strange,[24] my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done. My high charms work,
And these, mine enemies, are all knit up
In their distractions: they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand (whom they suppose is drown'd),
And his and my lov'd darling. *[Exit* Prospero.

Gon. I' the name of something holy, Sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?

Alon. O, it is monstrous! monstrous!
Methought, the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass.[25]
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded; and
I 'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded. *[Exit.*

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I 'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I 'll be thy second.

[Exeunt Seb. *and* Ant.

Gon. All three of them are desperate: their great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits.[26] — I do beseech you,
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecstacy[27]
May now provoke them to.

Adr. Follow, I pray you. *[Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Before Prospero's cell.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, *and* Miranda.

Pro. If I have too austerely punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a thread[1] of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; whom[2] once again
I tender to thy hand. All thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely[3] stood the test: here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand!
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it,
Against an oracle.

Pro. Then, as my gift,[4] and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: but
If thou dost break her virgin-knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may,
With full and holy rite, be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion[5] shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow, but barren hate,
Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
That you shall hate it both: therefore, take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 't is now, — the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion[6]
Our worser Genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust, to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,[7]

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daselbst u. A.: *Their swords by them they laid. And on the filthy birds they beat,* || *But feathers none do from them fall, nor wound for stroke doth bleed,* || *Nor furee of weapons hurt them can.* 21) Um Euch vor dem Zorn der himmlischen Mächte zu bewahren, der sonst auf dieser öden Insel auf Eure Häupter fällt, giebt es Nichts als Herzensreue und ein reines Leben in deren Gefolge. — Da *which falls* von *wraths* abhängt, so müsste eigentlich *fall* stehen. — *whose* bezieht sich auf *the powers.* 22) *mocks and mows* ist, nach dem Sh.'schen Gebrauche der Copula *and*, = spöttische Grimassen. Malone änderte ohne Grund *mops and moves.* 23) Die Harpye sah wirklich anmuthig aus, wie sie die Speisen verschlang. 24) *with good life* = mit Leib und Seele, mit ganzer Hingebung. — *observation strange* = seltener Pflichteifer, hervorstechende Achtsamkeit. 25) Der Donner verkündete mir meinen Frevel in tiefem Basstone. 26) Das an Prospero verübte Verbrechen, das erst jetzt nach so vielen Jahren sie quält, wird mit einem langsam schleichenden Gift verglichen, das man giebt, damit es erst lange nachher wirke. 27) *ecstacy* = jeder ekstatische Zustand, jede Seelenstörung bis zum Wahnsinn.

1) Prospero denkt eher an das gewöhnliche *thread of life* = Lebensfaden, als dass *thread* hier mit Hawkins als *fibre* zu fassen wäre. Die Fol. hat *third*, wahrscheinlich entstellt aus *thrid*, der alten Schreibweise für *thread*, Theobald's Verbesserung. 2) *who* in der Fol. 3) *strangely* = in seltener, hervorstechender Art. 4) *gift* verbessert Rowe das *guest* der Fol. 5) *sweet aspersion* = Besprengung mit befruchtendem Nass. In diesem veralteten ursprünglichen Sinne kommt *aspersion* auch in Tayler's Rule of Conscience vor: *Straightway Jesus went up out of the water, saith the gospel: He came up, therefore he went down. Behold an immersion, not an aspersion, saith Jeremy, the Patriarch.* 6) *suggestion* = Versuchung. Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 1, Anm. 54. — *our worser Genius* geht auf die beiden Genien, die jedem Menschen auf seinem Lebenswege beigegeben

When I shall think, or Phoebus' steeds are founder'd,
Or Night kept chain'd below.
Pro. Fairly spoke.
Sit then, and talk with her; she is thine own. —
What, Ariel, my industrious servant Ariel!

Enter Ariel.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.
Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform, and I must use you
In such another trick. Go, bring the rabble,[8]
O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity[9] of mine art: it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.
Ari. Presently?
Pro. Ay, with a twink.
Ari. Before you can say, »come,« and »go«,
And breathe twice, and cry, »so so;«
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow.
Do you love me, master? no?
Pro. Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach,
Till thou dost hear me call.
Ari. Well, I conceive. *[Exit.*
Pro. Look, thou be true.[10] Do not give dalliance
Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood. Be more abstemious,
Or else good night your vow.
Fer. I warrant you, Sir;
The white-cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.
Pro. Well. —
Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary,[11]
Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly. —
No tongue, all eyes;[12] be silent. *[Soft music.*

Enter Iris.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover,[13] them to keep;
Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,[14]
Which spongy April at thy hest betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom-groves,[15]
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn;[16] thy pole-clipt vineyard;[17]
And thy sea-marge, steril, and rocky-hard,
Where thou th'self dost air; the queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these, and with her sovereign grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport: her[18] peacocks fly amain:
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter Ceres.

Cer. Hail, many-colour'd messenger,[19] that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who with thy saffron wings upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers;
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres, and my unshrubb'd down,[20]
Rich scarf to my proud earth; why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd[21] green?
Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate,
And some donation freely[22] to estate
On the bless'd lovers.
Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus, or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? Since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.

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sind. ein guter und ein böser. — *opportune* betont Sh. auf der zweiten Sylbe. 7) Im Voraus der Hochzeitsfeier gleichsam die Spitze abbrechen, der Feier jenes Tages, der mir so lang erscheinen wird, dass ich in meiner Bräutigamsungeduld glauben werde, dass entweder Phöbus' Rosse nicht von der Stelle können, oder dass die Nacht in der Unterwelt gefesselt ist, also nicht heraufkommen kann. 8) *rabble* = der ganze Haufen der geringeren Geister. 9) *vanity* = Blendwerk, nichts Wirkliches oder Wesentliches. — Sidney Walker vermuthete *rarity* für *vanity*. 10) Siehe zu, dass Du Dein Wort hältst, sagt Prospero in Bezug auf Ferdinand's frühere Betheuerungen, da er dessen zu grosse Zärtlichkeit gegen Miranda wahrnimmt. 11) *corollary* = Anhang, Zugabe: bringe lieber einen Ueberschuss von Geistern, als dass Du einen Geist zu wenig bringst. 12) Ferdinand und Miranda sollen ganz Auge sein und, um den Zauber nicht zu stören, zugleich ganz stumm bei dem nun von Prospero's Geistern aufgeführten Spiel, das in den meisten Ausgg. als *Masque* bezeichnet ist, wie solche dramatisch-musikalische Festspiele, in denen allegorische und mythologische Figuren auftraten, zu Sh.'s Zeit hiessen. 13) *stover* = Schilfstroh, das zur Bedachung einer Schafhürde diente. 14) Es scheinen die aufgegrabenen *(pioned)* und in Reihen zusammengescharrten *(twilled)* Einfassungen der Aecker und Wiesen gemeint zu sein. Andere verstehen, weniger auf die Ceres bezüglich, Bachufer mit Päonien und Lilien oder Tulpen bewachsen, und setzen demnach *peonied* für *pioned*, *lilied* oder *tulip'd* für *twilled*. Für *twilled* dachte Capell auch an *tilled*. — Diese Einfassungen der Aecker und Wiesen schmückt auf Geheiss der Ceres der feuchte April mit Blumen, aus denen spröde Nymphen sich Kränze machen, die das Emblem der Keuschheit sind. 15) *broom-groves* = Dickichte von Ginster. Steevens bemerkt dazu: *Near Gamlingay in Cambridgeshire, it* (scil. *broom* = *Spartium scoparium) grows high enough to conceal the tallest cattle as they pass through it.* — Hanmer änderte ohne Grund *brown groves*. 16) *lass-lorn* = von seinem Mädchen verlassen, erklärt näher das vorhergehende *dismissed* = verabschiedet. 17) *pole-clipt vineyard* kann nur auf die an den Stöcken beschnittenen Reben des Weinstocks gehen, so dass *to clip* = beschneiden ist, nicht = umranken, wie Steevens erklärt: *the poles are clipped or embraced by the vines*, was sich mit dem Text nicht verträgt. — *vineyard* ist nach Steevens' Bemerkung dreisylbig. 18) *here* in der Fol., von Rowe verbessert. 19) So in All's well that ends well (A. 1, Sc. 3) *the many-colour'd Iris.* — Douce citirt zu dieser Schilderung der Iris eine Stelle aus Phaer's Virgil: *Dame rainbow down therefore with saffron wings of dropping showers,* || *Whose face a thousand sundry hues against the sun devours,* || *From heaven descending came.* 20) Die mit Büschen eingehegten Aecker werden hier dem buschlosen, kahlen, höhergelegenen Lande gegenübergestellt. 21) *short-grass'd* setzen die späteren Folioausgg. für *short gras'd* der Fol.

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid: I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and her son
Dove-drawn with her.[23] Here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-rite[24] shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted; but in vain:
Mars's[25] hot minion is return'd again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,
And be a boy right out.

Cer. Highest queen of state,
Great Juno comes: I know her by her gait.

Enter Juno.[26]

Jun. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me,
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honour'd in their issue.

Song.

Jun. *Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,*
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.[27]

Cer. *Earth's increase, foison plenty,*[28]
Barns and garners never empty;
Vines with clust'ring bunches growing;
Plants with goodly burden bowing;
Spring come to you, at the farthest,
In the very end of harvest![29]
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly.[30] May I be bold
To think these spirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd, to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever:
So rare a wonder'd father, and a wife,[31]
Makes this place Paradise.

[Juno *and* Ceres *whisper, and send* Iris *on employment.*[32]

Pro. Sweet, now, silence!
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There 's something else to do. Hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.[33]

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the wandering[34] brooks,
With your sedg'd crowns, and ever-harmless looks,
Leave your crisp[35] channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons: Juno does command.
Come, temperate[36] nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love: be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sun-burnt sicklemen, of August weary,[37]
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry.
Make holiday: your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof Prospero *starts suddenly, and speaks;*[38] *after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.*

Pro. [Aside.] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates,
Against my life; the minute of their plot
Is almost come. — *[To the Spirits.]* Well done. — Avoid; — no more.

Fer. This is strange: your father 's in some passion
That works him strongly.

Mira. Never till this day,
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

Pro. You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, Sir.
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:[39]
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,

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22) *freely* = freigebig. 23) Cupido befand sich mit seiner Mutter in dem mit Tauben bespannten Wagen, der auf dem Wege nach Paphos die Wolken durchschnitt. 24) *bed-right* in der Fol., die überhaupt zwischen *right* und *rite* nicht unterscheidet. 25) *Marses* in der Fol. 26) Die Fol. verzeichnet hier das Auftreten der Juno nicht; dagegen hat sie drei Zeilen vor dem Auftreten der Ceres die Bühnenweisung *Juno descends.* 27) Die folgenden Verse theilte zuerst Theobald der Ceres zu, während die Fol. das ganze Lied von der Juno singen lässt, im Widerspruch mit dem *They sing* der Fol., wofür die Hgg. *Song* setzen. 28) Manche Hgg. fügen mit der zweiten Folioausg. von 1632 *and* vor *foison* ein. Vielleicht ist aber *earth's* zweisylbig (*earthes*) zu lesen und *increase* auf der ersten Sylbe zu betonen. 29) d. h. unmittelbar an den Herbst soll sich wieder der Frühling schliessen. Staunton citirt dazu aus Spenser's Faerie Queene: *There is continual spring, and harvest there || Continual, both meeting at one time.* 30) *harmonious charmingly* = durch zauberische Einwirkung voll Musik, in zauberhafter Weise wohllautend. 31) *wife* setzte schon Rowe für *wise* der Fol., deren langes *s* leicht mit *f* verwechselt wird. — *so rare* bezieht sich auf *a wife*, wie auf *a wonder'd father* = ein wunderthätiger Vater, und ebenso geht der Singular *makes* auf Beides. — Staunton, der einen von Sh. beabsichtigten Reim von *wise* und *Paradise* vermuthet und zugleich die Nothwendigkeit fühlt, dass Miranda hier nicht übergangen werden darf, liest *So rare a wonder and a father wise.* 32) Die Bühnenweisung lautet so in der Fol. 33) Vgl. oben Anm. 12. 34) Für *windring* der Fol. liest Rowe *winding*, Steevens *wandering*, und die Hgg. adoptiren entweder diese oder jene Lesart. 35) *crisp* = gekräuselt, ist entweder als synonym mit dem vorhergehenden *wandering (winding)* aufzufassen, oder bezeichnet die vom Winde gekräuselte Oberfläche des Wassers. Die erstere Auffassung erscheint als die natürlichere. 36) *temperate* = in gleichmässiger Stimmung, leidenschaftlos. In ähnlichem Sinne kam vorher *cold nymphs* vor, entsprechend dem Wasserelement, in dem sie leben. 37) Es scheint natürlicher, *of August* mit *weary*, als, wie Staunton interpungirt, mit *sicklemen* zu verbinden: die ihr müde seid von der Hitze und der Arbeit des Augustmonats. — Die Fol. hat weder nach *sicklemen*, noch nach *August* ein Comma. 38) *speaks* bezieht sich auf die folgenden Worte Prospero's, so dass also das langsam zögernde Verschwinden der

Yea, all which it inherit,[40] shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,[41]
Leave not a rack[42] behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on,[43] and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. — Sir, I am vex'd:
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled:
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity.
If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
And there repose: a turn or two I 'll walk,
To still my beating mind.[44]

Fer., Mira. We wish your peace.[45]

[Exeunt.

Pro. Come with a thought! — I thank thee. — Ariel, come!

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to. What 's thy pleasure?

Pro. Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with[46] Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres,[47]
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd,
Lest I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

Ari. I told you, Sir, they were red-hot with drinking:
So full of valour, that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet, yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanc'd their eyelids, lifted up their noses,
As[48] they smelt music: so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd,[49] through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail shins:[50] at last I left them
I' the filthy-mantled[51] pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done, my bird.
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go, bring it hither,
For stale[52] to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. *[Exit.*

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture[53] can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,
Even to roaring.

Re-enter ARIEL, *loaden with glistering apparel, etc.*[54]
Come, hang them on this line.[55]

PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *remain invisible. Enter* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *all wet.*

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall; we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which, you say, is a harmless fairy, has done little better than played the Jack[56] with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss, at which my nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you, look you, —

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still.
Be patient, for the prize I 'll bring thee to
Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore, speak softly;
All 's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool, —

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That 's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.[57]

Cal. Pr'ythee, my king, be quiet. Seest thou here,

Geister *(they heavily vanish)* erst nach den Worten *Avoid; — no more* zu denken ist. — Die Bühnenweisung steht wörtlich so in der Fol. 39) Zu der folgenden Betrachtung Prospero's citirt Steevens einen Passus aus Lord Sterline's Darius, (1603), welchen Sh. hier im Sinne gehabt haben mag. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 4. 40) *to inherit* = in Besitz haben: Alle, welche diesen grossen Erdball bewohnen. 41) Indem es verschwunden ist, wie dieses unwesentliche Schaugepränge, das die Geister uns vorgeführt. 42) *rack*, eigentlich = der Zug der Wolken am Himmel, wie sie vom Winde fortgetrieben und zerstreut werden, scheint Sh. hier = Wolkendunst zu gebrauchen. — Malone vermuthete *wrack (wreck)*, das in der Orthographie der Sh.'schen Zeit zwar mit *rack* oft verwechselt wird, das aber hier zu den vorhergehenden Worten *into thin air, dissolve, faded* wenig passen will. 43) *on* scil. *of*, was manche Hgg. dafür in den Text setzen. — *rounded* = eingefasst, von allen Seiten umgeben. 44) So stand A. 1, Sc. 2 *'t is beating in my mind.* 45) Rowe las mit der vierten Folioausg. *you peace* für *your peace* der Fol. — Auf diesen Wunsch der Beiden erwiedert Prospero *I thank thee*, indem *thee* sich auf Jeden von Beiden bezieht. — Theobald änderte *I thank you.* — Die Worte *Come with a thought!* = Komme so schnell wie ein Gedanke! sind durch das parenthetische *I thank thee* getrennt von *Ariel, come!* wozu sie eigentlich gehören. — Die Cambridge Edd. interpungiren *Come with a thought. I thank thee, Ariel: come.* 46) *to meet with* = Jemandem entgegentreten. 47) Ariel hat in der vorhergehenden Maske die bedeutendste Rolle, die der Ceres, gespielt. 48) Sie erhoben ihre Nasen, als ob sie die Musik nicht nur hören, sondern auch riechen wollten. 49) *lowing* bezieht sich mehr auf die Vergleichung *calf-like*, als auf die Töne, welche Ariel auf seiner Trommel hervorbringt: sie folgten meiner Musik, wie Kälber dem Gebrüll der Kuh. 50) *frail shins* sind die unbedeckten Schienbeine, die den eindringenden Dornen schutzlos preisgegeben waren. 51) *filthy-mantled* lesen auch die Cambridge Edd. als Compositum das *filthy mantled* der Fol. 52) Als Köder, um damit diese Diebe zu fangen. — Mit *trumpery* sind die glänzenden Kleidungsstücke gemeint, welche Ariel nachher auf die Bühne trägt. 53) *nurture* = Erziehung: ein geborener Teufel, an dessen Natur das ihm Anerzogene niemals haftet, niemals sich dauernd bewährt; an dem alle Mühen, die ich mir menschenfreundlich mit ihm machte, ganz verloren sind. — Für *all, all lost* vermuthete Malone *are all lost.* Indess fehlt *are* bei Sh., als ob es sich aus dem Vorigen ergänzen liesse. 54) So die Fol., die auch die folgende Bühnenweisung enthält. 55) Die Fol. stellt um *hang on them this line*, was Rowe verbesserte. — *line* ist eine Wäschleine, meist aus Pferdehaaren gedreht, an der Ariel diese Kleidungsstücke aufhängen soll. 56) *Jack* für *Jack o'lantern* = Irrwisch. — Der Elfe, von dem Du sagtest, dass er ein harmloser Elfe sei (vgl. A. 3, Sc. 2), hat uns gegenüber die Rolle eines Irrlichtes gespielt, hat uns in

This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter:
Do that good mischief, which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano![58] look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool: it is but trash.

Trin. O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a frippery: — O king Stephano!

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo: by this hand, I 'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean,
To dote thus on such luggage? Let 's alone,[59]
And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he 'll fill our skins with pinches;
Make us strange stuff.[60]

Ste. Be you quiet, monster.[61] — Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do: we steal by line and level, an 't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; here 's a garment for 't: wit shall not go unrewarded, while I am king of this country. »Steal by line and level,« is an excellent pass of pate;[62] there 's another garment for 't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime[63] upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on 't: we shall lose our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles,[64] or to apes
With foreheads villanous low.

Ste. Monster, lay-to your fingers: help to bear this away, where my hogshead of wine is, or I 'll turn you out of my kingdom. Go to; carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of hounds, and hunt them about: PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *setting them on.*

Pro. Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ari. Silver, there it goes, Silver![65]

Pro. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!

[CAL., STE., *and* TRIN. *are driven out.*

Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps,[66] and more pinch-spotted make them,
Than pard or cat o' mountain.

Ari. Hark! they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little
Follow, and do me service. *[Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Before the cell of PROSPERO.

Enter PROSPERO *in his magic robes; and* ARIEL.

Pro. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not, my spirits obey, and time
Goes upright with his carriage.[1] How 's the day?

Ari. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.

Pro. I did say so,
When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and 's[2] followers?

Ari. Confin'd together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge;
Just as you left them: all prisoners, Sir,
In the line-grove[3] which weather-fends your cell;
They cannot budge till your release.[4] The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
Him that you term'd, Sir, the good old lord, Gonzalo:
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works them,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Moräste geführt. 57) Wenn ich auch bis über die Ohren in den Sumpf gerathe. 58) In dieser Anrede liegt eine scherzhafte Anspielung auf eine alte Ballade, deren betreffende Verse Sh. in Othello (A. 2, Sc. 3) citirt: *King Stephen was a worthy peer, || His breeches cost him but a crown etc.* — Für Jemanden, mit dessen Garderobe es so schlecht bestellt war, mussten die an der Leine hängenden glänzenden Kleidungsstücke ein erwünschter Fund sein, gleichsam ein ganzer Trödelladen *(frippery)*, wie Trinculo gleich nachher sagt. 59) *let 's alone* = lass uns gewähren, halte uns nicht auf. Theobald liest *let 's along* und Hanmer *let it alone.* 60) Er wird uns zu seltsamen Geschöpfen machen, wird uns seltsam umgestalten. So vorher in dieser Scene *we are such stuff as dreams are made on.* 61) In dem Folgenden redet Stephano, indem er von der Leine ein Kleidungsstück herunterzieht, dasselbe als ein Mädchen an, daher *under the line* = unter der Linie, unter'm Aequator, zugleich mit einem obscönen Nebensinn = unter einem Weibergürtel. Damit hängt zusammen das folgende Wortspiel *lose your hair* = das Haar an der Lustseuche oder im heissen Klima verlieren, Haare lassen müssen, zugleich mit der Anspielung auf das Pferdehaar, aus dem die Leine gemacht ist. — Endlich setzt Trinculo den Witz fort mit *by line and level* = methodisch, systematisch. 62) *pass of pate* = witziger Einfall. 63) *lime* = Vogelleim, an dem die übrigen Kleider dann hängen bleiben und sich leicht von der Leine abziehen lassen. 64) *barnacle* = Baumgans, welche nach dem Volksglauben aus Entenmuscheln, die in's Meer fielen, entstand, oder, laut dem Index to Dubartas' Sylvester: *a kind of fowls that grow of rotten trees and broken ship.* 65) *Silver* ist auch der Name eines Jagdhundes in Taming of the Shrew (Induction Sc. 1). 66) *aged cramps* = Krämpfe, wie sie sonst eine Folge des Alters sind. So *aged wrinkles* in Titus Andronicus (A. 3, Sc. 1). — Aus dem folgenden *pinch-spotted* ist für die Vergleichung *than pard, or cat o' mountain* eigentlich nur *spotted* zu abstrahiren.

1) Die Zeit geht aufrecht mit ihrer Last, unterliegt nicht mit dem, was sie zu tragen hat. Die Zeit fördert meine Pläne. 2) *and 's* für *and his* steht schon in der Fol. — Steevens liest *the king and his* und streicht *followers* als verswidrig. 3) *line-grove* der Fol. verändern manche Hgg. mit Rowe nach Dryden's Vorgange stillschweigend in *lime-grove.* Indess ist *line-tree* der ältere Name für *lime-tree.* 4) *your release* = die von

Pro. Dost thou think so, spirit?
Ari. Mine would, Sir, were I human.
Pro. And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch,[5] a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply
Passion as they,[6] be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
Do I take part. The rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance:[7] they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further.[8] Go, release them, Ariel.
My charms I 'll break, their senses I 'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.
Ari. I'll fetch them, Sir. *[Exit.*
Pro. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;[9]
And ye, that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him,
When he comes back; you demi-puppets, that
By moonshine do the green-sour ringlets[10] make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms; that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid
(Weak masters though ye be)[11] I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt:[12] the strong-bas'd promontory
Have I made shake; and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves, at my command,
Have waked their sleepers, op'd, and let them forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure; and, when I have requir'd
Some heavenly music (which even now I do),
To work mine end upon their senses, that
This airy charm is for, I 'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I 'll drown my book. *[Solemn music.*

Re-enter ARIEL: *after him,* ALONSO, *with a frantic gesture, attended by* GONZALO; SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO *in like manner, attended by* ADRIAN *and* FRANCISCO: *they all enter the circle which* PROSPERO *had made, and there stand charmed; which* PROSPERO *observing, speaks.*

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd[13] within thy skull! There stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd. —
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops.[14] — The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant[15] fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason. — O good Gonzalo!
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st,[16] I will pay thy graces
Home, both in word and deed. — Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act; —
Thou 'rt pinch'd for 't now, Sebastian. — Flesh and blood,[17]
You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian
(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong),
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art. — Their understanding
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shores,[18]

Euch verfügte Loslassung. — So ist in einer folgenden Rede Prospero's *their high wrongs* = die von ihnen zugefügte grosse Unbill. — Rowe las mit den späteren Folioausgg. *till you release.* — Fünf Zeilen weiter lesen Rowe und Dyce *like winter-drops* mit der vierten Folioausg. 5) *touch* = Regung, Rührung, wird näher erklärt durch *a feeling.* 6) Dyce fasst wie die späteren Folioausgg. und Rowe *passion* substantivisch als Object zu *relish*, während die meisten anderen Hgg. mit den beiden ersten Folioausgg. ein Comma hinter *sharply* setzen und also *passion* als Verbum mit *shall not myself* verbinden. Erstere Interpunction und Auffassung entspricht besser dem Zusammenhange: soll ich nicht selbst, Einer ihrer Art, der ich die Affecte ebenso scharf empfinde, den natürlichen Regungen zugänglicher sein, als Du es bist? — *kindlier* bezieht sich auf das stamm- und sinnverwandte vorhergehende *kind.* — Pope liest *passion'd* für *passion.* 7) Ein erleseneres, höheres Thun besteht in der Tugendübung, als in der Rache. 8) So habe ich nicht einmal eine finstere, drohende Miene für sie noch übrig. 9) Für diese Geisterbeschwörung entlehnte Sh. Manches aus einer Geisterbeschwörung der Medea in Golding's Uebersetzung des Ovid. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 4. 10) *green-sour ringlets* sind die Kreise im Rasen, welche sich durch üppigeren Graswuchs auszeichnen und als Spuren der Rundtänze der Feen gelten. Das Epitheton *green-sour* erhält seine Erklärung durch *whereof the ewe not bites.* — Für *green-sour* vermuthete Douce *greensward.* 11) Diese Geister sind, sich selber überlassen, als Herren ihrer selbst schwach, und nur gewaltig in Prospero's Dienst, der sich ihrer Hülfe zu bedienen weiss. 12) *Jove's own bolt* = Jupiter's Donnerkeil. 13) *boil'd*, wofür die Fol. *boil* liest, ist Apposition zu *brains.* So in Winter's Tale (A. 3, Sc. 3) *these boiled-brains.* — *boil'd* ist eine Emendation Pope's. 14) Meine Augen, die sich der Demonstration Deiner Augen ganz zugesellen, die sich ebenso zeigen, wie die Deinigen, lassen gleichgesinnte Tropfen fallen. — *holy* = fromm, edel. 15) *ignorant* = unwissend machend, Unwissenheit oder Dumpfheit bewirkend. So in Webster's Appius and Virginia: *So far benighted in an ignorant mist.* 16) *loyal* ist mit *to him etc.* zu verbinden: Du bist ein Herr treuergeben Demjenigen, dessen Diener Du bist. 17) Dyce adoptirt Theobald's Interpunction, welche *flesh and blood* mit dem Vorhergehenden verbindet: Du wirst jetzt in Fleisch und Blut, ganz und gar, dafür gequält. — Indess scheint *flesh and blood*, nach der gewöhnlichen Interpunction, besser mit dem Folgenden verbunden: Du mein eigener Bruder, mein Fleisch und Blut, der Du den Ehrgeiz in Dir aufnahmst und dafür zärtliches und natürliches Gefühl *(remorse and nature)* aus Dir verbanntest. — *entertain'd* verbessert die zweite Fol. das *entertain* der Fol. Vgl. Anm. 13 oben. — *who* verbesserte Rowe das *whom* der Fol. 18) *the reasonable shores* = die der Vernunft angehörigen Ufer. — Die in den Köpfen der Verzauberten allmählich zurückkehrende Vernunft wird mit einer Meerfluth verglichen, welche ansteigt und die in der Ebbe schmutzig daliegenden Ufer wieder bedeckt und ausfüllt.

That now lie full and muddy. Not one of them,
That yet looks on me, or would know me. — Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell; *[Exit* Ariel.
I will discase me, and myself present,
As I was sometime Milan.[19] — Quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

Ariel *re-enters, singing, and helps to attire* Prospero.

Ari. *Where the bee sucks, there suck I:*
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.[20]

Pro. Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom: — so, so, so.[21] —
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master, and the boatswain,
Being awake, enforce them to this place,
And presently, I pr'ythee.
Ari. I drink the air[22] before me, and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. *[Exit* Ariel.
Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits here: some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!
Pro. Behold, sir king,
The wronged duke of Milan, Prospero.
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee, and thy company, I bid
A hearty welcome.
Alon. Whe'r[23] thou beest he, or no,
Or some enchanted trifle[24] to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,[25]
I fear, a madness held me. This must crave
(An if this be at all)[26] a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign; and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs.[27] — But how should Prospero
Be living, and be here?
Pro. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose[28] honour cannot
Be measur'd, or confin'd.
Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not, I 'll not swear.
Pro. You do yet taste
Some subtleties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain.[29] — Welcome, my friends all. - -
[Aside to Seb. *and* Ant.*]* But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors: at this time
I will tell no tales.
Seb. [Aside.] The devil speaks in him.
Pro. No. —
For you, most wicked Sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.
Alon. If thou beest Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation:
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wrack'd upon this shore; where I have lost
(How sharp the point of this remembrance is!)
My dear son Ferdinand.
Pro. I am woe for 't,[30] Sir.
Alon. Irreparable is the loss, and patience
Says it is past her cure.
Pro. I rather think,
You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace,
For the like loss I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.
Alon. You the like loss?
Pro. As great to me, as late;[31] and, supportable[32]
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you, for I
Have lost my daughter.
Alon. A daughter?
O heavens! that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?
Pro. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason, and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath:[33] but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain,

— *muddy* ist doppelsinnig = schmutzig, und = dumpf von Sinnen, stumpfsinnig, im Gegensatz zu *reasonable.* 19) Ich will mich so darstellen, wie ich einst Herzog von Mailand war. Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 2, Anm. 25. — Demgemäss lässt er sich von Ariel den Zaubermantel ausziehen und sein altes herzogliches Gewand, nebst Hut und Degen, anlegen. 20) So interpungirt Dyce diesen Gesang Ariel's. Die gewöhnlichen Ausgg. interpungiren: *Where the bee sucks, there suck I;* || *In a cowslip's bell I lie:* || *There I couch. When owls do cry,* || *On the bat's back I do fly.* || *After summer, merrily:* || *Merrily etc.* — Ariel fliegt auf dem Rücken einer Fledermaus hinter dem forteilenden Sommer her. — Dyce's Interpunction findet sich schon in Dryden's Bearbeitung, wo für *On the bat's back I do fly* aber *On the swallow's wings I fly* gesetzt ist. 21) *so, so, so* bezieht sich auf die Hülfe, welche Ariel dem Prospero beim jetzt beendeten Umkleiden leistet. 22) *to drink the air*, als Bezeichnung der Schnelligkeit, vergleicht Johnson passend mit *to devour the way* in K. Henry IV. Second Part (A. 1, Sc. 1). 23) *whe'r*, abgekürzt aus *whether*, unterscheidet die Orthographie der Fol. nicht von *where.* 24) *trifle* = Eitelkeit, Nichtigkeit. So in Othello (A. 3, Sc. 3) *trifles, light as air,* || *Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong* || *As proofs of holy writ.* — Vgl. auch A. 4, Sc. 1, Anm. 9. Dort steht *vanity* in demselben Sinne, wie hier *trifle.* 25) *with which* = vereint mit welchem, bezieht sich auf *the affliction of my mind:* den Alonso hielt zugleich eine Schwermuth und ein Wahnsinn, wie er fürchtet, gefesselt. 26) Wenn dies überhaupt wirklich ist. So bald nachher *Whether this be, or be not, I 'll not swear.* 27) *my wrongs* = das Unrecht, das ich Dir angethan. Vgl. oben Anm. 4. 28) *whose* bezieht sich auf *thine*: Du, dessen Ehrenhaftigkeit. 29) Die Zauberkünste der Insel, die Ihr erprobtet, machen Euch misstrauisch auch gegen wirkliche und zuverlässige Dinge. 30) Es ist mir weh deshalb. 31) Mein Verlust ist ebenso gross für mich, ebenso neu, wie der Eurige. 32) *supportable* betont Sh. auf der ersten Sylbe.

That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wrack'd, was landed,
To be the lord on 't. No more yet of this;
For 't is a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, Sir;
This cell 's my court: here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least, bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much as me my dukedom.

The entrance of the cell opens, and discovers FERDINAND *and* MIRANDA *playing at chess.*[34]

Mira. Sweet lord, you play me false.
Fer. No, my dearest love,
I would not for the world.[35]
Mira. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.
Alon. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.
Seb. A most high miracle!
Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful:
I have curs'd them without cause. [FERD. *kneels to* ALON.[36]
Alon. Now, all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.
Mira. O wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in 't!
Pro. 'T is new to thee.[37]
Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou wast at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?
Fer. Sir, she is mortal;
But, by immortal Providence, she 's mine:
I chose her, when I could not ask my father
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She
Is daughter to this famous duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Receiv'd a second life; and second father
This lady makes him to me.
Alon. I am hers.[38]
But O! how oddly will it sound, that I
Must ask my child forgiveness.
Pro. There, Sir, stop:
Let us not burden our remembrances[39] with
A heaviness that 's gone.
Gon. I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown,
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way,
Which brought us hither!
Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo.
Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan,[40] that his issue
Should become kings of Naples? O! rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars. In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife,
Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom,
In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves,
When no man was his own.[41]
Alon. [*To* FERD. *and* MIR.] Give me your hands:
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy![42]
Gon. Be it so: Amen.

Re-enter ARIEL, *with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following.*

O look, Sir! look, Sir! here is more of us.[43]
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown. — Now, blasphemy,[44]
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?
Boats. The best news is, that we have safely found
Our king, and company: the next, our ship,[45]
Which but three glasses since we gave out split,
Is tight, and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea.
Ari. [*Aside to* PRO.] Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.
Pro. [*Aside to* ARI.] My tricksy[46] spirit!
Alon. These are not natural events; they strengthen
From strange to stranger. — Say, how came you hither?
Boats. If I did think, Sir, I were well awake,

— Steevens setzt *portable* dafür. 33) Diese Herren sind von diesem Zusammentreffen in solche Verwunderung versetzt, dass sie von ihrer Denkkraft ganz absehen und kaum glauben, dass ihre Augen ihnen wirkliche, zuverlässige Dienste leisten und dass ihre Worte aus wirklichem, natürlichem Athem bestehen. Sie trauen wie ihren eigenen Augen, so ihren eigenen Worten nicht. 34) Die Bühnenweisung der Fol. lautet, der Einrichtung des Sh.'schen Theaters gemäss: *Here Prospero discovers Ferdinand and Miranda playing at chess.* 35) *to play false* sagt Miranda in Bezug auf das Schachspiel; Ferdinand versteht es = untreu gegen die Geliebte sein, und erklärt, nicht für die Welt würde er das thun, worauf Miranda scherzhaft erwiedert, indem sie *for the world* wörtlich nimmt: ja, um zwanzig Königreiche möchte er Streit anfangen, und sie würde das ein ehrliches Spiel nennen. — *fair play* entspricht dem *play me false.* 36) Diese Bühnenweisung ist von den späteren Hggn. erst eingefügt. 37) Die Welt erscheint wenigstens der Miranda als neu, als eben geschaffen. 38) Alonso ist durch Ferdinand's Verlobung der Vater der Miranda. 39) Pope änderte *remembrance.* Indess ist *remembrances*, von der Erinnerung Zweier gebraucht, in Sh.'s Redeweise. — Malone rückte dafür *with* in die folgende Zeile. — Vgl. oben Sidney Walker's Bemerkung zu A. 1, Sc. 2, Anm. 44. 40) *Milan* zuerst = der Herzog von Mailand, dann = das Herzogthum, oder die Stadt, Mailand. 41) Und wir Alle fanden uns selbst, als Keiner von uns Herr seiner selbst war, als wir unserer Sinne nicht mächtig waren. 42) Das Herz Desjenigen, der Euch nicht Glück wünscht. 43) Hier kommt noch mehr, was zu uns gehört. — Für *here is* der Fol. setzen die meisten Hgg. *here are.* 44) *blasphemy* = Gotteslästerung, redet Gonzalo den Bootsmann an, der am Bord des Schiffes so arg fluchte, dass alle Frömmigkeit davor entflieht. Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1. — So redet Prospero bald nachher den Ariel *my diligence* an. 45) Die Nachricht, die der besten am nächsten kommt, ist die, dass unser Schiff, das wir eben vor drei Stunden-

I 'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,[47]
And (how, we know not) all clapp'd under hatches,
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds,[48] all horrible,
We were awak'd; straightway, at liberty:
Where we, in all her trim,[49] freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
Capering to eye her: on a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.
Ari. *[Aside to* Pro.*]* Was 't well done?
Pro. *[Aside to* Ari.*]* Bravely, my diligence! Thou shalt be free.
Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod;
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of:[50] some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.
Pro. Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on[51]
The strangeness of this business: at pick'd leisure,
Which shall be shortly, single[52] I 'll resolve you
(Which to you shall seem probable) of every
These happen'd accidents; till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well. — *[Aside to* Ari.*]* Come hither, spirit:
Set Calibau and his companious free;
Untie the spell. *[Exit* Ariel.*]* How fares my gracious sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

Re-enter Ariel, *driving in* Caliban, Stephano, *and* Trinculo, *in their stolen apparel.*

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself, for all is but fortune. — Coragio![53] bully-monster, coragio!
Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here 's a goodly sight.
Cal. O Setebos! these be brave spirits, indeed.
How fine[54] my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.
Seb. Ha, ha!
What things are these, my lord Antonio?
Will money buy them?
Ant. Very like: one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.[55]
Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say, if they be true.[56] — This misshapen knave,
His mother was a witch; and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command, without her power.[57]
These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil
(For he 's a bastard one)[58] had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these fellows you
Must know, and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.
Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.
Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken[59] butler?
Seb. He is drunk now: where had he wine?
Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em?[60]
How cam'st thou in this pickle?
Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.
Seb. Why, how now, Stephano?
Ste. O! touch me not: I am not Stephano, but a cramp.[61]
Pro. You 'd be king of the isle, sirrah?
Ste. I should have been a sore[62] one then.
Alon. *[Pointing to* Cal.*]*[63] This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on.
Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his manners
As in his shape. — Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions: as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.
Cal. Ay, that I will; and I 'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass

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gläsern noch für gescheitert erklärten, u. s. w. 46) *tricksy* = artig, gewandt. 47) In todähnlichen Schlaf versenkt. — Für *of sleep* der Fol. setzt Malone *on sleep*, was in der älteren Sprache für *asleep* gebraucht wird. Indess wird *on* und *of* bei Sh. beständig vertauscht. Manche Hgg. lesen *dead asleep*. 48) Und mit noch weiteren, verschiedenen Lauten, ausser den schon erwähnten *roaring, shrieking etc.* 49) *in all our trim* in der Fol., von Theobald verbessert. 50) *conduct* = Leiter, Führer: es ist mehr in dieser Angelegenheit verborgen, als wozu die Natur die Anleitung gab, mehr als was auf natürlichem Wege geschah. 51) *to beat on* = über Etwas grübeln, sich in Gedanken mit Etwas beschäftigen. So in K. Henry VI. Second Part (A. 2, Sc. 1) *thine eyes and thoughts || Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart.* 52) *single* für *singly*, wie Sh. oft die Adjectivendung auf *le* für die adverbiale Endung hat, bezieht sich auf das Folgende: ich will Euch einzeln, einen nach dem andern, diese Vorfälle erklären, die Euch dann plausibel erscheinen werden. 53) *coragio* ist ein modischer Ausruf der Ermuthigung, der auch in All 's well that ends well (A. 2, Sc. 5) sich findet. 54) *fine* = schön angekleidet. — Caliban hat den Prospero früher nie in seinem herzoglichen Schmucke gesehen. 55) Der Eine ist ein offenbarer Fisch und also eine käufliche Waare. Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 2, Anm. 8. 56) *true* = ehrlich, im Gegensatz zum Diebe, und = wirklich, kein Blendwerk. 57) Malone's Erklärung von *without her power* scheint die natürlichste: eine Hexe so stark, dass sie dem Monde entgegentreten konnte, indem sie Ebbe und Fluth bewirkte und an Stelle des Mondes thätig sein konnte, auch ohne seine Ermächtigung, ohne vom Monde zu dieser Einwirkung auf Ebbe und Fluth ermächtigt zu sein. — Staunton erklärt, weniger plausibel, *without her power* mit *beyond her power*. — Die Cambridge Edd. führen die sinnreich veränderte Interpunction eines Anonymus an: *And deal in her command. Without her power || These three have robb'd me etc.* 58) d. h. er ist ein Bastard des Teufels, vom Teufel mit der Sycorax erzeugt. 59) *drunken* = trunksüchtig, trunkfällig. 60) Eine Anspielung auf die goldmachende Tinctur der Alchymisten, das *Aurum potabile*. — Mit solcher Vergoldung wird die vom Wein glühende Gesichtsfarbe des Stephano und Trinculo verglichen. — So versteht Alonso unter *pickle* diesen betrunkenen Zustand, während Trinculo in seiner Antwort *pickle* = Salzbrühe, von dem Sumpfe versteht, in den ise geriethen: eine Brühe, die ihn davor bewahren wird, dass sich jemals die Fliegen wieder auf ihn setzen. 61) Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 1, Anm. 66. 62) *sore* = schlimm, und = wund, von dem Zwicken und Kneifen der Kobolde. 63) Diese zum Verständniss der Worte des Königs unentbehrliche Bühnenweisung ist von den späteren Hggn. hinzu-

Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool!
Pro. Go to; away!
Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.
Seb. Or stole it, rather. [*Exeunt* Cal., Ste., *and* Trin.
Pro. Sir. I invite your highness, and your train,
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which, part of it, I 'll waste
With such discourse, as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away; the story of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by,
Since I came to this isle: and in the morn,
I 'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-belov'd solemnized; [64] —
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.
Alon. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.
Pro. I 'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off. — My Ariel, — chick, —
That is thy charge; then to the elements! [65]
Be free, and fare thou well! — Please you, draw near.
[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have 's mine own;
Which is most faint: now, 't is true,
I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island, by your spell;
But release me from my bands,
With the help of your good hands.[1]
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,[2]
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer,
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

gefügt. — Steevens liest *This is as strange a thing etc.* 64) Manche Hgg. lesen im Widerspruch mit der Fol. *dear-beloved solemniz'd.* Sh. betont hier *solemnized* auf der zweiten Sylbe, wie an einer anderen Stelle in Love's Labour's Lost (A. 2, Sc. 1), während er viermal *solemniz'd* mit betonter erster Sylbe hat. 65) So interpungirt Staunton. Die gewöhnliche Interpunction ist die der Fol. *then to the elements || Be free, and fare thou well!*

1) Solche versteckte Aufforderung an das Publikum zum Beifallklatschen findet sich fast in allen Epilogen Sh.'scher Dramen. — Ebenso wird unter *gentle breath* der folgenden Zeile der Beifallruf der Zuschauer verstanden. 2) Jetzt, da es mir an Geistern gebricht, die ich zwingen kann, und an Zauberkunst, die ich üben kann, muss ich wie ein böser Hexenmeister in Verzweiflung enden, wenn nicht die Fürbitte frommer Seelen mir hilft.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Einleitung.

Das Stück The Two Gentlemen of Verona erschien zuerst gedruckt im Jahre 1623 in der Folioausgabe der Shakspere'schen Dramen. Es findet sich dort als das zweite in der Reihe der Comedies, welche die erste Abtheilung dieses Bandes bilden, ist in Acte und Scenen eingetheilt und mit einem Personenverzeichniss versehen. Der Text, obgleich flüchtig nach einer nicht ganz genauen und schwerlich jemals durchgesehenen Handschrift abgedruckt, bietet bei manchen Mängeln in Einzelnheiten doch im Ganzen nur geringe Schwierigkeiten, da der Styl, als der Jugendperiode unseres Dichters angehörig, verständlich und klar ist. Diese Eigenthümlichkeit der Diction, verbunden mit dem mehr durch lyrischen Wohllaut, als durch dramatische Lebendigkeit ausgezeichneten Bau des Verses, sowie die ganze leicht entworfene Anlage des Stückes und die skizzenhafte Charakteristik der Personen, weisen denn auch den Two Gentlemen of Verona eine sehr frühe Stelle in der chronologischen Reihenfolge der Shakspere'schen Dramen, unter den Lustspielen wahrscheinlich die früheste, an. Wenn die erste auf uns gekommene Notiz von diesem Stücke auch erst aus dem Jahre 1598 stammt, wo Francis Meres in seiner Palladis Tamia, Wit's Treasury, unter Shakspere's Lustspielen »his Gentlemen of Verona« aufzählt, so machen die eben angedeuteten inneren Gründe es doch höchst wahrscheinlich, dass das Drama spätestens im Jahre 1591, wohin Malone es versetzt, vermuthlich aber schon früher, verfasst und aufgeführt worden ist.

Eine Quelle, aus welcher Shakspere den Stoff zu den Two Gentlemen of Verona geschöpft hätte, hat sich bisher nicht nachweisen lassen und wird vielleicht auch niemals entdeckt werden, insofern muthmasslich der Dichter seinem Lustspiel nicht eine bestimmte Novelle zu Grunde gelegt, sondern wie bei manchem seiner späteren Werke das von verschiedenen Seiten her Entlehnte zu einem dramatischen Ganzen vereinigt hat. Von solchen fremden Elementen drängt sich denn bei einem eine so grosse Uebereinstimmung mit einem Theile der Two Gentlemen of Verona auf, dass sie kaum für zufällig gelten kann. Die Geschichte des Proteus und der Julia erinnert nämlich in vielen Details, welche Shakspere nicht erfunden hat, zu deutlich an eine Episode in dem berühmten, auch in England weitverbreiteten spanischen Schäferromane La Diana des Dichters Jorge de Montemayor, als dass nicht mit ziemlicher Sicherheit eine Benutzung dieses Werkes von Seiten Shakspere's anzunehmen wäre. Zwar ist die erste vollständige englische Uebersetzung der Diana von Bartholomew Yonge erst im Jahre 1598 erschienen, aber sie existirte handschriftlich schon in den Jahren 1582 oder 1583; und in dieser Gestalt, oder in einer ähnlichen, mochte Shakspere die Diana des Montemayor so gut wie die gleichartige Arcadia des Sir Philip Sidney, die auch erst gedruckt wurde, nachdem sie handschriftlich lange circulirt hatte, kennen gelernt haben. Aus den von P. Cunningham für die Shakespeare-Society herausgegebenen Accounts of the Revels at Court in the Reigns of Queen Elizabeth and King James I. erhellt, dass derselbe Stoff schon vor Shakspere auf die englische Bühne gebracht war. Es heisst daselbst unter den Aufführungen bei Hofe im Jahre 1584: *The history of Felix and Philiomena shewed and enacted before her highnes by her Maiesties servaunts on the sondaie next after neweyeares daie, at night at Grenewiche, whereon way [was] imployed one battlement and a house of canvas.* — Don Felix ist in der Diana das Vorbild des Shakspere'schen Proteus, und Philiomena ist entstellt aus Felismena, der Julia in den Two Gentlemen of Verona. Diese Felismena wird bei Montemayor selbst redend eingeführt und erzählt ihre Liebes- und Leidensgeschichte. Inwiefern Shakspere dieses verloren gegangene Drama von unbekanntem Verfasser gekannt und benutzt haben mag, lässt sich jetzt nicht mehr bestimmen. Dass er aber die Geschichte der Schäferin Felismena, und zwar höchst wahrscheinlich in Yonge's handschriftlicher Uebersetzung der Diana des Montemayor, gelesen haben muss, ergiebt sich aus einer Vergleichung seines Dramas mit jener Episode des Romans, von der wir einige Auszüge hier folgen lassen.

Zunächst erinnert die Art und Weise, wie (A. 1, Sc. 2) Julia den Brief des Proteus von ihrer Zofe empfängt, auffallend an das, was Felismena von dem Anfange ihres Liebesverhältnisses mit dem Don Felix bei Montemayor erzählt. Es heisst daselbst in B. Yonge's Uebersetzung: *Many daies Don Felix spent in endeavouring to make me know the paines which he suffered for me, and many more did I spende in making the matter strange, and that he did not suffer them for my sake: and I know not why love delaied the time so long by forcing me to love him, but onely that (when he came indeed) he might enter into my hart at once, and with greater force and violence. When he had, therefore, by sundrie signes, as by tylt and tourneyes, and by prauncing up and downe upon his proude jennet before my windowes, made it manifest that he was in love with me (for at the first I did not so well perceive it), he determined in the end to write a letter unto me; and having practised divers times before with a maide of mine, and at length, with many gifts and faire promises, gotten her good will and furtherance, he gave her the letter to deliver to me. But to*

see the meanes that Rosina made unto me (for so was she called), the dutifull services and unwoonted circumstances, before she did deliver it, the othes that she sware unto me, and the subtle words and serious protestations she used, it was a pleasant thing, and worthie the noting. To whom (neverthelesse) with an angrie countenance I turned againe, saying, If I had not regard of mine owne estate, and what hereafter might be said, I would make this shamelesse face of thine be knowne ever after for a marke of an impudent and bolde minion: but bicause it is the first time, let this suffice that I have saide, and give thee warning to take heed of the second.

Me thinkes I see now the craftie wench, how she helde her peace, dissembling very cunningly the sorrow that she conceived by my angrie answer; for she fained a counterfaite smiling, saying, Jesus, mistresse! I gave it you, bicause you might laugh at it, and not to moove your patience with it in this sort; for if I had any thought that it would have provoked you to anger, I praie God he may shew his wrath as great towards me as ever he did to the daughter of any mother. And with this she added many wordes more (as she could do well enough) to pacifie the fained anger and ill opinion that I had conceived of her, and taking her letter with her, she departed from me. This having passed thus, I began to imagine what might ensue thereof, and love (me thought) did put a certaine desire into my minde to see the letter, though modestie and shame forbad me to ask it of my maide, especially for the wordes that had passed betweene us, as you have heard. And so I continued all that day until night, in varietie of many thoughts; but when Rosina came to helpe me to bedde, God knowes how desirous I was to have her entreat me againe to take the letter, but she woulde never speake unto me about it, nor (as it seemed) did so much as once thinke thereof. Yet to trie, if by giving her some occasion I might prevaile, I saide unto her, And is it so, Rosina, that Don Felix, without any regard to mine honour, dares write unto me? These are things, mistresse (saide she demurely to me againe), that are commonly incident to love, wherefore I beseech you pardon me, for if I had thought to have angred you with it, I would have first pulled out the buls of mine eies. How cold my hart was at that blow, God knowes, yet did I dissemble the matter, and suffer my selfe to remaine that night onely with my desire, and with occasion of little sleepe. And so it was, indeede, for that (me thought) was the longest and most painfull night that ever I passed. But when (with a slower pace then I desired) the wished day was come, the discreet and subtle Rosina came into my chamber to helpe me to make me readie, in dooing whereof, of purpose she let the letter closely fall, which, when I perceived, What is that that fell downe? (said I), let me see it. It is nothing, mistresse, saide she. Come, come, let me see it (saide I): what! moove me not, or else tell me what it is. Good Lord, mistresse (saide she), why will you see it: it is the letter I would have given you yesterday. Nay, that it is not (saide I), wherefore shewe it me, that I may see if you lie or no. I had no sooner said so but she put it into my handes, saying, God never give me good if it be anie other thing; and although I knewe it well indeede, yet I saide, What, this is not the same, for I know that well enough, but it is one of thy lovers letters: I will read it, to see in what neede he standeth of thy favour. And opening it, I founde it conteined this that followeth.

„I ever imagined (deere mistresse), that your discretion and wisedome woulde have taken away the feare I had to write unto you, the same knowing well enough (without any letter at all) how much I love you, but the very same hath so cunningly dissembled, that wherein I hoped the only remedie of my griefes had been, therein consisted my greatest harme. If according to your wisedome you censure my boldnes, I shall not then (I know) enjoy one hower of life; but if you do consider of it according to loves accustomed effects, then will I not exchange my hope for it. Be not offended, I beseech you (good ladie), with my letter, and blame me not for writing unto you, untill you see by experience whether I can leave of to write: and take me besides into the possession of that which is yours, since all is mine doth wholly consist in your hands, the which, with all reverence and dutifull affection, a thousand times I kisse.“

When I had now seene my Don Felix his letter, whether it was for reading it at such a time, when by the same he shewed that he loved me more than himselfe, or whether he had disposition and regiment over part of this wearied soule, to imprint that love in it whereof he wrote unto me, I began to love him too well, (and, alas, for my harme!) since he was the cause of so much sorrow as I have passed for his sake. Whereupon, asking Rosina forgivenes of what was past (as a thing needfull for that which was to come) and committing the secrecie of my love to her fidelitie, I read the letter once againe, pausing a little at every worde (and a very little indeede it was), bicause I concluded so soone with my selfe, to do that I did, although in verie truth it lay not otherwise in my power to do.

Die Abreise des Proteus, Julia's Entschluss, ihm in Männerkleidung zu folgen, ihre Belauschung der Nachtmusik, welche der Ungetreue seiner neuen Geliebten bringt, Alles das findet sein Vorbild bei Montemayor, wo Felismena in ihrer Erzählung so fortfährt: *But my adverse fortune afterwardes would, that of these our mutuall loves (when as now they were most assured) his father had some intelligence, and whosoever revealed them first, perswaded him so cunningly, that his father (fearing lest he would have married me out of hand) sent him to the great Princesse Augusta Cæsarinas court, telling him, it was not meete that a yoong gentleman, and of so noble a house as he was, should spende his youth idly at home, where nothing could be learned but examples of vice, whereof the verie same idlenes (he said) was the onely mistresse. He went away so pensive, that his great greefe would not suffer him to acquaint me with his departure; which when I knew, how sorrowfull I remained, she may imagine that hath bene at any time tormented with like passion. To tell you now the life that I led in his absence, my sadnes, sighes, and teares, which every day I powred out of these wearied eies, my toong is far unable: if then my paines were such that I cannot now expresse them, how could I then suffer them? But being in the mids of my mishaps, and in the depth of those woes which the absence of Don Felix caused me to feele, and it seeming*

to me that my greefe was without remedie, if he were once seene or knowen of the ladies in that court (more beautifull and gracious then my selfe), by occasion whereof, as also by absence (a capitall enemie to love), I might easily be forgotten, I determined to adventure that, which I think never any woman imagined; which was to apparell my selfe in the habit of a man, and to hye me to the court to see him, in whose sight al my hope and content remained. Which determination I no sooner thought of then I put in practise, love blinding my eies and minde with an inconsiderate regarde of mine owne estate and condition. To the execution of which attempt I wanted no industrie; for, being furnished with the helpe of one of my approoved friends, and treasouresse of my secrets, who bought me such apparell as I willed her, and a good horse for my journey, I went not onely out of my countrie, but out of my deere reputation, which (I thinke) I shall never recover againe; and so trotted directly to the court, passing by the way many accidents, which (if time would give me leave to tell them) would not make you laugh a little to heare them. Twenty daies I was in going thither, at the ende of which, being come to the desired place, I took up mine inne in a streete less frequented with concurse of people: and the great desire I had to see the destroier of my joy did not suffer me to thinke of any other thing, but how or where I might see him. To inquire of him of mine host I durst not, lest my comming might (perhaps) have bene discovered; and to seeke him foorth I thought it not best, lest some inopinate mishap might have fallen out, whereby I might have bene knowen. Wherefore I passed all that day in these perplexities, while night came on, each hower whereof (me thought) was a whole yeere unto me. But midnight being a little past, mine host called at my chamber doore, and told me if I was desirous to heare some brave musicke, I should arise quickly, and open a window towards the street. The which I did by and by, and making no noise at all, I heard how Don Felix his page, called Fabius (whom I knew by his voice) saide to others that came with him, Now it is time, my masters, bicause the lady is in her gallerie over her garden, taking the fresh aire of the coole night. He had no sooner saide so, but they began to winde three cornets and a sackbot, with such skill and sweetensse, that it seemed celestiall musicke; and then began a voice to sing, the sweetest (in my opinion) that ever I heard. And though I was in suspence, by hearing Fabius speake, whereby a thousand doubtes and imaginations (repugnant to my rest) occurred in my minde, yet I neglected not to heare what was sung, bicause their operations were not of such force that they were able to hinder the desire, nor distemper the delight that I conceived by hearing it.

Wie bei Shakspere tritt auch bei Montemayor die verlassene Geliebte unerkannt als Page in den Dienst des treulosen Liebhabers und wird von ihm mit einer Botschaft an seine neue Geliebte gesandt. Wie weit die Celia des spanischen Dichters der Silvia Shakspere's (in A. 4, Sc. 4) entspricht, mag ein letzter Auszug aus der Diana darthun: *But taking the letter and mine errand with me, I went to Celias house, imagining by the way the wofull estate whereunto my haplesse love had brought me; since I was forced to make warre against mine owne selfe, and to be the intercessour of a thing so contrarie to mine owne content. But comming to Celias house, and finding a page standing at the dore, I asked him if I might speake with his ladie: who being informed of me from whence I came, tolde Celia how I would speake with her, commending therewithall my beautie and person unto her, and telling her besides, that Don Felix had but lately entertained me into his service; which made Celia saie unto him, What, Don Felix so soone disclose his secret loves to a page, but newly entertained? he hath (belike) some great occasion that mooves him to do it. Bid him com in, and let us know what he would have. In I came, and to the place where the enimie of my life was, and, with great reverence kissing her hands, I delivered Don Felix his letter unto her. Celia tooke it, and casting her eies upon me, I might perceive how my sight had made a sudden alteration in her countenance, for she was so farre besides herselfe, that for a good while she was not able to speake a worde, but, remembring her selfe at last, she saide unto me, What good fortune hath beene so favourable to Don Felix to bring thee to this court, to make thee his page? Even that, faire ladie, saide I, which is better then ever I imagined, bicause it hath beene an occasion to make me behold such singular beautie and perfections as now I see cleerely before mine eies. And if the paines, the teares, the sighes, and the continuall disquiets that my lord Don Felix hath suffred have greeved me heerctofore, now that I have seene the source from whence they flow, and the cause of all his ill, the pittie that I had on him is now wholly convertcd into a certaine kinde of envie. But if it be true (faire lady), that my comming is welcome unto you, I beseech you by that, which you owe to the great love which he beares you, that your answer may import no lesse unto him. There is not anie thing (saide Celia) that I would not do for thee, though I were determined not to love him at all, who for my sake hath forsaken another. For it is no small point of wisedome for me to learne by other womens harmes to be more wise, and warie in mine owne. Beleeve not, good lady (saide I), that there is any thing in the worlde that can make Don Felix forget you. And if he hath cast off another for your sake, woonder not thereat, when your beautie and wisedome is so great, and the others so small that there is no reason to thinke that he will (though he hath woorthelie forsaken her for your sake) or ever can forget you for any woman else in the worlde. Doest thou then know Felismena (said Celia), the lady whom thy master did once love and serve in his owne countrey? I know her (saide I), although not so well as it was needfull for me to have prevented so many mishaps (and this I spake softly to my selfe). For my fathers house was neere to hers; but seeing your great beautie adorned with such perfections and wisedome, Don Felix cannot be blamed, if he hath forgotten his first love only to embrace and honour yours. To this did Celia answer, merily and smiling, Thou hast learned quickly of thy master to sooth. Not so, faire ladie, saide I, but to serve you woulde I faine learne: for flatterie cannot be, where (in the judgement of all) there are so manifest signes and proofes of this due commendation. Celia began in good earnest to ask me what manner of woman Felismena was, whom I answered, that, touching her beautie, Some thought her to be very faire; but I was never of that opinion, bicause she hath*

many daies since wanted the chiefest thing that is requisite for it. What is that? said Celia. Content of minde, saide I, bicause perfect beautie can never be, where the same is not adjoyned to it. Thou hast the greatest reason in the world, said she, but I have seene some ladies whose lively hewe sadnes hath not one whit abated, and others whose beautie anger hath encreased, which is a strange thing me thinkes. Haplesse is that beauty, saide I, that hath sorrow and anger the preservers and mistresses of it, but I cannot skill of these impertinent things: And yet that woman, that must needes be molested with continuall paine and trouble, with greefe and care of minde and with other passions to make her looke well, cannot be reckoned among the number of faire women, and for mine owne part I do not account her so. Wherein thou hast great reason, said she; as in all things else that thou hast saide, thou hast showed thy selfe wise and discreete. Which I have deerely bought, said I againe: But I beseech you (gracious lady) to answer this letter, because my lord Don Felix may also have some contentment, by receiving this first well emploied service at my hands. I am content, saide Celia, but first thou must tell me if Felismena in matters of discretion be wise, and well advised? There was never any woman (saide I againe) more wise then she, bicause she hath beene long since beaten to it by her great mishaps: but she did never advise her selfe well, for if she had (as she was accounted wise), she had never come to have bene so contrarie to her selfe. Thou speakest so wisely in all thy answeres, saide Celia, that there is not any that woulde not take great delight to heare them: which are not viands (said I) for such a daintie taste, nor reasons for so ingenious and fine a conceit (faire lady), as you have, but boldly affirming, that by the same I meane no harme at all. There is not any thing, saide Celia, whereunto thy wit cannot attaine, but because thou shalt not spende thy time so ill in praising me, as thy master doth in praying me, I will reade thy letter, and tell thee what thou shalt say unto him from me. Whereupon unfolding it, she began to read it to her selfe, to whose countenance and gestures in reading of the same, which are oftentimes outwarde signes of the inwarde disposition and meaning of the hart, I gave a watchfull eie. And when she had read it, she said unto me, Tell thy master, that he that can so well by wordes expresse what he meanes, cannot choose but meane as well as he saith: and comming neerer unto me, she saide softly in mine eare, And this for the love of thee, Valerius, and not so much for Don Felix thy master his sake, for I see how much thou lovest and tenderest his estate. And from thence, alas (saide I to my selfe), did all my woes arise. Whereupon kissing her hands for the great curtesie and favour she shewed me, I hied me to Don Felix with this answer, which was no small joy to him to heare it, and another death to me to report it, saying manie times to my selfe (when I did either bring him home some joyfull tydings or carrie letters or tokens to her), O thrise unfortunate Felismena, that with thine owne weapons art constrained to wounde thy ever-dying hart, and to heape up favours for him, who made so small account of thine.

In dem Fortgange und Ende der Erzählung weichen Shakspere und Montemayor durchaus von einander ab, wie sich auch von den sonstigen Elementen des englischen Lustspiels in dem spanischen Schäferromane nichts Entsprechendes findet. — Für die Shakspere'sche Figur des Valentin hat man einige Züge in Sidney's Arcadia finden wollen; indess läuft die ganze, rein zufällige Aehnlichkeit darauf hinaus, dass Pyrocles, einer der beiden Helden des Sidney'schen Romans, sich an die Spitze der Heloten stellt, welche sich gegen Lacedämon empört haben, wie Valentin an die Spitze der Verbannten. (Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 1.) — Andere Quellen, die Shakspere bei den Two Gentlemen of Verona benutzt haben sollte, sind nicht nachgewiesen worden, so dass ein Vorhandensein solcher in hohem Grade zweifelhaft erscheint.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.[1]

DUKE OF MILAN, Father to Silvia.
VALENTINE, PROTEUS, } the two Gentlemen.
ANTONIO, Father to Proteus.
THURIO, a foolish Rival to Valentine.
EGLAMOUR, Agent for Silvia in her escape.
SPEED, a clownish Servant to Valentine.
LAUNCE, the like to Proteus.

PANTHINO, Servant to Antonio.
Host, where Julia lodges.
Outlaws with Valentine.

JULIA, beloved of Proteus.
SILVIA, beloved of Valentine.
LUCETTA, Waiting-woman to Julia.

Servants, Musicians.

SCENE, sometimes in Verona, sometimes in Milan, and on the frontiers of Mantua.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

An open Place in Verona.

Enter VALENTINE *and* PROTEUS.

Val. Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus:[2]
Home-keeping youth have ever homely[3] wits.
Were 't not affection chains thy tender days[4]
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.[5]
But since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin.
Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu.
Think on thy Proteus, when thou haply seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good hap; and in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beadsman,[6] Valentine.
Val. And on a love-book pray for my success.
Pro. Upon some book I love, I 'll pray for thee.
Val. That 's on some shallow story of deep love,
How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.[7]
Pro. That 's a deep story of a deeper love,
For he was more than over shoes in love.
Val. 'T is true; for you are[8] over boots in love,
And yet you never swum the Hellespont.
Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots.[9]
Val. No, I will not, for it boots thee not.
Pro. What?
Val. To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans;
Coy looks, with heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth,
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:
If haply won, perhaps, a hapless gain;
If lost, why then a grievous labour won:[10]
However, but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.
Pro. So, by your circumstance you call me fool.
Val. So, by your circumstance,[11] I fear, you 'll prove.

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1) Das Personenverzeichniss findet sich bereits in der Fol. am Ende des Dramas abgedruckt unter dem Titel The Names of all the Actors. 2) *Proteus*, in der Fol. überall *Protheus* geschrieben, nach einer zu Sh.'s Zeit weitverbreiteten Orthographie, ist bald dreisylbig, bald zweisylbig zu lesen; Ersteres namentlich am Schlusse des Verses, wie hier. — Aus dem Zusammenhange erhellt, dass Proteus dem Valentin zuredet, zu Hause zu bleiben, statt auf Reisen zu gehen. — *loving* = freundlich, hold, bezieht sich auf das Freundschaftsverhältniss der Beiden, nicht auf Proteus' Liebe zur Julia. 3) Wortspiel zwischen *homely* und *home-keeping*. — *youth* als Collectiv = die Jugend, die jungen Leute, hat den Plural nach sich. 4) *thy tender days* = Dein jugendliches Leben. 5) *shapeless idleness* = ein Nichtsthun, das sich durch keine äussere Form empfiehlt. 6) *beadsman* = Fürbitter, eigentlich = Einer, der von einem Könige oder Grossen gedungen ist, täglich eine bestimmte Anzahl Gebete für ihn zu sprechen. So in Peele's Edward I.: *he shall have forty pound of yearly fee and be my beadsman.* 7) Malone findet hier eine Anspielung auf Marlowe's Gedicht Hero and Leander, das erst nach des Verfassers Tode 1593 in die Buchhändlerregister eingetragen wurde und erst 1598 im Drucke erschien. Handschriftlich mochte das Werk vielleicht unserem Dichter bekannt sein; indess kannte er die Sage ohne Zweifel auch sonst, wie er auf sie in seinen Dramen wiederholt hindeutet. 8) *for you are etc.* entspricht genau dem vorhergehenden *for he was etc.* 9) Ein Wortspiel zwischen *over boots*, als Steigerung von *over shoes:* so dass ihm das Wasser nicht nur in die Schuhe, sondern in die Stiefel liefe, und zwischen *to give the boots* = Einem die unter dem Namen der spanischen Stiefel bekannte Tortur anthun, um ihm ein Geständniss, hier ein Liebesgeständniss, zu erpressen. — Das Wortspiel wird noch fortgesetzt in dem folgenden *it boots thee not* = es frommt Dir nicht. — Andere erklären *to give the boots* = Jemanden prellen, ihn zum Besten haben, ein Sinn, der hier weniger passen will. 10) Wenn die Frucht der Liebeswerbung gewonnen ist, so ist das vielleicht ein unheilvoller Gewinn; wenn sie verloren geht, so hast Du damit nichts gewonnen, als eine saure, vergebliche Mühe; wie es auch sein mag, so wirst Du entweder mit Deinem Verstande nur eine Narrheit, nur einen Tand erkaufen, oder Dein Verstand wird durch eine Narrheit, durch die Verliebtheit, überwältigt werden. 11) *circumstance* fasst Proteus = ausführliche Dar-

Pro. 'T is love you cavil at: I am not Love.
Val. Love is your master, for he masters you;
And he that is so yoked by a fool,
Methinks, should not be chronicled[12] for wise.
Pro. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells,[13] so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.
Val. And writers say, as the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly; blasting[14] in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,
That art a votary to fond desire?
Once more adieu. My father at the road[15]
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.
Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.
Val. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave.
To Milan[16] let me hear from thee by letters,
Of thy success in love, and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend;
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.[17]
Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!
Val. As much to you at home! and so, farewell. *[Exit.*
Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love:
Hé leaves his friends to dignify them more;
I leave[18] myself, my friends, and all, for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me;[19]
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought,
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.[20]

Enter SPEED.

Speed. Sir Proteus, save you. Saw you my master?
Pro. But now he parted hence to embark for Milan.
Speed. Twenty to one then, he is shipp'd already,
And I have play'd the sheep[21] in losing him.
Pro. Indeed, a sheep doth very often stray,
An if the shepherd be awhile away.
Speed. You conclude, that my master is a shepherd then, and I a sheep?[22]
Pro. I do.
Speed. Why, then my horns are his horns, whether I wake or sleep.
Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.
Speed. This proves me still a sheep.
Pro. True, and thy master a shepherd.
Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.[23]
Pro. It shall go hard, but I 'll prove it by another.
Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me: therefore, I am no sheep.[24]
Pro. The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd, the shepherd for food follows not the sheep; thou for wages followest thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee: therefore, thou art a sheep.
Speed. Such another proof will make me cry »baa«.[25]
Pro. But dost thou hear? gav'st thou my letter to Julia?
Speed. Ay, Sir: I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton;[26] and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.
Pro. Here 's too small a pasture for such store of muttons.
Speed. If the ground be overcharg'd, you were best stick her.[27]
Pro. Nay, in that you are astray: 't were best pound you.[28]
Speed. Nay, Sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.
Pro. You mistake: I mean the pound, — a pinfold.

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stellung oder Herleitung, Valentin aber fasst es = Umstände, in denen sich Jemand befindet oder in die er geräth. 12) *to chronicle* = verzeichnen, einregistriren, steht in demselben weiteren Sinne wie hier, auch in Othello (A. 2, Sc. 1) *To suckle fools and chronicle small beer.* 13) So in Sh.'s Sonnets (70) *For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love.* — Staunton citirt aus Topsell's Serpents (1608) die Ueberschrift eines Capitels: *Of Caterpillars or Palmer-worms called of some Cankers*, worin es heisst: *They gnaw off and consume by eating both leaves, boughs and flowers, yea, and some fruits also, as I have often seen in peaches.* 14) *to blast* ist hier Verbum Neutrum = welken, verkommen. 15) *road* = Rhede. Sh. scheint Verona als eine Seestadt aufzufassen, wo man sich einschifft, um nach Mailand zu fahren. 16) *to Milan* = nach Mailand hin; gieb mir nach Mailand hin von Dir Nachricht. Viele Hgg. setzen mit der zweiten Folioausg. von 1632 *at Milan* dafür. 17) *mine* bezieht sich auf *letters.* 18) *leave* emendirte Pope das *love* der Fol. — *and all* ist als Object mit *myself* und *my friends* zu verbinden, nicht mit *for love*, wie viele Hgg. interpungiren. 19) *to metamorphose* ist hier nicht = die Gestalt verändern, sondern das Wesen: Du hast einen anderen Menschen aus mir gemacht, als der ich war. 20) scil. *thou hast made my wit weak with musing, my heart sick with thought.* — *thought* = Grübelei, Tiefsinn, Schwermuth, kommt öfter bei Sh. vor, so auch in dem Compositum *thought-sick* in Hamlet (A. 3, Sc. 4). 21) Ich habe mich so dumm wie ein Schaf benommen. — Das Wortspiel zwischen *sheep* und *ship*, das hier zum Grunde liegt, tritt deutlicher hervor bei der in den mittleren Grafschaften Englands üblichen Aussprache, *sheep* = *ship.* 22) Den unbestimmten Artikel vor *sheep* fügt erst die zweite Folioausg. von 1632 hinzu. — Dass Speed bei *sheep* an einen Widder denkt, ergiebt sich aus seiner folgenden Rede, in welcher die Hörner eines Widders mit den Hörnern eines Hahnrei zusammengestellt werden. 23) Vgl. Anm. 11 dieser Scene. 24) Der Syllogismus in Speed's Rede wie in Proteus' Antwort hat einen Tonfall, der an den auch sonst in diesem Drama vorkommenden Doggerel-rhyme erinnert. 25) Mit einer zweiten Beweisführung der Art werdet Ihr mich so überzeugen, ich sei ein Schaf, dass ich anfangen werde zu bähen wie ein Schaf. 26) Ein alliterirendes Wortspiel zwischen *lost mutton* = verlorenes Schaf, und *laced mutton* = lockeres Frauenzimmer. *mutton* = Schaf, Hammel, kommt auch vor in As you like it (A. 3, Sc. 3) *the grease of a mutton.* — *a laced mutton*, eigentlich = zubereitetes Hammelfleisch, ist in dem erwähnten Sinne auch bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen gebräuchlich. So in Middleton's Blurt Master Constable: *I long for laced mutton.* 27) Wenn der Weidegrund zu sehr in Anspruch genommen ist, so thätet Ihr gut, sie, das Schaf, todtzustechen. — In *to stick* liegt zugleich ein obscöner Nebensinn. 28) Für *astray* wollte Thirlby *a stray* scil. *a stray sheep* lesen. Jedenfalls steht *astray* doppelsinnig = im Irrthum, und = in der Irre. — *to pound* = in den Pfandstall stecken, wohin man herrenloses Vieh

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over,
'T is threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.
Pro. But what said she? [SPEED *nods.*] Did she nod? [29]
Speed. I.
Pro. Nod, I? why, that 's noddy.
Speed. You mistook, Sir: I say she did nod; and you ask me, if she did nod; and I say, I.
Pro. And that set together, is noddy.
Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.
Pro. No, no; you shall have it for bearing the letter.
Speed. Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.
Pro. Why, Sir, how do you bear with me?
Speed. Marry, Sir, the letter very orderly; having nothing but the word noddy for my pains.
Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.
Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.
Pro. Come, come; open the matter in brief: what said she?
Speed. Open your purse, that the money, and the matter, may be both at once deliver'd.
Pro. Well, Sir, here is for your pains. What said she?
Speed. Truly, Sir, I think you 'll hardly win her.
Pro. Why? Couldst thou perceive so much from her?
Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter. And being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she 'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind.[30] Give her no token but stones, for she 's as hard as steel.
Pro. What! said she nothing?
Speed. No, not so much as — »Take this for thy pains.« To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testern'd[31] me; in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself. And so, Sir, I 'll commend you to my master.
Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wrack,
Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,
Being destin'd to a drier death on shore.[32] —
I must go send some better messenger:
I fear my Julia would not deign[33] my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Same. JULIA's Garden.

Enter JULIA *and* LUCETTA.

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Wouldst thou then counsel me to fall in love?
Luc. Ay, Madam; so you stumble not unheedfully.
Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen,
That every day with parle[1] encounter me,
In thy opinion, which is worthiest love?
Luc. Please you, repeat their names, I 'll show my mind
According to my shallow simple skill.
Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?
Luc. As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine;
But, were I you, he never should be mine.
Jul. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?
Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himself, so, so.
Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?
Luc. Lord, Lord! to see what folly reigns in us!
Jul. How now! what means this passion[2] at his name?
Luc. Pardon, dear Madam: 't is a passing shame,
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure[3] thus on lovely gentlemen.
Jul. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?
Luc. Then thus, — of many good I think him best.
Jul. Your reason?
Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason:
I think him so, because I think him so.
Jul. And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him?
Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.
Jul. Why, he of all the rest hath never mov'd me.[4]
Luc. Yet he of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.
Jul. His little speaking shows his love but small.
Luc. Fire[5] that 's closest kept burns most of all.
Jul. They do not love that do not show their love.
Luc. O! they love least, that let men know their love.
Jul. I would I knew his mind.
Luc. Peruse this paper, Madam.
Jul. »To Julia.« Say, from whom?
Luc. That the contents will show.
Jul. Say, say, who gave it thee?
Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus.
He would have given it you, but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it: pardon the fault, I pray.
Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker![6]
Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?
To whisper and conspire against my youth?
Now, trust me, 't is an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place.
There, take the paper: see it be return'd;
Or else return no more into my sight.
Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.
Jul. Will ye be gone?

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bringt, bildet ein Wortspiel mit *pound* = ein Pfund Sterling, woran sich dann noch der Wortwitz *pinfold* = Pferch, und getrennt *pin* und *fold* schliesst. 29) Die Worte *Did she nod?* die sich in der Fol. nicht finden, sind von Theobald, der zweitfolgenden Rede Speed's gemäss, ergänzt. — Auch die Bühnenweisung *Speed nods* ist modern. — Das folgende Wortspiel beruht auf *I* = ich, und *I* für *ay* = ja, sowie auf der Zusammensetzung von *nod* und *I* zu *noddy* = Tropf, Pinsel, das Kartenblatt mit dem Bilde des Buben. — Diesen Namen eines Pinsels soll Proteus hinnehmen. 30) Da sie so hartherzig gegen mich war, der Eure Gesinnung brieflich überbrachte, so wird sie ebenso hartherzig gegen Euch sein, wenn Ihr Eure Gesinnung ihr mündlich mittheilt. 31) *to testern*, als Wortspiel mit *to testify*, scherzhaft gebildet aus dem substantivischen *teston* oder *testern* = eine kleine Münze aus der Zeit Heinrich's VIII., im Werthe von 12, später 6 Pfennigen. — Den Druckfehler der Fol. *cesterned* verbessert die zweite Folioausg. 32) Eine Anspielung auf das Sprichwort *He that is born to be hanged is not drowned.* So in Tempest (A. 1, Sc. 1) *If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable.* 33) *to deign*, als Gegensatz zu *to disdain*, = des Empfanges oder der Notiznahme würdigen.

1) *parle* = Unterredung, Unterhaltung. Die Fol. schreibt *par'le.* 2) *this passion* = dieser Affect, ist die plötzliche Beschämung, welche Lucetta wegen ihrer Thorheit affectirt, über solche Herren urtheilen zu wollen. — *passion* bildet eine Art Wortspiel mit dem folgenden *passing* = weitgehend. 3) *to censure on* oder *of* = über Etwas urtheilen, sein Urtheil abgeben. — Die Cambridge Edd. vermuthen *censure on this lovely gentleman.* 4) Er allein unter all' den Andern hat sich nie an mich um Liebe gewandt. 5) *fire* ist hier, wie oft bei Sh., zwei-

Luc. That you may ruminate.[7] *[Exit.*
Jul. And yet, I would I had o'erlook'd the letter.
It were a shame to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
What fool is she,[8] that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view!
Since maids, in modesty, say »No« to that
Which they would have the profferer construe, »Ay.«
Fie, fie! how wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod.
How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,
When willingly I would have had her here:
How angerly[9] I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile.
My penance is, to call Lucetta back,
And ask remission for my folly past. —
What ho! Lucetta!

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. What would your ladyship?
Jul. Is it near dinner-time?
Luc. I would it were;
That you might kill your stomach[10] on your meat,
And not upon your maid.
Jul. What is 't that you took up so gingerly?
Luc. Nothing.
Jul. Why didst thou stoop then?
Luc. To take a paper up
That I let fall.
Jul. And is that paper nothing?
Luc. Nothing concerning me.
Jul. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.
Luc. Madam, it will not lie[11] where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter.
Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.
Luc. That I might sing it, Madam, to a tune:
Give me a note: your ladyship can set.[12]
Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible:
Best sing it to the tune of »Light o' love«.[13]
Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.
Jul. Heavy? belike, it hath some burden[14] then.
Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.
Jul. And why not you?
Luc. I cannot reach so high.[15]
Jul. Let 's see your song. — How now, minion![16]
Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:
And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.
Jul. You do not?
Luc. No, Madam; it is too sharp.
Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.
Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,[17]
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:
There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.
Jul. The mean is drown'd with your[18] unruly base.
Luc. Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.[19]
Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil with prostestation![20] — *[Tears the letter.*
Go, get you gone, and let the papers lie:
You would be fingering them to anger me.
Luc. She makes it strange,[21] but she would be best pleas'd
To be so anger'd with another letter. *[Exit.*
Jul. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!
O hateful hands! to tear such loving words:
Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey,
And kill the bees that yield it with your stings!
I 'll kiss each several paper for amends.
Look, here is writ — »kind Julia«. — Unkind Julia!
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
And here is writ — »love-wounded Proteus«. —
Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be throughly heal'd;
And thus I search it[22] with a sovereign kiss.

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sylbig zu lesen. 6) *broker* = Kuppler, Kupplerin. So in K. Henry VI. Third Part (A. 4, Sc. 1) *you shall give me leave || To play the broker in mine own behalf.* 7) Ich soll fortgehen, damit Ihr ungestört über Proteus' Liebe grübeln könnt. 8) *What fool is she etc.* = Welche Närrin ist Lucetta u. s. w., ist nicht als Frage, sondern als Ausruf zu fassen. Manche Hgg. setzen hinter *to my view* ein Fragezeichen. — Die Cambridge Edd. lesen *what a fool*, weil die Fol. *what' foole* hat und der Apostroph hier, wie anderswo, eine Ellipse andeuten mag. 9) *angerly*, adjectivisch und adverbial, kommt auch sonst bei Sh. vor. Manche Hgg. setzen *angrily* dafür. 10) *stomach* = Trotz, Eifer, und = Esslust. 11) *to lie* = liegen, und = lügen. 12) Julia, welche zu componiren *(set)* versteht, soll ihr die Tonweise angeben, nach der Lucetta das fragliche Gedicht singen kann. — Julia in ihrer Antwort nimmt das *set* wieder auf und fasst *to set by* = Werth auf Etwas setzen: *I set as little by such toys etc.* 13) *the tune of „Light o' love"*, eine zu Sh.'s Zeit bekannte Tanzmelodie, wird auch erwähnt in Much Ado about Nothing (A. 3, Sc. 4) *clap us into „Light o' love"; that goes without a burden.* 14) *burden* = Last, Bürde, und = die Bassstimme, die den ganzen Gesang begleitete, nicht bloss erst zu dem Refrain einfiel. 15) Lucetta's Stimme geht nicht hoch genug hinauf, um das Lied zu singen, und, doppelsinnig, Proteus steht für sie zu hoch. 16) Die letzten Worte sind begleitet von einer zornigen Geberde oder Pantomime der Julia, nachdem sie den Brief des Proteus aus Lucetta's Hand empfangen hat. — Auf eine solche Pantomime bezieht sich das folgende *I do not like this tune.* 17) *sharp* und *flat* sind doppelsinnig, als musikalische Kunstausdrücke und im gewöhnlichen Sinne, gebraucht. Ein ähnlicher Doppelsinn liegt auch den folgenden Worten *concord, descant, mean* = Tenor und *base* zu Grunde. 18) Die Fol. hat *you* für *your.* 19) Wortspiel zwischen *base* = Bassstimme, und = ein mit Wettlauf verbundenes, ländliches Spiel, *prison base* oder *prison bars* genannt, das auch in Cymbeline (A. 5, Sc. 3) erwähnt wird: *lads more like to run the country base. — to bid the base* = zu solchem Spiel einladen, es darin mit Jemandem aufnehmen, wurde sprichwörtlich in weiterem und übertragenem Sinne gebraucht, und kommt in Sh.'s Venus and Adonis vor: *To bid the wind a base he now prepares, || And whe'r he run or fly, they know not whether.* 20) *protestation* sind die Liebesbetheuerungen in Proteus' Briefe, welche der Julia lästig werden. Ebenso bezieht sich *this babble* auf den Brief, nicht etwa auf Lucetta's Geschwätz. 21) *to make it strange* = spröde thun, sich fremd anstellen. — Staunton vermuthet, dass die erste Zeile von Julia's folgender Rede noch zu Lucetta's Rede zu ziehen sei. 22) *to search a wound* = in eine Wunde eindringen mit irgend einem heilenden Stoffe. — In dem Folgenden sucht Julia unter den auf der Erde umherliegenden Papier-

But twice, or thrice, was Proteus written down:
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
Till I have found each letter in the letter,[23]
Except mine own name; that some whirlwind bear
Unto a ragged, fearful-hanging[24] rock,
And throw it thence into the raging sea!
Lo! here in one line is his name twice writ, —
»Poor forlorn Proteus; passionate Proteus
To the sweet Julia:« — that I 'll tear away;
And yet I will not, sith so prettily
He couples it to his complaining names.
Thus will I fold them one upon another:
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.[25]

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. Madam,
Dinner is ready, and your father stays.
Jul. Well, let us go.
Luc. What! shall these papers lie like tell-tales here?
Jul. If you respect them, best to take them up.
Luc. Nay, I was taken up[26] for laying them down;
Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.[27]
Jul. I see, you have a month's mind[28] to them.
Luc. Ay, Madam, you may say what sights you see;
I see things too, although you judge I wink.
Jul. Come, come; will 't please you go? *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Same. A Room in ANTONIO's House.

Enter ANTONIO *and* PANTHINO.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what sad talk[1] was that,
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?
Pant. 'T was of his nephew Proteus, your son.
Ant. Why, what of him?
Pant. He wonder'd, that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,
While other men, of slender reputation,[2]
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some, to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some, to discover islands far away;[3]
Some, to the studious universities.
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said that Proteus, your son, was meet,
And did request me to importune[4] you
To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment[5] to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.
Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.[6]
I have consider'd well his loss of time,
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry achiev'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time.
Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?
Pant. I think, your lordship is not ignorant,
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.[7]
Ant. I know it well.
Pant. 'T were good, I think, your lordship sent him thither.
There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourse,[8] converse with noblemen,
And be in eye of every exercise,[9]
Worthy his youth, and nobleness of birth.
Ant. I like thy counsel: well hast thou advis'd;
And, that thou may'st perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make known.
Even with the speediest expedition
I will dispatch him to the emperor's court.
Pant. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,
With other gentlemen of good esteem,
Are journeying to salute the emperor,
And to commend their service to his will.
Ant. Good company; with them shall Proteus go:
And, in good time.[10] — Now will we break with him.

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fetzen solche, zwei oder drei, auf denen der Name Proteus geschrieben steht. 23) *letter* = Buchstabe, und = Brief. 24) Die Hgg. lesen mit der Fol. *fearful, hanging.* Indess scheint Sh. die Wörter als Compositum zu fassen: ein Felsen, der schroff und grauenerregend überhängt. 25) Julia's und Proteus' Namen, auf den Papierstreifen in einander gewickelt, mögen sich küssen, umarmen, zanken, wie sie wollen. 26) *to take up* = vom Boden aufnehmen, und = zur Rechenschaft ziehen, vornehmen. 27) Damit sie sich nicht erkälten, eigentlich: wegen möglicher Erkältung. — Dieser freie Gebrauch von *for* findet sich auch bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen. So in Peele's Edward I.: *hold up your torches, for dripping.* 28) *month's* ist zweisylbig *(monthes)* zu lesen. — *a month's mind*, eigentlich = eine religiöse Feier, die in Monatsfrist zur Erinnerung an Verstorbene stattfand, dann allgemein = andächtige Hingebung an Etwas. Manche Hgg. erklären es mit *great mind* oder *strong inclination.*

1) *sad talk* = ernsthafte Unterredung. So in Winter's Tale (A. 4, Sc. 3) *my father and the gentlemen are in sad talk.* — Die Fol. lässt Proteus mit Antonio und Panthino auftreten. — Die Fol. schwankt zwischen *Panthino* und *Panthion*, indess findet sich die erstere, ohnehin plausiblere Lesart an mehr Stellen, als die letztere. 2) Andere Leute, die nur in geringem Ansehen stehen, die nicht so viel gelten, wie Ihr. 3) Warburton weist darauf hin, dass an den Entdeckungsreisen, welche unter der Regierung der Königin Elisabeth unternommen wurden, namentlich auch Söhne adeliger Familien sich betheiligten. 4) *to importune* = dringend bitten, betont Sh. auf der zweiten Sylbe. 5) Es würde ein grosser Vorwurf für Proteus in seinem Alter sein, wenn er in seiner Jugend nicht gereist wäre. 6) Worüber ich schon seit einem Monat gegrübelt habe, womit ich mich in Gedanken beschäftigt habe. 7) So gebraucht Sh. das Adjectiv *royal* von einem Kaiser auch in Titus Andronicus (A. 5, Sc. 3) *all hail! Rome's royal emperor!* — Nach Steevens' Annahme ist hier der deutsche Kaiser gemeint, der seine zeitweilige Residenz in Mailand genommen und dessen Vasall der später auftretende Herzog von Mailand sein soll. Indess wird der Kaiser nachher nirgendwo mehr erwähnt, und Sh. scheint mit einer bei ihm nicht seltenen Inconsequenz den mailändischen Herzog und dessen Hof einfach an die Stelle des Kaisers und seiner Hofhaltung in Mailand, von denen hier die Rede ist, gesetzt zu haben. 8) *sweet discourse* = feine, angenehme Redeweise, wie sie am Hofe gebräuchlich ist. 9) Er wird dort jede ritterliche oder geistige Uebung vor Augen haben. 10) *in good time* ist elliptisch und bezieht sich auf das Auftreten des Proteus = eben recht, zu gelegener Zeit. So auch in K. Richard III. (A. 3, Sc. 1) *And in good time here comes the sweating lord.* — *to break with* ist Verbum

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn.
O! that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents!
O heavenly Julia!

Ant. How now! what letter are you reading there?

Pro. May 't please your lordship, 't is a word or two
Of commendations sent from Valentine,
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the letter: let me see what news.[11]

Pro. There is no news, my lord, but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well belov'd,
And daily graced by the emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?

Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.

Ant. My will is something sorted[12] with his wish.
Muse[13] not that I thus suddenly proceed,
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am resolv'd, that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentinus[14] in the emperor's court:
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition[15] thou shalt have from me.
To-morrow be in readiness to go:
Excuse it not;[16] for I am peremptory.

Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided:
Please you, deliberate[17] a day or two.

Ant. Look, what thou want'st shall be sent after thee:
No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go. —
Come on, Panthino: you shall be employ'd
To hasten on his expedition.

[Exeunt ANTONIO *and* PANTHINO.

Pro. Thus have I shunn'd the fire for fear of burning,
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd.
I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
And, with the vantage of mine own excuse,
Hath he excepted most against my love.[18]
O! how this spring of love resembleth[19]
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away.

Re-enter PANTHINO.

Pant. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you.
He is in haste; therefore, I pray you, go.

Pro. Why, this it is: my heart accords thereto,
And yet a thousand times it answers, no.[20] *[Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Milan. A Room in the DUKE's Palace.

Enter VALENTINE *and* SPEED.[1]

Speed. Sir, your glove.

Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.

Speed. Why, then this may be yours, for this is but one.[2]

Val. Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it 's mine. —
Sweet ornament, that decks a thing divine![3]
Ah Silvia! Silvia!

Speed. Madam Silvia! Madam Silvia!

Val. How now, sirrah?

Speed. She is not within hearing, Sir.

Val. Why, Sir, who bade you call her?

Speed. Your worship, Sir; or else I mistook.

Val. Well, you 'll still be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

Val. Go to, Sir. Tell me, do you know Madam Silvia?

Speed. She that your worship loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by these special marks. First, you have learn'd, like Sir Proteus, to wreath your arms, like a malecontent; to relish a love-song, like a robin-redbreast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence;[4] to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his A B C;[5] to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet;[6] to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas.[7] You were wont, when you laugh'd, to crow like a cock; when you walk'd, to walk like one of the lions;[8]

Neutrum = sich Jemandem eröffnen. — Proteus bei seinem Auftreten wird, in Julia's Brief vertieft, die beiden Anwesenden nicht sogleich gewahr. 11) scil. *what news there are in the letter.* 12) Mein Wille ist einigermassen im Einklange mit Valentin's Wunsch. 13) *to muse* = sich wundern, in Staunen verloren sein. 14) *Valentinus* für *Valentine* steht hier des Verses wegen. 15) *exhibition* = eine bestimmte ausgesetzte Summe, ein Jahrgehalt. — *friends* in der vorigen Zeile sind die Verwandten. 16) Mache keine Einwendungen, weiche nicht aus. 17) *to deliberate* = Etwas anstehen lassen, keine Entscheidung fassen. 18) Meine eigene Ausrede, indem ich Julia's Brief für einen von Valentin ausgab, ist meinem Vater ein Anlass gewesen, am meisten meiner Liebe hinderlich in den Weg zu treten, indem er mich nun zu Valentin hinsendet. 19) *resembleth* ist viersylbig *(resembeleth)* zu lesen. — Proteus vergleicht in diesem Couplet, dessen zweiter und vierter Vers sich reimt, diese erste Zeit seiner Liebe, diesen Liebesfrühling, mit dem unbeständigen Wetter des April. — Auf diese ersten unvollständig gereimten Vierzeilen folgen andere mit vollständigem Reim. 20) Mein Herz giebt gezwungen seine Zustimmung zu meiner Reise und widerspricht doch dieser Zustimmung mit tausendfachem Nein.

1) Die Fol. hat *Enter Valentine, Speed, Silvia.* — Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 3, Anm. 1. 2) Das hier beabsichtigte Wortspiel zwischen *on* und *one* wird nur verständlich, wenn man annimmt, dass die beiden Wörter zu Sh.'s Zeit ungefähr dieselbe Aussprache hatten, wie sie auch im Druck häufig mit einander verwechselt wurden. 3) Damit redet er den Handschuh als einen von Silvia verlorenen an und versteht unter *a thing divine* Silvia's Hand. 4) Wie Einer, der die Pest gehabt hat und der, in der Genesung begriffen, noch von den Menschen gemieden wird und sich allein halten muss. 5) *A B C* ist hier das A-B-C-Buch, nicht das Alphabet selbst. 6) *to take diet* = die Hungerkur gebrauchen, besonders von venerischen Patienten. 7) Das klägliche Gewinsel der Bettler um Allerheiligen bezieht Johnson auf die dann eintretende rauhere Jahreszeit, Tollet auf einen Gebrauch, der sich in Staffordshire noch erhalten hat, dass die Bettler um die Zeit einen Rundgang halten, wobei sie für die Seelen der Verstorbenen beten. Die erstere Erklärung scheint die einfachere und natürlichere. 8) Nach Ritson's Vermuthung dachte Sh. bei *the lions* an die seinem Publikum wohlbekannten Löwen, die im Tower zu London gehalten wurden.

when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you look'd sadly, it was for want of money; and now you are metamorphosed[9] with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceived in me?

Speed. They are all perceived without[10] ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that 's certain; for, without you were so simple, none else would:[11] but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urinal,[12] that not an eye that sees you, but is a physician to comment on your malady.

Val. But, tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

Speed. She, that you gaze on so, as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou observed that? even she I mean.

Speed. Why, Sir, I know her not.

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st her not?

Speed. Is she not hard-favour'd, Sir?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well-favour'd.[13]

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair, as (of you) well-favour'd.

Val. I mean, that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.[14]

Speed. That 's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, Sir, so painted to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteem'st thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was deform'd.

Val. How long hath she been deform'd?

Speed. Ever since you loved her.

Val. I have loved her ever since I saw her, and still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because Love is blind. O! that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at Sir Proteus for going ungartered![15]

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity; for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.[16]

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, Sir; I was in love with my bed. I thank you, you swinged me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set,[17] so your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoined me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them. — Peace! here she comes.

Speed. O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet! Now will he interpret to her.[18]

Enter Silvia.

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrows.

Speed. O! 'give ye good even: here 's a million of manners.[19]

Sil. Sir Valentine and servant,[20] to you two thousand.

Speed. He should give her interest, and she gives it him.

Val. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter
Unto the secret nameless friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant. 'T is very clerkly done.[21]

Val. Now trust me, Madam, it came hardly off;[22]
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

Val. No, Madam: so it stead you, I will write,
Please you command, a thousand times as much.
And yet, —

Sil. A pretty period. Well, I guess the sequel;
And yet I will not name it; — and yet I care not; —
And yet take this again; — and yet I thank you,
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

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9) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1, Anm. 19. 10) Speed fasst *without* zuerst = ausserhalb, nachher adverbial = wenn nicht, Valentin fasst es = ohne. 11) scil. *would be so simple.* 12) Anspielungen auf die ärztliche Praxis, aus dem Urin des Kranken die Natur der Krankheit zu erforschen, kommen bei Sh. und seinen Zeitgenossen häufig vor. So in Macbeth (A. 5, Sc. 3) *if thou couldst, doctor, cast* || *The water of my land, find her disease.* 13) *well-favour'd* gebraucht Valentin doppelsinnig = von gutem Ansehen, als Gegensatz zu *hard-favour'd* = von abstossendem Ansehen, und = voll Gunst und Gaben. In letzterer Beziehung steht das Wort im Gegensatz zu *fair*, das nur auf die äussere Schönheit geht. — Speed setzt das Wortspiel mit *well-favour'd* dann noch fort. 14) *exquisite* und *infinite* entsprechen sich auch lautlich. — *favour* fasst Speed dann wieder = Gesichtszüge, und bezieht *the one* darauf, auf das geschminkte Gesicht der Silvia, während *the other* auf *her beauty* geht. 15) Dieses Merkmal von Verliebtheit, die sich in der Vernachlässigung des Aeussern kundgiebt, kehrt auch wieder in As you like it (A. 3, Sc. 2) *then your hose should be ungartered.* 16) Valentin, der sogar seine Strumpfhose anzuziehen vergisst, ist noch ärger verliebt als Proteus, der doch nur seine Kniegürtel nicht zuband. — Die Cambridge Edd. vermuthen *to put on your shoes*, da sie die lächerliche Hyperbel Speed's, als ob Valentin ohne Hose herumlaufe, nicht gelten lassen. 17) *set* = gesetzt, und = untergegangen, wie die Sonne, als Gegensatz zu *stand* = sein, und = stehen. 18) *motion* ist das Marionettenspiel, *puppet* die einzelne Marionettenfigur, deren Pantomime der Spieler dann mit seinen Worten verdeutlichen muss. So in Hamlet (A. 3, Sc. 2) *I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.* — Staunton fasst, vielleicht richtig, *motion* hier als synonym von *puppet*, da allerdings auch an anderen Stellen *motion* nicht bloss = Marionettenspiel, sondern = Marionettenpuppe vorkommt. 19) Mit *a million of manners* = eine Million Artigkeiten, überbietet Speed das *a thousand good-morrows* Valentin's. 20) *servant* nennt Silvia in affectirter Redeweise den Valentin als ihren Anbeter. 21) Der Brief ist so geschickt abgefasst, als hätte ihn ein bestellter Schreiber *(clerk)* geschrieben.

Speed. And yet you will;[23] and yet another yet.
Val. What means your ladyship? do you not like it?
Sil. Yes, yes: the lines are very quaintly writ,
But since unwillingly, take them again.
Nay, take them.
Val. Madam, they are for you.
Sil. Ay, ay; you writ them, Sir, at my request,
But I will none of them; they are for you.
I would have had them writ more movingly.
Val. Please you, I 'll write your ladyship another.
Sil. And when it 's writ, for my sake read it over:
And, if it please you, so; if not, why, so.[24]
Val. If it please me, Madam; what then?
Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour:
And so good morrow, servant. *[Exit.*
Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,[25]
As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple!
My master sues to her, and she hath taught her suitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.
O excellent device! was there ever heard a better,
That my master, being scribe, to himself should write the letter?
Val. How now, Sir! what, are you reasoning with yourself?
Speed. Nay, I was rhyming: 't is you that have the reason.[26]
Val. To do what?
Speed. To be a spokesman from Madam Silvia.
Val. To whom?
Speed. To yourself. Why, she wooes you by a figure.[27]
Val. What figure?
Speed. By a letter, I should say.
Val. Why, she hath not writ to me?
Speed. What need she, when she hath made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?
Val. No, believe me.
Speed. No believing you,[28] indeed, Sir: but did you perceive her earnest?
Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.
Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.
Val. That 's the letter I writ to her friend.
Speed. And that letter hath she deliver'd, and there an end.[29]
Val. I would it were no worse!
Speed. I 'll warrant you, 't is as well:
For often have you writ to her, and she, in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;
Or fearing else some messenger, that might her mind discover,
Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover.[30]
All this I speak in print, for in print[31] I found it. — Why muse you, Sir? 't is dinner-time.
Val. I have dined.
Speed. Ay, but hearken, Sir: though the chameleon Love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourish'd by my victuals, and would fain have meat. O! be not like your mistress: be moved, be moved.[32] *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Verona. A Room in Julia's House.

Enter Proteus *and* Julia.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.
Jul. I must, where is no remedy.
Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.
Jul. If you turn not, you will return[1] the sooner.
Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.
[Giving a ring.
Pro. Why, then we 'll make exchange: here, take you this.
Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.
Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy;
And when that hour o'erslips me in the day,
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness.
My father stays my coming; answer not.
The tide[2] is now: nay, not thy tide of tears;
That tide will stay me longer than I should. *[Exit* Julia.
Julia, farewell. — What! gone without a word?
Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

Enter Panthino.[3]

Pant. Sir Proteus, you are stay'd for.
Pro. Go; I come, I come. —
Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Same. A Street.

Enter Launce, *leading a dog.*

Launce. Nay, 't will be this hour ere I have done weeping: all the kind of the Launces have this very fault. I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with Sir Proteus to the imperial's court.[1]

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22) *to come off* = von Statten gehen. 23) scil. *you will trouble him more.* — In Silvia's folgender Rede ist *quaintly* = geschickt. 24) Wenn der Brief Euch gefällt, so ist es gut; wenn nicht, so ist es auch gut. 25) *invisible*, ein, freilich ungenauer, Reim auf *steeple*, ist, wie *unseen* und *inscrutable*, ironisch als das Gegentheil gemeint: ein handgreiflicher, Jedem sichtbarer Spass, den sich die Silvia mit Valentin erlaubt. 26) Die Zusammenstellung von *rhyme* und *reason* findet sich öfter bei Sh. 27) *by a figure* = figürlich. Zugleich ist *figure* = Ziffer, dem *letter* = Buchstabe, und = Brief, entgegengesetzt. 28) Man kann Euch in der That nicht glauben, dass Ihr so einfältig seid. — Speed verdreht auch hier Valentin's vorhergehende Worte. 29) Elliptisch: und damit hat die Sache ein Ende. 30) *her love himself* = der Geliebte der Silvia selbst, und *her lover* = ihr Liebhaber, ist Beides Valentin. 31) *in print* = genau, überlegt, und = gedruckt. Speed giebt scherzhaft die vier gereimten Verse, die er so eben improvisirt hat, für ein Citat aus einem gedruckten Buche aus. 32) *be moved* doppelsinnig = lasst Euch rühren, und = lasst Euch von der Stelle bewegen, um zu Tisch zu gehen. — Mit diesen verschiedenen Bedeutungen von *to move* spielt Sh. auch in Romeo and Juliet (A. 1, Sc. 1).

1) Wortspiel zwischen *to turn* = sich ändern, wechseln, und *to return*. 2) *the tide* = die Fluth, mit der allein das Schiff Verona verlassen kann. Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1, Anm. 15. 3) In der Fol. wird das Auftreten des Panthino gleich zu Anfang dieser Scene verzeichnet. Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 3, Anm. 1. — Dieselbe Eigenthümlichkeit wiederholt sich in diesem Druck auch bei den folgenden Scenen.

I think Crab,[2] my dog, be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear. He is a stone, a very pebblestone, and has no more pity in him than a dog; a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting: why, my grandam, having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I 'll show you the manner of it. This shoe is my father; — no, this left shoe is my father; — no, no, this left shoe is my mother; — nay, that cannot be so, neither: — yes, it is so, it is so; it hath the worser sole.[3] This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father. A vengeance on 't! there 't is: now, Sir,[4] this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid: I am the dog; — no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog, — O! the dog is me, and I am myself: ay, so, so. Now come I to my father; »Father, your blessing:« now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping: now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on. Now come I to my mother; — O, that she could speak now, like a wood woman![5] — well, I kiss her; why, there 't is, here 's my mother's breath up and down.[6] Now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes: now, the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.[7]

Enter Panthino.

Pant. Launce, away, away, aboard: thy master is shipped, and thou art to post after with oars. What 's the matter? why weep'st thou, man? Away, ass; you 'll lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

Launce. It is no matter if the tied[8] were lost; for it is the unkindest tied that ever any man tied.

Pant. What 's the unkindest tide?

Launce. Why, he that 's tied here, Crab, my dog.

Pant. Tut, man, I mean thou 'lt lose the flood; and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and, in losing thy master, lose thy service; and, in losing thy service, — Why dost thou stop my mouth?

Launce. For fear thou shouldst lose thy tongue.

Pant. Where should I lose my tongue?

Launce. In thy tale.

Pant. In thy tail?

Launce. Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tied.[9] Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

Pant. Come, come, away, man: I was sent to call thee.

Launce. Sir, call[10] me what thou dar'st.

Pant. Wilt thou go?

Launce. Well, I will go. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Milan. A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Valentine, Silvia, Thurio, *and* Speed.

Sil. Servant.

Val. Mistress?

Speed. Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it 's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my mistress then.

Speed. 'T were good you knock'd him.

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, Madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply I do.

Thu. So do counterfeits.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What seem I that I am not?

Val. Wise.

Thu. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote[1] you my folly?

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well, then, I 'll double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, Sir Thurio! do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, Madam: he is a kind of chameleon.[2]

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1) Launce gebraucht nach der Art, die für die Sh.'schen Clowns charakteristisch ist, ein ähnlich klingendes Wort für ein anderes und sagt *proportion* für *portion*, *prodigious* für *prodigal*, und *imperial* für *emperor*. So sagt der Clown in Titus Andronicus (A. 4, Sc. 3) *a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the emperial's men.* 2) Der Name des Hundes, = Holzapfel, deutet schon auf das Epitheton *sourest-natured* hin, womit Launce ihn bezeichnet. 3) *the worser sole* findet seine Erklärung in dem folgenden *with the hole in it.* 4) Diese Anrede in Monologen an irgend eine eingebildete Person, die nicht weiter specificirt wird, kommt auch sonst vor. So in K. Richard II. (A. 5, Sc. 5) *Now, Sir, the sound that tells what hour it is.* 5) *wood woman* emendirt Theobald das sinnlose *would-woman* der Fol., wofür Pope *ould (old) woman* lesen wollte, und erklärt es mit *frantic with grief.* — Launce, indem er jetzt zu dem linken Schuh kommt, der seine Mutter vorstellt, wie sie sich beim Abschiede vor Schmerz toll geberdete, bedauert, dass der Schuh nicht ebenso sprechen, sich nicht ebenso toll geberden könne. — Der als Frau personificirte Schuh, den Launce mit seiner Mutter verwechselt, wird deshalb *she*, nicht *it*, genannt. — Viele Hgg. interpungiren *now come I to my mother, (O, that she could speak now!) like a wood woman.* 6) Der Schuh, den Launce küsst, riecht ganz wie der Athem seiner Mutter. 7) So in K. Lear (A. 4, Sc. 6) *To use his eyes for garden water-pots,* || *Ay, and laying autumn's dust.* 8) Das Wortspiel zwischen *tide* und *tied* = der Gebundene, d. h. Launce's Hund, findet sich auch in Lyly's Endymion (1591): Epiton. *You know, it is said, the tide tarrieth for no man.* — Samias. *True.* — Epiton. *A monstrous lie: for I was tied two hours, and tarried for one to unloose me.* 9) Da die Orthographie der Fol. hier sowohl wie vorher zwischen *tide* und *tied* nicht unterscheidet, so ist es schwer zu bestimmen, ob hier zuerst *tide* und nachher *tied* zu setzen ist oder umgekehrt. Manche Hgg. setzen mit Vernachlässigung des offenbar beabsichtigten Wortspiels *tide* zweimal und interpungiren *the master, and the service: — And the tide!* 10) *to call* = rufen, und = nennen.

1) *to quote* = die Summe von Etwas ziehen, notiren, dann im Allgemeinen = beobachten. — Malone nimmt an, dass *to quote* damals = *to cote* gelautet habe, und findet in Valentin's Antwort ein Wortspiel zwischen

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.
Val. You have said, Sir.
Thu. Ay, Sir, and done[3] too, for this time.
Val. I know it well, Sir: you always end ere you begin.
Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.
Val. 'T is indeed, Madam, we thank the giver.
Sil. Who is that, servant?
Val. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire. Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company.
Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.[4]
Val. I know it well, Sir: you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers; for it appears by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.
Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more. Here comes my father.

Enter the Duke.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.
Sir Valentine, your father 's in good health:
What say you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?
Val. My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy messenger from thence.
Duke. Know you Don Antonio, your countryman?
Val. Ay, my good lord; I know the gentleman
To be of worth, and worthy estimation,
And not without desert so well reputed.[5]
Duke. Hath he not a son?
Val. Ay, my good lord; a son, that well deserves
The honour and regard of such a father.[6]
Duke. You know him well?
Val. I know[7] him as myself; for from our infancy
We have convers'd, and spent our hours together:
And though myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection,[8]
Yet hath Sir Proteus, for that 's his name,
Made use and fair advantage of his days:
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word (for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow),
He is complete in feature,[9] and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.
Duke. Beshrew me, Sir, but, if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an empress' love,[10]
As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.
Well, Sir, this gentleman is come to me
With commendation from great potentates;
And here he means to spend his time awhile.
I think, 't is no unwelcome news to you.
Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.
Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth.
Silvia, I speak to you; and you, Sir Thurio: —
For Valentine, I need not cite him to it.[11]
I 'll send him hither to you presently. *[Exit.*
Val. This is the gentleman, I told your ladyship,
Had come along with me, but that his mistress
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.
Sil. Belike, that now she hath enfranchis'd them,
Upon some other pawn for fealty.
Val. Nay, sure, I think, she holds them prisoners still.
Sil. Nay, then he should be blind; and, being blind,
How could he see his way to seek out you?
Val. Why, lady, Love hath twenty pair of eyes.
Thu. They say, that Love hath not an eye at all.
Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself:
Upon a homely object Love can wink.

Enter Proteus.

Sil. Have done, have done. Here comes the gentleman.
Val. Welcome, dear Proteus! — Mistress, I beseech you,
Confirm his welcome with some special favour.
Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.
Val. Mistress, it is. Sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-servant[12] to your ladyship.
Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.
Pro. Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.
Val. Leave off discourse of disability.[13] —
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.
Pro. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.
Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed.
Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.

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quote und *coat*, im Gegensatz zu *jerkin*, wie gleich darauf zwischen *doublet* und *double*. 2) Wie vorher (A. 2, Sc. 1 am Ende) auf die Sage angespielt wurde, dass das Chamäleon von der Luft lebe, so hier auf die Sage, dass es seine Farben nach Belieben wechsele. So in K. Henry VI. Third Part (A. 3, Sc. 2) *I can add colours to the chameleon.* 3) *I have done* = ich bin fertig, und = ich habe gethan, Letzteres im Gegensatze zu *you have said.* 4) Wenn Ihr es im Wortgefecht mit mir aufnehmt, so werde ich Euch an Witz bankerott machen. 5) Antonio ist ein Mann von Werth und wird auch als ein Mann von Werth geschätzt, und nicht unverdient steht er in so gutem Rufe. — Dyce macht auf eine ältere Bedeutung von *worth* = *substance, wealth,* aufmerksam. Indess reicht die gewöhnliche Bedeutung des Wortes hier vollkommen aus. 6) Ein Sohn, der wohl verdient, ebenso geehrt und geachtet zu werden, wie der Vater es ist. 7) *knew* in der Fol., von Hanmer verbessert. 8) *angel-like perfection* = die Ausbildung oder Begabung, welche den Menschen dem Engel gleich macht. — *mine age* ist nicht = meine Jugend, das jetzige Lebensalter, sondern = das spätere, das Greisenalter, das sich mit den in der Jugend erworbenen Kenntnissen wie mit einem Kleide schmückt. So sagte Panthino in A. 1, Sc. 3: *Which would be great impeachment to his age,* || *In having known no travel in his youth.* 9) *feature* = körperliche Bildung, wird mit *mind* auch in K. Henry VIII. (A. 3, Sc. 2) zusammengefügt mit denselben Worten wie hier: *complete in mind and feature.* 10) So in A. 5, Sc. 4 *And think thee worthy of an empress' love.* 11) *to cite* = mahnen, entbieten zu Etwas. Malone setzt ohne Grund '*cite* und sieht darin eine Abkürzung aus *incite.* — Sh. hat das Wort in demselben Sinne wie hier in K. Henry VI. Second Part (A. 3, Sc. 2) *And had I not been cited so by them,* und in K. Henry VI. Third Part (A. 2, Sc. 1) *I think, it cites us, brother, to the field.* 12) Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 1, Anm. 20. 13) Diese Zeile ist an Silvia wie an Proteus gerichtet, da Beide von ihrer Unwürdigkeit *(disability)* gesprochen hatten. 14) Ich will mich in einen tödtlichen Kampf einlassen mit Jedem, der das sagt, ausser Euch selbst.

Pro. I 'll die on him[14] that says so, but yourself.
Sil. That you are welcome?
Pro. That you are worthless.

Enter a Servant.[15]

Serv. Madam, my lord, your father, would speak with you.
Sil. I wait upon his pleasure. *[Exit Servant.]* Come, Sir Thurio,
Go with me. — Once more, new servant, welcome:
I 'll leave you to confer of home-affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.
Pro. We 'll both attend upon your ladyship.
[Exeunt Silvia, Thurio, *and* Speed.
Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?
Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.[16]
Val. And how do yours?
Pro. I left them all in health.
Val. How does your lady, and how thrives your love?
Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you:
I know, you joy not in a love-discourse.
Val. Ay, Proteus, but that life[17] is alter'd now:
I have done penance for contemning Love;
Whose[18] high imperious thoughts have punish'd me
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs;
For, in revenge of my contempt of Love,
Love hath chas'd sleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
O gentle Proteus! Love 's a mighty lord,
And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,
There is no woe to his correction,[19]
Nor to his service no such joy on earth!
Now, no discourse, except it be of love;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.
Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye.
Was this the idol that you worship so?
Val. Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?
Pro. No, but she is an earthly paragon.[20]
Val. Call her divine.
Pro. I will not flatter her.
Val. O! flatter me, for love delights in praises.
Pro. When I was sick you gave me bitter pills,
And I must minister the like to you.
Val. Then speak the truth by her: if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,[21]
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.
Pro. Except my mistress.
Val. Sweet, except not any,
Except thou wilt except against my love.
Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?
Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She shall be dignified with this high honour, —
To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,
And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling[22] flower,
And make rough winter everlastingly.
Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardism[23] is this?
Val. Pardon me, Proteus: all I can, is nothing
To her,[24] whose worth makes other worthies nothing.
She is alone.
Pro. Then let her alone.
Val. Not for the world. Why, man, she is mine own,
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou seest me dote upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes,
Only for his possessions are so huge,[25]
Is gone with her along, and I must after,
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.
Pro. But she loves you?
Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd; nay, more, our marriage-hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determin'd of: how I must climb her window,
The ladder made of cords, and all the means
Plotted, and 'greed on, for my happiness.[26]
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.
Pro. Go on before; I shall enquire you forth.
I must unto the road,[27] to disembark
Some necessaries,[28] that I needs must use,
And then I 'll presently attend you.
Val. Will you make haste?
Pro. I will. — *[Exit* Valentine.
Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,

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15) Die Fol. lässt hier statt des Dieners Thurio auftreten, ohne vorher dessen Weggang zu bezeichnen. Wahrscheinlich ist das ungehörige Auftreten Thurio's als eines Boten hier eine blosse Bühnenconvenienz, mit der man einen Schauspieler sparen wollte. Sh. selbst wollte offenbar Silvia's erste Worte *I wait upon his pleasure* nicht an Thurio gerichtet wissen. — Die Umänderung rührt von Theobald her. 16) Und sie lassen sich Dir sehr empfehlen. 17) Jenes Leben, in welchem ich nichts von Liebe hören mochte. 18) *whose*, wofür Johnson *those* lesen wollte, bezieht sich auf das personificirte *Love*. Der Liebesgott hat in seinem stolzen, gebieterischen Sinn es nicht ertragen, dass ich ihn verschmähte, sondern hat mich gestraft. 19) Es ist kein Schmerz zu vergleichen der Züchtigung, der Amor mich unterworfen hat, und keine Freude auf Erden der Freude an seinem Dienste. 20) So in Cymbeline (A. 3, Sc. 6) *By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,* || *An earthly paragon!* 21) *principality* = Fürstlichkeit, Herrlichkeit, eine bestimmte Classe in der Hierarchie der Engel und himmlischen Heerschaaren. Steevens citirt dazu aus der englischen Bibel, aus dem Römerbrief (Cap. 8, V. 38) *nor angels nor principalities.* — Im Folgenden bildet *except* = ausgenommen, wenn nicht, ein Wortspiel mit *to except against* = Ausstellungen machen gegen Etwas. 22) Steevens, der einmal an *summer-smelling* gedacht hatte, behält doch die alte Lesart bei und erklärt sie mit *the flower which swells in summer, till it expands itself into bloom.* 23) *braggardism* = Grossprahlerei, Gebrauch von pomphaften Wörtern und Bildern. Die Fol. hat *Braggadisme.* Sh.'s Zeitgenossen kennen ein synonymes *braggardise.* 24) Das elliptische *all I can* ist aus dem Zusammenhange zu vervollständigen: Alles, was ich zu ihrem Lobe sagen kann, ist nichts im Vergleich mit ihr. 25) Lediglich deshalb, weil seine, d. h. Thurio's, Besitzthümer so gross sind. 26) *for my happiness* ist mit *all the means* zu verbinden. 27) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1, Anm. 15. 28) So in Hamlet (A. 1, Sc. 3) *my necessaries are embarked.* 29) Dieser Vers lautet, offenbar

So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it mine eye, or Valentinus' praise,[29]
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus?
She 's fair, and so is Julia that I love, —
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd,
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,[30]
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks, my zeal to Valentine is cold,
And that I love him not, as I was wont:
O! but I love his lady too too much;
And that 's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I dote on her with more advice,[31]
That thus without advice begin to love her?
'T is but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzled[32] my reason's light;
But when I look on her perfections,[33]
There is no reason[34] but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compass her[35] I 'll use my skill. *[Exit.*

SCENE V.

The Same. A Street.

Enter SPEED *and* LAUNCE.

Speed. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Padua![1]

Launce. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth, for I am not welcome. I reckon this always, that a man is never undone, till he be hang'd; nor never welcome to a place, till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say, »Welcome!«

Speed. Come on, you madcap, I 'll to the ale-house with you presently; where for one shot of five pence thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with Madam Julia?

Launce. Marry, after they closed in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.[2]

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Launce. No.

Speed. How then? Shall he marry her?

Launce. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Launce. No, they are both as whole as a fish.[3]

Speed. Why then, how stands the matter with them?

Launce. Marry, thus: when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou! I understand[4] thee not.

Launce. What a block art thou, that thou canst not. My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou say'st?

Launce. Ay, and what I do too: look thee, I 'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

Launce. Why, stand-under and under-stand is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will 't be a match?

Launce. Ask my dog: if he say, ay, it will; if he say, no, it will; if he shake his tail, and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is then, that it will.

Launce. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me, but by a parable.[5]

Speed. 'T is well that I get it so. But, Launce, how say'st thou,[6] that my master is become a notable lover?

Launce. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Launce. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistak'st me.

Launce. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

Launce. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt go with me to the ale-house,[7]

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entstellt und unvollständig, in der Fol. *It is mine, or Valentine's praise?* woraus die zweite Folioausg. von 1632 machte: *Is it mine then, or Valentinean's praise?* Dieser Lesart am nächsten kommt Capell's Conjectur *Is it mine own, or Valentino's praise?* Besser empfiehlt sich Warburton's Vermuthung, dass hinter *mine* ein Wort wie *eye* verloren gegangen, als Malone's Annahme, *mine* sei für *mien* geschrieben und vor dem Worte sei *her*, scil. *Silvia's*, zu suppliren. Die Antithese zwischen Silvia und Proteus kommt erst in dem folgenden Verse; in diesem erwartet man eine zwischen Proteus und Valentin. — Zu *Valentinus* für *Valentine* vgl. A. 1, Sc. 3, Anm. 14. 30) Dasselbe Bild in K. John (A. 5, Sc. 4) *even as a form of wax || Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire.* — Man dachte dabei an solche Wachsfiguren, durch deren Schmelzen Zauberer und Hexen die Personen, welche in den Bildern dargestellt waren, hinschwinden liessen. 31) *more advice* = bessere Ueberlegung, Nachdenken, als Compositum zu fassen, ist Gegensatz zu *without advice* = unüberlegt. — Zwei Zeilen vorher setzen Dyce und Staunton, nach Halliwell's Vorgange, *too-too much*, und fassen *too-too* als Compositum = *excessively*. Indess ergiebt sich derselbe Sinn auch aus dem zur Verstärkung wiederholten *too*. Uebrigens schreibt schon die Fol. *too-too much*. 32) *dazzled* ist dreisylbig *(dazzeled)* zu lesen. Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 3, Anm. 19. 33) *her perfections* = ihre inneren Vorzüge und Gaben, ist entgegengesetzt dem *her picture* = das Bild ihres Aeussern, ihre Aussenseite. Ebenso stehen *to dazzle* und *to be blind* einander gegenüber. 34) Collier meint, *reason* sei hier = *doubt*. Gewiss aber ist hier *reason* in dem gewöhnlichen Sinne zu fassen und elliptisch zu erklären: es ist kein Grund, anzunehmen, dass ich nicht erblinden werde, d. h. ich werde jedenfalls erblinden. 35) *my erring love* = meine von Julia zu Silvia abschweifende Liebe; *her* bezieht sich dann auf *my love* allein = der Gegenstand meiner Liebe, d. h. Silvia.

1) *to Padua* in der Fol., wofür Pope *to Milan* änderte, ist ein Versehen, das gewiss Sh. selbst sich zu Schulden kommen liess, wie im Verlaufe des Stückes noch mehrere ähnliche Ortsverwechselungen sich finden. 2) *to close* = eins werden, abschliessen mit Jemandem, steht dem *to part* = scheiden, auseinandergehen, so gegenüber wie *in earnest* dem *in jest*. 3) *are they broken?* = haben sie mit einander gebrochen? missversteht Launce geflissentlich = sind sie verwundet? und *whole* ist = ganz, heil, und = gesund. — *as a fish* = gesund wie ein Fisch im Wasser. 4) *to understand* knüpft an das vorhergehende, mit einem obscönen Nebensinne gebrauchte *to stand* an und ist ebenfalls doppelsinnig = verstehen, und = unter Jemandem stehen. 5) *by a parable*. Darunter versteht Launce die Verweisung auf seinen Hund, der statt seiner selbst Speed's Frage beantworten soll. — Speed scheint das Wort nicht zu verstehen. 6) Was sagst Du dazu, dass mein Herr u. s. w. So in Macbeth (A. 3, Sc. 4) *How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person || At our great bidding?* 7) Wenn

so; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew,[8] and not worth the name of a Christian.

Speed. Why?

Launce. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee, as to go to the ale[9] with a Christian. Wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The Same. An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;
And even that power which gave me first my oath,
Provokes me to this threefold perjury:
Love bade me swear, and Love bids me forswear.
O sweet-suggesting[1] Love! if thou hast sinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it.
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun.
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;[2]
And he wants wit that wants resolved will
To learn[3] his wit to exchange the bad for better. —
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.[4]
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
But there I leave to love, where I should love.
Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose:
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;
If I lose them, thus find I, by their loss,
For Valentine, myself; for Julia, Silvia.
I to myself am dearer than a friend,
For love is still most precious in itself;
And Silvia (witness heaven that made her fair!)
Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiop.[5]
I will forget that Julia is alive,
Remembering that my love to her is dead;
And Valentine I 'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia, as a sweeter friend.
I cannot now prove constant to myself
Without some treachery used to Valentine: —
This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window;
Myself in counsel, his competitor.[6]
Now, presently I 'll give her father notice
Of their disguising, and pretended[7] flight;
Who, all enrag'd, will banish Valentine,
For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter;
But, Valentine being gone, I 'll quickly cross
By some sly trick blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift! *[Exit.*[8]

SCENE VII.

Verona. A Room in JULIA's House.

Enter JULIA *and* LUCETTA.

Jul. Counsel, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me;
And, e'en in kind love, I do conjure thee,[1]
Who art the table[2] wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly character'd[3] and engrav'd,
To lesson me; and tell me some good mean,
How, with my honour,[4] I may undertake
A journey to my loving Proteus.

Luc. Alas! the way is wearisome and long.

Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;
Much less shall she, that hath Love's wings to fly,
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as Sir Proteus.

Luc. Better forbear, till Proteus make return.

Jul. O! know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's food?
Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire,
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,[5]
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

Jul. The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns.

Du mit mir in ein Wirthshaus gehen willst, so ist es gut. — Das *so*, das in diesem Sinne bei Sh. häufig elliptisch gebraucht wird (vgl. A. 2, Sc. 1, Anm. 24) ist in der Fol. zufällig ausgelassen, aber von der zweiten Folioausg. von 1632 richtig ergänzt. — Die Interpunction der Fol. zeigt, dass *if thou wilt go etc.* nicht mit dem vorhergehenden Satze zu verbinden ist. 8) So in K. Henry IV. First Part (A. 2, Sc. 4) *or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.* 9) *ale* = Bier, Bierhaus, und = christliches Volksfest, an dem sich folglich ein Jude nicht betheiligen mag.

1) *sweet-suggesting* = süss verlockend, durch süsse Einflüsterungen verführend. — Diese Verlockung ist die Sünde, welche die Liebe sich hat zu Schulden kommen lassen: *if thou hast sinn'd.* 2) Gelübde, die man unachtsam geleistet hat, dürfen gebrochen werden, wenn man achtsamer geworden ist. 3) *to learn* für *to teach.* 4) *soul-confirming oath* = ein Eidschwur, den man aus oder mit ganzer Seele bekräftigt. 5) *Ethiop* = Negerin, als Repräsentantin weiblicher Hässlichkeit, hat Sh. öfter; so in Much Ado about Nothing (A. 5, Sc. 4) *I 'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiop*, und in Love's Labour's Lost (A. 4, Sc. 3) *Thou for whom Jove would swear || Juno but an Ethiop were.* 6) Indem ich als sein Genosse im Geheimniss, im Vertrauen bin. — *competitor* = Theilhaber, Genosse, ist Sh.'sch. — Johnson fasst, weniger plausibel, das Wort in seiner gewöhnlichen Bedeutung = Nebenbuhler, und nimmt einen Gegensatz zwischen *in counsel* und *his competitor* an. 7) *to pretend* = einen Anschlag machen zu Etwas, projectiren. 8) Mit der folgenden Scene wollte Johnson den dritten Act beginnen. Indess ist es rathsam, die Abtheilung der Fol. beizubehalten.

1) *to conjure* = beschwören, dringend bitten, betont Sh. auf der ersten Sylbe; *to conjure* = Geister beschwören, bald auf der ersten, bald auf der zweiten Sylbe. — *I do conjure thee* ist mit *to lesson me* zu verbinden. 2) *table* = Schreibtafel, synonym mit *table-book* = Notizenbuch, gebraucht Sh. häufig in diesem übertragenen Sinne, so in All 's well that ends well (A. 1, Sc. 1) *in our heart's table*, und Troilus and Cressida (A. 4, Sc. 5) *And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts || To every tickling reader.* 3) *to character* = einschreiben, eingraben, betont Sh. auf der zweiten Sylbe. 4) Unbeschadet meiner Ehre, im Einklang mit meinem guten Rufe. 5) *fire* ist auch hier zweisylbig zu lesen und *extreme* auf der ersten Sylbe zu betonen. 6) *wild*

The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But, when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays
With willing sport to the wild ocean.[6]
Then, let me go, and hinder not my course.
I 'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I 'll rest, as, after much turmoil,[7]
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.
Luc. But in what habit will you go along?
Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men.
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may beseem some well-reputed page.
Luc. Why, then your ladyship must cut your hair.
Jul. No, girl; I 'll knit it up in silken strings,
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:[8]
To be fantastic,[9] may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall show to be.
Luc. What fashion, Madam, shall I make your breeches?
Jul. That fits as well as — »Tell me, good my lord,
What compass will you wear your farthingale?«
Why, even what fashion[10] thou best lik'st, Lucetta.
Luc. You must needs have them with a codpiece, Madam.
Jul. Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-favour'd.
Luc. A round hose, Madam, now 's not worth a pin,
Unless you have a codpiece to stick pins on.[11]
Jul. Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly.
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me
For undertaking so unstaid[12] a journey?
I fear me, it will make me scandaliz'd.
Luc. If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.
Jul. Nay, that I will not.
Luc. Then never dream on infamy,[13] but go.
If Proteus like your journey, when you come,
No matter who 's displeas'd, when you are gone.
I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.
Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear.
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances of infinite of love,[14]
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.
Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.
Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect;
But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth:
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.
Luc. Pray heaven, he prove so, when you come to him!
Jul. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong,
To bear a hard opinion of his truth:
Only deserve my love by loving him,
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing journey.[15]
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof,[16] dispatch me hence.
Come, answer not, but to it presently:
I am impatient of my tarriance. *[Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Milan. An Antechamber in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke, Thurio, *and* Proteus.

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile:
We have some secrets to confer about. — *[Exit* Thurio.
Now, tell me, Proteus, what 's your will with me?
Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover,
The law of friendship bids me to conceal;
But, when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.
Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to steal away your daughter:
Myself am one made privy to the plot.
I know you have determin'd to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;
And should she thus be stol'n away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift,
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head

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ocean ist dem *gentle stream* entgegengesetzt. 7) *turmoil* = Plackerei, Erdennoth, welche der Mensch auszustehen hat, ehe er als seliger Geist *(blessed soul)* im Elysium ausruht. 8) *true-love knots* sind hier die Bandschleifen, welche das Haar zusammenfassen und in künstlicher Verschlingung symbolisch die innige Liebesverbindung zwischen Proteus und Julia andeuten sollen. 9) *fantastic* = von der Wirklichkeit abweichend, der Einbildung, namentlich der Liebe hingegeben, hier in Bezug auf die äussere Erscheinung und Tracht. So in Winter's Tale (A. 4, Sc. 3) *he seems to be the more noble in being fantastical.* 10) So die Fol. Manche Hgg. ändern ohne Noth *that fashion.* — Für *lik'st* hat die Fol., einer nachlässigen und bequemeren Aussprache gemäss, *likes*, wie sie öfter das *st* der zweiten Person abschleift, um eine zu grosse Consonantenhäufung zu vermeiden. 11) Bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen wird die Mode, einen so dick ausgestopften Hosenlatz zu tragen, dass er füglich als Nadelkissen dienen könnte, mehrfach persiflirt. So in Tyro's Roaring Meg (1598) *Tyro's round breeches have a cliff behind; || And that same perking longitude before, || Which for a pin-case antique plowmen wore.* 12) *unstaid* = unsolide, leichtsinnig. 13) *infamy* = übler Leumund, bezieht sich auf *scandaliz'd.* 14) *infinite* = unendliche Zahl oder Grösse, Unendlichkeit, gebraucht Sh. auch sonst substantivisch. So in Much Ado about Nothing (A. 2, Sc. 3) *the infinite of thought*, und ohne bestimmten Artikel steht es bei Chaucer: *although the life of it be stretched with infinite of time;* also: und Proben von unendlich vieler oder grosser Liebe. — Viele Hgg. lesen mit der zweiten Folioausg. von 1632 dafür *instances as infinite*, und Malone *instances of the infinite of love.* 15) Nach Steevens' Meinung stände *longing* für *longed*, ein Particip für das andere. Richtiger erklärt M. Mason *a journey which she shall pass in longing.* 16) An dessen Statt, was ich Dir zur Verfügung zurücklasse.

A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,
Being unprevented,[1] to your timeless grave.
Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care,
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myself have often seen,
Haply, when they have judg'd me fast asleep;
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
Sir Valentine her company, and my court;
But, fearing lest my jealous aim[2] might err,
And so unworthily disgrace the man
(A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd),
I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
That which thyself hast now disclos'd to me.
And, that thou may'st perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,[3]
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,[4]
The key whereof myself have ever kept;
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.
Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean
How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently,
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,
That my discovery be not aimed at;
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.[5]
Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.
Pro. Adieu, my lord: Sir Valentine is coming. *[Exit.*

Enter VALENTINE.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?
Val. Please it your grace, there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,[6]
And I am going to deliver them.
Duke. Be they of much import?
Val. The tenor of them doth but signify
My health, and happy being at your court.
Duke. Nay, then no matter: stay with me awhile.
I am to break with thee[7] of some affairs,
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
'T is not unknown to thee, that I have sought
To match my friend, Sir Thurio, to my daughter.
Val. I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the match
Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter.
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?
Duke. No, trust me: she is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:[8]
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice,[9] hath drawn my love from her;
And, where[10] I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then, let her beauty be her wedding-dower;[11]
For me and my possessions she esteems not.
Val. What would your grace have me to do in this?
Duke. There is a lady in Verona here,[12]
Whom I affect; but she is nice, and coy,
And nought esteems my aged eloquence:[13]
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor
(For long agone I have forgot to court;
Besides, the fashion of the time[14] is chang'd),
How, and which way, I may bestow myself,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.
Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words.
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words do move a woman's mind.
Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.
Val. A woman sometime scorns what best contents her.[15]
Send her another; never give her o'er,
For scorn at first makes after-love[16] the more.
If she do frown, 't is not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you;
If she do chide, 't is not to have you gone,
For why[17] the fools are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;
For, »get you gone« she doth not mean, »away.«
Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.
Duke. But she I mean is promis'd by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth,
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.
Val. Why, then I would resort to her by night.
Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept safe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.
Val. What lets[18] but one may enter at her window?

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1) *being unprevented* bezieht sich auf *a pack of sorrows* = wenn man ihnen nicht zuvorkäme. 2) *my jealous aim* = meine argwöhnische Vermuthung, die Richtung meines Argwohns. — Ebenso bald nachher *to aim at* = Etwas vermuthen, errathen. 3) *to suggest* = verlocken, verführen. Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 6, Anm. 1. 4) d. h. in dem obern Theil oder Stockwerk eines Thurmes. 5) *pretence* = Anschlag. 6) *my friends* sind Valentin's Verwandte in Verona. Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 3, Anm. 15. 7) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 3, Anm. 10. 8) Sie hat nicht die kindliche Ehrfurcht vor mir, die mir als Vater gebührt. 9) Nachdem ich mir die Sache überlegt habe. 10) *where* für *whereas* ist Sh.'sch. 11) So in K. Lear (A. 1, Sc. 1) *thy truth then be thy dower.* 12) *There is a lady, Sir, in Milan here* emendirte Pope den obigen Vers der Fol., den Sh. selbst so schrieb mit einer Ortsverwechselung, die ihm auch vorher und nachher in diesem Stücke widerfuhr. Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 5, Anm. 1. — Pope's Emendation ist weniger gesucht, als Halliwell's *a lady of Verona*, da die Herkunft der Dame nichts zur Sache thut, oder Dyce's *a lady in Milano*, da Sh. sonst nirgendwo diese seinem Publikum unbekannte italienische Bezeichnung für das englische *Milan* anwendet. 13) Sie ist eigensinnig und spröde, und verachtet mein Reden, weil ich alt bin. 14) *the fashion of the time* bezieht sich auf *to court:* die Art und Weise, wie man früher und wie man jetzt einer Dame den Hof macht. 15) Um den Reim *sent her — contents her* zu verbessern, änderte Steevens überflüssig und willkürlich *sent, Sir*, und M. Mason *content her.* — Ungenaue Reime kommen bei Sh. in diesem Drama wie in andern vor. Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 1, Anm. 25. 16) *after-love* = spätere Liebe. — So in Coriolanus (A. 2, Sc. 2) *after-meeting* = spätere Zusammenkunft. 17) *for why* = *because.* — Manche Hgg. setzen mit

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.
Val. Why then, a ladder quaintly made of cords,
To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it.[19]
Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.
Val. When would you use it? pray, Sir, tell me that.
Duke. This very night; for Love is like a child,
That longs for every thing that he can come by.
Val. By seven o'clock I 'll get you such a ladder.
Duke. But hark thee; I will go to her alone.
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?
Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak that is of any length.
Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?
Val. Ay, my good lord.
Duke. Then, let me see thy cloak:
I 'll get me one of such another length.
Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.
Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak? —
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me. —
What letter is this same? What 's here? — »To Silvia«?
And here an engine fit for my proceeding![20]
I 'll be so bold to break the seal for once. *[Reads.*

„*My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly;*
And slaves they are to me, that send them flying:
O! could their master come and go as lightly,
Himself would lodge, where senseless they are lying.
My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;[21]
While I, their king, that thither them importune,
Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd them,
Because myself do want my servants' fortune:
I curse myself, for[22] *they are sent by me,*
That they should harbour where their lord should be."

What 's here?
„*Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee.*"
'T is so; and here 's the ladder for the purpose. —
Why, Phaethon (for thou art Merops' son),[23]
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?[24]
Go, base intruder! overweening slave!
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates,
And think my patience, more than thy desert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence.
Thank me for this, more than for all the favours,
Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee:
But if thou linger in my territories
Longer than swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,[25]
By heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter, or thyself.
Be gone: I will not hear thy vain excuse;
But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence.
[Exit Duke.
Val. And why not death, rather than living torment?[26]
To die is to be banish'd from myself;
And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her,
Is self from self;[27] a deadly banishment.
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Unless it be, to think that she is by,
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale;
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon.
She is my essence; and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:[28]
Tarry I here, I but attend on death;
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter Proteus *and* Launce.

Pro. Run, boy; run, run, and seek him out.
Launce. Soho! soho![29]
Pro. What seest thou?
Launce. Him we go to find: there 's not a hair[30] on 's head, but 't is a Valentine.
Pro. Valentine?
Val. No.
Pro. Who then? his spirit?
Val. Neither.
Pro. What then?
Val. Nothing.
Launce. Can nothing speak? master, shall I strike?
Pro. Who wouldst thou strike?[31]
Launce. Nothing.
Pro. Villain, forbear.
Launce. Why, Sir, I 'll strike nothing: I pray you, —

Unrecht. ein Comma hinter *for why.* 18) *to let* = hindern. 19) Auch hier haben die Hgg. eine Anspielung auf Marlowe's Gedicht Hero and Leander finden wollen. Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1, Anm. 7. 20) Er findet in Valentin's Mantel ausser dem Briefe noch solch eine Strickleiter, wie Valentin sie ihm eben empfohlen hatte. 21) Valentin's schriftlich ausgedrückte Gedanken, die er wie Herolde an Silvia sendet, ruhen aus an ihrer reinen Brust, indem sie den Brief in ihrem Busen verbirgt. — In demselben Sinne ist auch *my thoughts do harbour etc.* zu fassen. 22) *for* = deswegen, weil. 23) Diese Parenthese erklärt Johnson: *Thou art Phaethon in thy rashness, but without his pretensions; thou art not the son of a divinity, but a terrae filius; Merops is thy true father, with whom Phaethon was falsely reproached.* — Vielleicht wollte Sh. aber mit den eingeklammerten Worten nur sagen: denn Du bist wirklich Phaethon. 24) So in Greene's Novelle Pandosto and Fawnia: *Stars are to be looked at with the eye, not reached at with the hand.* 25) *royal* steht hier in demselben weiteren Sinne bei *court*, wie vorher. Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 3, Anm. 7. 26) *living torment* = eine Marter, bei der man am Leben bleibt. 27) scil. *is self banished from self* = eine gewaltsame Zerreissung des eigenen Selbst, von der man stirbt. 28) *his deadly doom* ist das Todesurtheil, mit dem der Herzog den Valentin bedrohte für den Fall, dass dieser bliebe. Wenn Valentin diesem Urtheil ausweicht, indem er geht, so weicht er doch damit dem Tode nicht aus, da er ohne Silvia nicht leben kann. 29) *soho*, ein Jagdruf, wenn man den Hasen sitzen sieht. So attrapirt Launce das Wild, das er sieht, den Valentin nämlich. 30) Wortspiel zwischen *hair* = Haar, und *hare* = Hase. 31) Launce, der noch immer auf der Jagd begriffen ist, will den Valentin erlegen, der sich selbst

Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear. — Friend Valentine, a word.
Val. My ears are stopp'd, and cannot hear good news,
So much of bad already hath possess'd them.
Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,[32]
For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.
Val. Is Silvia dead?
Pro. No, Valentine.
Val. No Valentine,[33] indeed, for sacred Silvia! —
Hath she forsworn me?
Pro. No, Valentine.
Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me![34] —
What is your news?
Launce. Sir, there is a proclamation that you are vanish'd.[35]
Pro. That thou art banish'd: O! that is the news,
From hence, from Silvia, and from me, thy friend.
Val. O! I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.[36]
Doth Silvia know that I am banished?
Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom
(Which, unrevers'd,[37] stands in effectual force)
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd,
With them, upon her knees, her humble self,
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.
Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of biding there.
Val. No more; unless the next word that thou speak'st
Have some malignant power upon my life:
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless dolour.[38]
Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study help for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.[39]
The time now serves not to expostulate:
Come, I 'll convey thee through the city-gate,
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs.
As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself,
Regard thy danger, and along with me!
Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my boy,
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the North-gate.
Pro. Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.
Val. O my dear Silvia! hapless Valentine!
[Exeunt VALENTINE *and* PROTEUS.
Launce. I am but a fool, look you, and yet I have the wit to think, my master is a kind of a knave; but that 's all one, if he be but one knave.[40] He lives not now, that knows me to be in love: yet I am in love; but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me, nor who 't is I love; and yet 't is a woman: but what woman, I will not tell myself; and yet 't is a milkmaid; yet 't is not a maid, for she hath had gossips;[41] yet 't is a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel,[42] which is much in a bare Christian. Here is the cate-log *[pulling out a paper]* of her conditions.[43] Imprimis, »She can fetch and carry.« Why, a horse can do no more: nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore is she better than a jade. Item, »She can milk,« look you; a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. How now, Signior Launce? what news with your mastership?
Launce. With my master's ship?[44] why, it is at sea.
Speed. Well, your old vice still; mistake the word. What news, then, in your paper?
Launce. The blackest news that ever thou heard'st.
Speed. Why, man, how black?
Launce. Why, as black as ink.
Speed. Let me read them.
Launce. Fie on thee, jolthead! thou canst not read.
Speed. Thou liest, I can.
Launce. I will try thee. Tell me this: who begot thee?
Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather.
Launce. O illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother. This proves, that thou canst not read.[45]
Speed. Come, fool, come: try me in thy paper.
Launce. There, and saint Nicholas be thy speed![46]

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als Nichts bezeichnet. — Für das Sh.'sche *who* als Accusativ setzen viele Hgg. willkürlich *whom*. 32) scil. *my news*, hier als Plural gefasst. 33) *no* = nein, und = kein, wurde schon einmal als Wortspiel benutzt. Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 1, Anm. 28. — *sacred Silvia* = die verklärte Silvia, bezieht sich auf die Frage: *Is Silvia dead?* 34) Valentin existirt nicht mehr, wenn Silvia sich von mir losgesagt hat. 35) Launce will *banish'd* sagen. Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 3, Anm. 1. 36) So in Twelfth-Night (A. 1, Sc. 1) *Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,* || *The appetite may sicken, and so die.* 37) *unreversed* = wenn es, das Urtheil, nicht widerrufen wird. 38) *ending* bezieht sich mit auf *endless dolour* = ein Trauerlied, das meinem endlosen Schmerz ein Ende macht, indem es mich tödtet. 39) Vgl. oben Anm. 21. — So ist in Hamlet (A. 2, Sc. 2) der Brief an Ophelia adressirt *In her excellent white bosom, these.* 40) Die Hgg. erklären theils: wenn er nur ein einfacher Schurke, kein doppelter Schurke ist; theils: wenn er nur ein ganzer, consequenter Schurke ist; theils: wenn er nur allein ein Schurke ist, und nicht ich auch einer bin. — Für die erstere Erklärung spricht, dass derselbe Ausdruck in sprichwörtlicher Anwendung auch sonst vorkommt. So in Edwards' Damon and Pythias: *You lose money by him, if you serve him for one knave, for he serves for twain.* — Für *one knave* wollte Warburton *one kind* scil. *one kind of knave* lesen. Staunton vermuthet *one in love* dafür. 41) Sie hat schon Gevatterinnen gehabt, hat schon ein Wochenbett überstanden. 42) Sie versteht mehr Künste als ein Hund, den man dressirt hat, in's Wasser zu gehen, zu apportiren und so weiter. 43) *cate-log* entstellt aus *catalogue.* — *conditions* verbessert die vierte Folioausg. das *condition* der früheren Folioausgg. 44) Das beabsichtigte Wortspiel stellte Theobald her, indem er das *my mastership* der Fol. in *my master's ship* emendirte. 45) Einem Menschen, der so unwissend ist, dass er

Speed. Imprimis, »She can milk.«
Launce. Ay, that she can.
Speed. Item, »She brews good ale.«
Launce. And thereof comes the proverb, — Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.[47]
Speed. Item, »She can sew.«
Launce. That 's as much as to say, Can she so?[48]
Speed. Item, »She can knit.«
Launce. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock?[49]
Speed. Item, »She can wash and scour.«
Launce. A special virtue; for then she need not be wash'd and scour'd.
Speed. Item, »She can spin.«
Launce. Then may I set the world on wheels,[50] when she can spin for her living.
Speed. Item, »She hath many nameless virtues.»
Launce. That 's as much as to say, bastard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.
Speed. Here follow her vices.
Launce. Close at the heels of her virtues.
Speed. Item, »She is not to be kissed[51] fasting, in respect of her breath.«
Launce. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast. Read on.
Speed. Item, »She hath a sweet mouth.«[52]
Launce. That makes amends for her sour breath.
Speed. Item, »She doth talk in her sleep.«
Launce. It 's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.
Speed. Item, »She is slow in words.«
Launce. O villain, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue.[53] I pray thee, out with 't, and place it for her chief virtue.
Speed. Item, »She is proud.«
Launce. Out with that too: it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.
Speed. Item, »She hath no teeth.«
Launce. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.
Speed. Item, »She is curst.«
Launce. Well; the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.
Speed. Item, »She will often praise her liquor.«[54]
Launce. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.
Speed. Item, »She is too liberal.«
Launce. Of her tongue[55] she cannot, for that 's writ down she is slow of; of her purse she shall not, for that I 'll keep shut; now, of another thing she may, and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.
Specd. Item, »She hath more hair than wit,[56] and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.«
Launce. Stop there; I 'll have her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article. Rehearse that once more.
Speed. Item, »She hath more hair than wit,« —
Launce. More hair than wit, — it may be; I 'll prove it: the cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt: the hair, that covers the wit, is more than the wit, for the greater hides the less. What 's next?
Speed. — »And more faults than hairs,« —
Launce. That 's monstrous: O, that that were out!
Speed. — »And more wealth than faults.«
Launce. Why, that word makes the faults gracious.[57] Well, I 'll have her; and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible, —
Speed. What then?
Launce. Why, then will I tell thee, — that thy master stays for thee at the North-gate.
Speed. For me?
Launce. For thee! ay; who art thou? he hath stay'd for a better man than thee.
Speed. And must I go to him?
Launce. Thou must run to him, for thou hast stay'd so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.
Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? pox of your love-letters! *[Exit.*
Launce. Now will he be swing'd for reading my letter.[58] An unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets. — I 'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. *[Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Same. An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke *and* Thurio; Proteus *behind.*

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love you,
Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.
Thu. Since his exile[1] she hath despis'd me most;
Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am desperate of obtaining her.
Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenched[2] in ice, which with an hour's heat

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seinen wirklichen Erzeuger nicht kennt, lässt sich auch nicht zutrauen, dass er lesen könne. 46) St. Nicolas war der Patron der Schüler und soll in dieser Eigenschaft dem Speed bei seinem Versuch zu lesen beistehen. — Vielleicht ist auch ein Wortspiel zwischen *Speed* und *speed* beabsichtigt. 47) So in Ben Jonson's Masque of Augurs: *Our ale 's o' the best || And each good guest || Pray for their souls that brew it.* 48) Wortspiel zwischen *sew* und *so.* — Die Fol. schreibt *sowe* für *sew.* 49) Wortspiel zwischen *stock* = Capital, das man mit dem Mädchen bekommt, und *stock* = Strumpf. 50) *to set the world on wheels* = die Welt sich drehen lassen, der Welt ihren Lauf lassen. So heisst es von der Welt in Antony and Cleopatra (A. 2, Sc. 7) *that it might go on wheels.* 51) *kissed*, das in der Fol. zufällig ausgefallen ist, ergänzte zuerst Rowe. So in Webster's Dutchess of Malfi: *I would sooner eat a dead pigeon taken from the soles of the feet of one sick of the plague, than kiss one of you fasting.* 52) *to have a sweet mouth* = lecker sein, gern Süssigkeiten naschen, fasst Launce in wörtlichem Sinne und stellt es dem *sour breath* gegenüber. 53) Eines Weibes auserlesene, vorzüglichste Tugend. — *out with 't* = streich' es aus. 54) *to praise her liquor* = dem Trunk ergeben sein, fasst Launce wieder wörtlich = ihren Trunk loben. 55) *liberal*, auch ohne den Zusatz *of her tongue*, gebraucht Sh. = frei in Reden; so in Hamlet (A. 4, Sc. 7) *That liberal shepherds give a grosser name.* 56) Dieses Sprichwort wird in Dekker's Satiromastix so erklärt: *Hair! 't is the basest stubble; in scorn of it || This proverb sprung, — He has more hair than wit.* 57) *gracious* = ausgestattet mit Eigenschaften, die beliebt machen. 58) Er wird Prügel bekommen, weil er sich verspätete, indem er mir den Brief vorlas.

Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthless Valentine shall be forgot. —
How now, Sir Proteus? Is your countryman,
According to our proclamation, gone?
Pro. Gone, my good lord.
Duke. My daughter takes his going grievously.[3]
Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.
Duke. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.
Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee
(For thou hast shown some sign of good desert),
Makes me the better to confer with thee.[4]
Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace,
Let me not live to look upon your grace.
Duke. Thou know'st how willingly I would effect
The match between Sir Thurio and my daughter.
Pro. I do, my lord.
Duke. And also, I think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will.
Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.
Duke. Ay, and perversely she persevers[5] so.
What might we do to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love Sir Thurio?
Pro. The best way is, to slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent;
Three things that women highly hold in hate.
Duke. Ay, but she 'll think that it is spoke in hate.
Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore, it must, with circumstance,[6] be spoken
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.
Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him.
Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do:
'T is an ill office for a gentleman,
Especially, against his very friend.
Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander never can endamage him:
Therefore, the office is indifferent,
Being entreated to it by your friend.
Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord. If I can do it,
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.
But say, this weed her love from Valentine,[7]
It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio.
Thu. Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,
Lest it should ravel and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom[8] it on me;
Which must be done, by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise Sir Valentine.
Duke. And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind,
Because we know, on Valentine's report,
You are already Love's firm votary,
And cannot soon revolt, and change your mind.
Upon this warrant shall you have access
Where you with Silvia may confer at large;
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And for your friend's sake, will be glad of you,
Where you may temper[9] her, by your persuasion,
To hate young Valentine, and love my friend.
Pro. As much as I can do I will effect.
But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough;
You must lay lime to tangle her desires[10]
By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes
Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.
Duke. Ay,
Much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.
Pro. Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart.
Write, till your ink be dry, and with your tears
Moist it again; and frame some feeling line,
That may discover such integrity:[11]
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews,[12]
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.[13]
After your dire-lamenting elegies,[14]
Visit by night your lady's chamber-window
With some sweet concert:[15] to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump;[16] the night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet-complaining grievance.
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.[17]
Duke. This discipline shows thou hast been in love.
Thu. And thy advice this night I 'll put in practice.
Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently,
To sort[18] some gentlemen well skill'd in music.
I have a sonnet that will serve the turn
To give the onset to thy good advice.
Duke. About it, gentlemen!
Pro. We 'll wait upon your grace till after supper,
And afterward determine our proceedings.[19]
Duke. Even now about it! I will pardon[20] you.
[Exeunt.

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1) *exile* betont Sh. bald auf der ersten, bald auf der zweiten Sylbe. 2) *to trench* = einschneiden, furchen. — *hour* ist hier zweisylbig zu lesen, wie *fire* an einer früheren Stelle. Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 7, Anm. 5. 3) Nach Malone's Angabe lesen einige Exemplare der Fol. *heavily* für *grievously*. Dass Letzteres die richtige Lesart ist, erhellt aus Proteus' Antwort *will kill that grief*. 4) Veranlasst mich um so eher, mit Dir zu verhandeln. 5) *to persever*, mit dem Tone auf der zweiten Sylbe, ist Sh.'s Wort. 6) *with circumstance* = mit den Details, die zur Bestätigung dienen. — *circumstance* wird als Collectiv im pluralischen Sinne gebraucht. 7) Valentin wird als der Boden betrachtet, in welchem Silvia's Liebe gewurzelt ist, aus dem sie daher ausgerottet werden muss. — Für *weed* las, den Cambridge Edd. zufolge, schon Rowe *wean*. 8) *to bottom* = aufwinden, zu einem Knäuel gestalten. Das Bild ist von einem Garn, das von einem Knäuel abgewunden und, damit es sich nicht verwirre, gleich auf einen anderen Knäuel aufgewunden wird. 9) *to temper* = handhaben, bearbeiten. 10) Das Bild ist von einem Vogel entlehnt, der mit einer Leimstange gefangen wird. 11) Malone vermuthete, dass hinter dieser Zeile eine folgende ausgefallen sei, auf welche *such integrity* sich beziehen müsste; Steevens will dagegen das *such* auf die vorhergehenden Zeilen beziehen. Wahrscheinlicher steht *such* ohne irgend eine bestimmte Beziehung: ein empfindender Vers, welcher eine solche Gefühlstiefe enthüllt, wie Ihr sie hegt oder kundgebt. 12) Nach Sh.'s Auffassung war die Laute des Orpheus mit Sehnen aus dem Leibe verstorbener Dichter bespannt. 13) So in K. Henry V. (A. 3, Sc. 3) *As send precepts to the leviathan || To come ashore.* — *unsounded* = unergründlich. 14) *elegies* ist dasselbe, was vorher *sonnets* hiess = Liebesgedichte, nicht gerade Sonette im eigentlichen Sinne des Wortes. 15) *concert*, wie Hanmer das *consort* der Fol. verbessert, ist zugleich die Musik und die Musikanten, collectiv gefasst, dieselben, die bald nachher heissen *some gentlemen well skill'd in music*. 16) *dump* =

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A Forest, between Milan and Verona.

Enter certain Outlaws.

1. Out. Fellows, stand fast: I see a passenger.
2. Out. If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter VALENTINE *and* SPEED.

3. Out. Stand, Sir, and throw us that you have about you;
If not, we 'll make you sit,[1] and rifle you.
Speed. Sir, we are undone. These are the villains
That all the travellers do fear so much.
Val. My friends, —
1. Out. That 's not so, Sir: we are your enemies.
2. Out. Peace! we 'll hear him.
3. Out. Ay, by my beard, will we; for he is a proper[2] man.
Val. Then know, that I have little wealth to lose.
A man I am cross'd with adversity;
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.
2. Out. Whither travel you?
Val. To Verona.
1. Out. Whence came you?
Val. From Milan.
3. Out. Have you long sojourn'd there?
Val. Some sixteen months; and longer might have stay'd,
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.
1. Out. What! were you banish'd thence?
Val. I was.
2. Out. For what offence?
Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse.
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage, or base treachery.
1. Out. Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so.
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?
Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.[3]
2. Out. Have you the tongues?[4]
Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy,[5]
Or else I often had been miserable.
3. Out. By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,[6]
This fellow were a king for our wild faction.
1. Out. We 'll have him. Sirs, a word.
Speed. Master, be one of them:
It is an honourable kind of thievery.
Val. Peace, villain!
2. Out. Tell us this: have you any thing to take to?
Val. Nothing, but my fortune.
3. Out. Know then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awful[7] men:
Myself was from Verona banished
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near[8] allied unto the duke.
2. Out. And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
Who, in my mood,[9] I stabb'd unto the heart.
1. Out. And I for such like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose; for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives;
And, partly, seeing you are beautified
With goodly shape, and by your own report
A linguist, and a man of such perfection,
As we do in our quality[10] much want —
2. Out. Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, above the rest,[11] we parley to you.
Are you content to be our general?
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in this wilderness?
3. Out. What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our consort?[12]
Say, ay, and be the captain of us all.
We 'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Love thee as our commander, and our king.
1. Out. But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.
2. Out. Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.
Val. I take your offer, and will live with you;
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly[13] women, or poor passengers.

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melancholische Singweise. 17) *to inherit* = in Besitz nehmen, gewinnen. 18) *to sort* = auswählen. 19) Und nach dem Abendessen wollen wir unser Vorhaben zum Abschluss bringen, in's Werk setzen. 20) *to pardon* = beurlauben.

1) Aus *sit*, das im Gegensatze zu *stand* steht, hatten die späteren Folioausgg. die Anrede *sir* gemacht, und viele Hgg. diese falsche Lesart beibehalten. 2) *proper* = stattlich. 3) Ich war froh, so mit dem Leben davonzukommen. 4) Versteht Ihr die fremden Sprachen? — So in Twelfth-Night (A. 1, Sc. 3) *I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing.* 5) *happy* = geschickt, begabt in Etwas. So in Cymbeline (A. 3, Sc. 4) *tell him wherein you are happy.* — In der folgenden Zeile hat die Fol. *often* zweimal; das *often* vor *miserable* strich die zweite Folioausg. von 1632. 6) Der Räuber schwört bei dem kahlen Schädel des Mönches Tuck, der als Beichtvater unter den Gefährten Robin Hood's, des in englischen Dramen und Balladen vielgefeierten Wilddiebs und Räubers, dem Sh.'schen Publikum wohlbekannt war. — Drayton erwähnt ihn in seinem Polyolbion: *Of Tuck the merry friar which many a sermon made || In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws, and his trade.* — Auf das lustige und sorglose Leben, das Robin Hood mit seinen Gefährten in den Wäldern Nordenglands führte, spielt auch Sh. an in As you like it (A. 1, Sc. 1) *They say, he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England.* 7) *awful*, wofür Steevens *lawful* lesen wollte, fasst Johnson in dem gewöhnlichen Sinne = *reverend, worshipful;* Malone wohl richtiger in dem selteneren Sinne = *full of awe and respect for the laws of society and the duties of life.* So in K. Henry IV. Second Part (A. 4, Sc. 1) *We come within our awful banks again.* 8) *near* verbesserte Theobald das *niece (Neece)* der Fol. — Das *and heir* derselben ältesten Ausgabe hatten schon die späteren Folioausgg. verbessert. — *heir* gebraucht Sh. auch sonst für *heiress.* So in Tempest (A. 2, Sc. 1) *so is she heir of Naples.* 9) *mood* = leidenschaftliche Stimmung, Affect. 10) Als *quality* = Gewerbe, Profession, bezeichnet der Räuber euphemistisch sein Vagabunden- und Räuberleben. 11) *above the rest* = vor allen übrigen Gründen, die uns veranlassen, mit Euch zu unterhandeln. 12) *consort*, mit dem Tone

3. Out. No; we detest such vile, base practices.
Come, go with us: we 'll bring thee to our crews,[14]
And show thee all the treasure we have got,
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Milan. The Court of the Palace.

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine,
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer;
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think how I have been forsworn,
In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd:
And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips,[1]
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.
But here comes Thurio. Now must we to her window,
And give some evening music to her ear.

Enter THURIO, *and Musicians.*

Thu. How now, Sir Proteus? are you crept before us?
Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio; for you know that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.[2]
Thu. Ay; but I hope, Sir, that you love not here.
Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.
Thu. Who?[3] Silvia?
Pro. Ay, Silvia, — for your sake.
Thu. I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,
Let 's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

Enter Host and JULIA, *behind;* JULIA *in boy's clothes.*

Host. Now, my young guest; methinks you 're allicholly:[4] I pray you, why is it?
Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.
Host. Come, we 'll have you merry. I 'll bring you where you shall hear music, and see the gentleman that you ask'd for.
Jul. But shall I hear him speak?
Host. Ay, that you shall.
Jul. That will be music. *[Music plays.*

Host. Hark! hark!
Jul. Is he among these?
Host. Ay; but peace! let 's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heaven such grace did lend her
That she might admired be.

Is she kind, as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness:[5]
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.[6]

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling;
To her let us garlands bring.

Host. How now? are you sadder than you were before? How do you, man? the music likes you not.
Jul. You mistake: the musician likes me not.[7]
Host. Why, my pretty youth?
Jul. He plays false, father.
Host. How? out of tune on the strings?
Jul. Not so; but yet so false, that he grieves my very heartstrings.
Host. You have a quick ear.
Jul. Ay; I would I were deaf! it makes me have a slow heart.[8]
Host. I perceive, you delight not in music.
Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.
Host. Hark! what fine change is in the music.
Jul. Ay, that change is the spite.
Host. You would have them always play but one thing?
Jul. I would always have one play but one thing. But, host, doth this Sir Proteus, that we talk on, Often resort unto this gentlewoman?
Host. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me, — he lov'd her out of all nick.[9]
Jul. Where is Launce?
Host. Gone to seek his dog; which, to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.
Jul. Peace! stand aside: the company parts.
Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you: I will so plead,
That you shall say my cunning drift excels.

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auf der letzten Sylbe = Verkehr, Genossenschaft. 13) *silly* = harmlos. 14) Die Bande ist auf dem Theater nur durch einige Wenige *(certain outlaws)* repräsentirt; zu den übrigen Mitgliedern derselben soll Valentin nun gebracht werden. — Für *crews* liest Dyce mit Collier's altem Corrector *cave*. Vielleicht wäre besser *crew* für *crews* zu lesen, wie Sh. das Wort sonst überall im Singular gebraucht. — Singer vermuthet *caves* für *crews*.

1) *her sudden quips* sind die schnöden, schnippischen Antworten, mit denen Silvia rasch bei der Hand ist, wenn Proteus sie um Liebe anfleht. 2) Reed citirt dazu das schottische Sprichwort *Kindness will creep where it cannot gang*. 3) Auch hier setzen viele Hgg. *whom* für *who*. Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 1, Anm. 31. 4) Dieselbe komische Entstellung aus *melancholy* hat Sh. in Merry Wives of Windsor (A. 1, Sc. 4) *she is given too much to allicholly and musing*. 5) Die Schönheit hat nur Bestand, wenn sich Freundlichkeit und Huld ihr zugesellt. 6) Amor schlägt seine bleibende Wohnung in Silvia's Augen auf, nachdem dieselben ihn von seiner Blindheit geheilt haben. 7) Julia spricht doppelsinnig: der Musiker gefällt mir nicht, und: der Musiker liebt mich nicht. — *to like* construirt Sh. in beider Beziehung. — Ebenso doppelsinnig steht gleich darauf *to play false*, und endlich *change*, in musikalischem Sinne und im gewöhnlichen Sinne der Wörter. 8) *quick ear* = ein rasch auffassendes Ohr, feines Gehör, ist dem *slow heart* = schweres, nicht leicht vergessendes oder wechselndes Herz, entgegengesetzt. 9) *nick*, eigentlich die in das Kerbholz eingeschnittene Rechnung, sagt der Wirth mit einem ihm naheliegenden Tropus = ausser aller Berechnung, über alle Massen. 10) Johnson erklärt *to compass* hier mit *to gain*, Douce mit *to perform, to*

Thu. Where meet we?
Pro. At saint Gregory's well.
Thu. Farewell.
[Exeunt Thurio *and Musicians.*

Enter Silvia *above, at her window.*

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.
Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen.
Who is that that spake?
Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You would quickly learn to know him by his voice.
Sil. Sir Proteus, as I take it.
Pro. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.
Sil. What is your will?
Pro. That I may compass [10] yours.
Sil. You have your wish: my will is even this,
That presently you hie you home to bed.
Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man!
Think'st thou, I am so shallow, so conceitless,[11]
To be seduced by thy flattery,
That hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me, by this pale queen of night [12] I swear,
I am so far from granting thy request,
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit,
And by and by intend to chide myself,
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.
Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;
But she is dead.
Jul. [Aside.] 'T were false, if I should speak it; [13]
For, I am sure, she is not buried.
Sil. Say, that she be; [14] yet Valentine, thy friend,
Survives, to whom, thyself art witness,
I am betroth'd; and art thou not asham'd
To wrong him with thy importunacy? [15]
Pro. I likewise hear, that Valentine is dead.
Sil. And so, suppose, am I; for in his grave,[16]
Assure thyself, my love is buried.
Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.
Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call hers [17] thence;
Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine.
Jul. [Aside.] He heard not that.[18]
Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber:
To that I 'll speak, to that I 'll sigh and weep;
For, since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow,
And to your shadow will I make true love.
Jul. [Aside.] If 't were a substance, you would, sure, deceive it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am.
Sil. I am very loth to be your idol, Sir;
But, since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadows, and adore false shapes,[19]
Send to me in the morning, and I 'll send it.
And so, good rest.
Pro. As wretches have o'ernight,
That wait for execution in the morn.
[Exeunt Proteus, *and* Silvia.
Jul. Host, will you go?
Host. By my halidom,[20] I was fast asleep.
Jul. Pray you, where lies [21] Sir Proteus?
Host. Marry, at my house. Trust me, I think, 't is almost day.
Jul. Not so; but it hath been the longest night
That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest.[22] *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Same.

Enter Eglamour.

Egl. This is the hour that Madam Silvia
Entreated me to call, and know her mind.
There 's some great matter she 'd employ me in. —
Madam, Madam!

Enter Silvia *above, at her window.*

Sil. Who calls?
Egl. Your servant, and your friend;
One that attends your ladyship's command.
Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good morrow.
Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourself.
According to your ladyship's impose,[1]
I am thus early come, to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.
Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman
(Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not),
Valiant, wise, remorseful,[2] well accomplish'd.
Thou art not ignorant what dear good will
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine,
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhors.[3]
Thyself hast lov'd; and I have heard thee say,

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accomplish. Wahrscheinlich wollte Sh. den Proteus das Wort in ersterem Sinne, Silvia in ihrer Antwort aber dasselbe im letzteren Sinne auffassen lassen. 11) *conceitless* = ohne Auffassungsgabe, dumm. 12) So heisst der Mond in As you like it (A. 3, Sc. 2) *thrice-crowned queen of night.* 13) Wenn ich das Wort nähme, so würde es sich zeigen, dass das falsch ist, was Proteus sagt. 14) Angenommen auch, dass Deine Geliebte todt wäre, so lebt doch Valentin noch. 15) *importunacy* = dringende, lästige Bitte, betont Sh. auf der dritten Sylbe. 16) Das *her grave* der ersten Fol. verbesserte schon die zweite Folioausgabe in *his grave.* 17) scil. *her love*, wie in der folgenden Zeile *thine* für *thy love* steht: Begrabe, wenn Du Julia's Liebe nicht aus dem Grabe erwecken kannst, in ihrer gestorbenen Liebe auch die Deinige, statt dieselbe mir zuzuwenden. — *to sepulchre* = begraben, betont Sh. auf der zweiten Sylbe. 18) Er hörte nicht, dass ich oder dass meine Liebe begraben sei. 19) Doch da es Eurer Falschheit gut anstehen wird, oder, da Eure Falschheit Euch gut anstehen wird, wenn Ihr Schatten verehrt und falsche Bilder anbetet. — *to become* = gut anstehen, construirt Sh. sowohl mit dem Accusativ der Sache, als auch mit dem Accusativ der Person: *I become something*, und *something becomes me.* 20) *halidom* = Heiligkeit, Glaube, und *holidame* = heil. Jungfrau, werden in der Betheuerungsformel oft verwechselt. 21) *to lie* = im Quartier liegen, logiren. 22) Die Anwendung des doppelten Superlativ ist bei Sh. und seinen Zeitgenossen sehr gewöhnlich.

1) *impose* = Auftrag. Das Wort kommt sonst kaum vor. 2) *remorseful* = für zarte Empfindungen zugänglich. — *valiant* ist dreisylbig zu lesen. 3) So verbessert Hanmer das *abhorr'd* der Fol. 4) *whose* bezieht sich auf das in *thy* steckende *thou.* 5) *grievances* erklärt Johnson richtig mit *sorrowful affections.* Da

No grief did ever come so near thy heart,
As when thy lady and thy true love died,
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where, I hear, he makes abode;
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company,
Upon whose[4] faith and honour I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief,
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match,
Which heaven and fortune still rewards with plagues.
I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
To bear me company, and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances;[5]
Which since I know they virtuously are plac'd,
I give consent to go along with you;
Recking[6] as little what betideth me,
As much I wish all good befortune you.
When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where shall I meet you?

Sil. At friar Patrick's cell,
Where I intend[7] holy confession.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyship.
Good morrow, gentle lady.

Sil. Good morrow, kind Sir Eglamour. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Same.

Enter Launce *with his dog.*

Launce. When a man's servant[1] shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it. I have taught him, even as one would say precisely, »thus I would teach a dog.« I was sent to deliver him as a present to Mistress Silvia from my master, and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher, and steals her capon's leg.[2] O! 't is a foul thing, when a cur cannot keep himself[3] in all companies. I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed,[4] to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily, he had been hang'd for 't: sure as I live, he had suffer'd for 't:[5] you shall judge. He thrusts me[6] himself into the company of three or four gentleman-like dogs under the duke's table: he had not been there (bless the mark)[7] a pissing while,[8] but all the chamber smelt him. »Out with the dog!« says one; »what cur is that?« says another; »whip him out,« says the third; »hang him up,« says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab, and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs:[9] »Friend,« quoth I, »you mean to whip the dog?« »Ay, marry, do I,« quoth he. »You do him the more wrong,« quoth I; »'t was I did the thing you wot of.« He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for his servant?[10] Nay, I 'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed; I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath kill'd, otherwise he had suffer'd for 't: thou think'st not of this now. — Nay, I remember the trick you served me, when I took my leave of Madam Silvia.[11] Did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? When didst thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? Didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter Proteus *and* Julia.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name?[12] I like thee well,
And will employ thee in some service presently.

Jul. In what you please: I will do what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt. — How now, you whoreson peasant!
Where have you been these two days loitering?

Launce. Marry, Sir, I carried Mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?

Launce. Marry, she says, your dog was a cur; and tells you, currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

Pro. But she receiv'd my dog?

Launce. No, indeed, did she not. Here have I brought him back again.

Pro. What! didst thou offer her this from me?

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diese Kümmernisse der Silvia eine tugendsame Begründung und Richtung haben, so willigt Eglamour ein, mit ihr zu reisen. 6) *to reck* = in Rechnung ziehen, sich kümmern um Etwas. — Die Fol. schreibt mit einer auch sonst häufigen Verwechselung *wreaking*. 7) *to intend* = als Absicht zu erkennen geben, vorschützen. So in Lucrece: *intending weariness;* und in Taming of the Shrew (A. 4, Sc. 1) *I intend,* || *That all is done in reverend care of her.* — So scheint die Beichte auch hier nicht Silvia's Absicht, sondern ein Vorwand zu sein, um unbehindert ausgehen zu dürfen.

1) Unter dem Diener eines Menschen, der sich hündisch gegen seinen Herrn benommen hat, versteht Launce seinen Hund selber. 2) Der Hund stahl den Kapaunenschenkel von dem Teller der Silvia. — *trencher* ist auch sonst = Teller, im Allgemeinen. 3) *keep himself* erklärt Steevens mit *restrain himself;* es ist aber wohl nur = sich benehmen, seine Haltung beobachten. 4) *indeed* wäre vielleicht besser mit dem Folgenden als mit dem Vorhergehenden zu verbinden: Ich möchte, dass Einer, der ein Hund sein will, in der That auch in allen Dingen ein Hund wäre. 5) So wahr ich lebe, er würde dafür haben büssen müssen. 6) Das *me* ist hier ebenso pleonastisch, wie vorher *he steps me*, und nachher *goes me*, in nachlässiger Redeweise für *I go*. 7) Die vollständige Betheuerung *God bless the mark* und *God save the mark* kommt auch sonst bei Sh. vor; so in Merchant of Venice (A. 2, Sc. 2) und K. Henry IV. First Part (A. 1, Sc. 3). 8) Diese scherzhafte Zeitbestimmung, welche hier ganz besonders passt, findet sich sprichwörtlich auch in weniger eigentlichem Sinne; so in Ben Jonson's Magnetic Lady: *have patience but a pissing while.* 9) Der Mann bei Hofe, dessen Amt es war, die Hunde in Ordnung zu halten. 10) Pope änderte *their servant.* Aber aus *many masters* entnimmt Sh. jeden einzelnen Herrn in Bezug auf den betreffenden Diener. 11) Steevens wollte *Julia* für *Silvia* lesen und dachte an den Abschied, den Proteus von Julia in Verona nahm. 12) Julia hat, als Jüngling verkleidet, dem Proteus ihre Dienste

Launce. Ay, Sir: the other squirrel[13] was stolen from me by the hangman's boys in the market-place;[14] and then I offer'd her mine own, who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my sight.
Away, I say! Stay'st thou to vex me here?
A slave that still an end[15] turns me to shame.
[Exit LAUNCE.
Sebastian, I have entertained[16] thee,
Partly, that I have need of such a youth,
That can with some discretion do my business,
For 't is no trusting to yond foolish lout;
But, chiefly, for thy face, and thy behaviour,
Which (if my augury deceive me not)
Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
Therefore know thee,[17] for this I entertain thee.
Go presently, and take this ring with thee:
Deliver it to Madam Silvia.
She lov'd me well, deliver'd it to me.[18]

Jul. It seems, you lov'd not her, to[19] leave her token.
She 's dead, belike?

Pro. Not so: I think, she lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why dost thou cry, alas?

Jul. I cannot choose but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

Jul. Because, methinks, that she lov'd you as well
As you do love your lady Silvia.
She dreams on him, that has forgot her love;
You dote on her, that cares not for your love.
'T is pity, love should be so contrary;[20]
And thinking on it makes me cry, alas!

Pro. Well, give her that ring, and therewithal
This letter: — that 's her chamber.[21] — Tell my lady,
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary. *[Exit.*

Jul. How many women would do such a message?
Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd
A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs.
Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him,
That with his very heart despiseth me?
Because he loves her, he despiseth me;
Because I love him, I must pity him.
This ring[22] I gave him when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will;
And now am I (unhappy messenger!)
To plead for that which I would not obtain;
To carry that which I would have refus'd,
To praise his faith which I would have disprais'd.[23]
I am my master's true-confirmed love,
But cannot be true servant to my master,
Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
Yet will I woo for him; but yet so coldly,
As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter SILVIA, *attended.*

Gentlewoman, good day. I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to speak with Madam Silvia.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?

Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom?

Jul. From my master, Sir Proteus, Madam.

Sil. O! he sends you for a picture?

Jul. Ay, Madam.

Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there. *[A picture brought.*
Go, give your master this: tell him from me,
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber, than this shadow.

Jul. Madam, please you peruse this letter. —
Pardon me, Madam, I have unadvis'd
Deliver'd you a paper that I should not:
This is the letter to your ladyship.

Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.

Jul. It may not be: good Madam, pardon me.

Sil. There, hold.
I will not look upon your master's lines:
I know, they are stuff'd with protestations,[24]
And full of new-found oaths,[25] which he will break
As easily as I do tear his paper.

Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

Sil. The more shame for him that he sends it me;
For I have heard him say a thousand times,
His Julia gave it him at his departure.
Though his false finger have profan'd the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.

Jul. She thanks you.

Sil. What say'st thou?

Jul. I thank you, Madam, that you tender her.
Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much.

Sil. Dost thou know her?

Jul. Almost as well as I do know myself:
To think upon her woes, I do protest,
That I have wept a hundred several times.

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als Page angeboten, und ist so eben von ihm um den Namen befragt worden. 13) Launce nennt so den anderen Hund, einen Schosshund, weil er so klein war wie ein Eichhörnchen. 14) Die Buben des Scharfrichters, dem eine Art von Hundepolizei zustand, hatten auf dem Marktplatze dem Launce den kleinen Hund weggenommen. — Für *the hangman's boys* der Fol. hat die zweite Folioausgabe von 1632 *the hangman's boy.* — Dyce erklärt die von ihm adoptirte Lesart Singer's *hangman boys* mit *rascal boys*, indem er *hangman* als ein hier adjectivisch gebrauchtes Schimpfwort fasst. 15) *still an end* = immer wieder. In ähnlichem Sinne wird auch *most an end* gebraucht. 16) *to entertain* = in Dienst nehmen. 17) So die Fol. in familiärer Redeweise. Manche Hgg. lesen mit der zweiten Folioausgabe das correctere *know thou.* 18) Die Construction ist: *She that delivered it to me, loved me well.* 19) Die Fol. hat *not* für *to.* Verbessert in der zweiten Folioausgabe. — *to leave* = fahren lassen, dahingeben; so in Merchant of Venice (A. 5, Sc. 1) *how unwillingly I left the ring.* 20) *contrary* = von verkehrter Richtung, widersprechend. 21) *that 's her chamber* = dort ist ihr Zimmer, ist mit einer begleitenden Handgeberde gesprochen. 22) Den Ring, den sie jetzt in Proteus' Namen der Silvia überbringen soll, hat sie ihm selbst beim Abschied geschenkt. Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 2. 23) Ich soll jetzt das an Silvia überbringen, was ich gerne von Silvia zurückgewiesen sähe; und ich soll ihr dessen Treue anpreisen, den ich gerne von Silvia herabgewürdigt, geringgeschätzt sähe. So in Romeo and Juliet (A. 3, Sc. 5) *Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue || Which she hath prais'd him with above compare.* 24) So sagt vorher einmal Julia von einem Briefe des Proteus: *Here is a coil with protestation.* Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 2, Anm. 20. 25) So kommt *new-tuned*

Sil. Belike, she thinks, that Proteus hath forsook her.
Jul. I think she doth, and that 's her cause of sorrow.
Sil. Is she not passing fair?
Jul. She hath been fairer, Madam, than she is.
When she did think my master lov'd her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you;
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask [26] away,
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I.
Sil. How tall was she?
Jul. About my stature; for, at Pentecost,[27]
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimm'd in Madam Julia's gown,
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgments,[28]
As if the garment had been made for me:
Therefore, I know she is about my height.
And at that time I made her weep agood,[29]
For I did play a lamentable part.
Madam, 't was Ariadne, passioning [30]
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight;
Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly, and 'would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow.
Sil. She is beholding to thee, gentle youth. —
Alas, poor lady! desolate and left! —
I weep myself, to think upon thy words.
Here, youth; there is my purse: I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.
Farewell. *[Exit* Silvia, *attended.*
Jul. And she shall thank you for 't, if e'er you know her. —
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful!
I hope my master's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my mistress' [31] love so much.
Alas, how love can trifle with itself!
Here is her picture. Let me see: I think,
If I had such a tire,[32] this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers;
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow: [33]
If that be all the difference in his love,
I 'll get me such a colour'd periwig.[34]
Her eyes are grey as glass,[35] and so are mine:
Ay, but her forehead 's low, and mine 's as high.[36]
What should it be, that he respects in her,
But I can make respective [37] in myself,
If this fond Love were not a blinded god?
Come, shadow,[38] come, and take this shadow up,
For 't is thy rival. O thou senseless form!
Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd,
And, were there sense in his idolatry,
My substance should be statue in thy stead.[39]
I 'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
That us'd me so,[40] or else, by Jove I vow,
I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
To make my master out of love with thee. *[Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

The Same. An Abbey.

Enter Eglamour.

Egl. The sun begins to gild the western sky,
And now it is about the very hour,
That Silvia at friar Patrick's cell should meet me.

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oaths in K. Henry V. (A. 3, Sc. 6) vor. 26) Der Maske bedienten sich zu Sh.'s Zeit die Damen statt des Schleiers beim Ausgehen, um ihren zarten Teint vor der Sonne zu schützen. Seitdem die Maske nicht mehr das Gesicht der Julia vor dem Sonnenbrande hütet, ist das Roth auf ihrer Wange so verblüht und das Weisse darauf so rauh angefasst, dass sie einen brünetten Teint bekommen hat. — Wie hier das verbale *to pinch*, so gebraucht in demselben Sinne Sh. das Substantiv in Antony and Cleopatra (A. 1, Sc. 5) *think on me,* || *That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black.* — *black* = brünett, als Gegensatz von *fair* = von feinem, weissem Teint. 27) Sh. dachte dabei an die altenglischen Schauspiele, ursprünglich religiöser Art, welche zu Pfingsten in verschiedenen Städten aufgeführt wurden, wie sich die Chester Whitsun Plays noch erhalten haben. — *pageant of delight* = ein ergötzliches Schauspiel, ein Schauspiel zur Belustigung. 28) So die Fol. Manche Hgg. ändern willkürlich *judgment.* 29) *agood* = ernstlich, aufrichtig. 30) *to passion* = einen Affect, namentlich der Liebe, darstellen oder empfinden. So in Venus and Adonis: *Dumbly she passions, franticly she doteth.* 31) *my mistress,* als Antithese zu *my master*, nennt Julia sich selbst, indem sie auch in ihrem Monolog den einmal angenommenen Charakter eines Dieners und Pagen beibehält. 32) Julia spricht von dem Kopfputz, in welchem Silvia sich hat malen lassen, der ihr Gesicht verschönt. 33) *auburn* = bräunlich gelb, *perfect yellow* = ganz blond. — In den vorigen Zeilen erscheint *to flatter* in doppelter Construction, als transitives Verbum, und als intransitives mit *with.* 34) Wenn der Unterschied, den Proteus zwischen Silvia und mir macht, bloss in der Farbe des Haares besteht, so will ich mir eine falsche Haartour *(periwig)* anschaffen, die solche Farbe hat wie Silvia's Haar. — Auf die damals unter den Damen weitverbreitete Mode, falsches Haar wegen der modischeren Farbe statt des eigenen zu tragen, spielt Sh. auch in Merchant of Venice (A. 3, Sc. 2) an: *So are those crisped snaky golden locks,* — — *Upon supposed fairness, often known* || *To be the dowry of a second head.* 35) Der graublaue, bläuliche Glanz der Augen wird mit dem des ebenso gefärbten Glases verglichen. Schon in Chaucer's Canterbury Tales kommt diese Vergleichung als eine schmeichelhafte vor: *Ful semely her wimple ypinched was;* || *Her nose tretis; her eyen grey as glas.* — Coles' Dictionary übersetzt *grey* lateinisch mit *caeruleus, glaucus.* 36) scil. *my forehead is as high as her forehead is low.* — Julia hat also in der hohen Stirn einen Vorzug vor der Silvia voraus. 37) *respective* = beachtenswerth, der Berücksichtigung werth, in Bezug auf das vorhergehende *to respect* = beachten, berücksichtigen. Häufiger gebraucht Sh. *respective* in etwas modificirtem Sinne = rücksichtsvoll. 38) Als Schatten, wie hier, hatte Julia sich schon vorher bezeichnet, A. 4, Sc. 2, *And make it but a shadow, as I am,* da sie aus Liebe zu Proteus sich ihres Wesens und Charakters entäussert hatte. 39) Wäre ein Sinn in der verliebten Abgötterei des Proteus, so würde er nicht das Bild der Silvia

She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
Unless it be to come before their time,
So much they spur their expedition.

Enter Silvia.

See, where she comes. — Lady, a happy evening!
Sil. Amen, amen! go on, good Eglamour,
Out at the postern by the abbey-wall.
I fear, I am attended by some spies.
Egl. Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off;
If we recover that, we are sure enough. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Same. A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Thurio, Proteus, *and* Julia.

Thu. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?
Pro. O, Sir! I find her milder than she was;
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.
Thu. What! that my leg is too long?
Pro. No, that it is too little.
Thu. I 'll wear a boot to make it somewhat rounder.
Jul. [Aside.] But love will not be spurr'd to what it loathes.[1]
Thu. What says she to my face?
Pro. She says it is a fair one.
Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies: my face is black.[2]
Pro. But pearls are fair, and the old saying is,
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.[3]
Jul. [Aside.] 'T is true, such pearls as put out ladies' eyes;
For I had rather wink than look on them.
Thu. How likes she my discourse?
Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.
Thu. But well, when I discourse of love and peace?
Jul. [Aside.] But better, indeed, when you hold your peace.
Thu. What says she to my valour?
Pro. O, Sir! she makes no doubt of that.
Jul. [Aside.] She needs not, when she knows it cowardice.
Thu. What says she to my birth?
Pro. That you are well deriv'd.[4]
Jul. [Aside.] True; from a gentleman to a fool.
Thu. Considers she my possessions?
Pro. O! ay; and pities them.
Thu. Wherefore?
Jul. [Aside.] That such an ass should owe[5] them.
Pro. That they are out by lease.[6]
Jul. Here comes the duke.

Enter Duke.

Duke. How now, Sir Proteus? how now, Thurio?
Which of you saw Sir Eglamour[7] of late?
Thu. Not I.
Pro. Nor I.
Duke. Saw you my daughter?
Pro. Neither.
Duke. Why, then
She 's fled unto that peasant[8] Valentine,
And Eglamour is in her company.
'T is true; for friar Laurence met them both,
As he in penance[9] wander'd through the forest;
Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she,
But, being mask'd,[10] he was not sure of it;
Besides, she did intend[11] confession
At Patrick's cell this even, and there she was not.
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
But mount[12] you presently; and meet with me
Upon the rising of the mountain-foot,
That[13] leads towards Mantua, whither they are fled.
Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. *[Exit.*
Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish[14] girl,
That flies her fortune when it follows her.
I 'll after, more to be reveng'd on Eglamour,
Than for the love of reckless Silvia.[15] *[Exit.*
Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love,
Than hate of Eglamour, that goes with her. *[Exit.*
Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love,
Than hate[16] for Silvia, that is gone for love. *[Exit.*

SCENE III.

The Forest.

Enter Silvia, *and Outlaws.*

1. Out. Come, come;
Be patient, we must bring you to our captain.

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anbeten, sondern das wahre Wesen der Julia anstatt des Bildes. — *sense* ist zugleich doppelsinnig = Empfindungsvermögen. — *statue* ist auch sonst in weiterem Sinne = Bild, obgleich Sh. hier vielleicht das Wort in Bezug auf *my substance* allerdings auch im gewöhnlichen Sinn, = Bildsäule, anwendet. — Wie Staunton vermuthet, hatte Sh. hier die Sage von Pygmalion im Sinn. 40) scil. *that us'd me kindly.*

1) Diese Worte ertheilt die Fol. dem Proteus zu, Boswell, in Uebereinstimmung mit den folgenden Bemerkungen der Julia, aber dieser. 2) Proteus fasst *fair* = schön, Thurio = hellfarbig, und als Gegensatz zu *black* = dunkelfarbig, brünett. Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 4, Anm. 26. 3) Malone citirt dazu aus Ray's Sprichwörtersammlung: *A black man is a jewel in a fair woman's eye.* — Die folgende Rede theilt die Fol. dem Thurio zu, während Rowe sie mit Recht der Julia giebt. 4) Proteus fasst *derived* = abgestammt, von guter Familie; Julia = durch Ableitung verändert, aus einem Edelmann zu einem Narren geworden. 5) *to owe* = besitzen, sein eigen nennen. 6) Nach Steevens' Erklärung bedauert Silvia, dass Thurio thörichter Weise seine Besitzungen unvortheilhaft verpachtet habe; nach Monk Mason's Deutung, dass die Besitzungen nicht in Thurio's eigenen Händen seien. Die letztere Deutung erscheint natürlicher als die etwas gesuchte von Lord Hailes, dass Proteus unter *possessions* die geistige Begabung Thurio's verstehe, welche nicht mehr sein Eigenthum sei. 7) So die vierte Folioausg. — Die erste Fol. lässt *Sir* vor *Eglamour* aus. 8) *peasant* wird hier als verächtliches Schimpfwort ganz abgesehen von seiner ursprünglichen Bedeutung gebraucht. 9) *penance* = fromme Uebungen. 10) Da sie eine Maske vor dem Gesicht hatte. Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 4, Anm. 26. 11) Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 3, Anm. 7. 12) *to mount*, hier als reflexives Verbum = zu Pferde steigen. 13) *that* bezieht sich auf *the rising:* der Weg, der vom Fusse des Gebirges aufsteigt und nach Mantua führt. 14) *peevish* = der nicht weiss, was er will. 15) *reckless* = der sich aus keiner Sache oder Person Etwas macht, der sich um nichts kümmert. 16) Vor *hate* ist ein *for* oder *out of* hinzuzudenken, das sich freilich aus dem Vorhergehenden nicht suppliren lässt. — Sh. beachtete nicht, dass die Construction hier eine andere ist, als in der entsprechenden Rede des Proteus *more for Silvia's love, than (for) hate of Eglamour.*

Sil. A thousand more mischances than this one
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.
2. Out. Come, bring her away.
1. Out. Where is the gentleman that was with her?
3. Out. Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us;
But Moyses and Valerius follow him.
Go thou with her to the west end of the wood;
There is our captain. We 'll follow him that 's fled:
The thicket is beset; he cannot scape.
1. Out. Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave.
Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.
Sil. O Valentine! this I endure for thee. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns.
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.[1]
O! thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless,
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,[2]
And leave no memory of what it was!
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia!
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain! —
What halloing, and what stir, is this to-day?
These are my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have some unhappy passenger in chase.
They love me well; yet I have much to do,
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, Valentine: who 's this comes here?
[Steps aside.

Enter PROTEUS, SILVIA, *and* JULIA.

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you[3]
(Though you respect not aught your servant doth),
To hazard life, and rescue you from him
That would have forc'd your honour and your love.
Vouchsafe me, for my meed,[4] but one fair look;
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.
Val. How like a dream is this I see and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile.
Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am!
Pro. Unhappy were you, Madam, ere I came;[5]
But by my coming I have made you happy.
Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.
Jul. [Aside.] And me, when he approacheth to your presence.
Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.
O heaven! be judge, how I love Valentine,
Whose life 's as tender[6] to me as my soul;
And full as much (for more there cannot be)
I do detest false perjur'd Proteus.
Therefore be gone: solicit me no more.
Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look!
O! 't is the curse in love, and still approv'd,[7]
When women cannot love, where they 're belov'd.
Sil. When Proteus cannot love, where he 's belov'd.
Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury to love me.
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou 'dst two,
And that 's far worse than none: better have none
Than plural faith,[8] which is too much by one.
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend![9]
Pro. In love,
Who respects friend?
Sil. All men but Proteus.
Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I 'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end,
And love you 'gainst the nature of love: force you.
Sil. O heaven!
Pro. I 'll force thee yield to my desire.
Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch;
Thou friend of an ill fashion!
Pro. Valentine!
Val. Thou common[10] friend, that 's without faith or love
(For such is a friend now); treacherous man!
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes: nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me. Now I dare not say,
I have one friend alive: thou wouldst disprove me.
Who should be trusted now,[11] when one's right hand
Is perjur'd to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest.[12] O time most accurst!
'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the worst!
Pro. My shame and guilt confounds me. —

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1) *to record* = anstimmen, singen, vorzugsweise vom Gesange der Vögel gebraucht. So in Beaumont und Fletcher's Pilgrim: *O, sweet, sweet! How the birds record too!* 2) Dasselbe Bild von einem Hause, das verfällt, weil es nicht bewohnt wird, findet sich in Comedy of Errors (A. 3, Sc. 2) *Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous?* 3) Proteus hat sein Leben auf's Spiel gesetzt, um Silvia aus der Gewalt der Räuber zu befreien. — Mit *from him that would etc.* ist der Hauptmann gemeint, zu dem die Räuber die Silvia bringen wollten. 4) *meed* = Gebühr, das Jemandem Zukommende. 5) Als Ihr in der Gewalt der Räuber waret. 6) *tender* = zärtlich gehegt, theuer. 7) *to approve* = erproben, erfahren. 8) *plural faith* = eine Treue, die Mehreren gewidmet wird. 9) Du bist ein Heuchler Deinem treuen Freunde gegenüber. 10) *common* = gewöhnlich, alltäglich, erhält seine nähere Erklärung in *that 's without faith or love*, das heisst ohne Treue oder Anhänglichkeit, denn so sind die Freunde heutzutage. 11) Das *now*, das in der Fol. fehlt, fügt die zweite Folioausg. ein; Hanmer las dafür weniger gut *Who should be trusted, when one's own right hand.* — Valentin klagte auch schon vorher über die jetzige Zeit, in der es keine wahren Freunde mehr gebe: Auf wen kann man sich jetzt verlassen, wenn die rechte Hand Jemandes dem Herzen ebendesselben sich meineidig erweist? 12) Die Wunde, die den Menschen in seinen innigsten Beziehungen trifft, geht am tiefsten. — Der Vers ist so holpericht, dass er schwerlich so von Sh. geschrieben ist. Johnson las *most curst.* Eher wäre mit Hanmer das *most* vor *accurst* zu streichen.

Forgive me, Valentine. If hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender 't here: I do as truly suffer
As e'er I did commit.
Val. Then I am paid;
And once again I do receive thee honest.
Who by repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for these are pleas'd.[13]
By penitence the Eternal's wrath 's appeas'd:
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.
Jul. O me unhappy! *[Faints.*
Pro. Look to the boy.
Val. Why, boy! why, wag! how now? what is the matter?
Look up; speak.
Jul. O good Sir! my master charg'd me
To deliver a ring to Madam Silvia,
Which, out of my neglect, was never done.[14]
Pro. Where is that ring, boy?
Jul. Here 't is: this is it. *[Gives a ring.*
Pro. How! let me see.
Why, this is the ring I gave to Julia.
Jul. O! cry you mercy, Sir; I have mistook:
This is the ring you sent to Silvia. *[Shows another ring.*
Pro. But, how cam'st thou by this ring?
At my depart I gave this unto Julia.
Jul. And Julia herself did give it me;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.
Pro. How? Julia!
Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,[15]
And entertain'd them deeply in her heart:
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root!
O Proteus! let this habit make thee blush:
Be thou asham'd, that I have took upon me
Such an immodest raiment; if shame live
In a disguise of love.[16]
It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes, than men their minds.
Pro. Than men their minds! 't is true. O heaven were man
But constant, he were perfect: that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all the sins:
Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins.
What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy
More fresh in Julia's, with a constant eye?[17]
Val. Come, come, a hand from either.
Let me be blest to make this happy close:
'T were pity two such friends should be long foes.
Pro. Bear witness, heaven, I have my wish for ever.
Jul. And I mine.

Enter Outlaws, with Duke *and* Thurio.

Out. A prize! a prize! a prize!
Val. Forbear: forbear, I say; it is my lord the duke. —
Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,[18]
Banished Valentine.
Duke. Sir Valentine!
Thu. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia 's mine.
Val. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death.
Come not within the measure of my wrath:[19]
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,
Verona shall not hold thee.[20] Here she stands:
Take but possession of her with a touch;
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.
Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I.
I hold him but a fool that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.
Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means for her as thou hast done,[21]
And leave her on such slight conditions.[22]
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love.[23]

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13) Himmel und Erde werden durch eine aufrichtige Reue zufriedengestellt. — Die Commentatoren haben vielfach Anstoss genommen an der Art, wie Valentin plötzlich und unmotivirt allen Ansprüchen auf Silvia's Liebe zu Gunsten seines wiedergewonnenen Freundes Proteus entsagt. Baron Field schlägt deshalb vor zu lesen *All that was thine in Silvia etc.*, und Staunton möchte die beiden letzten Zeilen dieser Rede dem Proteus, nicht dem Valentin in den Mund legen und demgemäss ändern *All that was mine in Julia I give thee.* — Dyce findet mit Recht keinerlei Schwierigkeit in dem alten Text, zu dessen genügender Erklärung er folgenden Passus aus Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare citirt: *He (Proteus) expressed such a lively sorrow for the injuries he had done to Valentine, that Valentine whose nature was noble and generous, even to a romantic degree, not only forgave and restored him to his former place in his friendship, but in a sudden flight of heroism he said, „I freely do forgive you, and all the interest I have in Silvia, I give up to you.“ Julia who was standing beside her master as a page, hearing this strange offer, and fearing Proteus would not be able with this new-found virtue to refuse Silvia, fainted, and they were all employed in recovering her; else would Silvia have been offended at being thus made over to Proteus, though she could scarcely think that Valentine would long persevere in this over-strained and too generous act of friendship.* 14) Die Fol. und manche Hgg. drucken diese Rede und die vorhergehende als Prosa, schwerlich im Sinne Sh.'s, der alle ernsten Scenen dieses Dramas in Versen schrieb. 15) Sie, die allen Deinen Eiden ein Ziel darbot, die allen Deinen Schwüren ihre Richtung gab. — Das Bild von einem Schussziele wird fortgesetzt in dem zweitfolgenden Verse, wo *the root*, die Wurzel des Herzens, das Herz der Julia ist, das Proteus mit seinen Meineiden gespalten hat, wie der Pfeil den Pflock in der Schiessscheibe spaltet. 16) *disguise of love* = Verkleidung aus Liebe, und = Liebestäuschung. 17) In Silvia's Antlitz ist kein Reiz, den ich nicht jugendlicher, frischer in Julia's Antlitz entdecke, wenn ich nur treu und beständig bin. 18) Wortspiel zwischen *grace* = Gnade, und *disgraced* = der in Ungnade ist. 19) *measure of my wrath* = so weit mein Schwert, das ich im Zorn zücke, reicht. 20) Wenn Du noch einmal Silvia die Deine nennst, so soll Verona selbst, meine Vaterstadt, Dich nicht vertheidigen oder behaupten gegen meinen Zorn. — Das müsste der Sinn sein, wenn nicht etwa, wie höchst wahrscheinlich, Sh. auch hier einen italienischen Städtenamen mit dem andern verwechselt hätte und eigentlich *Milan* für *Verona* hätte setzen wollen, da Thurio, wie es scheint, aus Mailand ist. — Theobald änderte daher nicht nur *Verona* in *Milan*, sondern auch des Verses wegen *hold* in *behold* um. — Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 5, Anm. 1 und A. 3, Sc. 1, Anm. 12. 21) *to make means*, in gehässigem Sinn =

Know then, I here forget all former griefs,[24]
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again. —
Plead a new state[25] in thy unrivall'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe: Sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd;
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd her.
Val. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me happy.
I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.
Duke. I grant it for thine own, whate'er it be.
Val. These banish'd men, that I have kept withal,[26]
Are men endued with worthy qualities:
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile.[27]
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.
Duke. Thou hast prevail'd; I pardon them, and thee:
Dispose of them, as thou know'st their deserts.
Come, let us go: we will include[28] all jars
With triumphs,[29] mirth, and rare solemnity.
Val. And as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your grace to smile.
What think you of this page, my lord?
Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him: he blushes.
Val. I warrant you, my lord, more grace than boy.
Duke. What mean you by that saying?
Val. Please you, I 'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortuned. —
Come, Proteus; 't is your penance but to hear
The story of your loves discovered:
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.[30] *[Exeunt*

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allerlei Mittel anwenden, nicht gerade zu Werke gehen. So in K. Richard III. (A. 5, Sc. 3) *One that made means to come by what he hath.* 22) *on such slight conditions* = auf solche verächtliche Bedingungen hin, wie Valentin sie dem Thurio stellt. 23) Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 4, Anm. 10. 24) *grief* = Beschwerde, Verdruss. 25) Du darfst einen neuen, höheren Rang als den angeborenen beanspruchen in Deinem Verdienst, das von keinem Nebenbuhler erreicht wird. — *plead* ist Imperativ und beginnt einen neuen Satz, nach Tyrwhitt's Erklärung; andere Hgg. verbinden nach der Fol. das Wort mit dem Vorhergehenden und fassen demnach *plead* als Indicativ erste Person. 26) *to keep with* ist intransitives Verbum = sich zu Jemandem halten. — *withal* steht für *with.* — So in K. Henry IV. First Part (A. 2, Sc. 4) *him keep with, the rest banish.* 27) Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 2, Anm. 1. 28) *to include* = einschliessen in Etwas, beseitigen, beilegen. — Hanmer änderte ohne Grund *conclude* dafür. 29) *triumphs* = ritterliche oder höfische Feste und Schauspiele mit Prachtaufzügen verbunden, ohne dass dabei gerade an eine Siegesfeier zu denken ist. So in Midsummer-Night's Dream (A. 1, Sc. 1) *With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.* 30) *mutual* = gemeinsam.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Einleitung.

Das Lustspiel Merry Wives of Windsor erschien, nachdem es kurz vorher in die Register der Buchhändler eingetragen war, zuerst im Jahre 1602 in einer Quartausgabe mit folgendem Titelblatt: A Most pleasaunt and excellent conceited Comedie, of Syr Iohn Falstaffe, and the merrie Wiues of Windsor. Entermixed with sundrie variable and pleasing humors, of Syr Hugh the Welch Knight, Iustice Shallow, and his wise Cousin M. Slender. With the swaggering vaine of Auncient Pistoll, and Corporall Nym. By William Shakespeare. As it hath bene diuers times Acted by the right Honorable my Lord Chamberlaines seruants. Both before her Maiestie, and else-where. London Printed by T. C. for Arthur Iohnson, and are to be sold at his shop in Powles Church-yard, at the signe of the Flower de Leuse and the Crowne. 1602. — Der als Drucker bezeichnete T. C. ist Thomas Creede, welcher mehrere der früheren Quartausgaben Shakspere'scher Dramen druckte. — Dieser ersten Ausgabe (Q. A.) folgte im Jahre 1619 eine zweite, die indess nichts als ein fast wörtlicher Abdruck derselben, mit höchst geringfügigen und kaum nennenswerthen Abweichungen, ist. — In der Gesammtausgabe der Shakspere'schen Dramen in Folio vom Jahre 1623 steht The Merry Wiues of Windsor als das dritte Stück in der Reihe der Comedies und ist hier zuerst in Acte und Scenen eingetheilt, aber mit keinem Personenverzeichniss versehen, welches Rowe in seiner Ausgabe von 1709 beifügte. Aus der Folioausgabe endlich ist eine dritte Einzelausgabe in Quarto im Jahre 1630 eben so wörtlich abgedruckt, wie die Quarto von 1619 aus der Quarto von 1602.

Der Text dieser ersten Quartausgabe steht zu dem Texte der Folio in gleichem oder doch ähnlichem Verhältnisse, wie es sich bei drei andern Dramen unsers Dichters herausstellt. (Vgl. die Einleitungen zu Hamlet, Romeo and Juliet, und King Henry V.) Es wiederholt sich also auch hier die Frage, die bei jenen Dramen zur Sprache kommt, ohne in ganz bestimmter Antwort sich entscheiden zu lassen, die Frage nämlich, ob die kürzere und vielfach von der späteren vollständigen Gestalt abweichende Fassung des Quartotextes lediglich zurückzuführen sei auf die nachlässige und gewissenlose Art, mit welcher ein unrechtmässiger Herausgeber das ihm in ächter und ganzer Form nicht zur Verfügung gestellte Drama aus einzelnen Fetzen, vielleicht mit fremder und untergeordneter Beihülfe, nothdürftig zusammengeflickt und für den Druck zurecht gemacht habe; oder ob diese frühere Fassung hindeute auf eine frühere Bearbeitung von Seiten des Dichters selbst, auf eine Bearbeitung, die er später selbst verworfen und mit derjenigen vertauscht habe, welche uns in den Texten der Folioausgabe vorliegt. Diejenigen Kritiker, welche überhaupt solche doppelte Shakspere'sche Bearbeitungen der betreffenden Dramen anzunehmen geneigt sind, entscheiden sich vorzugsweise bestimmt für diese Ansicht bei unserm Lustspiele und begründen ihre Hypothese zum Theil mit auf eine Tradition, die sich freilich nicht weiter zurück hat verfolgen lassen, als bis zum Jahre 1702, wo ein gewisser John Dennis unter dem Titel The Comical Gallant eine neue Bearbeitung der Merry Wives of Windsor auf die Bühne und dann auch in den Druck brachte. In der Widmungsepistel sagt Dennis von dem Shakspere'schen Stück: *That this comedy was not despicable, I guess'd for several reasons; First I knew very well that it had pleas'd one of the greatest queens that ever was in the world, great not only for her wisdom in the arts of government, but for her knowledge of polite learning, and her nice taste of the drama, for such a taste we may be sure she had, by the relish which she had of the ancients. This comedy was written at her command, and by her direction, and she was so eager to see it acted, that she commanded it to be finished in fourteen days; and was afterwards as tradition tells us very well pleas'd at the representation.* — Einen weiteren Zug zu dieser Tradition fügt Rowe in seinem Life of Shakspeare (1709) hinzu, wenn er von der Königin Elisabeth sagt: *She was so well pleased with that admirable character of Falstaff in the two parts of Henry IV., that she commanded him to continue it for one play more, and to show him in love: this is said to be the occasion of his writing the Merry Wives of Windsor.* — Welche Beglaubigung diese erst um ein volles Jahrhundert nach der Entstehung des Lustspiels gelegentlich bei Dennis als Tradition auftauchende Sage für sich in Anspruch nehmen kann, ob ihr wirklich etwas Thatsächliches zu Grunde liegt, ob nicht vielmehr die auf dem Titelblatt der ersten Ausgabe von 1602 erhaltene Notiz, dass das Lustspiel von der Shakspere'schen Schauspielergesellschaft vor der Königin aufgeführt sei, in Verbindung mit dem Umstande, dass die Scene in Windsor, der zeitweiligen Residenz der Königin, liegt, sowie mit der zum Schlusse eingeflochtenen Verherrlichung des Hosenbandordens, dem die Schlosskapelle in Windsor gewidmet ist, — ob nicht das Alles Veranlassung gewesen sein mag, auf einen ausdrücklichen Befehl der Königin anekdotisch zurückzuführen, was entweder Wunsch des Publicums oder Idee des Dichters selber war, — darüber wird sich eine endgültige Entscheidung heutzutage

schwerlich mehr, in Ermangelung jeder früheren und zuverlässigeren Ueberlieferung, ermitteln lassen. Ganz undenkbar aber muss es jedenfalls erscheinen, obwohl manche Kritiker diese Ansicht hegen, dass die unvollkommene Skizze des Lustspiels, wie sie in der Quartausgabe von 1602 vorliegt, von dem Dichter als die Frucht seiner muthmasslichen vierzehntägigen Arbeit auf das Theater gebracht und laut des Titelblattes »vor der Königin wie anderswo« hat aufgeführt sein können. Dass die Merry Wives of Windsor in dieser unfertigen Gestalt so wenig wie Hamlet, Romeo and Juliet und King Henry V. in der Fassung ihrer ersten Ausgaben jemals vom Dichter geschrieben und zur Darstellung befördert sein konnten, wird sich am deutlichsten, wie bei den genannten drei Dramen, aus einigen Auszügen aus diesem ältesten, in jeder Beziehung mangelhaften Texte ergeben.

Zunächst stehe hier was in der Quarto von 1602 der ersten Scene des zweiten Acts entspricht:

Enter Mistresse *Page*, reading of a Letter.

Mis. Pa. Mistresse Page I loue you. Aske me no reason,
Because theyr impossible to alledge. Your faire,
And I am fat. Yon loue sack, so do I:
As I am sure I haue no mind but to loue,
So I know you haue no hart but to grant.
A souldier doth not vse many words, where a knowes
A letter may serue for a sentence. I loue you,
And so I leaue you.

Yours Syr John Falstaffe.

Now Ieshu blesse me, am I methomorphised? I thinke I knowe not myselfe. Why what a Gods name doth this man see in mee, that thus he shootes at my honestie? Well but that I knowe my owne heart, I should scarcely perswade my selfe I were hand. Why what an vnreasonable woolsack is this? He was neuer twice in my companie, and if then I thought I gaue such assurance with my eies, Ide. pul them out, they should neuer see more holie daies. Well, I shall trust fat men the worse while I liue for his sake. O God that I knew how to be reuenged of him. But in good time, heeres mistresse Foord.

Enter Mistresse *Foord*.

Mis. For. How now Mistris Page, are you reading Loue Letters? How do you woman?
Mis. Pa. O woman I am I know not what
In loue vp to the hard eares. I was neuer in such a case in my life.
Mis. Ford. In loue, now in the name of God with whom?
Mis. Pa. With one that sweares he loues me,
And I must not choose but do the like againe:
I prethie looke on that Letter.
Mis. For. Ile match your letter iust with the like,
Line for line, word for word. Only the name
Of misteris Page, and misteris Foord disagrees:
Do me the kindness to looke vpon this.
Mis. Pa. Why this is right my letter.
O most notorious villaine!
Why what a bladder of iniquitie is this?
Lets be reuenged what so ere we do.
Mis. For. Reuenged, if we liue weel be reuenged.
O Lord if my husband should see this Letter
Ifaith this would euen giue edge to his Iealousie.

Enter *Ford*, *Page*, *Pistoll* and *Nym*.

Mis. Pa. See where our husbands are,
Mine's as far from Iealousie,
As I am from wronging him.
Pis. Ford the words I speake are forst:
Beware, take heed, for Falstaffe loues thy wife:
When Pistoll lies do this.
Ford. Why sir my wife is not young.
Pis. He wooes both yong and old, both rich and poore
None comes amis. I say he loues thy wife:
Faire warning did I giue, take heed,
For sommer comes, and Cuckoo birds appeare:
Page, belieue him what he ses, Away sir Corporall Nym. [Exit *Pistoll.*
Nym. Syr the humor of it is, he loues your wife,
I should ha borne the humor Letter to her:
I speake and I auouch tis true: My name is Nym.
Farwell, I loue not the humor of bread and cheese:
And theres the humor of it. [Exit *Nym.*
Pa. The humor of it, quoth you:
Heres a fellow frites humor out of his wits.
Mis. Pa. How now sweet hart, how dost thou?

Enter Mistresse *Quickly*.

Pa. How now man? How do you mistris Ford?
Mis. For. Well I thanke you good M. Page.
How now husband, how chaunce thou art so melancholy.
Ford. Melancholy, I am uot melancholy.
Goe get you in, goe.
Mis. For. God saue me, see who yonder is:
Weele set her a worke in this businesse.
Mis. Pa. O sheele serue excellent.
Now you come to see my daughter An I am sure.
Quic. I forsooth that is my comming.
Mis. Pa. Come go in with me: Come Mis. Ford.
Mis. For. I follow you Mistresse Page.

[Exit Mistresse *Ford*, Mis. *Page*, and *Quickly*.

For. M. Page did you heare what these fellowes said?
Pa. Yes M. Ford, what of that sir?
For. Do you thinke it is true that they told vs?
Pa. No by my troth do I not,
I rather take them to be paltry lying knaues,
Such as rather speakes of enuie,
Then of any certaine they haue
Of any thing. And for the knight, perhaps
He hath spoke merrily, as the fashion of fat men
Are: But should he loue my wife,
Ifaith Ide turne her loose to him:
And what he got more of her,
Then ill lookes, and shrowd words,
Why let me beare the penaltie of it.
For. Nay I do not mistrust my wife,
Yet Ide be loth to turne them together,
A man may be too confident.

Enter Host and *Shallow*.

Pa. Here comes my ramping host of the garter,
Ther's either licker in his hed, or mony in his purse,
That he lookes so merily. Now mine Host?
Host. God blesse you my bully rookes, God blesse you.
Cauelera Iustice I say.

Shal. At hand mine host, at hand. M. Ford god den to you.
God den an twentie good M. Page.
I tell you sir we haue sport in hand.
Host. Tell him cauelira Iustice: tell him bully rooke.
Ford. Mine Host a the garter:
Host. What ses my bully rooke?
Ford. A word with you sir.
[*Ford* and the Host talkes.
Shal. Harke you sir, Ile tell you what the sport shall be,
Doctor Cayus and sir Hu are to fight,
My merrie Host hath had the measuring
Of their weapons, and hath
Appointed them contrary places. Harke in your eare:
Host. Hast thou no shute against my knight,
My guest, my cauellira.
Ford. None I protest: But tell him my name
Is Rrooke, onlie for a Iest.
Host. My hand bully: Thou shalt
Haue egres and regres, and thy
Name shall be Brooke: Sed I well bully Hector?
Shal. I tell you what M. Page, I beleeue
The Doctor is no Iester, heele laie it on:
For tho we be Iustices and Doctors,
And Church men, yet we are
The sonnes of women M. Page:
Pa. True maister Shallow:
Shal. It will be found so maister Page:
Pa. Maister Shallow you your selfe
Haue bene a great fighter,
Tho now a man of peace:
Shal. M. Page I haue seene the day that yong
Tall fellowes with theier stroke & their passado,
I haue made them trudge Maister Page,
A tis the hart, the hart doth all: I
Haue seene the day, with my two hand sword
I would a made you foure tall Fencers
Scipped like Rattes.
Host. Here boyes, shall we wag, shall we wag?
Shal. Ha with you mine host.
[Exit Host and *Shallow*.
Pa. Come M. Ford, shall we to dinner?
I know these fellowes sticks in your minde.
For. No in good sadnesse not in mine:
Yet for all this Ile try it further,
I will not leaue it so:
Come M. Page, shall we to dinner?
Pa. With all my hart sir, Ile follow you.
[Exit omnes.

Um eine Probe von dem Blankverse der ersten Quarto zu geben, folge hier die vierte Scene des dritten Actes:

Enter M. *Fenton*, *Page*, and Mistresse *Quickly*.

Fen. Tell me sweet Nan, how doest thou yet resolue,
Shall foolish Slender haue thee to his wife?
Or one as wise as he, the learned Doctor?
Shall such as they enioy thy maiden hart?
Thou knowst that I haue alwaies loued thee deare,
And thou hast oft times swore the like to me.
An. Good M. Fenton, you may assure your selfe
My hart is setled vpon none but you,
Tis as my father and mother please:
Get their consent, you quickly shall haue mine.
Fen. Thy father thinks I loue thee for his wealth,
Tho I must needs confesse at first that drew me,
But since thy vertues wiped that trash away,
I loue thee Nan, and so deare is it set,
That whilst I liue, I nere shall thee forget.
Quic. Godes pitie here comes her father.

Enter M. *Page*, his wife, M. *Shallow*, and *Slender*.

Pa. M. Fenton I pray what make you here?
You know my answere sir, shees not for you:
Knowing my vow, to blame to vse me thus.
Fen. But heare me speake sir.
Pa. Pray sir get you gon: Come hither daughter,
Sonne Slender let me speak with you. [they whisper.
Quic. Speake to Misteris Page.
Fen. Pray misteris Page let me haue your cōsent —
Mis. Pa. Ifaith M. Fentō tis as my husband please.
For my part Ile neither hinder you, nor further you.
Quic. How say you this was my doings?
I bid you speake to misteris Page.
Fen. Here nurse, theres a brace of angels to drink,
Worke what thou canst for me, farwell. [Exit *Fen.*
Quic. By my troth so I will, good hart.
Pa. Come wife, you an I will in, weele leaue M. Slēder
And my daughter to talke together. M. Shallow,
You may stay sir if you please.
[Exit *Page* and his wife.
Shal. Mary I thanke you for that:
To her cousin, to her.
Slen. Ifaith I know not what to say.
An. Now M. Slender, whats your will?
Slen. Godeso theres a Iest indeed: why misteris An,
I neuer made wil yet: I thāk God I am wise inough for that.
Shal. Fie cusse fie, thou art not right,
O thou hadst a father.
Slen. I had a father misteris Anne, good vncle
Tell the Iest how my father stole the goose out of
The henloft. All this is nought, harke you mistresse Anne.
Shal. He will make you ioynter of three hundred pound a yeare, he shall make you a gentlewoman.
Slend. Ibe God that I vill, come cut and long taile, as good as any is in Glostershire, vnder the degree of a Squire.
An. O God how many grosse faults are hid,
And couered in three hundred pound a yeare?
Well M. Slender, within a day or two Ile tell you more.
Slend. I thanke you good misteris Anne, vncle I shall haue her.
Quic. M. Shallow, M. Page would pray you to come you, and you M. Slender, and you mistris An.
Slend. Well Nurse, if youle speake for me, Ile giue you more than Ile talke of.
[Exit omnes but *Quickly*.
Quic. Indeed I will, Ile speake what I can for you,
But specially for M. Fenton:
But specially of all for my Maister.
And indeed I will do what I can for them all three.
[Exit

Ferner die vierte Scene des vierten Actes:

Enter *Ford*, *Page*, their wiues, *Shallow*, and *Slender*. Syr *Hu*.

Ford. Well wife, heere take my hand, vpon my soule I loue thee dearer then I do my life, and joy I hnue so true and constant wife, my iealousie shall neuer more offend thee.

Mi. For. Sir I am glad, & that which I haue done,
Was nothing else but mirth and modestie.

Pa. I misteris Ford, Falstaffe hath all the griefe,
And in this knauerie my wife was the chiefe.

Mi. Pa. No knauery husband, it was honest mirth.

Hu. Indeed it was good pastimes & merriments.

Mis. For. But sweete heart shall wee leaue olde Falstaffe so?

Mis. Pa. O by no meanes, send to him againe.

Pa. I do not thinke heele come being so much deceiued.

For. Let me alone, Ile to him once againe like Brooke, and know his mind whether heele come or not.

Pa. There must be some plot laide, or heele not come.

Mis. Pa. Let vs alone for that. Heare my deuice.
Oft haue you heard since Horne the hunter dyed,
That women to affright their litle children,
Ses that he walkes in shape of a great stagge.
Now for that Falstaffe hath bene so deceiued,
As that he dares not venture to the house,
Weele send him word to meet vs in the field,
Disguised like Horne, with huge horns on his head,
The houre shalbe iust betweene twelue and one,
And at that time we will meet him both:
Then would I haue you present there at hand,
With litle boyes disguised and dressed like Fayries,
For to affright fat Falstaffe in the woods.
And then to make a period to the Iest,
Tell Falstaffe all, I thinke this will do best.

Pa. Tis excellent, and my daughter Anne
Shall like a litle Fayrie be disguised.

Mis. Pa. And in that Maske Ile make Doctor steale my daughter An, & ere my husband knowes it, to carrie her to Church, and marrie her.

Mis. For. But who will buy the silkes to tyre the boyes?

Pa. That will I do, and in a robe of white
Ile cloath my daughter, and aduertise Slender
To know her by that signe, and steale her thence.
And vnknowne to my wife, shall marrie her.

Hu. So kad vdge me the deuises is excellent.
I will also be there, and be like a Iackanapes,
And pinch him most cruelly for his lecheries.

Mis. Pa. Why then we are reuenged sufficiently.
First he was carried and throwne in the Thames,
Next beaten well, I am sure youle witnes that.

Mi. For. Ile lay my life this makes him nothing fat.

Pa. Well lets about this stratagem, I long
To see deceit deceiued, and wrong haue wrong.

For. Well send to Falstaffe, and if he come thither,
Twil make vs smile and laugh one moneth togither.

[Exit omnes.

Die interessantesten Punkte zur Vergleichung bietet der Schluss des Stückes, der in der ersten Quarto so lautet:

Enter Sir *Iohn*, with a Bucks head vpon him.

Fal. This is the third time, well Ile venter,
They say there is good luck in odd numbers,
Ioue transformed himselfe into a bull,
And I am here a Stag, and I thinke the fattest
In all Windsor forrest: well I stand here
For Horne the hunter, waiting my Does comming.

Enter Mistris *Page*, and Mistris *Ford*.

Mis. Pa. Sir Iohn, where are you?

Fal. Art thou come my doe? what and thou too? Welcome Ladies.

Mi. For. I I sir Iohn, I see you will not faile,
Therefore you deserue far better then our loues;
But it grieues me for your late crosses.

Fal. This makes amends for all,
Come diuide me betweene you, each a hanch,
For my horns Ile bequeath thē to your husbands,
Do I speake like Horne the hunter, ha?

Mis. Pa. God forgiue me, what noise is this?

[There is a noise of hornes, the two women run away.

Enter sir *Hugh* like a Satyre, and boyes drest like Fayries, mistresse *Quickly*, like the Queene of Fayries: they sing a song about him, and afterward speake.

Quic. You Fayries that do haunt these shady groues,
Looke round about the wood if you can espie
A mortall that doth haunt our sacred round:
If such a one you can espie; giue him his due,
And leaue not till you pinch him blacke and blew:
Giue them their charge Puck ere they part away.

Sir Hu. Come hither Peane, go to the countrie houses,
And when you finde a slut that lies a sleepe,
And all her dishes foule, and roome vnswept,
With your long nailes pinch her till she crie,
And sweare to mend her sluttish huswiferie.

Fai. I warrant you I will performe your will.

Hu. Where is Pead? go you & see where Brokers sleep,
And fox-eyed Seriants with their mase,
Goe laie the Proctors in the street,
And pinch the lowsie Seriants face:
Spare none of these when they are a bed,
But such whose nose lookes plew and red.

Quic. Away begon, his mind fulfill,
And looke that none of you stand still.
Some do that thing, some do this,
All do something, none amis.

Hir. sir Hu. I smell a man of middle-earth.

Fal. God blesse me from that wealch Fairie.

Quic. Looke euery one about this round,
And if that any here be found,
For his presumption in this place,
Spare neither legge, arme, head, nor face.

Sir Hu. See I haue spied one by good luck,
His bodie man, his head a buck.

Fal. God send me good fortune now, and I care not.

Quic. Go strait, and do as I commaund,
And take a Taper in your hand,
And set it to his fingers endes,
And if you see it him offends,
And that he starteth at the flame,
Then is he mortall, know his name:
If with an F. it doth begin,
Why then be shure he is full of sin.
About it then, and know the truth,
Of this same metamorphised youth.
Sir Hu. Giue me the Tapers, I will try
And if that he loue venery.

[They put the Tapers to his fingers, and he starts.

Sir Hu. It is right indeed, he is full of lecheries and iniquitie.
Quic. A little distant from him stand,
And euery one take hand in hand,
And compasse him within a ring,
First pinch him well, and after sing.

[Here they pinch him, and sing about him, & the Doctor comes one way & steales away a boy in red. And *Slender* another way he takes a boy in greene: And *Fenton* steales misteris *Anne*, being in white. And a noyse of hunting is made within: and all the Fairies runne away. *Falstaffe* pulles of his bucks head, and rises up. And enters M. *Page*, M. *Ford*, and their wiues, M. *Shallow*, Sir *Hugh*.

Fal. Horne the hunter quoth you: am I a ghost?
Sblood the Fairies had made a ghost of me:
What hunting at this time at night?
Ile lay my life the mad Prince of Wales
Is stealing his fathers Deare. How now who haue
We here, what is all Windsor stirring? Are you there?
Shal. God saue you sir Iohn Falstaffe.
Sir Hu. God plesse you sir Iohn, God plesse you.
Pa. Why how now sir Iohn, what a pair of horns in your hand?
Ford. Those hornes he ment to place vpon my head,
And M. Brooke and he should be the men:
Why how now sir Iohn, why are you thus amazed?
We know the Fairies man that pinched you so,
Your throwing in the Thames, your beating well,
And whats to come sir Iohn, that can we tell.
Mi. Pa. Sir Iohn tis thus, your dishonest meanes
To call our credits into question,
Did make vs vndertake to our best,
To turne your leaud lust to a merry Iest.
Fal. Iest, tis well, haue I liued to these yeares
To be gulled now, now to be ridden?
Why then these were not Fairies?
Mis. Pa. No sir Iohn but boyes.
Fal. By the Lord I was twice or thrise in the mind
They were not, and yet the grosnesse
Of the fopperie perswaded me they were.
Well, and the fine wits of the Court heare this,
Thayle so whip me with their keene Iests,
That thayle melt me out like tallow,
Drop by drop out of my grease. Boyes!
Sir Hu. I trust me boyes sir Iohn: and I was
Also a Fairie that did helpe to pinch you.
Fal. I, tis well I am your May-pole,
You haue the start of mee,
Am I ridden too with a wealch goate?
With a peece of toasted cheese?
Sir Hu. Butter is better than cheese sir Iohn,
You are all butter, butter,
For. There is a further matter yet sir Iohn,
There's 20. pound you borrowed of M. Brooke Sir Iohn,
And it must be paid to M. Ford Sir Iohn.
Mi. For. Nay husband let that go to make amends,
Forgiue that sum, and so weele all be friends.
For. Well here is my hand, all's forgiuen at last.
Fal. It hath cost me well,
I haue bene well pinched and washed.

Enter the Doctor.

Mi. Pa. Now M. Doctor, sonne I hope you are.
Doct. Sonne begar you be de ville voman,
Begar I tinck to marry metres An, and begar
Tis a whorson garson Iack boy.
Mis. Pa. How a boy?
Doct. I begar a boy.
Pa. Nay be not angry wife, Ile tell thee true,
It was my plot to deceiue thee so:
And by this time your daughter's married
To M. Slender, and see where he comes.

Enter *Slender*.

Now sonne Slender,
Where's your bride?
Slen. Bride, by Gods lyd I thinke theres neuer a man in the worell hath that crosse fortune that I haue: begod I could cry for verie anger.
Pa. Why whats the matter sonne Slender?
Slen. Sonne, nay by God I am none of your son.
Pa. No, why so?
Slen. Why so God saue me, tis a boy I haue married.
Pa. How a boy? why did you mistake the word?
Slen. No neither, for I came to her in red as you bad me, and I cried mum, and hee cried budget, so well as euer you heard, and I haue married him.
Sir Hu. Jeshu M. Slender, cannot you see but marrie boyes?
Pa. O I am vext at hart, what shal I do?

Enter *Fenton* and *Anne*.

Mis. Pa. Here comes the man that hath deceiued vs all:
How now daughter, where haue you bin?
An. At Church forsooth.
Pa. At Church, what haue you done there?
Fen. Married to me, nay sir neuer storme,
Tis done sir now, and cannot be vndone.
Ford. Ifaith M. Page neuer chafe your selfe,
She hath made her choise wheras her hart was fixt,
Then tis in vaine for you to storme or fret.
Fal. I am glad yet then your arrow hath glanced.
Mi. For. Come mistris Page, Ile be bold with you,
Tis pitie to part loue that is so true.
Mis. Pa. Altho that I haue missed in my intent,
Yet I am glad my husbands match was crossed,
Here M. Fenton, take her, and God giue thee ioy.
Sir Hu. Come M. Page, you must needs agree.
Fo. I yfaith sir come, you see your wife is wel pleased.

Pa. I cannot tel, and yet my hart's well eased,
And yet it doth me good the Doctor missed.
Come hither Fenton, and come hither daughter,
Go too, you might haue stai'd for my good will,
But since your choise is made of one you loue,
Here take her Fenton, & both happie proue.
Sir Hu. I will also dance & eat plums at your weddings.

Ford. All parties pleased, now let vs in to feast,
And laugh at Slender, and the Doctors ieast.
He hath got the maiden, each of you a boy
To waite vpon you, so God giue you ioy,
And sir Iohn Falstaffe now shal you keep your word,
For Brooke this night shall lye with mistris Ford.
[Exit omnes.

Es ergiebt sich aus diesen Proben schon hinlänglich, dass die so verwahrloste und abweichende erste Quartoedition für die Kritik und Correctur des gangbaren Textes, dem sich natürlich nur die Folioausgabe zu Grunde legen lässt, nur ausnahmsweise Anhaltspunkte und Aushülfe gewährt, namentlich da, wo bei dem wahrscheinlich nach einem Bühnenmanuscripte des Blackfriarstheaters ziemlich nachlässig besorgten Drucke in der Folioausgabe einzelne durch den Zusammenhang geforderte Worte oder Verse ausgefallen sind, welche sich zufällig in der Quarto finden. Im Uebrigen bietet bei der grossen Einfachheit und Klarheit der Sprache der Text der Merry Wives of Windsor wenig Schwierigkeiten, und die etwa nöthig werdenden Emendationen sind bereits von den früheren Commentatoren grösstentheils in sicherer und befriedigender Weise entdeckt und festgestellt.

Für die chronologische Bestimmung unseres Lustspiels ist einerseits zu erwägen, dass das Titelblatt der ersten Ausgabe von 1602 nichts enthält, was auf eine erst kürzlich erfolgte Aufführung hindeutete, sondern nur besagt: *as it hath been divers times acted*, andrerseits, dass das Drama jedenfalls erst nach King Henry IV. First and Second Part, vielleicht auch erst nach King Henry V. oder gleichzeitig mit dem letztern Schauspiel verfasst sein kann; denn erst die ungemeine Popularität, welcher Falstaff und seine Gesellen aus jenen Dramen sich erfreuten, durfte für den Dichter, sei es nun aus eigenem Antrieb oder auf Anlass der Königin Elisabeth, ein Beweggrund gewesen sein, dieselben Figuren nun auch einmal in einem Lustspiel wieder vorzuführen, natürlich mit denjenigen Modificationen des Charakters, welche durch die gänzlich veränderten neuen Umgebungen und Situationen geboten schienen. Dass der Dichter aber keinen engeren Zusammenhang, abgesehen von dieser Reproduction bekannter und beliebter Theaterfiguren, zwischen den Merry Wives of Windsor einerseits und King Henry IV. und King Henry V. andrerseits beabsichtigt haben konnte, erhellt schon aus den fehlgeschlagenen Bemühungen einzelner Kritiker, das Lustspiel irgendwo in die Reihenfolge der historischen Dramen Shakspere's einzufügen und die Widersprüche zu beseitigen, welche sich jedem derartigen Versuche entgegenstellen. — Mit der Zeitbestimmung, welche sich für die Merry Wives of Windsor aus der unleugbaren Priorität des King Henry IV. ergiebt, stimmt auch der Umstand überein, dass Francis Meres in seiner Palladis Tamia (1598) dies Lustspiel unter den Comedies unseres Dichters nicht erwähnt, — ein Stillschweigen, das sich gerade bei diesem von Shakspere's sonstiger Dichtart so durchaus abweichenden, rein komischen Werke füglich nicht anders als durch dessen damaliges Nichtvorhandensein erklären lässt.

Als Quellen, die Shakspere benutzt haben könnte, hat man, da eine bestimmte Quelle sich nicht wohl nachweisen liess, auf verschiedene italienische und aus dem Italienischen in's Englische übersetzte Novellen hingedeutet, von denen indess jede nur einzelne Umstände mit dem Drama und noch dazu nirgends in sehr auffallender Verwandtschaft gemein hat. Am nächsten der Art, wie Falstaff sich um die Frau Ford bewirbt, deren Gatten zu seinem Vertrauten macht und dessen Nachstellungen doch immer glücklich entgeht, kommt noch eine Novelle aus Le tredeci piacevòli Notti del S. Gio. Fr. Straparola, welche in englischer Bearbeitung sich in Tarlton's Newes out of Purgatorie, 1590, unter dem Titel The Two Lovers of Pisa findet. Wir lassen die erste grössere Hälfte hier folgen:

In Pisa, a famous cittie of Italye, there lived a gentleman of good linage and landes, feared as well for his wealth, as honoured for his vertue; but, indeed, well thought on for both: yet the better for his riches. This gentleman had one onelye daughter, called Margaret, who for her beauty was liked of all, and desired of many: but neither might their sutes, nor her own prevaile about her fathers resolution, who was determyned not to marrye her, but to such a man as should be able in abundance to maintain the excellency of her beauty. Divers yong gentlemen proffered large feoffments, but in vaine; a maide shee must bee still: till at last an olde doctor in the towne, that professed physicke, became a sutor to her, who was a welcome man to her father, in that he was one of the welthiest men in all Pisa. A tall strippling he was, and a proper youth, his age about fourescore; his heade as white as milke, wherein, for offence sake, there was left never a tooth: but it is no matter; what he wanted in person he had in the purse; which the poore gentlewoman little regarded, wishing rather to tie herselfe to one that might fit her content, though they lived meanely, then to him with all the wealth in Italye. But shee was yong, and forcst to follow her father's direction, who, upon large covenants, was content his daughter should marry with the doctor; and whether she likte him or no, the match was made up, and in short time she was married. The poore wench was bound to the stake, and had not onely an olde impotent man, but one that was so jealous as none might enter into his house without suspition, nor shee do any thing without blame: the least glance, the smallest countenance, any smile, was a manifest instance to him, that shee thought of others better then himselfe; thus he himselfe lived in a hell, and tormented his wife in as ill perplexitie. At last it chaunced, that a young gentleman of the citie comming by her house, and seeing her look out at her window, noting her rare and excellent proportion, fell in love with her, and that so extreamelye, as his passions had no meanes till her favour might mittigate his heartsicke discontent. The yong man that was ignorant in amorous matters, and had never beene used to courte anye gentlewoman, thought to reveale his passions to some one freend that might give him counsaile for the winning of her love; and thinking experience was the surest maister, on a daye seeing the olde doctor walking in the churche — that was Margaret's husband — little

knowing who he was, he thought this was the fittest man to whom he might discover his passions, for that hee was olde and knewe much, and was a physition that with his drugges might helpe him forward in his purposes: so that, seeing the old man walke solitary, he joinde unto him; and, after a curteous salute, tolde him that he was to impart a matter of great import unto him; wherein, if hee would not onely be secrete, but indevour to pleasure him, his pains should bee every way to the full considered. You must imagine, gentleman, quoth Mutio — for so was the doctor's name — that men of our profession are no blabs, but hold their secrets in their hearts' bottome; and therefore reveale what you please, it shall not onely be concealed, but cured, if either my heart or counsaile may doo it. Upon this Lionell — so was the young gentleman called — told and discourst unto him, from point to point, how he was falne in love with a gentlewoman that was maried to one of his profession; discovered her dwelling and the house; and for that he was unacquainted with the woman, and a man little experienced in love matters, he required his favour to further him with his advise. Mutio, at this motion, was stung to the hart, knowing it was his wife hee was fallen in love withall; yet to conceale the matter, and to experience his wives chastity, and that if she plaide false, he might be revengde on them both, he dissembled the matter, and answered, that he knewe the woman very well, and commended her highly; but saide she had a churle to her husband, and therefore he thought shee would bee the more tractable. Trie her, man, quoth hee; fainte hart never woone faire lady; and if shee will not be brought to the bent of your bowe, I will provide such a potion as shall dispatch all to your owne content; and to give you further instructions for oportunitie, knowe that her husband is foorth every afternoone from three till sixe. Thus farre I have adviscd you, because I pitty your passions, as myselfe being once a lover; but I now charge thee, reveale it to none whomsoever, least it doo disparage my credit to meddle in amorous matters. The yong gentleman not onely promised all carefull secrecy, but gave him harty thanks for his good counsell, promising to meete him there the next day, and tell him what newes. Then hee left the old man, who was almost mad for feare his wife any way should play false. He saw, by experience, brave men came to besiege the castle; and seeing it was in a woman's custodie, and had so weake a governor as himselfe, he doubted it would in time be delivered up; which feare made him almost franticke, yet he drivde of the time in great torment, till he might heare from his rival. Lionello, he hastes him home, and sutes him in his braverye, and goes downe towards the house of Mutio, where he sees her at her windowe, whome he courted with a passionate looke, with such an humble salute, as shee might perceive how the gentleman was affectionate. Margaretta, looking earnestlye upon him, and noting the perfection of his proportion, accounted him, in her eye, the flower of all Pisa; thinkte herselfe fortunate if shee might have him for her freend, to supply those defaultes that she found in Mutio. Sundry times that afternoone he past by her window, and he cast not up more loving lookes than he received gratious favours: which did so incourage him, that the next daye, betweene three and sixe, hee went to the house, and, knocking at the doore, desired to speake with the mistris of the house, who, hearing by her maid's description what he was, commaunded him to come in, where she interteined him with all courtesie.

The youth that never before had given the attempt to covet a ladye, began his exordium with a blushe; and yet went forward so well, that hee discourst unto her howe hee loved her, and that if it might please her so to accept of his service, as of a freende ever vowde in all dutye to bee at her commaunde, the care of her honour should bee deerer to him then this life, and hee would bee ready to prise her discontent with his bloud at all times.

The gentlewoman was a little coye, but before they part they concluded that the next day, at foure of the clock, hee should come thither and eate a pound of cherries, which was resolved on with a succado des labras, and so, with a loath to depart, they tooke their leaves. Lionello, as joyfull a man as might be, hyed him to the church to meete his olde doctor, where hee found him in his olde walke. What newes, syr? quoth Mutio. How have you sped? Even as I can wishe, quoth Lionello; for I have been with my mistrisse, and have found her so tractable, that I hope to make the olde peasant, her husband, looke broad-hedded by a paire of browantlers. How deepe this strooke into Mutio's hart, let them imagine that can conjecture what jelousie is; insomuch that the olde doctor askte when should be the time. Mary, quoth Lionello, to-morrow at foure of the clocke in the afternoone; and then, maister doctor, quoth hee, will I dub the olde squire knight of the forked order.

Thus they passed on in chat, till it grew late; and then Lyonello went home to his lodging, and Mutio to his house, covering all his sorrowes with a merrye countenance, with full resolution to revenge them both the next day with extremitie. He past the night as patiently as he could, and the next daye after dinner awaye hee went, watching when it should bee four of the clocke. At the houre justly came Lyonello, and was intertained with all curtesie: but scarse had they kist, ere the maide cried out to her mistresse that her maister was at the doore; for he hasted, knowing that a horne was but a litle while in grafting. Margaret, at this alarum, was amazed; and yet, for a shifte, chopt Lyonello into a great drie-fatte full of feathers, and sat her downe close to her woorke. By that came Mutio in blowing; and, as though hee came to looke somewhat in haste, called for the keyes of his chambers, and looked in everye place, searching so narrowlye in everye corner of the house, that he left not the very privie unsearcht. Seeing he could not finde him, hee saide nothing; but, fayning himselfe not well at ease, staide at home, so that poor Lyonello was faine to staye in the drifatte till the olde churle was in bed with his wife; and then the maide let him out at a backe doore, who went home with a flea in his eare to his lodging.

Well, the next day he went againe to meete his doctor, whome hee found in his woonted walke. What newes, quoth Mutio? Howe have you sped? A poxe of the olde slave, quoth Lyonello; I was no sooner in, and had given my mistrisse one kisse, but the jealous asse was at the doore: the maide spied him, and

cryed, her maister! so that the poore gentlewoman, for very shifte, was faine to put me in a driefatte of feathers that stoode in an olde chamber, and there I was faine to tarrie while he was in bed and asleepe, and then the maide let me out, and I departed.

But it is no matter; 'was but a chaunce, and I hope to crye quittance with him ere it be long. As how, quoth Mutio? Marry thus, quoth Lionello: she sent me woord by her maide this daye, that upon Thursday next the olde churle suppeth with a patient of his a mile out of Pisa, and then I feare not but to quitte him for all. It is well, quoth Mutio; fortune bee your freende. I thanke you, quoth Lionello; and so after a little more prattle they departed.

To bee shorte, Thursdaye came; and about sixe of the clocke foorth goes Mutio no further then a freendes house of his, from whence hee might descrye who went into his house. Straight hee sawe Lionello enter in; and after goes hee, insomuche that hee was scarcelye sitten downe before the mayde cryed out againe, my maister comes. The good-wife that before had provided for afterclaps, had found out a privie place between two seelings of a plauncher, and there she thrust Lionello; and her husband came sweting. What news, quoth shee, drives you home againe so soone, husband? Marry, sweete wife, quoth he, a fearefull dreame that I had this night, which came to my remembrance, and that was this: Methought there was a villeine that came secretly into my house with a naked poinard in his hand, and hid himselfe; but I could not finde the place: with that mine nose bled, and I came backe; and by the grace of God, I will seeke every corner in the house for the quiet of my minde. Marry, I pray you doo, husband, quoth she. With that he lockt in all the doors and began to search every chamber, every hole, every chest, every tub, the very well; he stabd every featherbed through, and made havocke, like a mad man, which made him thinke all was in vaine, and hee began to blame his eies that thought they saw that which they did not. Upon this he reste halfe lunaticke, and all night he was very wakefull; that towarde the morning he fell into a dead sleepe, and then was Lionello conveighed away.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.
FENTON.
SHALLOW, a Country Justice.
SLENDER, Cousin to Shallow.
FORD, } Two Gentlemen dwelling at Windsor.
PAGE, }
WILLIAM PAGE, a Boy, Son to Mr. Page.
SIR HUGH EVANS, a Welsh Parson.
DOCTOR CAIUS, a French Physician.
Host of the Garter Inn.
BARDOLPH, }
PISTOL, } Followers of Falstaff.
NYM, }

ROBIN, Page to Falstaff.
SIMPLE, Servant to Slender
RUGBY, Servant to Doctor Caius

MISTRESS FORD.
MISTRESS PAGE.
ANNE PAGE, her Daughter, in love with Fenton.
MISTRESS QUICKLY, Servant to Doctor Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, etc.

SCENE, Windsor, and the Parts adjacent.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Windsor. Before PAGE's House.

Enter Justice SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and Sir* HUGH EVANS.

Shal. Sir Hugh,[1] persuade me not; I will make a Star-chamber matter[2] of it: if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

Slen. In the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and *coram.*[3]

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and *cust-alorum.*[4]

Slen. Ay, and *ratolorum* too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself *armigero;* in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *armigero.*

Shal. Ay, that I do; and have done[5] any time these three hundred years.

Slen. All his successors, gone before him, hath done 't; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may: they may give the dozen white luces in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Eva. The dozen white louses do become an old coat well;[6] it agrees well, passant; it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love.

Shal. The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.[7]

Slen. I may quarter, coz?

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Eva. It is marring, indeed, if he quarter it.[8]

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes, per-lady: if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures. But that is all one: if Sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compremises between you.

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1) *Sir*, ein Titel, der der niedern Geistlichkeit ertheilt wurde, eine Uebersetzung des lateinischen *Dominus*. — In Folge einer Verwechselung mit dem *Sir*, welches dem Ritter zukam, wird auf dem Titelblatte der Q. A. *Sir Hugh* irrthümlich als *the Welch Knight* bezeichnet. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 71. 2) Eine Sache, die vor die Sternkammer gehört. Dieser Criminalgerichtshof in Westminster hiess so von dem Sitzungssaal, dessen Decke mit goldenen Sternen geziert war. Die Befugnisse dieses Gerichtshofes giebt Ben Jonson in seiner Magnetic Lady so an: *There is a court above, of the Star-chamber,* || *To punish routs and riots.* 3) Slender, der die volle Titulatur Shallow's angeben will, hält auch das lateinische *coram* für dazu gehörig, aus der Phrase, mit welcher der Friedensrichter im Zeugenverhör unterschrieb: *Jurat coram me, Roberto Shallow, armigero.* 4) *cust-alorum*, oder nach Malone's Vermuthung *cust-ulorum*, eine handschriftliche Abkürzung für lat. *custos rotulorum* = Actenbewahrer. Slender, der diese Abkürzung nicht versteht, fügt noch einmal *rotulorum*, zu *ratolorum* entstellt, hinzu. — In gleicher Unwissenheit setzt er den lateinischen Ablativ *armigero* (vgl. Anm. 3) aus Shallow's Unterschrift für *armiger*, das englische *esquire*. 5) scil. *we have done*. Slender erklärt Shallow's Meinung näher, indem er dabei jedoch nach seiner Weise *successors* und *ancestors* verwechselt. 6) Evans missversteht *luces* = Hechte, wie die Familie der Lucies deren drei in ihrem Wappen führte, Shallow aber ein ganzes Dutzend führen könnte, als *louses* für *lice* = Läuse, und ebenso *coat* = Wappenrock, als = alten Rock, in dem sich dieses Ungeziefer einnistet, als Zeichen der Anhänglichkeit an den Menschen. Als Wappenausdruck ist auch *passant* = in schreitender Stellung, gefasst. — Man hat hierin eine satyrische Anspielung auf einen Sir Thomas Lucy in Warwickshire finden wollen, der nach einer überlieferten Anekdote den jungen Shakspere als Wilddieb bestraft haben soll. 7) Shallow will für seinen alten Wappenrock keinen jungen Hecht haben, sondern dem Alter des Wappenrocks gemäss einen alten, in Salz aufbewahrten. — Zugleich liegt darin neben der Anspielung auf die verschiedene Wappenfarbe ein Wortspiel zwischen Süsswasserfisch und Seefisch. 8) Evans verwechselt *to marry* und *to mar* und fasst *to quarter* = durch Verheirathung ein Wappen mit einem andern vereinigen, missverständlich = viertheilen.

Shal. The Council[9] shall hear it: it is a riot.

Eva. It is not meet the Council hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot. The Council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot: take your vizaments[10] in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

Eva. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which, peradventure, prings goot discretions with it. There is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master George Page,[11] which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Mistress Anne Page? She has brown hair, and speaks small,[12] like a woman.

Eva. It is that fery person for all the 'orld; as just as you will desire, and seven hundred pounds of monies, and gold, and silver, is her grandsire, upon his death's-bed, (Got deliver to a joyful resurrections!) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old. It were a goot motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between Master Abraham and Mistress Anne Page.

Shal. Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound?[13]

Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Shal. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

Eva. Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is good gifts.[14]

Shal. Well, let us see honest Master Page. Is Falstaff there?

Eva. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar as I do despise one that is false; or, as I despise one that is not true. The knight, Sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door for Master Page. *[Knocks.]* What, hoa! Got pless your house here!

Page. *[Within.]* Who 's there?

Eva. Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and justice Shallow; and here young Master Slender, that, peradventures, shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Enter PAGE.

Page. I am glad to see your worships well. I thank you for my venison, Master Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you: much good do it your good heart. I wished your venison better; it was ill kill'd. — How doth good Mistress Page? — and I thank you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good Master Slender.

Slen. How does your fallow greyhound, Sir? I heard say, he was outrun on Cotsall.[15]

Page. It could not be judged, Sir.

Slen. You 'll not confess, you 'll not confess.

Shal. That he will not. — 'T is your fault, 't is your fault.[16] — 'T is a good dog.

Page. A cur, Sir.

Shal. Sir, he 's a good dog, and a fair dog; can there be more said? he is good, and fair. Is Sir John Falstaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Eva. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, Master Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

Shal. If it be confess'd, it is not redress'd: is not that so, Master Page? He hath wrong'd me; indeed, he hath; — at a word, he hath; — believe me: — Robert Shallow, esquire, saith, he is wrong'd.

Page. Here comes Sir John.

Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, NYM, *and* PISTOL.

Fal. Now, Master Shallow, you 'll complain of me to the king?[17]

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge.[18]

Fal. But not kiss'd your keeper's daughter?

Shal. Tut, a pin! this shall be answered.

Fal. I will answer it straight: — I have done all this. — That is now answer'd.

Shal. The Council shall know this.

Fal. 'T were better for you, if it were known in counsel:[19] you 'll be laughed at.

Eva. *Pauca verba*, Sir John; good worts.

Fal. Good worts? good cabbage.[20] — Slender, I broke your head: what matter have you against me?

Slen. Marry, Sir, I have matter[21] in my head against you; and against your cony-catching[22] rascals, Bardolph,

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9) Einige Herausgeber halten *Council* für identisch mit *Star-chamber*, andere verstehen den Staatsrath des Königs *(the king's Council)* darunter, als eine von jener getrennte Körperschaft. Für erstere Annahme spricht der Text in Q. A., welcher lautet: *Nere talke to me, Ile make a star-chamber matter of it. The Councell shall know it.* 10) *vizaments* für das veraltete *advisement* = Ueberlegung, Rath. 11) So verbesserte Theobald, in Uebereinstimmung mit der sonstigen Namensbezeichnung (A. 2, Sc. 1 u. A. 5, Sc. 5), das *Thomas Page* der Fol. Vielleicht verwechselte der Abschreiber die Abkürzungen *Geo.* und *Tho.* 12) *to speak small* = im Discant reden. So in Webster's Westward Hoe: *I'll speak in a small voice like one of the women.* 13) Diese Rede und die zweitfolgende theilt die Fol. dem Slender, Capell mit grösserer Wahrscheinlichkeit dem Shallow zu, an den als an den natürlichen Vormund des einfältigen Slender Evans sich mit seinem Vorschlage gewandt hatte. 14) *good gifts* = gute Gaben, Eigenschaften, versteht Evans = gute Mitgift. — *possibilities* sind Anne Page's Aussichten auf das väterliche Erbtheil. 15) Cotswold in Glostershire, ein Hügelland, auf welchem grosse Wettrennen abgehalten wurden. So wird in K. Henry IV. Second Part (A. 3, Sc. 2) *Will Squele, a Cotswold man*, erwähnt als ein lustiger, ausgelassener Bursche. 16) Steevens fasst diese parenthetischen Worte als einen an Slender gerichteten Verweis. Plausibler nimmt Malone an, dass Shallow damit nur Page's Missgeschick beklage, dass ein sonst ausgezeichneter Windhund bei dem Cotswolder Rennen keinen entschiedenen Preis gewonnen habe. — *fault* = Missgeschick, Unglück, kommt auch sonst vor. 17) Für *king* der Fol. hat Q. A. *council*. Vgl. Anm. 9. 18) Auf *lodge* = Wohnung des Försters oder Wildhüters, bezieht sich Falstaff's Replik, die vielleicht ein Citat aus einer alten, verloren gegangenen Ballade ist. 19) Wortspiel zwischen *Council* (vgl. Anm. 9) und *in counsel* = im Vertrauen, im Geheimen. 20) Evans sagt *worts* für *words*, und Falstaff fasst persiflirend *worts* = Kraut, Kohl. 21) Das Wortspiel zwischen *matter* = Sache, Stoff im Allgemeinen, und = Materie, Eiterstoff aus einer

Nym, and Pistol. They carried me to the tavern, and made me drunk, and afterwards picked my pocket.

Bard. You Banbury cheese![23]

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, Mephostophilus?

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say! *pauca, pauca;*[24] slice! that 's my humour.

Slen. Where 's Simple, my man? — can you tell, cousin?

Eva. Peace! I pray you. Now let us understand: there is three umpires in this matter, as I understand; that is — Master Page, *fidelicet*, Master Page; and there is myself, *fidelicet*, myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

Page. We three, to hear it, and end it between them.

Eva. Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards 'ork upon the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol!

Pist. He hears with ears.

Eva. The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, »He hears with ear«? Why, it is affectations.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick Master Slender's purse?

Slen. Ay, by these gloves,[25] did he (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else), of seven groats in mill-sixpences,[26] and two Edward shovel-boards, that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece of Yed[27] Miller, by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

Eva. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner![28] — Sir John and master mine,
I combat challenge of this latten bilbo:[29]
Word of denial in thy labras[30] here;
Word of denial: froth and scum, thou liest.

Slen. By these gloves, then 't was he.

Nym. Be avised, Sir, and pass good humours. I will say, »marry trap,« with you, if you run the nuthook's humour on me;[31] that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then he in the red face had it; for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, Scarlet and John?[32]

Bard. Why, Sir, for my part, I say, the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

Eva. It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is!

Bard. And being fap,[33] Sir, was, as they say, cashier'd; and so conclusions pass'd the careires.

Slen. Ay, you spake in Latin then too; but 't is no matter. I 'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I 'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Eva. So Got 'udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter Anne Page, *with wine; Mistress* Ford *and Mistress* Page *following.*

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we 'll drink within. *[Exit* Anne Page.

Slen. O heaven! this is Mistress Anne Page.

Page. How now, Mistress Ford?

Fal. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistress. *[Kissing her.*

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome. — Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner: come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

[Exeunt all but Shallow, Slender, *and* Evans.

Slen. I had rather than forty shillings, I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here.[34]

Wunde, kehrt wieder in Troilus and Cressida (A. 2, Sc. 1) *then would come some matter from him.* 22) *cony-catching* = gaunerisch. — Der folgende Satz *They carried me — — my pocket*, der in der Fol. fehlt, ist aus Q. A. von Malone entlehnt. 23) Bardolph bezeichnet damit Slender's Magerkeit. So in Jack Drum's Entertainment: *Put off your clothes, and you are like a Banbury cheese, — nothing but paring.* — Banbury ist ein Städtchen in Oxfordshire. — Slender's abschreckende Magerkeit deutet dann Pistol an, indem er ihn *Mephostophilus* nennt, mit der Anspielung auf den teuflischen Gefährten des Doctor Faustus, den Marlowe auf's Theater gebracht hatte. 24) Nym meint *pauca verba*, wie Evans vorher schon gesagt, und fordert damit den Slender auf, seine Ausdrücke zu bemessen oder seine Rede abzuschneiden *(slice).* — *humour* ist Nym's überall wiederkehrendes Lieblingswort, ein von Sh. in seiner Vieldeutigkeit auch anderswo persiflirtes Modewort. 25) Wie Slender hier bei seinen Handschuhen schwört, einem Modeartikel, auf den er sich Etwas einbildet, so schwört er ähnlich in Q. A. *by this handkercher.* 26) *mill-sixpences* = Sechspfennigstücke, die auf der Prägemühle (1562—1572) geschlagen waren und die später, nachdem man eine andere Prägeweise anwandte, als Rechenpfennige dienten, wie man die Schillinge aus Edward's VI. Zeit im Brettspiel benutzte. — Für *two Edward shovel-boards* hat Q. A. deutlicher *two fair shovel-board shillings.* 27) *Yed* abgekürzt aus *Yedward*, welches K. Henry IV. First Part (A. 1, Sc. 2) für Edward steht. 28) Die Walliser werden auch sonst wegen ihres bergigen, rauhen Geburtslandes von den Engländern verhöhnt, so in K. Henry V. (A. 5, Sc. 1) *you called me yesterday mountain-squire.* 29) Als messingne Klinge bezeichnet Pistol verächtlich den unkräftigen Slender, den er zum Zweikampf herausfordern will. — *challenge* und *combat* sind emphatisch umgestellt. 30) Pistol gebraucht renommistisch das Fremdwort *labras*, spanisch, für Slender's Lippen, in welche er die von ihnen ausgegangene Lüge zurücksendet. In Q. A. sagt er *I do retort the lie || Even in thy gorge, thy gorge, thy gorge.* 31) Ich sage: Nehmt Euch in Acht, oder eigentlich: Attrapirt! wenn Ihr den Schergen bei mir spielen, mich als Dieb verhaften oder angeben wollt. — *nuthook* = eine Stange, um Nüsse von den Bäumen zu schlagen, kommt auch sonst als eine ehrenrührige Bezeichnung der Schergen oder Büttel vor. So in K. Henry IV. Second Part (A. 5, Sc. 4). Vielleicht liegt auch hier wieder eine Anspielung auf Slender's hagern Wuchs vor. — Q. A. hat *But if you run base humours of me, I will say marry trap. And there's the humour of it.* 32) So hiessen zwei Gefährten Robin Hood's, des in altenglischen Balladen gefeierten Wilddiebes und Vagabunden. — Falstaff spielt mit *Scarlet* auf Bardolph's rothes Gesicht an. 33) *fap* ein sonst nirgendwo vorkommendes Wort, das = betrunken, sein muss. — Bardolph drückt sich geflissentlich dunkel aus, ebenso in dem Folgenden, dessen eigentlicher Sinn nur der sein kann, dass Slender in seinem Rausch nichts mehr von sich gewusst habe und über alles Mass

Enter SIMPLE.

How now, Simple! Where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not the Book of Riddles[35] about you, have you?

Sim. Book of Riddles! why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon Allhallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?[36]

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz; marry, this, coz: there is, as 't were, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir Hugh here: do you understand me?

Slen. Ay, Sir, you shall find me reasonable: if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, Sir.

Eva. Give ear to his motions, Master Slender. I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says. I pray you pardon me; he 's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

Eva. But that is not the question; the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there 's the point, Sir.

Eva. Marry, is it, the very point of it; to Mistress Anne Page.

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

Eva. But can you affection the 'oman? Let us command[37] to know that of your mouth, or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold, that the lips is parcel of the mouth: therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

Shal. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, Sir, I will do as it shall become one that would do reason.

Eva. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you must speak possitable,[38] if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must. Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz: what I do, is to pleasure you, coz. Can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, Sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married, and have more occasion to know one another: I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt:[39] but if you say, »marry her,« I will marry her; that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Eva. It is a fery discretion answer; save, the faul[40] is in the 'ort dissolutely: the 'ort is, according to our meaning, resolutely. — His meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hanged, la!

Re-enter ANNE PAGE.

Shal. Here comes fair Mistress Anne. — 'Would I were young, for your sake, Mistress Anne!

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worships' company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair Mistress Anne.

Eva. Od's plessed will! I will not be absence at the grace.[41] *[Exeunt* SHALLOW *and* EVANS.

Anne. Will 't please your worship to come in, Sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, Sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth. — Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my cousin Shallow. *[Exit* SIMPLE.*]* A justice of peace sometime may be beholding to his friend for a man.[42] — I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead; but what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit, till you come.

Slen. I' faith, I 'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, Sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you. I bruised my shin th' other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence[43] (three veneys for a dish of stewed prunes),[44] and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. — Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town?

Anne. I think, there are, Sir; I heard them talked of.

Slen. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it[45] as any man in England. You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

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hinausgegangen sei. — Bardolph's Worte sind dem Slender so unverständlich, dass er sie für Latein hält. 34) Slender meint irgend eine gedruckte Gedichtsammlung, die er zu Hause hat und die er für ein Gespräch mit Anne Page gut benutzen zu können glaubt. Malone meint hier speciell die lyrischen Gedichte des Lord Surrey, Sir Thomas Wyatt u. A., welche im Jahre 1557 erschienen unter dem Titel: Songes and Sonnets, written by the Right Honorable Lord Henry Howard, late Earl of Surrey and others. 35) Collier vermuthet, dass damit The Booke of Merry Riddles gemeint sei, ein sehr populäres Buch, das viele Auflagen erlebte. 36) Da Allerheiligen in der That beinahe fünf Wochen nach Michaelis fällt, so wollte Theobald *Martlemas* für *Michaelmas* lesen. Indess liess Sh. wahrscheinlich den Simpel geflissentlich so falsch rechnen. 37) Evans will *demand* sagen. 38) Er meint *positively*. 39) *contempt* ist Theobald's Emendation für *content* der Fol., wie Slender *dissolved* für *resolved* u. s. w. sagt. — Slender denkt an das Sprichwort *Too much familiarity breeds contempt.* 40) *fall* in der Fol. So spricht Evans das Wort *fault* aus. 41) Evans als Geistlicher will das Tischgebet bei der Mahlzeit sprechen. — Q. A. hat diesen Passus erst in der zweiten Scene des ersten Acts. 42) Shallow kann sich schon einmal die Verpflichtung gefallen lassen, die er gegen seinen Verwandten Slender hat, weil Letzterer ihm durch seinen Bedienten bei Tisch aufwarten lässt. — Auch hier setzen die meisten Hgg. stillschweigend *beholden* für das Sh.'sche *beholding*. 43) Steevens will unter *master of fence* hier nicht bloss einen Fechtmeister oder Meister in der Fechtkunst verstanden wissen, sondern Einen, der darin förmlich einen Meistergrad erlangt hat. Indess scheint diese Erklärung überall, und namentlich für Slender, zu gesucht. 44) *veney* erklärt Bullokar's English Expositor: *A touch in the body at playing with weapons.* Wer also in dem Gefecht dreimal getroffen war, sollte dem Andern ein Gericht geschmorter Pflaumen bezahlen. 45) Slender, um sich als einen jungen Cavalier in allen dessen Modenarrheiten darzustellen, behauptet, dass er bei seiner Passion für Bären-

Anne. Ay, indeed, Sir.

Slen. That 's meat and drink to me,[46] now: I have seen Sackerson[47] loose twenty times, and have taken him by the chain; but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shriek'd at it, that it pass'd:[48] but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favoured rough things.

Re-enter PAGE.

Page. Come, gentle Master Slender, come; we stay for you.

Slen. I 'll eat nothing, I thank you, Sir.

Page. By cock and pie,[49] you shall not choose, Sir. Come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, Sir.

Slen. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, Sir; pray you, keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go first: truly, la! I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, Sir.

Slen. I 'll rather be unmannerly, than troublesome. You do yourself wrong, indeed, la! *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Same.[1]

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS *and* SIMPLE.

Eva. Go your ways, and ask of doctor Caius' house, which is the way; and there dwells one Mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry,[2] his washer, and his wringer.

Sim. Well, Sir.

Eva. Nay, it is petter yet.[3] — Give her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogether 's acquaintance[4] with Mistress Anne Page: and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to Mistress Anne Page: I pray you, be gone. I will make an end of my dinner: there 's pippins and cheese[5] to come. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF, *Host,* BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOL, *and* ROBIN.

Fal. Mine host of the Garter!

Host. What says my bully-rook?[1] Speak scholarly, and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week.[2]

Host. Thou 'rt an emperor, Cæsar, Keisar, and Pheezar.[3] I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector?

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke; let him follow. — Let me see thee froth, and lime:[4] I am at a word; follow. *[Exit Host.*

Fal. Bardolph, follow him. A tapster is a good trade: an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a withered serving-man, a fresh tapster. Go; adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have desired. I will thrive. *[Exit.*

Pist. O base Gongarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield?[5]

Nym. He was gotten in drink; is not the humour conceited?[6] His mind is not heroic, and there 's the humour of it.

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hetzen leicht in Händel gerathe. 46) Es ersetzt ihm Essen und Trinken, wenn er einen Bären sieht, der sich bei der Hetze von der Kette losgerissen hat. So in As you like it (A. 5, Sc. 1) *It is meat and drink to me to see a clown.* 47) Sackerson war der Name eines Bären, der in Paris-Garden in der Nähe des Sh.'schen Globustheaters oft gehetzt wurde. Er wird u. A. erwähnt in einer Epigrammensammlung von Sir John Davies (1598): *Publius, a student of the common law,* || *To Paris-Garden doth himself withdraw;* || *Leaving old Ployden, Dyer, and Broke, alone* || *To see old Harry Hunkes, and Sacarson.* 48) *that it passed* = dass es weit ging, dass es Alles übertraf. Vorzugsweise wird in diesem Sinne *passing* adverbial = überaus, gebraucht. 49) Eine Betheuerung, die auch in K. Henry IV. Second Part (A. 5, Sc. 1) in ähnlichem Zusammenhange vorkommt.

1) Dyce verlegt die Oertlichkeit dieser Scene und bezeichnet sie *An outer room in Page's house.* 2) Evans meint *laundress.* — *wringer* verbessert Theobald das *Ringer* der Fol. 3) Es kommt noch besser, ich bin noch nicht fertig, versetzt Evans auf Simple's *Well, Sir.* 4) *that altogether's acquaintance,* d. h. *that is altogether acquainted,* setzte Tyrwhitt für *that altogethers acquaintance* der Fol. 5) Wegen der für die Walliser überhaupt charakteristischen Vorliebe für Käse wird Evans auch im Verlaufe des Dramas noch verhöhnt.

1) Wenn Douce *bully-rook* richtig mit *a hectoring, cheating sharper* erklärt, so muss der Wirth das Wort gebrauchen, ohne es genau zu verstehen, da er jedenfalls dem Falstaff keine Grobheit sagen will. — Wie aber Staunton bemerkt, hat *bully-rook* diese schimpfliche Bedeutung erst später erhalten, und ist zu Sh.'s Zeiten synonym mit dem familiären *jolly dog* gewesen. — Rowe las im Widerspruch mit Q. und Fol. *bully-rock,* was Whalley auf die *rocks* genannten Schachfiguren deutet. 2) Falstaff hat wöchentlich eine Zeche von zehn Pfund Sterling in dem Garter Inn zu Windsor. 3) *Keisar* = Kaiser, kommt auch bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen vor; so in Spenser's Faerie Queene: *on mighty kings and keisars,* und in dem alten Drama Appius and Virginia: *you king and you keisar.* — Nach der Alliteration bildet der Wirth scherzhaft dann noch *Pheezar* von *to pheeze,* was Q. A. *Phessar,* die Fol. *Pheazar* schreibt. 4) *lyme* in Q. A. und *live* in der Fol. — *froth* gilt von dem Biere, das die Küfer durch Zuthat von Seife zum Schäumen bringen mussten, *lime* von dem Sekt, den man durch Einmischung von Kalk kräftiger machte. So sagt Falstaff in K. Henry IV. First Part (A. 2, Sc. 4) *here's lime in this sack too.* — *lime* für *live* setzte zuerst Steevens in den Text. — Staunton interpungirt *Let me see thee, froth and lime.* 5) Steevens hält diesen sechsfüssigen Jambus für die Parodie eines Verses aus einer alten bombastischen Tragödie, deren Namen er jedoch vergessen hat: *Oh base Gongarian! wilt thou the distaff wield?* — Für *Gongarian* der Q. A. hat die Fol. *hungarian,* scherzhaft = Hungerleider, und = Ungar, was in diesem Doppelsinn bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen öfter vorkommt; so in The Merry Devil of Edmonton: *I have knights and colonels in my house, and must tend the Hungarians.* 6) Der folgende Satz fehlt in der Fol. und ist von

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this tinder-box: his thefts were too open; his filching was like an unskilful singer, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is to steal at a minim's rest.[7]

Pist. Convey, the wise it call. Steal? foh! a fico for the phrase![8]

Fal. Well, Sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why, then let kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy; I must cony-catch, I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food.[9]

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight: he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.[10]

Fal. No quips now, Pistol! Indeed, I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife: I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves,[11] she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be Englished rightly,[12] is, »I am Sir John Falstaff's.«

Pist. He hath studied her well, and translated her well,[13] out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep:[14] will that humour pass?

Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husband's purse; she hath a legion of angels.[15]

Pist. As many devils entertain,[16] and »To her, boy,« say I.

Nym. The humour rises; it is good: humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her; and here another to Page's wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examin'd my parts with most judicious œiliads:[17] sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O! she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass. Here 's another letter to her: she bears the purse too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty.[18] I will be cheaters[19] to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me: they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to Mistress Page; and thou this to Mistress Ford. We will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become,
And by my side wear steel?[20] then, Lucifer take all!

Nym. I will run no base humour: here, take the humour-letter. I will keep the haviour of reputation.

Fal. *[To* Robin.*]* Hold, sirrah, bear you these letters tightly:[21]
Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores.[22] —
Rogues, hence! avaunt! vanish like hailstones, go;
Trudge, plod away o' the hoof; seek shelter, pack!
Falstaff will learn the humour of the age,[23]
French thrift, you rogues: myself, and skirted page.
[Exeunt Falstaff *and* Robin.

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd and fullam holds,
And high and low beguile the rich and poor.[24]
Tester I 'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack,
Base Phrygian Turk.

Theobald aus Q. A. entlehnt. 7) *minim's* verbessert Langton das *minutes* der Q. A. und der Fol. nach einer Stelle in Romeo and Juliet (A. 2, Sc. 4) *rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom.* 8) Pistol sagt euphemistisch *to convey* = heimlich fortschaffen, für *to steal*, ein grobes Wort, das er mit dem Ausdruck der Verachtung *fico* so abweist, wie er in K. Henry V. (A. 3, Sc. 6) *Die and be damn'd; and figo for thy friendship!* ausruft. 9) Der Ausdruck ist sprichwörtlich. 10) Falstaff fasst *about* = mit Etwas beschäftigt, Pistol = ringsherum, in Anspielung auf Falstaff's Körperumfang. — Das folgende Wortspiel mit *waist* und *waste* macht Falstaff auch in K. Henry IV. Second Part (A. 1, Sc. 2). Es lässt sich schon früher in Heywood's Epigrams (1562) nachweisen. 11) *to carve* ist nach Grant White's Erklärung = ein geheimes Zeichen des Einverständnisses mit dem Finger machen, indem man das Glas zum Munde führt. Er citirt dazu aus Sir Thomas Overbury's A Very Woman: *her lightness gets her to swim at top of the table, where her wry little finger bewrays carving.* — Die Q. von 1630 hat *craves* für *carves.* 12) Das schwierigste Wort in ihrem Benehmen, wenn man es richtig in's Englische übersetzt, lautet: Ich gehöre Sir John Falstaff an. 13) Die Fol. hat beide Male *will* für *well.* Die entsprechende Stelle in Q. A. lautet *He hath studied her well, out of honesty into English.* — Die Cambridge Edd. vermuthen sinnreich *studied her well, and translated her ill*, behalten aber im Text die alte Lesart bei. 14) Unter dem tiefausgeworfenen Anker versteht Nym Falstaff's tiefangelegten Plan. 15) Q. A. liest *She hath legions of angels* und die Fol. *he hath a legend of angels.* — Die Anspielung auf die englische Goldmünze, *angel* von ihrem Gepräge genannt, kommt häufig bei Sh. vor. 16) Nimm Dir eben so viele Teufel in Dienst, wie sie Engel hat, und mache Dich an sie, Bursche, sage ich. — Pistol's Antwort macht es plausibel, in Falstaff's vorheriger Rede lieber *she hath* mit Q. A. als *he hath* mit der Fol. zu lesen. 17) Sehr prüfende, bedeutsame Blicke. Die Fol. schreibt das Wort, das Sh. auch in K. Lear (A. 4, Sc. 5) hat, *illiads.* 18) Nach Theobald's Vermuthung hatte Sh. hier die glänzenden Berichte über Guiana im Sinne, welche Sir Walter Raleigh 1596 von seiner Expedition nach Südamerika mitbrachte. — Die Stelle fehlt in Q. A. 19) Derselbe Doppelsinn von *cheater* = Schatzbeamter, eigentlich *escheator*, und = Preller, Betrüger, kommt auch in K. Henry IV. Second Part (A. 2, Sc. 4) vor. — Für *cheates* in Q. A. und Fol. setzt Theobald *cheater.* 20) Pistol weigert sich, da er einen Degen an der Seite trägt, den Kuppler für Falstaff zu spielen. — Pandarus, aus Sh.'s Troilus and Cressida bekannt, ist der Repräsentant aller Kuppler; so in Twelfth-Night (A. 3, Sc. 1) *I would play lord Pandarus of Phrygia, Sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.* 21) *tightly* = gewandt, genau. 22) Der Page wird zu den beiden Frauen, deren Geld Falstaff ausbeuten will, gesandt, wie ein kleineres Boot von dem grösseren ausgesandt wird, um an einer Goldküste zu landen. 23) Die Q. A. hat *the humour of this age*, die Fol. *the honour of the age.* — Falstaff will die jetzige Mode der Galanterien mitmachen und auf diese französische Manier floriren. — Anders deutet Staunton *French thrift:* auf die französische Sitte, sich mit einem Pagen statt aller andern Dienerschaft zu begnügen. 24) *gourd, fullam, high men* und *low men* bezeichnen verschiedene Arten

Nym. I have operations,[25] which be humours of revenge.
Pist. Wilt thou revenge?
Nym. By welkin, and her star.[26]
Pist. With wit, or steel?
Nym. With both the humours, I:
I will discuss the humour of this love to Page.[27]
Pist. And I to Ford shall eke unfold,
How Falstaff, varlet vile,
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile.
Nym. My humour shall not cool: I will incense Page to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness,[28] for the revolt of mien is dangerous: that is my true humour.
Pist. Thou art the Mars of malecontents: I second thee; troop on. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in Doctor Caius's House.

Enter Mistress Quickly, Simple, *and* Rugby.

Quick. What, John Rugby! — I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, master doctor Caius, coming: if he do, i' faith, and find any body in the house, here will be an old[1] abusing of God's patience, and the king's English.
Rug. I 'll go watch.
Quick. Go; and we 'll have a posset[2] for 't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire. *[Exit* Rugby.*]* An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate:[3] his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish[4] that way, but nobody but has his fault; but let that pass. Peter Simple you say your name is?
Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.
Quick. And Master Slender 's your master?
Sim. Ay, forsooth.
Quick. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife?
Sim. No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face,[5] with a little yellow beard, a Cain-coloured beard.[6]
Quick. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?
Sim. Ay, forsooth; but he is as tall a man of his hands,[7] as any is between this and his head: he hath fought with a warrener.
Quick. How say you? — O! I should remember him: does he not hold up his head, as it were? and strut in his gait?
Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.
Quick. Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell master parson Evans, I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish —

Re-enter Rugby.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master.
Quick. We shall all be shent.[8] Run in here, good young man; go into this closet. *[Shuts* Simple *in the closet.]* He will not stay long. — What, John Rugby! John, what, John, I say! — Go, John, go inquire for my master; I doubt, he be not well, that he comes not home. *[Sings.*[9]*] And down, down, adown-a,* etc.

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys. Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet *un boitier vert;*[10] a box, a green-a box: do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.
Quick. Ay, forsooth; I 'll fetch it you. *[Aside.]* I am glad he went not in himself: if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad.
Caius. Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais à la cour, — la grande affaire.
Quick. Is it this, Sir?
Caius. Ouy; mettez le au mon pocket; *dépêchez,* quickly. — Vere is dat knave Rugby?
Quick. What, John Rugby! John!
Rug. Here, Sir.
Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby:[11] come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de court.

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von falschen Würfeln, mit denen Pistol sich jetzt seinen Lebensunterhalt verdienen will. 25) Manche Hgg. fügen mit Pope nach *operations* aus Q. A. noch *in my head* ein. 26) So die Fol. Nym mochte einen besondern Stern am Firmament im Sinne haben, so dass die Emendation von Collier's altem Corrector *stars* unnöthig ist. Die Q. A. hat *By welkin and her fairies.* 27) Die Fol. hat *to Ford* in dieser Zeile und *to Page* in der folgenden. Die Q. A. hat das Richtige in beiden Fällen. 28) *yellowness* = Gelbsucht, als Farbe der Eifersucht. Q. A. hat *Iallowes* scil. *yellows.* — Auf diese Veränderung im Gesicht, die also für Falstaff Gefahr bedeutet, bezieht sich *revolt of mien,* wie Theobald das *revolt of mine* der Fol. umändert. — Pope las *this revolt of mine,* wie in K. Henry V. (A. 2, Sc. 2) *For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like* || *Another fall of man.* — Die Cambridge Edd. vermuthen den Ausfall eines Wortes wie *anger* hinter *mine.*

1) *old* = reichlich, mehr als genug. — Gottes Geduld wird der Doctor Caius missbrauchen durch die vielen gotteslästerlichen Flüche, die er ausstösst, und das Englische durch die vielen Sprachfehler, die er macht. 2) *posset* = eine gewürzte Suppe aus Milch und Bier, die man vor dem Schlafengehen ass, und welche die Quickly kochen will auf dem Kaminfeuer, an dem sie den Abend zubringen. — *sea-coal* heissen die Steinkohlen, weil sie zur See von Newcastle hergeschafft wurden. 3) *breed-bate* = Zänker, Friedensstörer. 4) *peevish* soll, wie Malone meint, die Quickly hier missverständlich für *precise* sagen. Indess reicht auch die gewöhnliche Sh.'sche Bedeutung des Wortes = unbeholfen, unpraktisch, hier aus. 5) *wee* = kümmerlich, klein, verstärkt das *little.* 6) Ein röthlich gelber Bart, wie ihn Cain, der Brudermörder, auf alten Bildern oder in den Mysterien trug. — Die Fol. hat *Caine-coloured,* die Q. A. *kane-coloured,* weshalb manche Hgg. *cane-coloured* = zimmetfarbig, lesen. 7) Simple versteht *a tall man of his hands* = ein tüchtiger Mann, der seine Hände zu gebrauchen versteht. — So erklärt Florio in seinem Dictionary (1598) das italienische *manesco* mit *nimble, or quick-handed; a tall man of his hands.* Es steht im Gegensatz zu *softly-sprighted* = ein sanfter, gutmüthiger Mensch, der sich viel gefallen lässt. 8) *to shend* = herunter machen, schlecht machen. 9) Sie trillert, um den argwöhnischen Doctor nichts merken zu lassen, den Refrain eines Liedes, den auch Ophelia in Hamlet (A. 4, Sc. 5) singt. 10) Die Fol. druckt *unboyteene verd.* Auch die folgenden französischen Brocken sind in den alten Ausgaben sehr entstellt. 11) Jack Rugby für John Rugby nennt er ihn verächtlich wegen seiner Langsamkeit und Einfalt. So nennt er bald

Rug. 'T is ready, Sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long. — Od's me! *Qu'ay j'oublié?* dere is some simples in my closet,[12] dat I will not for the varld I shall leave behind.

Quick. [Aside.] Ah me! he 'll find the young man there, and be mad.

Caius. O diable! diable! vat is in my closet? — Villany! *larron! [Pulling* Simple *out.]* Rugby; my rapier!

Quick. Good master, be content.

Caius. Verefore shall I be content-a?

Quick. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. Vat shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

Quick. I beseech you, be not so phlegmatic;[13] hear the truth of it: he came of an errand to me from parson Hugh.

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Ay, forsooth, to desire her to —

Quick. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue! — Speak-a your tale.

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to Mistress Anne Page for my master, in the way of marriage.

Quick. This is all, indeed, la; but I 'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you? — Rugby, *baillez* me some paper: tarry you a little-a while. *[Writes.*

Quick. I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy. — But notwithstanding, man, I 'll do you your master what good I can: and the very yea and the no is, the French doctor, my master, — I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink,[14] make the beds, and do all myself; —

Sim. 'T is a great charge, to come under one body's hand.

Quick. Are you avis'd o' that? you shall find it a great charge: and to be up early and down late; — but notwithstanding, to tell you in your ear (I would have no words of it), my master himself is in love with Mistress Anne Page: but notwithstanding that, I know Anne's mind; that 's neither here nor there.[15]

Caius. You jack'nape, give-a dis letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a shallenge: I will cut his troat in de park; and I vill teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make. — You may be gone; it is not good you tarry here: — by gar, I vill cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone[16] to trow at his dog. *[Exit* Simple.

Quick. Alas! he speaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter-a for dat: — do not you tell-a me, dat I shall have Anne Page for myself? — By gar, I vill kill de Jack priest;[17] and I have appointed mine host of de *Jartiere*[18] to measure our weapon. — By gar, I will myself have Anne Page.

Quick. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well. We must give folks leave to prate: what, the good-jer![19]

Caius. Rugby, come to the court vit me. — By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door. — Follow my heels, Rugby.

[Exeunt Caius *and* Rugby.

Quick. You shall have An fool's-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that: never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do, nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

Fent. [Within.] Who 's within there? ho!

Quick. Who 's there, I trow? Come near the house, I pray you.

Enter Fenton.

Fent. How now, good woman? how dost thou?

Quick. The better, that it pleases your good worship to ask.

Fent. What news? how does pretty Mistress Anne?

Quick. In truth, Sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way; I praise heaven for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, think'st thou? Shall I not lose my suit?

Quick. Troth, Sir, all is in his hands above; but notwithstanding, Master Fenton, I 'll be sworn on a book,[20] she loves you. — Have not your worship a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

Quick. Well, thereby hangs a tale. — Good faith, it is such another Nan;[21] — but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread: — we had an hour's talk of that wart. — I shall never laugh but in that maid's company; — but, indeed, she is given too much to allicholly[22] and musing. But for you — well, go to.

Fent. Well, I shall see her to-day. Hold, there 's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou seest her before me, commend me.[23]

Quick. Will I? i' faith, that we will; and I will tell your worship more of the wart, the next time we have confidence, and of other wooers.

Fent. Well, farewell; I am in great haste now. *[Exit.*

Quick. Farewell to your worship. — Truly, an honest gentleman: but Anne loves him not; for I know Anne's mind as well as another does. — Out upon 't! what have I forgot? *[Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Before Page's House.

Enter Mistress Page, *with a letter.*

Mrs. Page. What! have I[1] scaped love-letters in the holiday-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see. *[Reads.*

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nachher verächtlich den Hugh Evans *Jack priest.* 12) In Q. A. steht überall *counting-house* für *closet.* 13) Sie will *choleric* sagen, wie sie weiterhin *melancholy* = wüthend, rasend, gebraucht. 14) Ich mache ihm Speise und Trank zurecht. 15) Es ist nichts damit; mein Herr wird die Anne Page nicht bekommen. 16) Das Wortspiel zwischen *stone* = Stein, und *stones* = Hoden, hat Sh. auch anderswo; so in Timon of Athens (A. 2, Sc. 2). 17) Vgl. oben Anm. 11. 18) So setzt Dyce für *Jarteer* der Fol. und citirt dazu aus Cotgrave's Dictionary: *A Garter. Jartier, Jartiere, Jarretière.* 19) Entstellt aus *goujere* = Lustseuche, im Anklang an *good year.* 20) Ich will einen Eid auf die Bibel darüber ablegen. 21) Sie will sagen: es ist solch ein Annchen, wie es kein zweites giebt. — *detest* steht hier verkehrt für *protest.* 22) *allicholly* für *melancholy* sagt auch der Wirth in Two Gentlemen of Verona (A. 4, Sc. 2). 23) Manche Hgg. setzen hinter *commend me* statt des Punctums einen Gedankenstrich, als ob die Quickly den Fenton unterbräche.

»Ask me no reason why I love you; for though Love use Reason for his physician,[2] he admits him not for his counsellor. You are not young, no more am I: go to then, there 's sympathy; you are merry, so am I: ha! ha! then, there 's more sympathy; you love sack, and so do I: would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, Mistress Page, (at the least, if the love of a soldier can suffice) that I love thee. I will not say, pity me, 't is not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me,

Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might
For thee to fight, John Falstaff.«

What a Herod of Jewry[3] is this! — O wicked, wicked world! — one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to show himself a young gallant! What an unweighed behaviour[4] hath this Flemish drunkard[5] picked (with the devil's name!) out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company. — What should I say to him? — I was then frugal of my mirth: — heaven forgive me! — Why, I 'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men.[6] How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter Mistress Ford.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs. Page. And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I 'll ne'er believe that: I have to show to the contrary.[7]

Mrs. Page. Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do then; yet, I say, I could show you to the contrary. O Mistress Page! give me some counsel.

Mrs. Page. What 's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman! if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour.

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman; take the honour. What is it? — dispense with trifles; — what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment or so,[8] I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What? — thou liest. — Sir Alice Ford! — These knights will hack; and so, thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn day-light:[9] — here, read, read; — perceive how I might be knighted. — I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking:[10] and yet he would not swear; praised women's modesty, and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere and keep place together, than the hundredth psalm to the tune of »Green Sleeves«.[11] What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think, the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease. — Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford differs! — To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here 's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first;[12] for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant, he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names, (sure more) and these are of the second edition.[13] He will print them, out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into

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1) *I* fehlt in der Fol., die auch in Falstaff's Brief den Artikel *a* vor *soldier* weglässt. 2) Johnson's plausiblen Vorschlag, *physician* für *precisian* der Fol. zu lesen, unterstützt Farmer durch ein Citat aus Sh.'s Sonnets (147) *My reason, the physician to my love.* — *physician* lesen auch Dyce, Staunton und die Cambridge Edd. 3) Als Herodes von Judäa bezeichnet sie den Falstaff wegen seiner Ruchlosigkeit. 4) *an unweighed behaviour* = ein unüberlegtes, unvorsichtiges Benehmen. 5) *Flemish drunkard* heisst Falstaff nicht bloss zufolge seiner Trinklust, sondern wegen seines aufgedunsenen und fetten Wanstes, was Beides als charakteristisch für die Niederländer galt; so in Othello (A. 2, Sc. 3) in ähnlichem Zusammenhange *your swag-bellied Hollander.* 6) Frau Page will, in ihrem halb scherzhaften Zorn über Falstaff's Dreistigkeit, einen Gesetzvorschlag vor's Parlament bringen, der die Männer zu Schanden macht, damit solche Frechheit nicht wieder vorkomme. — *to put down* ist sowohl = abschaffen, wie z. B. einen bestehenden Missbrauch, als auch = herunter machen, zu Schanden machen. — Manche Hgg. fügen mit Theobald *fat* vor *men* ein. 7) Frau Page fasst *to look ill* = krank aussehen, Frau Ford = hässlich aussehen, was sie widerlegen will mit Falstaff's Liebesbrief. 8) *for an eternal moment or so* ist scherzhaft gesagt = für alle Ewigkeit: Wenn ich durch einen Ehebruch mein Seelenheil auf's Spiel setzen wollte, so könnte ich einen Ritter, d. h. den Falstaff, bekommen oder zum Ritter geschlagen werden. — Frau Page versteht *knighted* in letzterem Sinn, und, indem sie demgemäss ihre Freundin mit dem Rittertitel als Sir Alice Ford scherzhaft anredet, warnt sie dieselbe vor solchem Ritterschlage, weil er auf diese zweideutige Art gewonnen den Ritter zu gemein machen würde. — *to hack* = gemein, gewöhnlich werden. — Einige Commentatoren finden darin eine Anspielung auf die Freigebigkeit, mit welcher Jacob I. den Ritterschlag ertheilte und damit entwerthete. 9) Der Ausdruck ist sprichwörtlich: Wir, indem wir hin und her reden, statt auf die Sache einzugehen, thun etwas Ueberflüssiges, wie Die, welche bei Tage ihr Licht verbrennen. 10) So lange ich Augen habe, um die körperliche Beschaffenheit der Männer zu unterscheiden. — *liking* in diesem Sinne steht in K. Henry IV. First Part (A. 3, Sc. 3) *while I am in some liking.* 11) Falstaff's Sinnesart und Worte stimmen nicht besser überein, als der hundertste Psalm und die weltliche Melodie des Liedes vom grünen Aermel. — Von letzterem Liede, das nach den Zeugnissen der Zeitgenossen ein ziemlich ausgelassenes gewesen sein muss, ist der Text verloren gegangen und nur die Melodie hat sich erhalten. — Nach der Einzeichnung in die Register der Buchhändler war *Greensleeves* der Name oder Beiname einer Dame: *Licensed unto Richard Jones a new northerne dittie of the Lady Green sleeves,* und ebenso: *Licensed unto Edward White, a ballad, being the Lady Green sleeves, answered to Jenkin her friend.* 12) *to inherit* = den Besitz als ältester Erbe antreten, hier zugleich: der Liebe Falstaff's theilhaft werden. 13) Falstaff hat in seinem Leben schon eine ganze Auflage solcher Liebesbriefe verbraucht und ist jetzt bei der zweiten Auflage. 14) scil. *put us two into the press.* — *press* doppelsinnig = Druckpresse, und

the press, when he would put us two: [14] I had rather be a giantess, and lie under Mount Pelion. [15] Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words. What doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not: it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I 'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he know some strain [16] in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding call you it? I 'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I: if he come under my hatches, I 'll never to sea again. Let 's be revenged on him: let 's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit; and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawned his horses to mine host of the Garter. [17]

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villany against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. [18] O, that my husband saw this letter! [19] it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look, where he comes; and my good man too: he 's as far from jealousy, as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let 's consult together against this greasy knight. Come hither. *[They retire.*

Enter Ford, Pistol, Page, *and* Nym.

Ford. Well, I hope, it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtail dog [20] in some affairs:
Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, Sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He wooes both high and low, both rich and poor,
Both young and old, one with another, Ford.
He loves the gally-mawfry: [21] Ford, perpend. [22]

Ford. Love my wife?

Pist. With liver burning hot: [23] prevent, or go thou,
Like Sir Actæon he, with Ringwood [24] at thy heels.
O! odious is the name.

Ford. What name, Sir?

Pist. The horn, I say. Farewell:
Take heed; have open eye, for thieves do foot by night:
Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo-birds do sing. [25] —
Away, sir corporal Nym. —
Believe it, Page; he speaks sense. [26] *[Exit.*

Ford. I will be patient: I will find out this.

Nym. [To Page.*]* And this is true; I like not the humour of lying. He hath wronged me in some humours: I should have borne the humoured letter to her; but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there 's the short and the long. My name is corporal Nym: I speak, and I avouch 't is true: — my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife. — Adieu. I love not the humour of bread and cheese; and there 's the humour of it. [27] Adieu. *[Exit.*

Page. The humour of it, quoth 'a! here 's a fellow frights humour [28] out of his wits.

Ford. I will seek out Falstaff.

Page. I never heard such a drawling, affecting rogue.

Ford. If I do find it: — well.

Page. I will not believe such a Cataian, [29] though the priest o' the town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'T was a good sensible fellow: [30] well.

Page. How now, Meg?

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George? — Hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet Frank? why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy. — Get you home, go.

Mrs. Ford. 'Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now. — Will you go, Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Have with you. — You 'll come to dinner, George? — *[Aside to Mrs.* Ford.*]* Look, who comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

Mrs. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her: she 'll fit it.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and, I pray, how does good Mistress Anne?

Mrs. Page. Go in with us, and see; we have an hour's talk with you.

[Exeunt Mrs. Page, *Mrs.* Ford, *and Mrs.* Quickly.

Page. How now, Master Ford?

Ford. You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

= die Presse, die das Gewicht von Falstaff's schwerem Körper darstellt. 15) Sh. denkt wahrscheinlich bei *Mount Pelion* an die Berge, welche die Titanen auf einander thürmten, als sie den Himmel stürmen wollten. 16) Das vieldeutige *strain* fasst Staunton hier vielleicht richtig = *some turn, tendency.* 17) Wir wollen ihn mit schönem Köder so lange hinhalten, bis er so bankerott geworden ist, dass er dem Wirth, bei dem er logirt, seine Pferde verpfänden muss, um nur seine Zeche zu bezahlen. Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 3, Anm. 2. 18) *the chariness of our honesty* = die Sorglichkeit, mit der wir unsere Tugend zu hüten haben. So kommt *the chariest maid* in Hamlet (A. 1, Sc. 3) vor. 19) Gesetzt dass mein Gatte diesen Brief sähe, so würde das seiner Eifersucht ewige Nahrung geben. — *O, that* drückt hier keinen Wunsch aus, sondern nur die Möglichkeit. — Q. A. hat *O Lord, if my husband should see this letter, i' faith, this would even give edge to his jealousy.* 20) *curtail dog* erklärt Johnson mit *a dog that misses his game.* Es ist eigentlich ein Hund, dem der Schwanz gestutzt ist, zum Zeichen dass er nicht zur Jagd dienen kann. 21) *gally-mawfry* = Gemisch, Gemengsel: Falstaff liebt alle Weiber ohne Unterschied, durcheinander. 22) Eben so affectirt sagt Pistol *perpend my words* in K. Henry V. (A. 4, Sc. 4). 23) Die heisse Leber bezeichnet Falstaff's feurige Liebe. 24) *Ringwood*, eigentlich der Name eines Jagdhundes, bezeichnet collectiv die Jagdhunde, die den in einen Hirsch verwandelten Actäon zerrissen. — Mit dem so verwandelten Actäon wird dann der von Falstaff mit Hörnern versehene Ford verglichen. 25) Dass der Ton des Kuckucks den Hahnrei verhöhnen soll, ist ein Volksglaube, der auch bei Sh. wiederholt vorkommt. 26) Pistol vor seinem Weggange bestätigt noch, was mittlerweile Nym beiseite dem Page über Falstaff's Absicht in Bezug auf Frau Page mittheilt. 27) *and there's the humour of it* fehlt in der Fol. und ist mit Recht, wie Page's Antwort zeigt, aus Q. A. entlehnt. 28) *humour* in Q. A.; *English* in der Fol. 29) *Cataian*, ein Mann aus Catai, dem alten Namen für China, bezeichnet hier, im Gegensatz zu *true man*, einen Gauner. 30) Ford meint den Pistol. — Ford und Page erwägen in diesen kurzen Wechselreden Jeder für sich die Glaubwürdigkeit der Mittheilungen Pistol's und Nym's.

Page. Yes; and you heard what the other told me.

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, slaves; I do not think the knight would offer it: but these that accuse him, in his intent towards our wives, are a yoke of his discarded men; very rogues,[31] now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that. — Does he lie[32] at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage[33] towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife, but I would be loath to turn them together. A man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my head:[34] I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Look, where my ranting host of the Garter comes. There is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily. — How now, mine host?

Enter Host and Shallow.

Host. How now, bully-rook! thou 'rt a gentleman. — Cavalero-justice, I say.[35]

Shal. I follow, mine host, I follow. — Good even, and twenty, good Master Page. Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavalero-justice; tell him, bully-rook.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir Hugh, the Welch priest, and Caius, the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine host o' the Garter, a word with you.

Host. What say'st thou, my bully-rook?

[They go aside.

Shal. *[To* Page.*]* Will you go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons,[36] and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places; for, believe me, I hear, the parson is no jester.[37] Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavalier?

Ford. None, I protest: but I 'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him, my name is Brook,[38] only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully: thou shalt have egress and regress; said I well? and thy name shall be Brook. It is a merry knight.[39] Will you go, Mynheers?[40]

Shal. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard, the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, Sir! I could have told you more: in these times[41] you stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes, and I know not what: 't is the heart, Master Page; 't is here, 't is here. I have seen the time, with my long sword,[42] I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

Host. Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

Page. Have with you. — I had rather hear them scold than fight.[43] *[Exeunt Host,* Shallow, *and* Page.

Ford. Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty,[44] yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily. She was in his company[45] at Page's house, and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into 't; and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff. If I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 't is labour well bestowed. *[Exit.*

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31) *rogue* = Vagabund, und = Spitzbube. 32) *to lie* = logiren, im Quartier liegen. 33) *voyage*, eigentlich = Unternehmungs- oder Entdeckungsreise, kommt im Sinne einer Bewerbung um die Gunst einer Dame auch in Cymbeline (A. 1, Sc. 5) vor: *if you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to unterstand you have prevailed.* 34) Ford fasst *lie on my head*, das Page ganz allgemein = mir zur Last fallen, gebraucht hatte, mit specieller Anspielung auf das Horn des Hahnrei. 35) Der Wirth richtet die ersten Worte an Page, und wendet sich dann mit der pomphaften Anrede *cavalero-justice* an den ihm folgenden Friedensrichter zurück. — Der Modeausdruck *cavalero* = Cavalier, findet sich auch in K. Henry IV. Second Part (A. 5, Sc. 3) *I'll drink to Master Bardolph, and to all the cavaleroes about London.* — Manche Hgg. verbinden *gentleman* mit *cavalero-justice.* — Die Stelle lautet in Q. A. *God bless you, my bully rooks, God bless you. Cavalero Justice, I say.* 36) A. 1, Sc. 4 hatte Caius gesagt *I have appointed mine host of de* Jartiere *to measure our weapon.* — Der Wirth musste als Schiedsrichter darauf sehen, dass die Waffen gleich lang waren. 37) Der Pfarrer versteht keinen Spass, und um Unheil zu verhüten, hat der Wirth ihn und seinen Gegner an verschiedene Plätze zum Duell bestellt. 38) *Brooke* ist Ford's angenommener Name in Q. A.; *Broome* in der Fol. Ersterer scheint durch ein Wortspiel in der folgenden Scene gerechtfertigt. — Die Cambridge Edd. finden es wahrscheinlich, dass der ursprüngliche Name *Brook* später von den Schauspielern in *Broom* umgeändert wurde, weil ein Einwohner von Windsor wirklich Brook geheissen. 39) Die Worte beziehen sich auf Falstaff, der schon den Spass verstehen wird, welchen Ford mit ihm vorhat. 40) *Mynheers* schlug Theobald vor zu lesen für das sinnlose *An-heires* der Fol. — Der Wirth, der seine Titulaturen aus allen Sprachen entlehnt, gebraucht hier zur Abwechselung eine holländische. 41) Shallow contrastirt die jetzigen Zeiten und ihre pedantische und geschulte Fechtkunst mit der Fechtkunst seiner eigenen Zeit, wo es nicht auf regelrechte Haltung, sondern auf den Muth, auf das Herz ankam. 42) Für *my long sword* der Fol. hat Q. A. *my two-hand sword.* Beides bedeutet das grosse Schlachtschwert, im Gegensatze zu dem leichteren Stossdegen. Der Unterschied in der Handhabung beider ergiebt sich aus Carleton's Thankfull Remembrance of God's Mercy (1625), wo es von einem gewissen Rowland York heisst: *he was a Londoner, famous among the cutters in his time, for bringing in a new kind of fight — to run the point of a rapier into a man's body. This manner of fight he brought first into England with great admiration of his audaciousness: when in England before that time the use was, with little bucklers and with broad swords, to strike and not to thrust: and it was accounted unmanly to strike under the girdle.* 43) scil. *than see them fight.* — Page würde grösseren Spass daran finden, wenn Caius und Evans in ihrem schlechten Englisch auf einander losschimpften. 44) *his wife's frailty*, wofür Theobald *fealty* lesen wollte, erklärt Malone richtig mit *his frail wife.* 45) *in his company* versteht Ford von Falstaff, wie er unter *she was* seine eigene Frau versteht, obwohl Keiner der Beiden vorher erwähnt ist.

SCENE II.

A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF *and* PISTOL.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.
Pist. Why, then the world 's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open. [1]
Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, Sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: [2] I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow [3] Nym; or else you had looked through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damned in hell for swearing to gentlemen, my friends, you were good soldiers, and tall fellows; [4] and when Mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, [5] I took 't upon mine honour thou hadst it not.
Pist. Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?
Fal. Reason, [6] you rogue, reason: think'st thou, I 'll endanger my soul gratis? At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you: — go: — a short knife and a throng: [7] — to your manor of Pickt-hatch, [8] go. — You 'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue! — you stand upon your honour! — Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do, to keep the terms of my honour precise. I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will ensconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases, [9] and your bold-beating [10] oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you?
Pist. I do relent: [11] what would thou more of man?

Enter ROBIN.

Rob. Sir, here 's a woman would speak with you.
Fal. Let her approach.

Enter Mistress QUICKLY.

Quick. Give your worship good morrow.
Fal. Good morrow, good wife.
Quick. Not so, an 't please your worship.
Fal. Good maid, then.
Quick. I 'll be sworn; as my mother was, the first hour I was born. [12]
Fal. I do believe the swearer. What with me?
Quick. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?
Fal. Two thousand, fair woman; and I 'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.
Quick. There is one Mistress Ford, Sir: — I pray, come a little nearer this ways. — I myself dwell with master doctor Caius.
Fal. Well, on: Mistress Ford, you say, —
Quick. Your worship says very true: — I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.
Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears: mine own people, mine own people.
Quick. Are they so? Heaven bless them, and make them his servants!
Fal. Well: Mistress Ford; — what of her?
Quick. Why, Sir, she 's a good creature. Lord, Lord! your worship 's a wanton: well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!
Fal. Mistress Ford; — come, Mistress Ford, —
Quick. Marry, this is the short and the long of it. You have brought her into such a canaries, [13] as 't is wonderful: the best courtier of them all, when the court lay [14] at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary; yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly, all musk, and so rushling, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant [15] terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart, and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her. — I had myself twenty angels given me this morning; but I defy all angels, [16] (in any such sort, as they say) but in the way of honesty: — and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all; and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners; [17] but, I warrant you, all is one with her.
Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good she-Mercury.
Quick. Marry, she hath received your letter, for the which she thanks you a thonsand. times; and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.
Fal. Ten and eleven.
Quick. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot [18] of: Master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him; he 's a very jealousy man; she leads a very frampold [19] life with him, good heart.

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1) Manche Hgg. fügen aus Q. A. hier noch folgenden Vers hinzu: *I will retort the sum in equipage.* 2) Pistol hat, um sich durchzuschlagen, Falstaff's Protection benutzt oder dieselbe gleichsam verpfändet. So in Hamlet (A. 4, Sc. 2) *that soaks up the king's countenance.* 3) *coach-fellow* = der mit ihm an demselben Wagen zieht, Spiessgeselle. — *to grate upon* = sich an Jemandem reiben, ihm stark zusetzen, bildet ein Wortspiel mit *grate* = Gitter in einem Gefängniss oder vor einem Affenkäfig. 4) *tall fellows* = tüchtige, brave Kerle. 5) Fächer mit silbernem Stiel werden bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen oft erwähnt. 6) Das war recht und billig. 7) Falstaff weist den Pistol zu seinem Lebensunterhalt auf's Beutelschneiden an, das er mit einem kurzen Messer im Volksgedränge exerciren soll. So in K. Lear (A. 3, Sc. 2) *Nor cutpurses come not to throngs.* 8) *Pickt-hatch*, eine besonders wegen ihrer Bordelle verrufene Gegend in London, welche Falstaff ironisch als Pistol's Herrensitz bezeichnet. 9) *red-lattice phrases* = Reden, wie sie in gemeinen Kneipen üblich sind. Das roth angestrichene Fenstergitter bezeichnete solche Kneipen und Bordelle. 10) Flüche, die kühn dreinschlagen. — Hanmer wollte dafür *bull-baiting oaths* lesen. 11) So die Fol. Q. A. hat *recant.* 12) Die Fol. theilt den Satz in Reime *sworn* — *born* ab. 13) *canary* = ein rascher, leidenschaftlicher Tanz. Die Quickly gebraucht das Wort irrthümlich für irgend ein anderes; wie Steevens vermuthet, für *quandaries.* 14) Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 1, Anm. 32. 15) *alligant* für *elegant.* — *alligant terms* geht wieder auf die Liebesbriefe, während *rushling* auf die Höflinge selber geht. 16) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 3, Anm. 15. 17) *pensioners* = Mitglieder der Leibwache der Königin, die aus lauter vornehmen und stattlichen Cavalieren bestand. 18) *to wot* veraltet für *to know:* das bewusste Bild. 19) *fram-*

Fal. Ten and eleven. — Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Quick. Why, you say well. But I have another messenger to your worship: Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you too; — and let me tell you in your ear, she 's as fartuous[20] a civil modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other: and she bade me tell your worship, that her husband is seldom from home, but she hopes there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man: surely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quick. Blessing on your heart for 't!

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife, and Page's wife, acquainted each other how they love me?

Quick. That were a jest, indeed! — they have not so little grace,[21] I hope: — that were a trick, indeed! But Mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves:[22] her husband has a marvellous infection[23] to the little page; and, truly, Master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does: do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and, truly, she deserves it, for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quick. Nay, but do so, then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and, in any case, have a nayword,[24] that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing: for 't is not good that children should know any wickedness; old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well: commend me to them both. There 's my purse; I am yet thy debtor. — Boy, go along with this woman. *[Exeunt* Quickly *and* Robin.*]* This news distracts me.

Pist. This punk[25] is one of Cupid's carriers. —
Clap on more sails; pursue, up with your fights:[26]
Give fire! She is my prize, or ocean whelm them all!
[Exit.

Fal. Say'st thou so, old Jack?[27] go thy ways; I 'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee: let them say, 't is grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Sir John, there 's one Master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.[28]

Fal. Brook is his name?

Bard. Ay, Sir.

Fal. Call him in. *[Exit* Bardolph.*]* Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor.[29] Ah! ha! Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, have I encompassed you? go to; *via!*

Re-enter Bardolph, *with* Ford *disguised.*

Ford. Bless you, Sir.

Fal. And you, Sir: would you speak with me?

Ford. I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You 're welcome. What 's your will? — Give us leave, drawer. *[Exit* Bardolph.

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much: my name is Brook.

Fal. Good Master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir John, I sue for your; not to charge you;[30] for I must let you understand, I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are; the which hath something emboldened me to this unseasoned intrusion, for, they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good soldier, Sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will help to bear it, Sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, Sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good Master Brook; I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar, — I will be brief with you, — and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection; but, good Sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own, that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith[31] you yourself know, how easy it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, Sir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

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pold erklärt Ray unter den Provinzialismen mit *fretful, peevish, cross, froward.* 20) *fartuous* für *virtuous.* 21) So sehr sind sie doch hoffentlich nicht von Gott verlassen, dass sie einander das mittheilen sollten. 22) *of all loves,* eine dringende Bitte, eigentlich = von allem Freundlichen, was Ihr thun könnt. 23) *infection* für *affection* sagt auch der alte Gobbo in Merchant of Venice (A. 2, Sc. 2). 24) *have* ist Imperativ: Falstaff und Frau Page sollen ein Stichwort verabreden, mittelst dessen sie durch den Pagen verhandeln, ohne dass der Page selbst es verstehe. 25) Für *punk* wollte Warburton *pink* = kleines Postschiff, lesen, um das Bild vom Schiffe, das in der folgenden Zeile gebraucht wird, schon hier zu anticipiren. 26) *fights* erklärt Philip's World of Words so: *Are the waste-cloaths which hang round about the ship to hinder men from being seen in fight.* 27) Falstaff ist im Selbstgespräch begriffen: Was sagst Du zu dem Glücke, das Du trotz Deines Alters noch bei den Weibern machst? 28) Brook schickt, um sich bei Falstaff als Gast desselben Wirthshauses einzuführen, aus seinem Zimmer in Falstaff's Zimmer eine Flasche Sekt als Morgentrank. — Diese Art, Bekanntschaften anzuknüpfen, kommt auch sonst in Sh.'s Zeit vor. 29) Die Q. A. hat bloss *Such Brookes are alwaies welcome to me.* — Die Fol. hat auch hier mit Verwischung des Wortspiels *Such brooms are welcome to me that o'erflows such liquour.* Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 1, Anm. 38. 30) Ich suche Eure Bekanntschaft, jedoch nicht um Euch Kosten zu verursachen. 31) *si h* veraltet für *since.* — *the easier,* in Bezug auf das folgende *how easy,* ist zu verbinden mit *pass:* um so leichter

Fal. Well, Sir.

Ford. I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her; followed her with a doting observance; engrossed opportunities to meet her; fee'd every slight occasion, that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given. Briefly, I have pursued her, as love hath pursued me, which hath been, on the wing of all occasions: but whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none,[32] unless experience be a jewel; that I have purchased at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to say this:

Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues;
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.[33]

Fal. Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importuned her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love then?

Ford. Like a fair house, built upon another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that though she appear honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth so far, that there is shrewd construction made of her.[34] Now, Sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance,[35] authentic in your place and person, generally allowed for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.[36]

Fal. O, Sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it. — There is money; spend it, spend it: spend more; spend all I have, only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege[37] to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing, win her to consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency[38] of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks, you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O! understand my drift. She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself: she is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance[39] and argument to commend themselves; I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too too strongly embattled against me. What say you to 't, Sir John?

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good Sir!

Fal. I say you shall.[40]

Ford. Want no money, Sir John; you shall want none.

Fal. Want no Mistress Ford, Master Brook; you shall want none.[41] I shall be with her (I may tell you) by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me: I say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, Sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not. — Yet I wrong him, to call him poor: they say, the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money, for the which his wife seems to me well-favoured.[42] I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer, and there 's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, Sir, that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue![43] I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel: it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns. Master Brook, thou shalt know I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife. — Come to me soon at night. — Ford 's a knave, and I will aggravate his style;[44] thou, Master Brook, shalt know him for a knave and cuckold. — Come to me soon at night.

[Exit.

Ford. What a damned Epicurean rascal is this! — My heart is ready to crack with impatience. — Who says, this is improvident jealousy? my wife hath sent to him, the hour is fixed, the match is made. Would any man have thought this? — See the hell of having a false woman! my bed shall be abused, my coffers ransacked, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villanous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms,[45] and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names! — Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well;

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mit einem Verweise davonkommen. 32) Was ich auch für meine hingebende Gesinnung oder für die Mittel, die ich angewendet, verdient haben mag, das mir Gebührende, einen Lohn, habe ich nicht erhalten. 33) Steevens vermuthet, dass dieser Sinnspruch ein Citat sei, das sich jedoch nicht weiter bis jetzt hat nachweisen lassen. 34) An andern Orten lässt sie sich in ihrer Munterkeit so weit gehen, dass man es ihr schlimm auslegt. 35) *great admittance* = Zutritt bei Grossen oder Vornehmen. 36) Ihr seid allgemein anerkannt wegen Eurer Talente oder Fertigkeiten als Soldat, Hofmann und Gelehrter. 37) *an amiable siege* erklärt Malone mit *a siege of love*. So in Much Ado about Nothing (A. 3, Sc. 3) *this amiable encounter* = verliebte Zusammenkunft. 38) Für *vehemency* der Fol. hat Q. A. *veruensi;* vielleicht aus *fervency* verdruckt. 39) *instance* erklärt Johnson hier mit *example*. Vielleicht ist es jedoch, wie an andern Stellen, = Anlass, Beweggrund. 40) So hat die Fol. Manche Hgg. lesen mit Q. A.: *Master Brook, I say you shall.* 41) Wie Ihr es mir nicht am Gelde fehlen lassen wollt, so will ich es Euch auch nicht an der Frau Ford fehlen lassen. 42) Seine Frau erscheint mir anziehend und hübsch, weil ihr Mann so viel Geld hat. 43) Ein handwerksmässiger, aus gesalzener Butter bestehender oder sich davon nährender Wicht. 44) Falstaff will Ford's Titel, der bisher nur *knave* war, noch schwerer, gewichtiger machen, indem er ihm noch den Titel *cuckold* hinzufügt. 45) Ford meint, indem er von der Beilegung abscheulicher Namen spricht, die er sich noch dazu von Dem, der ihn kränkt, wird gefallen lassen müssen, den Namen Hahnrei, den Namen eines bewussten Hahnrei *(wittol-cuckold)*, mit dem Falstaff ihn bedroht hatte. In Vergleich mit solchen

Barbason, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends: but cuckold! wittol-cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass; he will trust his wife, he will not be jealous: I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, parson Hugh the Welchman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vitæ bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself: then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises; and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be praised for my jealousy! — Eleven o'clock the hour:[46] I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon, than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! *[Exit.*

SCENE III.

Windsor Park.

Enter Caius *and* Rugby.

Caius. Jack Rugby!

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack?

Rug. 'T is past the hour, Sir, that Sir Hugh promised to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come: he has pray his Pible vell, dat he is no come. By gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, Sir; he knew your worship would kill him, if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead, so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, Sir! I cannot fence.

Caius. Villany, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here 's company.

Enter Host, Shallow, Slender, *and* Page.

Host. 'Bless thee, bully doctor.

Shal. 'Save you, master doctor Caius.

Page. Now, good master doctor!

Slen. Give you good morrow, Sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foin, to see thee traverse,[1] to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco?[2] ha, bully! What says my Æsculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder?[3] ha! is he dead, bully-stale?[4] is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of the vorld; he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a Castilian, king Urinal: Hector of Greece, my boy.

Caius. I pray you, bear vitness that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, master doctor: he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair[5] of your professions. Is it not true, Master Page?

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Bodykins, Master Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one. Though we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen, Master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, Master Page.

Page. 'T is true, Master Shallow.

Shal. It will be found so, Master Page. Master doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace:[6] you have showed yourself a wise physician, and Sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient churchman. You must go with me, master doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest-justice: — a word, Monsieur Mock-water.[7]

Caius. Mock-vater! vat is dat?

Host. Mock-water in our English tongue is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, then I have as much mock-vater as de Englishman. — Scurvy jack-dog priest! by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw[8] thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look, he shall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to 't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And moreover, bully, — but first, master guest,

Namen klingen die Namen von bösen Geistern, die Sh. hier aus Reginald Scott's *Inventarie of the Names etc. of Devils and Sprites* entlehnt, noch anständig. — Von den hier erwähnten Dämonen werden Amaimon und Lucifer in K. Henry IV. First Part (A. 2, Sc. 4) und Barbason in K. Henry V. (A. 2, Sc. 1) namhaft gemacht. 46) Falstaff hatte ihm gesagt *I shall be with her between ten and eleven,* und Ford nimmt die letztere Zeitbestimmung, um die Beiden desto sicherer bei einander zu treffen.

1) *to foin* und *to traverse* sind technische Fechtausdrücke = zustossen, und = den Degen queer halten. Die folgenden Kunstausdrücke *punto, stock* für *stoccado, reverse* sonst *punto reverso* (in Romeo and Juliet A. 2, Sc. 4), *montant* (daher scherzhaft *Signior Montanto* in Much Ado about Nothing A. 1, Sc. 1) gehören ebenfalls der Fechtkunst an und finden sich auch sonst bei Sh. 2) *Francisco* in der Fol.; *Francoyes* in Q. A. Beides soll in der affectirten Sprache des Wirths = Franzose sein. 3) *heart of elder* ist scherzhaft und ironisch nach *heart of oak* gebildet, da der Hollunder im Innern hohl ist. 4) *bully-stale,* eines der Composita, welche der Wirth mit seinem Lieblingsworte *bully* bildet, geht, wie das folgende *king Urinal* auf die Anwendung, welche Caius und andre Aerzte der Zeit aus dem Urin und dem Uringlase zur Erforschung der Natur der Krankheiten machten. — Manche Hgg. interpungiren *Thou art a Castilian king, Urinal,* während doch der Wirth den Doctor einen Castilianer oder Spanier nennt, wie er ihn vorher einen Franzosen oder Aethiopier genannt hatte, Letzteres vielleicht wegen seiner dunkeln Gesichtsfarbe. 5) *against the hair* = gegen den Strich des Haares, gegen die Natur. 6) Ich bin als Friedensrichter vereidigt worden. 7) *word,* das in der Fol. zufällig fehlt, ist aus Q. A. ergänzt. — *Mock-water* in Q. A. und Fol. oder *Muck-water* = Mistwasser, wie manche Hgg. mit Farmer lesen, ist eine scherzhafte Benennung des Doctors mit Bezugnahme auf die obenerwähnte Praxis. Vgl. Anm. 4. 8) *to clapper-claw* = sich raufen. — Sh. hat das Wort in Troilus and Cressida (A. 5, Sc. 4) *now they are*

and Master Page, and eke Cavalero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore. *[Aside to them.*

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host. He is there: see what humour he is in, and I will bring the doctor about by the fields. Will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

Page, Shal., and Slen. Adieu, good master doctor.

[Exeunt Page, Shallow, *and* Slender.

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest, for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

Host. Let him die. Sheathe thy impatience: throw cold water on thy choler. Go about the fields with me through Frogmore; I will bring thee where Mistress Anne Page is, at a farmhouse a-feasting, and thou shalt woo her. Cried I aim?[9] said I well?

Caius. By gar, me tank you vor dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For the which I will be thy adversary[10] toward Anne Page: said I well?

Caius. By gar, 't is good; vell said.

Host. Let us wag then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. *[Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A Field near Frogmore.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans *and* Simple.

Eva. I pray you now, good Master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for Master Caius, that calls himself doctor of physic?

Sim. Marry, Sir, the Pitty-ward,[1] the park-ward, every way; old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

Eva. I most fehemently desire you, you will also look that way.

Sim. I will, Sir. *[Retiring.*

Eva. Pless my soul! how full of cholers I am, and trempling of mind! — I shall be glad, if he have deceived me. — How melancholies I am! — I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard, when I have good opportunities for the 'ork: — pless my soul! *[Sings.*

To shallow rivers, to whose falls[2]
Melodious birds sing madrigals;
There will we make our peds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.
To shallow —

Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry.

Melodious birds sing madrigals; —
When as I sat in Pabylon, —
And a thousand vagram posies.
To shallow —

Sim. [Coming forward.] Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir Hugh.

Eva. He 's welcome. —

To shallow rivers, to whose falls —

Heaven prosper the right! — What weapons is he?

Sim. No weapons, Sir. There comes my master, Master Shallow, and another gentleman, from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

Eva. Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms.

Enter Page, Shallow, *and* Slender.

Shal. How now, master parson? Good morrow, good Sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book,[3] and it is wonderful.

Slen. Ah, sweet Anne Page!

Page. 'Save you, good Sir Hugh.

Eva. 'Pless you from his mercy sake, all of you!

Shal. What! the sword and the word? do you study them both, master parson?

Page. And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw rheumatic day!

Eva. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you to do a good office, master parson.

Eva. Fery well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, belike having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience that ever you saw.

Shal. I have lived fourscore years, and upward;[4] I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.[5]

Eva. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; master doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

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clapper-clawing one another. 9) Q. A. und Fol. haben *Cried game*, was Steevens etwas gezwungen als eine Anrede an Doctor Caius im Sinne von *professed buck* auffasst. — Einfacher ist es, mit Douce *cried I aim?* = habe ich Dich ermuthigt, habe ich's getroffen? zu lesen. 10) Er meint *accessary* = Helfershelfer.

1) Die Fol. hat *pittie-ward*, eine Localität, die, wenn sie nicht auf einem Druckfehler beruht, jedenfalls jetzt nicht mehr nachzuweisen ist. Manche Hgg. lesen *city-ward* und verstehen damit die Richtung nach London. — *old Windsor way* = der Weg nach Alt-Windsor, bezeichnet eine andre Richtung als *the town way* = der Weg nach Windsor. 2) Der Pfarrer, um seine Angst zu betäuben, singt Verse aus verschiedenen Liedern, die er zusammenhanglos aneinanderreiht. Die vier ersten Zeilen sind aus einem Gedichte von Marlowe: *The Passionate Shepherd to his Love*, das in der Gedichtsammlung The Passionate Pilgrim von deren Herausgeber Jaggard dem Sh. selbst zugeschrieben wird. — Der Vers *When as I sat in Pabylon* ist aus einer metrischen Uebersetzung des 137. Psalms: *When we did sit in Babylon,* || *The rivers round about,* || *Then in remembrance of Zion* || *The tears for grief burst out.* — Q. A. hat dafür *There dwelt a man in Babylon*, den Anfang einer weltlichen Ballade, welche auch in Twelfth-Night (A. 2, Sc. 3) citirt wird. 3) Nach Shallow's letzten Worten ist anzunehmen, dass Evans, als werde er von den Ankommenden überrascht, sich plötzlich in ein Buch, wahrscheinlich in die Bibel, vertieft stelle. Darauf gehen auch die folgenden Worte Shallow's: *the sword and the word.* 4) Ritson findet, dass Shallow sich hier zu alt mache, und will *threescore* für *fourscore* lesen. Malone weist jedoch nach, wie Sh. die letztere Zahl, ohne sie gerade buchstäblich zu nehmen, als gewöhnliche Bezeichnung eines Greisenalters anwendet. 5) So weit abgeirrt von der Achtung, die er sich selber schuldet. 6) *to question* =

Eva. Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in Hibbocrates and Galen, — and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave, as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he 's the man should fight with him.

Slen. O, sweet Anne Page!

Shal. It appears so, by his weapons. — Keep them asunder: — here comes doctor Caius.

Enter Host, Caius, *and* Rugby.

Page. Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good master doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question: [6] let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me speak a word vit your ear: verefore vill you not meet-a me?

Eva. Pray you, use your patience: in good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

Eva. Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends. — I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogscomb [7] for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. Diable! — Jack Rugby, — mine host de *Jartiere,* have I not stay for him to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a christians soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed. I 'll be judgment by mine host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say! Gallia and Guallia, [8] French and Welch, soul-curer and body-curer.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good: excellent.

Host. Peace, I say! hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? [9] Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I lose my parson? my priest? my Sir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the no-verbs. [10] — Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so. — Give me thy hand, celestial; so. — Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue. — Come, lay their swords to pawn. — Follow me, lad of peace; follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad host. — Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O, sweet Anne Page!

[Exeunt Shallow, Slender, Page, *and Host.*

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make-a de *sot* [11] of us? ha, ha!

Eva. This is well; he has made us his vlouting-stog. — I desire you, that we may be friends, and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this same scall, [12] scurvy, cogging companion, the host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, vit all my heart. He promise to bring me vere is Anne Page: by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will smite his noddles. — Pray you, follow. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Street in Windsor.

Enter Mistress Page *and* Robin.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant: you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O! you are a flattering boy: now, I see, you 'll be a courtier.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Well met, Mistress Page. Whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly, Sir, to see your wife: is she at home?

Ford. Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company. I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that, — two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weathercock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of. — What do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff!

Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit on 's name. — There is such a league between my good man and he! Is your wife at home, indeed?

Ford. Indeed, she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, Sir: I am sick, till I see her. *[Exeunt Mrs.* Page *and* Robin.

Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure, they [1] sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty miles, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score. He [2] pieces out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage: and now she 's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind: [3] — and Falstaff's boy with her! —

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sich besprechen, sich in ein Gespräch einlassen. 7) Die folgenden Worte bis *appointments* fehlen in der Fol. und sind aus Q. A. ergänzt. 8) Die Fol. hat *Gallia and Gaule;* Q. A. *gawle and gawlia.* Das folgende *French and Welch* zeigt die Nothwendigkeit der Verbesserung. 9) *Machiavel,* als Repräsentanten schlauer Staatskunst, hat Sh. auch in K. Henry VI. First Part (A. 5, Sc. 4). *Alençon, that notorious Machiavel!* — Die Q. A. schreibt den Namen *Matchauil.* 10) Das scherzhaft und sinnlos gebildete *no-verbs* ist ebenso zu *proverbs,* worunter der Wirth Bibelsprüche versteht, hinzugefügt, wie *motions* zu *potions.* — Das folgende *Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so* fehlt in der Fol. und ist aus Q. A. entlehnt, als nothwendiger Gegensatz zu *Give me thy hand, celestial; so.* — Der Wirth wendet sich erst an den mit irdischen Dingen beschäftigten Caius, dann an den mit himmlischen Dingen beschäftigten Evans, und nennt sie Beide vertraulich *boys of art* = Knaben der Wissenschaft, statt = Männer der Wissenschaft. Eben so cordial bezeichnet er dann den schon mit *Come, lay their swords etc.* angeredeten Friedensrichter als *lad of peace,* wie die Fol. liest. Dyce liest mit der Q. A. *lads of peace,* als bezögen sich die Worte auf Caius und Evans. 11) *sot* französisch: habt Ihr uns zu Narren gehabt? 12) *scall* für *scald.*

1) *they* bezieht sich auf *brains, eyes* und *thinking* zusammen. 2) *he* scil. *Page.* 3) Man kann das Gewitter, das bevorsteht, schon in dem Pfeifen des Windes hören, so deutlich wie die Liebesintriguen unserer Weiber

Good plots! — they are laid; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him,[4] then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so seeming[5] Mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actæon;[6] and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim.[7] *[Clock strikes.]* The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search; there I shall find Falstaff. I shall be rather praised for this than mocked; for it is as positive as the earth is firm, that Falstaff is there: I will go.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, *Host*, *Sir* HUGH EVANS, CAIUS, *and* RUGBY.

Page, Shal. etc. Well met, Master Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot. I have good cheer at home, and I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse myself, Master Ford.

Slen. And so must I, Sir: we have appointed to dine with Mistress Anne, and I would not break with her[8] for more money than I 'll speak of.

Shal. We have lingered about a match[9] between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

Slen. I hope, I have your good will, father Page.

Page. You have, Master Slender; I stand wholly for you: — but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Ay, by gar; and de maid is love-a me: my nursh-a Quickly tell me so mush.

Host. What say you to young Master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday,[10] he smells April and May:[11] he will carry 't, he will carry 't; 't is in his buttons;[12] he will carry 't.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having:[13] he kept company with the wild prince and Poins;[14] he is of too high a region; he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you, heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will show you a monster.[15] — Master doctor, you shall go: — so shall you, Master Page, — and you, Sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well. — We shall have the freer wooing at Master Page's.[16]

[Exeunt SHALLOW *and* SLENDER.

Caius. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

[Exit RUGBY.

Host. Farewell, my hearts. I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him. *[Exit.*

Ford. [Aside.] I think, I shall drink in pipe-wine[17] first with him; I 'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you, to see this monster. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in FORD's House.

Enter Mistress FORD *and Mistress* PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. What, John! what, Robert!

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly. Is the buck-basket —

Mrs. Ford. I warrant. — What, Robin, I say!

Enter Servants with a basket.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge: we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John, and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brewhouse; and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and (without any pause, or staggering) take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters in Datchet-mead,[1] and there empty it in the muddy ditch, close by the Thames side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I have told them over and over; they lack no direction.[2] Be gone, and come when you are called.

[Exeunt Servants.

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sich schon jetzt spüren lassen. 4) Ford will den Falstaff auf der That ertappen. 5) Steevens erklärt *seeming* mit *specious*. Indess scheint das *so* auf das vorhergehende *modesty* hinzuweisen, das adjectivisch zu suppliren ist, also *modest-seeming*. 6) Ein Hahnrei, der in seiner Zuversicht und Sorglosigkeit mit eigenem Willen ein Hahnrei ist. Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 1, Anm. 24. 7) Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 3, Anm. 9. 8) *to break with* = Jemandem sein Wort brechen. 9) Wir haben uns schon länger mit einer Partie zwischen Anne Page und Slender beschäftigt, die Sache hat sich schon länger hingezogen. 10) Er spricht in feinen und gesuchten Phrasen, wie sie für den Werkeltag zu gut sind. So in K. Henry IV. First Part (A. 1, Sc. 3) *With many holiday and lady terms.* 11) Er duftet wie der April und Mai, wie die Monate, welche die ersten Blumen bringen. — Q. A. hat *he smells all April and May.* 12) *buttons* wird gewöhnlich von einer Blume gedeutet, die zur Art der Lychnis gehört und als *bachelors' buttons* häufig bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen vorkommt. Die Junggesellen trugen sie mit sich herum und prophezeiten aus ihrem Blühen oder Welken, ob sie in der Liebe glücklich sein würden oder nicht. — Knight jedoch versteht *'t is in his buttons* von den Hosenknöpfen, wie das sprichwörtliche *It does not lie in your breeches*, also: er ist der Mann dazu. 13) *having* = Besitzthum. 14) Unter *the wild prince and Poins* ist Prinz Heinrich, der Sohn Heinrich's IV., und sein Freund Poins gemeint. Vgl. K. Henry IV. First und Second Part. 15) *monster* = ein Naturwunder, wie ein seltenes Thier, eine Missgeburt oder dgl. Zugleich liegt darin die versteckte Anspielung auf den gehörnten Hahnrei, wie in Othello (A. 4, Sc. 1) *a horned man 's a monster.* 16) Wenn die Uebrigen nicht mitgehen, so werden wir um so ungestörter in Page's Hause unsere Werbung um seine Tochter anbringen können. 17) *pipe-wine* ist zugleich = Wein vom Fasse, im Gegensatz zum Wein aus der Flasche, und = Wein, der gleichsam zum Tanze pfeift, so dass der Mittrinker dazu tanzt. In beiden Bedeutungen bezieht sich *pipe-wine* auf *canary*, das zugleich = ein Tanz, und = Wein von den Kanarischen Inseln, Sekt, bedeutet. — *to drink in* = in einem Wein mit Jemandem zechen: ich werde zuerst, noch eher als der Wirth, mit Falstaff zechen.

1) *Datchet-mead*, eine Wiese, die sich zwischen der nördlichen Terrasse des Windsorschlosses und der Themse hinzog und von den Bleichern *(whitsters)* benutzt wurde. Sie wurde von einem morastigen Graben *(muddy ditch)* durchschnitten, der mit dem Flusse in Verbindung stand. 2) Sie wissen schon was sie zu thun haben.

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter Robin.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyas-musket?[3] what news with you?

Rob. My master, Sir John, is come in at your back-door, Mistress Ford, and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-Lent,[4] have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I 'll be sworn. My master knows not of your being here; and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it, for he swears he 'll turn me away.[5]

Mrs. Page. Thou 'rt a good boy; this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose. — I 'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so. — Go tell thy master, I am alone. *[Exit* Robin.*]* — Mistress Page, remember you your cue.

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee: if I do not act it, hiss me.[6] *[Exit.*

Mrs. Ford. Go to then: we 'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery pumpion; — we 'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Have I caught my heavenly jewel?[7] Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough: this is the period of my ambition. O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet Sir John!

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, Mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead. I 'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.[8]

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, Sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the court of France show me such another. I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: thou hast the right arched beauty[9] of the brow, that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.[10]

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, Sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

Fal. By the Lord, thou art a tyrant to say so:[11] thou wouldst make an absolute courtier;[12] and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait, in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if Fortune thy foe were not, Nature thy friend:[13] come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there 's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee, there 's something extraordinary in thee. Come; I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lisping hawthorn-buds,[14] that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple-time:[15] I cannot; but I love thee, none but thee, and thou deservest it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, Sir. I fear, you love Mistress Page.

Fal. Thou mightst as well say, I love to walk by the Counter-gate,[16] which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well, heaven knows, how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I 'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do, or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [Within.] Mistress Ford! Mistress Ford! here 's Mistress Page at the door, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me. I will ensconce me behind the arras.[17]

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so: she 's a very tattling woman. — [Falstaff *hides himself.*

Re-enter Mistress Page *and* Robin.

What 's the matter? how now!

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3) *eyas-musket* = ein junger Sperber, der noch nicht aus dem Neste kommt, hier scherzhaft von dem kleinen Robin, wie in Hamlet (A. 2, Sc. 2) *eyases* von den Kinderschauspielern. 4) *Jack-a-Lent* = eine Puppe, mit Lumpen bekleidet, die in der Fastenzeit den Knaben als Zielscheibe bei ihren Spielen diente. So in Ben Jonson's Tale of a Tub: *Thou that when last thou wert put out of service,* || *Travell'd to Hampstead Heath on an Ashwednesday,* || *Where thou didst stand six weeks the Jack of Lent* || *For boys to hurt three throws a penny at thee.* 5) Falstaff schwört, er wolle den Knaben aus dem Dienste jagen, wenn derselbe der Frau Page sein Einverständniss mit Frau Ford verriethe, und damit droht er ihm, wie Robin scherzhaft sich ausdrückt, die ewige Freiheit an, wie sonst wohl ein ewiges Gefängniss. 6) Zischt mich aus, wie einen Schauspieler, der sein Stichwort ausser Acht lässt. 7) Falstaff citirt den Anfang eines Liedes aus Sidney's Astrophel and Stella. Die Q. A. hat die Worte übereinstimmend mit dem Original, die Fol. fügt *thee* hinter *caught* ein. 8) So erzählt die Wirthin von Falstaff in K. Henry IV. Second Part (A. 2, Sc. 1) *thou didst swear to me then, to marry me and make me my lady thy wife.* 9) So die Fol. Manche Hgg. lesen willkürlich *arched bent*, weil Q. A. hat *how the arched bent of thy brow would become the ship-tire, the tire vallet, or anie Venetian attire.* — *ship-tire* = ein Kopfputz, der den Damen das Ansehen eines Schiffes mit vollen Segeln gab; *tire-valiant*, wofür Steevens *tire-volant* vermuthete, = ein Kopfputz von herausforderndem, kühnem Aussehen. 10) Irgend ein Kopfputz, den die venetianische Mode, die auch in England mustergültig war, zulässt oder billigt. 11) Die Fol. lässt das *by the Lord* der Q. A., das die Censur strich, aus. Für *tyrant* = Wütherich, d. h. Wütherich gegen sich selbst, wie die Fol. hat, lesen die meisten Hgg. mit Q. A. *traitor.* 12) Frau Ford würde vollkommen geeignet sein, bei Hofe zu erscheinen. 13) Ich sehe, was Du sein würdest, wenn nicht Fortuna Deine Feindin wäre, da die Natur Deine Freundin ist. — *Fortune thy foe* soll an den Anfang einer populären und oft citirten Ballade erinneren: *Fortune my foe, why dost thou frown on me?* || *And will my fortune never better be?* — Manche Hgg. fügen mit Pope hinter *Nature* ein *is* ein, da vielmehr *being* dafür zu suppliren ist. 14) Die sich so leicht wegblasen lassen, so wenig fest sind, wie eine Hagedornknospe. 15) *Bucklersbury*, eine Strasse in London, vorzugsweise von Apothekern und Kräuterhändlern bewohnt, wird auch in Webster's Westward Hoe erwähnt: *Go into Bucklersbury and fetch me two ounces in preserved melons.* — *in simple-time* = in der Zeit, wo die Medicinalkräuter gesammelt und getrocknet werden. 16) *Counter-gate* = das Thor des Londoner Schuldgefängnisses, *Counter* genannt, auf das in einem Wortspiel auch in Comedy of Errors (A. 4, Sc. 2) angespielt wird. 17) Zwischen

Mrs. Page. O Mistress Ford! what have you done? You 're shamed, you are overthrown, you 're undone for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What 's the matter, good Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, Mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion? — Out upon you! how am I mistook in you!

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas! what 's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband 's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman, that, he says, is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence. You are undone.

Mrs. Ford. 'T is not so, I hope. [18]

Mrs. Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here; but 't is most certain your husband 's coming, with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one: I come before to tell you. If you know yourself clear, why, I am glad of it: but if you have a friend here, convey him out. Be not amazed; call all your senses to you: defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do? — There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame! never stand »you had rather«, and »you had rather«: your husband 's here at hand; bethink you of some conveyance: [19] in the house you cannot hide him. — O, how have you deceived me! — Look, here is a basket: if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: or, it is whiting-time, send him by your two men to Datchet-mead.

Mrs. Ford. He 's too big to go in there. What shall I do?

Re-enter Falstaff.

Fal. Let me see 't, let me see 't! O, let me see 't! I 'll in, I 'll in. — Follow your friend 's counsel. — I 'll in.

Mrs. Page. What! Sir John Falstaff? Are these your letters, [20] knight?

Fal. I love thee: [21] help me away; let me creep in here; I 'll never —

[He gets into the basket; they cover him with foul linen.

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy. Call your men, Mistress Ford. — You dissembling knight!

Mrs. Ford. What, John! Robert! John! *[Exit* Robin.

Re-enter Servants.

Go take up these clothes here, quickly; where 's the cowl-staff? [22] look, how you drumble: [23] carry them to the laundress in Datchet-mead; quickly, come.

Enter Ford, Page, Caius, *and Sir* Hugh Evans.

Ford. Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why, then make sport at me, then let me be your jest; I deserve it. — How now? whither bear you this?

Serv. To the laundress, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck? I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck, buck, buck? Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck, and of the season too, it shall appear. [24] *[Exeunt Servants with the basket.]* Gentlemen, I have dreamed to-night: I 'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out: I 'll warrant, we 'll unkennel the fox. — Let me stop this way first: — so, now uncape. [25]

Page. Good Master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

Ford. True, Master Page. — Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen. *[Exit.*

Eva. This is fery fantastical humours, and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 't is no de fashion of France: it is not jealous in France. [26]

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen: see the issue of his search. *[Exeunt* Page, Caius *and* Evans.

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or Sir John.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in, when your husband asked who was in the basket! [27]

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so, throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think, my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that; and we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine. [28]

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish [29] carrion, Mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

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der von der Decke herabhängenden Tapete und der Wand war so viel Platz, dass Falstaff sich dort verstecken konnte. Denselben Versteckplatz hatte er in K. Henry IV. First Part (A. 2, Sc. 4) aufgesucht. 18) Manche Hgg. setzen vor diesem Worte aus Q. A. als beiseit gesprochen *Speak louder:* Frau Page soll lauter sprechen, damit Falstaff Alles höre. — Die Fol. hat *Speak louder* erst A. 4, Sc. 2. 19) *conveyance* = Mittel zur heimlichen Fortschaffung. 20) Frau Page erinnert ihn an die Liebesbriefe, die er ihr geschickt hat, während sie ihn jetzt bei der Frau Ford findet. 21) Manche Hgg. fügen auch hier aus Q. A. hinzu *and none but thee,* was in der Fol. fehlt, da Falstaff dasselbe schon vorher zu Frau Ford gesagt hatte. 22) *cowl-staff* = die Stange, an der der Waschkorb fortgetragen wird. 23) *to drumble* = zaudern, sich ungeschickt anstellen. 24) Wortspiel zwischen *buck* = eingeweichte Wäsche, und = Bock, mit Anspielung auf dessen Hörner, weshalb er *buck of the season* heisst. 25) *to uncape* = den Fuchs aus seinem Bau treiben; hier angewandt auf Falstaff, den Ford irgendwo in seinem Hause versteckt glaubt und heraustreiben will. 26) Er will sagen: man ist nicht eifersüchtig in Frankreich. 27) Ritson wollte, in Uebereinstimmung mit dem Vorhergehenden, lesen *what was in the basket.* — Indess mag dieses *who* auf einem Versehen Sh.'s beruhen. 28) Seine liederliche Krankheit, seine Liederlichkeit, wird dieser Arznei, die wir angewandt, schwerlich schon Folge leisten; wir werden ihn nochmals in die Cur nehmen müssen. 29) Die Fol. hat aus Versehen, wegen des folgenden *carrion, foolishion* für *foolish,* was indess schon die Fol. von 1632

Mrs. Page. We 'll do it: let him be sent for to-morrow eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter Ford, Page, Caius, *and Sir* Hugh Evans.

Ford. I cannot find him: may be, the knave bragged of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. Heard you that?[30]

Mrs. Ford. You use me well, Master Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, Master Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Eva. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment![31]

Caius. By gar, nor I too, dere is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, Master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not have your distemper in this kind for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

Ford. 'T is my fault, Master Page: I suffer for it.

Eva. You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a 'omans as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see 't is an honest woman.

Ford. Well; I promised you a dinner. — Come, come, walk in the park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you, why I have done this. — Come, wife; — come, Mistress Page: I pray you pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let 's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we 'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast; after, we 'll a-birding together: I have a fine hawk for the bush. Shall it be so?

Ford. Any thing.

Eva. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

Caius. If there be one or two, I shall make-a de turd.[32]

Ford. Pray you, go, Master Page.

Eva. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine host.

Caius. Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart.

Eva. A lousy knave! to have his gibes, and his mockeries!

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

A Room in Page's House.

Enter Fenton *and* Anne Page.

Fent. I see, I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore, no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

Anne. Alas! how then?

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself.[1]
He doth object, I am too great of birth,
And that my state being gall'd with my expense,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth.
Besides these, other bars he lays before me, —
My riots past, my wild societies;
And tells me, 't is a thing impossible
I should love thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be, he tells you true.

Fent. No, heaven so speed me in my time to come!
Albeit, I will confess, thy father's wealth
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne:
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags;
And 't is the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle Master Fenton,
Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, Sir:
If opportunity and humblest suit
Cannot attain it, why, then, — hark you hither.

[They converse apart.

Enter Shallow, Slender, *and Mistress* Quickly.

Shal. Break their talk, Mistress Quickly: my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I 'll make a shaft or a bolt on 't.[2] 'Slid, 't is but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismay'd.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that, — but that I am afeard.

Quick. Hark ye; Master Slender would speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him. — This is my father's choice.
O! what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!

Quick. And how does good Master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She 's coming; to her, coz. O boy! thou hadst a father![3]

Slen. I had a father, Mistress Anne: my uncle can tell you good jests of him. — Pray you, uncle, tell Mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen,[4] good uncle.

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Glostershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail,[5] under the degree of a squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good Master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz: I 'll leave you.

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verbessert. 30) Manche Hgg. lassen mit Q. A. die Frau Ford auf diese bei Seite an sie gerichtete Frage der Frau Page antworten *Ay, ay, peace.* 31) Evans will eigentlich das Gegentheil sagen: der Himmel vergebe mir meine Sünden nicht, da er überzeugt ist, dass Niemand in dem überall durchsuchten Hause versteckt geblieben sei. 32) Auch hier fügen manche Hgg. aus Q. A. ein Wort des Pfarrers Evans, der Caius' letzte Worte missversteht, ein: *In your teeth, for shame.* — Die Q. A. hat übrigens diese letzten Reden an einer andern Stelle, zum Schlusse von A. 3, Sc. 2.

1) Du musst Dir selbst angehören, selbst über Dich entscheiden. — Diese Scene folgt in der Q. A. erst auf die nächste fünfte. 2) Sprichwörtlich: Ich werde die Sache so oder so zur Entscheidung bringen. — *shaft* = ein scharfer, gefiederter Pfeil; *bolt* = ein stumpfer, dicker Vogelbolzen. 3) Shallow will seinen Neffen ermuthigen, indem er ihn auf seinen dreisteren Vater hinweist. 4) *out of the henloft* in Q. A. 5) *cut and long-tail* = Stutzschwanz und Langschwanz, soll in Slender's Redeweise Leute verschiedenen Ranges bezeichnen, die es ihm in der Art, wie er Anne Page halten wird, nicht gleichthun sollen, wenn sie nur nicht höher als er gestellt, d. h. vom

Anne. Now, Master Slender.
Slen. Now, good Mistress Anne.
Anne. What is your will?
Slen. My will?[6] od's heartlings! that 's a pretty jest, indeed. I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.
Anne. I mean, Master Slender, what would you with me?
Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you. Your father, and my uncle, have made motions: if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole![7] They can tell you how things go better than I can: you may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter PAGE *and Mistress* PAGE.

Page. Now, Master Slender! — Love him, daughter Anne. —
Why, how now? what does Master Fenton here?
You wrong me, Sir, thus still to haunt my house:
I told you, Sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.
Fent. Nay, Master Page, be not impatient.
Mrs. Page. Good Master Fenton, come not to my child.
Page. She is no match for you.
Fent. Sir, will you hear me?
Page. No, good Master Fenton. —
Come, Master Shallow; come, son Slender, in. —
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, Master Fenton.
[Exeunt PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.
Quick. Speak to Mistress Page.
Fent. Good Mistress Page, for that I love your daughter
In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and manners,[8]
I must advance the colours of my love,
And not retire: let me have your good will.
Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yond fool.
Mrs. Page. I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.
Quick. That 's my master, master doctor.
Anne. Alas! I had rather be set quick i' the earth,
And bowl'd to death with turnips.[9]
Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself. — Good Master Fenton,
I will not be your friend, nor enemy:
My daughter will I question how she loves you,
And as I find her, so am I affected.
Till then, farewell, Sir: she must needs go in;
Her father will be angry. *[Exeunt Mrs.* PAGE *and* ANNE.

Fent. Farewell, gentle mistress. — Farewell, Nan.
Quick. This is my doing, now. — Nay, said I, will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician?[10] look on Master Fenton. — This is my doing.
Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once[11] to-night
Give my sweet Nan this ring. There 's for thy pains.
[Exit.
Quick. Now, heaven send thee good fortune! A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet I would my master had Mistress Anne; or I would Master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would Master Fenton had her. I will do what I can for them all three, for so I have promised, and I 'll be as good as my word; but speciously[12] for Master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to Sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses: what a beast am I to slack[13] it! *[Exit.*

SCENE V.

A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, I say, —
Bard. Here, Sir.
Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in 't. *[Exit* BARDOLPH.*]* Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal, and to be thrown in the Thames? Well, if I be served such another trick, I 'll have my brains ta'en out, and buttered, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues slighted[1] me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a blind bitch's puppies,[2] fifteen i' the litter; and you may know by my size, that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking: if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drowned, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow; a death that I abhor, for the water swells a man, and what a thing should I have been, when I had been swelled! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter BARDOLPH *with the wine.*

Bard. Here 's Mistress Quickly, Sir, to speak with you.
Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water,[3] for my belly 's as cold, as if I had swallowed snowballs for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.
Bard. Come in, woman.

Range eines Esquire sind. 6) Wortspiele zwischen den verschiedenen Bedeutungen von *will* = Testament, letzter Wille, und = Wunsch, Wille, hat Sh. auch anderswo; so in Much Ado about Nothing (A. 5, Sc. 4) und Merchant of Venice (A. 1, Sc. 2). 7) Wenn es mein Glück sein soll, Euch zu bekommen, so ist es gut; wenn nicht, Heil Dem, dem es zu Theil wird. — *Happy man be his dole* ist in diesem Sinne sprichwörtlich. 8) Gegen allen Anstand, der mir gebieten müsste, mich zu bescheiden, kann ich es nicht unterlassen, die Fahne meiner Liebe hoch zu tragen. 9) Lieber als den Doctor Caius heirathen, wollte Anne Page sich lebendig begraben lassen, so dass nur der Kopf aus dem Boden herausragte und den Kegelkugeln als Wurfziel diente. Der Zusatz *with turnips* soll diese mehrfach erwähnte martervolle Todesart hier in's Spasshafte verkehren. Ohne solchen Zusatz findet sich in Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair: *Would I had been set in the ground, all but the head of me, and had my brains bowl'd at.* — In der folgenden Rede der Frau Page sind die ersten Worte an ihre Tochter, erst die folgenden an Fenton gerichtet. Manche Hgg. aber interpungiren *Come, trouble not yourself: good Master Fenton, etc.* 10) Die Quickly versteht unter *fool* den Slender, dem Page seine Tochter verschaffen will, unter *physician* den Caius, dem Frau Page sie zuwenden möchte. — Hanmer las *or a physician* in engerem Anschluss an das Sprichwort *A fool or a physician.* 11) *once* erklärt Steevens mit *some time.* Eher möchte *once* auch hier die Bedeutung haben, die es sonst bisweilen bei Sh. hat: einmal für allemal, kurz und gut. — Fenton will durch den Ring sich kurz und gut mit Anne Page verloben. 12) Sie meint *especially.* — Q. A. hat *specially.* 13) *to slack* = Etwas saumselig betreiben.

1) Q. A. hat *slided.* — *remorse* = Erbarmen, Bedenken. 2) *a blind bitch's puppies* in Q. A. und Fol. steht in nachlässiger oder komischer Redeweise für *a bitch's blind puppies,* wie Theobald änderte und die meisten Hgg. lesen. 3) Er meint, zu dem Themsewasser, das er unfreiwillig geschluckt hat. 4) Diese letzten

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Quick. By your leave. — I cry you mercy: give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Take away these chalices. Go, brew me a pottle of sack finely.

Bard. With eggs, Sir?

Fal. Simple of itself; I 'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage.[4] *[Exit* Bardolph.*]* — How now?

Quick. Marry, Sir, I come to your worship from Mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough: I was thrown into the ford; I have my belly full of ford.[5]

Quick. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.[6]

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

Quick. Well, she laments, Sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a-birding: she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine. I must carry her word[7] quickly: she 'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her: tell her so; and bid her think, what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quick. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

Quick. Eight and nine, Sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

Quick. Peace be with you, Sir. *[Exit.*

Fal. I marvel, I hear not of Master Brook: he sent me word to stay within. I like his money well. O! here he comes.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Bless you, Sir.

Fal. Now, Master Brook; you come to know what hath passed between me and Ford's wife?

Ford. That, indeed, Sir John, is my business.

Fal. Master Brook, I will not lie to you. I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And sped you,[8] Sir?

Fal. Very ill-favouredly, Master Brook.

Ford. How so, Sir? Did she change her determination?

Fal. No, Master Brook; but the peaking Cornuto[9] her husband, Master Brook, dwelling in a continual 'larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kissed, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one Mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and in her invention and Ford's wife's distraction,[10] they conveyed me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket!

Fal. By the Lord,[11] a buck-basket: rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, and greasy napkins; that, Master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villanous smell, that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, Master Brook, what I have suffered, to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus crammed in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were called forth by their mistress, to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane:[12] they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door, who asked them once or twice what they had in their basket.[13] I quaked for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have searched it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand.[14] Well; on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, Master Brook: I suffered the pangs of three several deaths:[15] first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten bell-wether;[16] next, to be compassed, like a good bilbo,[17] in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head; and then, to be stopped in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease: think of that, — a man of my kidney, — think of that; that am as subject to heat as butter;[18] a man of continual dissolution and thaw: it was a miracle, to scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish,[19] to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of that, — hissing hot, — think of that, Master Brook.

Wechselreden zwischen Falstaff und Bardolph stehen in Q. A. schon zu Anfang der Scene. 5) Q. A. fügt noch hinzu *she hath tickled me.* 6) Die Quickly sagt missverständlich *erection* für *direction;* in Falstaff's Antwort ist dann *erection* = Bau, Aufführung eines Gebäudes, gefasst, und *to build* = bauen, im eigentlichen und uneigentlichen Sinne. 7) Ich muss ihr rasch Bescheid bringen, ob Ihr kommen wollt. 8) Und hattet Ihr guten Erfolg? — Malone liest dafür mit Q. A. *And how sped you?* 9) Dieses Fremdwort = gehörnter Hahnrei, hat Sh. nur hier; bei seinen Zeitgenossen findet sich auch das Verbum *to cornute* = zum Hahnrei machen. — Q. A. hat nur *the jealous knave her husband.* 10) Indem Frau Page darauf verfiel und Frau Ford in äusserster Bestürzung oder Verzweiflung war. — Für *in* der Fol. setzen manche Hgg. *by* mit Q. A. — Für *distraction,* das Q. A. und Fol. haben, wollte M. Mason lieber *direction* lesen. 11) Für *by the Lord,* das Q. A. hat, setzt die Fol. wegen der unter Jacob I. eingeführten Theatercensur bloss *yes,* und die zweite Folioausg. von 1632 *yea.* 12) *Datchet-lane* ist die Strasse, die von Windsor nach der Wiese am Themseufer führt. Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 3, Anm. 1. 13) Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 3, Anm. 27. 14) Das Schicksal hielt Ford's Hand zurück, dass er den Wäschekorb nicht untersuchte, da es ihn einmal zum Hahnrei bestimmt hatte. 15) Q. A. hat *I 'll tell you, Master Brook; by the Lord, for your sake I suffered three egregious deaths.* — Q. A. führt dann als erste dieser Todesarten an, was die Fol. als die zweite hat, indem Q. A. den Wurf in die Themse als dritte Todesart aufzählt. 16) *bell-wether* geht wiederum auf die Hörner des Hahnrei. — *rotten* = schmutzig. — *to be detected with* für *by* ist Sh.'s Phraseologie, die *with* auch sonst so gebraucht. 17) *bilbo* = eine spanische Klinge, von der Stadt Bilboa so genannt, die in ihrer Elasticität sich so krümmen lässt, wie Falstaff zusammengekrümmt in einem Korbe von dem Umfang eines Viertelscheffelmasses lag. 18) Ein Mann, der den Einwirkungen der Hitze so leicht unterliegt, wie Butter. 19) Auf die Vorliebe der Niederländer für fette Speisen war schon hingedeutet A. 2, Sc. 2: *I will rather trust a Fleming*

Ford. In good sadness,[20] Sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffered all this. My suit then is desperate; you 'll undertake her no more?

Fal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Ætna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a-birding: I have received from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, Master Brook.

Ford. 'T is past eight already, Sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me[21] to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed, and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her: adieu. You shall have her, Master Brook; Master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. *[Exit.*

Ford. Hum: ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake! awake, Master Ford! there 's a hole made in your best coat, Master Ford. This 't is to be married: this 't is to have linen, and buck-baskets. — Well, I will proclaim myself what I am:[22] I will now take the lecher; he is at my house: he cannot scape me; 't is impossible he should: he cannot creep into a halfpenny purse, nor into a pepper-box; but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places.[23] Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me, — I 'll be horn-mad.[24] *[Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

The Street.

Enter Mistress Page, *Mistress* Quickly, *and* William.

Mrs. Page. Is he at Master Ford's already, think'st thou?

Quick. Sure, he is by this, or will be presently; but truly, he is very courageous[1] mad about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I 'll be with her by and by: I 'll but bring my young man here to school. Look, where his master comes; 't is a playing-day, I see.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans.

How now, Sir Hugh? no school to-day?

Eva. No; Master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

Quick. Blessing of his heart!

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says, my son profits nothing in the world at his book: I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence.

Eva. Come hither, William; hold up your head; come.

Mrs. Page. Come on, sirrah; hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.

Eva. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quick. Truly, I thought there had been one number more, because they say, Od's nouns.[2]

Eva. Peace your tattlings! — What is *fair*, William?

Will. Pulcher.

Quick. Polecats! there are fairer things than polecats, sure.

Eva. You are a very simplicity 'oman: I pray you, peace. — What is *lapis*, William?

Will. A stone.

Eva. And what is a stone, William?

Will. A pebble.

Eva. No, it is *lapis*: I pray you remember in your prain.

Will. Lapis.

Eva. That is good, William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun; and be thus declined, *Singulariter, nominativo, hic, haec, hoc.*

Eva. Nominativo, hig, hag, hog; — pray you, mark: *genitivo, hujus.* Well, what is your accusative case?

Will. Accusativo, hinc.

Eva. I pray you, have your remembrance, child: *accusativo, hung, hang, hog.*

Quick. Hang-hog is Latin for bacon,[3] I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your prabbles, 'oman. — What is the focative case, William?

Will. O — vocativo, O.

Eva. Remember, William; focative is, *caret.*[4]

Quick. And that 's a good root.

Eva. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace!

Eva. What is your genitive case plural, William?

Will. Genitive case?

Eva. Ay.

Will. Genitive, — *horum, harum, horum.*

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with my butter. 20) In vollem Ernste. 21) *to address* = rüsten, fertig machen. 22) Ich will mich selbst als Hahnrei bekannt machen; ich will die Sache offenbar machen. 23) *impossible places* = Stellen, die ihm unmöglich zum Versteck dienen können, undenkbare Versteckplätze. — In ähnlichem Sinne steht *impossible conveyance* in Much Ado about Nothing (A. 2, Sc. 1). 24) Dasselbe Wortspiel mit *horn-mad* = toll wie ein Hahnrei, und = toll mit den Hörnern, wie ein Stier, hat Sh. auch in Much Ado about Nothing (A. 1, Sc. 1) und in Comedy of Errors (A. 2, Sc. 1). — Für *to make one mad* liest Dyce *to make me mad;* indess liegt in dem *one* das *me* mit einbegriffen: Hörner, die Einen toll machen können.

1) *courageous* gebraucht die Quickly für *outrageous*, wie in Merchant of Venice (A. 2, Sc. 2) eben so irrthümlich *the most courageous fiend* steht. 2) Die Quickly verwechselt das Fluchwort *Od's nouns* für *God's nouns* = Gottes Namen, mit *odd nouns* = ungrade, mehr als zwei Nennwörter. — Die lateinische Grammatik, auf deren Details Sh. sich theilweise wörtlich in dieser Scene bezieht, heisst Lily's Accidence und wurde zuerst unter Heinrich VIII. in alle englischen Schulen eingeführt. Sh. kannte sie daher aus seiner eigenen Schulzeit. 3) Knight citirt dazu folgende Anekdote aus Lord Bacon's Apophthegms: *Sir Nicholas Bacon being judge of the Northern Circuit, when he came to pass sentence upon the malefactors, was by one of them mightily importuned to save his life. When nothing he had said would avail, he at length desired his mercy on account of kindred. Prithee, said my lord, how came that in? Why, if it please you, my lord, your name is Bacon, and mine is Hog, and in all ages Hog and Bacon are so near kindred that they are not to be separated. Ay but, replied the judge, you and I cannot be kindred unless you be hanged: for Hog is not Bacon, till it be well hanged.* 4) Diesen lateinischen Terminus = es fehlt, der auch in Love's Labour's

Quick. Vengeance of Jenny's case![5] fie on her! — Never name her, child, if she be a whore.

Eva. For shame, 'oman!

Quick. You do ill to teach the child such words. — He teaches him to hick and to hack,[6] which they 'll do fast enough of themselves; and to call whorum, — fie upon you!

Eva. 'Oman, art thou lunatics? hast thou no understandings for thy cases, and the numbers of the genders? Thou art as foolish christian creatures as I would desires.

Mrs. Page. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace.

Eva. Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is *qui, quae, quod;* if you forget your *quies*, your *quæs*, and your *quods*, you must be preeches.[7] Go your ways, and play; go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good sprag[8] memory. Farewell, Mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good Sir Hugh. *[Exit Sir* Hugh.*]* Get you home, boy. — Come, we stay too long.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

A Room in Ford's House.

Enter Falstaff *and Mistress* Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance. I see, you are obsequious[1] in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, Mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement,[2] and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He 's a-birding, sweet Sir John.

Mrs. Page. [Within.] What ho! gossip Ford! what ho!

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, Sir John.

[Exit Falstaff.

Enter Mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweetheart? who 's at home besides yourself?

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed?

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly. — *[Aside.]* Speak louder.[3]

Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes[4] again: he so takes on[5] yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, »Peer out, peer out!«[6] that any madness I ever yet beheld seemed but tameness, civility, and patience, to this his distemper he is in now. I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and swears, he was carried out, the last time he searched for him, in a basket: protests to my husband he is now here, and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport,[7] to make another experiment of his suspicion. But I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Hard by; at street end: he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone! the knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why, then you are utterly shamed, and he 's but a dead man.[8] What a woman are you! — Away with him, away with him: better shame than murder.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Re-enter Falstaff.

Fal. No, I 'll come no more i' the basket. May I not go out, ere he come?

Mrs. Page. Alas, three of Master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make you here?

Fal. What shall I do? — I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces.

Mrs. Page. Creep into the kiln-hole.[9]

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places;[10] and goes to them by his note: there is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I 'll go out then.

Mrs. Page. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir John. Unless you go out disguised,[11] —

Mrs. Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Page. Alas the day! I know not. There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Lost (A. 4, Sc. 2) vorkommt, verwechselt die Quickly mit dem englischen *carrot.* 5) *genitive case* klingt der Quickly wie *Jenny's case*, und *horum* wie *whore.* 6) Unter *to hick and to hack*, wie die Quickly das vorhergehende *hig, hag, hog* des Pfarrers ausspricht, soll, nach Steevens' Deutung, *to do mischief* gemeint sein; nach Blackstone's Meinung steht es für *to stammer, or hesitate.* 7) *preeches* für *breeched.* 8) *sprag*, ein Provinzialwort, das, wie Steevens sagt, noch in der Umgegend von Bath vorkommt, und = flink, munter, ist. Es wird eigentlich *sprack* geschrieben und lautet *sprag* nur nach Evans' Aussprache.

1) *obsequious* = treu ergeben bis zum Tode. 2) *complement* = Zubehör, Alles, was zur Vervollständigung einer Sache beiträgt. 3) Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 3, Anm. 18. 4) *lunes* verbesserte Theobald das *lines* der Fol. — Q. A. hat *your husband is in his old vein again.* 5) *to take on* = sich anstellen, sich geberden, nicht bloss = sich grämen. 6) Ford schlägt sich an die Stirn und fordert die Hörner des Hahnrei, die darin stecken, auf, herauszukommen. — Henley citirt dazu einen Kinderreim auf eine Schnecke, die sich in ihr Gehäuse verkriecht: *Peer out, peer out, peer out of your hole,* || *Or else I 'll beat you black as a coal.* 7) d. h. von der Vogeljagd, zu der sie gegangen waren. 8) Falstaff ist so gut wie todt, wenn Ford ihn zu sehen bekommt. 9) Die Fol. theilt diese Worte noch der Frau Ford zu. Malone vermuthet mit Recht, dass sie der Frau Page gehören. 10) *abstract* ist dasselbe, was gleich nachher *note* heisst: ein kurzes Verzeichniss aller nur denkbaren Versteckplätze im Hause. 11) Die Fol. theilt diese Rede irrthümlich der Frau Ford zu, ebenso wie die folgende; und die zweite Folioausg. verbindet beide Reden zu einer, die sie auch der Frau Ford zuertheilt. Die richtige Anordnung

Fal. Good hearts, devise something: any extremity, rather than a mischief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford,[12] has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him; she 's as big as he is, and there 's her thrummed hat,[13] and her muffler too. — Run up, Sir John.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir John: Mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick: we 'll come dress you straight; put on the gown the while. *[Exit* Falstaff.

Mrs. Ford. I would, my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears, she 's a witch; forbade her my house, and hath threatened to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel, and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We 'll try that; for I 'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he 'll be here presently: let 's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.

Mrs. Ford. I 'll first direct my men, what they shall do with the basket. Go up, I 'll bring linen for him straight. *[Exit.*

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him[14] enough.

We 'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honest too:
We do not act, that often jest and laugh;
'T is old but true, »Still swine eat all the draff.«[15]
[Exit.

Re-enter Mistress Ford *with Two Servants.*

Mrs. Ford. Go, Sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders: your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him. Quickly; despatch. *[Exit.*

1. Serv. Come, come, take it up.

2. Serv. Pray heaven, it be not full of knight[16] again.

1. Serv. I hope not; I had as lief bear[17] so much lead.

Enter Ford, Page, Shallow, Caius, *and Sir* Hugh Evans.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, Master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again?[18] — Set down the basket, villains.[19] — Somebody call my wife. — Youth in a basket![20] — O you panderly rascals! there 's a knot, a ging,[21] a pack, a conspiracy against me: now shall the devil be shamed. — What, wife, I say! — Come, come forth.[22] — Behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this passes![23] Master Ford, you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinioned.

Eva. Why, this is lunatics; this is mad as a mad dog.

Shal. Indeed, Master Ford, this is not well; indeed.

Ford. So say I too, Sir.

Re-enter Mistress Ford.

Come hither, Mistress Ford; Mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband! — I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witness, you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen-face; hold it out.[24] — Come forth, sirrah. *[Pulls the clothes out of the basket.*

Page. This passes!

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed? let the clothes alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Eva. 'T is unreasonable. Will you take up your wife's clothes?[25] Come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why, —

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this basket: why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable. — Pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here 's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, Master Ford; this wrongs you.[26]

Eva. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he 's not here I seek for.

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rührt von Malone her. 12) Q. A. hat *my maid's aunt, Gillian of Brainford,* in deutlicherer Anspielung auf eine bekannte Persönlichkeit, eine lustige Wirthin in Brentford, einem Städtchen zwischen Windsor und London, von deren Spässen ein eigenes Buch Jyl of Brentford's Testament, verfasst von Robert Copland, handelte. 13) *thrummed hat* = ein Hut, der aus grobem Abfall der Leinwand gemacht oder damit besetzt ist. — *muffler* = ein Tuch, das den unteren Theil des Gesichtes verhüllt. 14) *him,* das in der Fol. zufällig ausgefallen ist, ergänzt die Folioausg. von 1632. 15) Q. A. hat von diesen vier Versen drei, etwas modificirt und zwischen Frau Page und Frau Ford vertheilt, schon A. 3, Sc. 3. — *act* steht prägnant in bösem Sinne: wir, die wir viel scherzen und lachen, lassen uns nichts zu Schulden kommen. — Das Sprichwort *Still swine eat all the draff* entspricht unserm: Stille Wasser sind tief. 16) So die Fol., indem scherzhaft *knight,* wie etwa *clothes,* als der Inhalt des Korbes behandelt wird und ohne Artikel steht. — Manche Hgg. lesen mit der zweiten Folioausg. von 1632 *of the knight.* 17) So verbessert die zweite Folioausg. das *I had lief as bear* der ersten Fol. 18) Auf Page's Vorstellung, dass Ford's Eifersucht unmotivirt sein könnte, erwiedert dieser: Wenn sie aber begründet ist, wisst Ihr in Eurer überlegenen Weisheit ein Mittel, dass ich aufhöre, der Narr zu sein, zu dem meine Frau mich gemacht hat? 19) *villains* verbessert Dyce das *villain* der Fol., da Ford offenbar beide Träger des Korbes anredet, wie gleich nachher *you panderly rascals.* 20) Diese Worte scheinen, wie Halliwell bemerkt, sprichwörtlich gewesen zu sein. — Malone liest mit Q. A. *You, youth in a basket, come out here!* 21) *ging* = Bande, liest die zweite Folioausg. für *gin* der Fol. 22) Knight bemerkt mit Recht, dass die Worte *Come, come forth,* welche die Interpunction der meisten Hgg. mit dem Vorhergehenden und mit dem Folgenden verbindet, an den vermeintlich im Korbe steckenden Falstaff, nicht an die Frau Ford gerichtet sind. 23) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1, Anm. 48. 24) Führe Deine Tugendrolle nur so durch. 25) Dieselbe Zweideutigkeit findet sich in Taming of the Shrew (A. 4, Sc. 3) *Take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use!* — Die folgenden Worte der Frau Ford werden auch als Frage

Page. No, nor nowhere else, but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time: if I find not what I seek, show no colour for my extremity;[27] let me for ever be your table-sport; let them say of me, »As jealous as Ford, that searched a hollow walnut for his wife's leman.«[28] Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What ho! Mistress Page! come you and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! What old woman 's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.[29]

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what 's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery[30] as this is, beyond our element: we know nothing. — Come down, you witch, you hag you; come down, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good, sweet husband. — Good gentlemen, let him not[31] strike the old woman.

Re-enter Falstaff *in woman's clothes, led by Mistress* Page.

Mrs. Page. Come, mother Prat; come, give me your hand.

Ford. I 'll prat her. — Out of my door, you witch, *[beats him]* you hag, you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon:[32] out! out! I 'll conjure you, I 'll fortune-tell you. *[Exit* Falstaff.

Mrs. Page. Are you not ashamed? I think, you have killed the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it. — 'T is a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Eva. By yea and no, I think, the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under her muffler.[33]

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow: see but the issue of my jealousy. If I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again.[34]

Page. Let 's obey his humour a little further. Come, gentlemen. *[Exeunt* Ford, Page, Shallow, *and* Evans.

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I 'll have the cudgel hallowed, and hung o'er the altar: it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? May we, with the warrant of womanhood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him: if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery,[35] he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures[36] out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I 'll warrant, they 'll have him publicly shamed, and, methinks, there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publicly shamed.[37]

Mrs. Page. Come, to the forge with it then; shape it: I would not have things cool.[38] *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host and Bardolph.

Bard. Sir, the Germans desire[1] to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What duke should that be, comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court.[2] Let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak English?

Bard. Ay, Sir; I 'll call them[3] to you.

Host. They shall have my horses, but I 'll make them pay; I 'll sauce them: they have had my house a week at command; I have turned away my other guests: they must come off;[4] I 'll sauce them. Come. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in Ford's House.

Enter Page, Ford, *Mistress* Page, *Mistress* Ford, *and Sir* Hugh Evans.

Eva. 'T is one of the pest discretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon.

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interpungirt: *Why, man, why?* 26) Ihr thut Euch selbst zu nahe damit. 27) So sollt Ihr mein tolles Treiben nicht beschönigen, keinen Grund dafür angeben. 28) *leman* = Buhle, Galan. 29) Auch hier hat Q. A. *Gillian of Brainford.* — Auf die Zauberkünste dieser Person spielt auch eine Stelle in Webster's Westward Hoe an: *I doubt that old hag, Gillian of Brentford, has bewitched me.* — Vgl. oben Anm. 12. 30) *daubery* = Gaukelei, eigentlich = Uebertünchung. — *figure* = Zahlenberechnung, Horoskop. 31) *not*, das in der Fol. zufällig ausgefallen ist, ergänzt die zweite Folioausg. 32) *ronyon* = Vettel. Sh. hat das Wort als Schimpfwort auch in Macbeth (A. 1, Sc. 3). 33) So Q. A.; die Fol. hat *under his muffler.* — Der Bart bei einem Weibe bezeugte die Hexe. 34) Das Bild ist von einem Jagdhund, der auf falscher oder gar keiner Fährte anschlägt. — *to cry out* und *to open* sind technische Ausdrücke. 35) Diese juristischen Ausdrücke besagen: wenn Falstaff nicht dem Teufel als ein Besitzthum ohne alle Einschränkung und Verklausulirung des Eigenthumsrechts verfallen ist, so wird er uns nie wieder in Versuchung führen, um uns zu verderben. 36) *figures* = Einbildungen, Gebilde. So in Julius Caesar (A. 2, Sc. 1) *Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,* || *Which busy care draws in the brains of men.* 37) Der Spass, den wir mit Falstaff getrieben, würde nicht zum Abschluss gelangen, wenn er nicht öffentlich blamirt würde. 38) Das Bild ist von einem Eisen gebraucht, das geschmiedet werden muss, so lange es heiss ist, und nicht abkühlen darf. — *cool* ist Verbum Neutrum.

1) Die Fol. hat *the German desires*, obgleich nachher *they are going* steht. 2) Der Wirth hat nicht gehört, dass am Hofe zu Windsor irgend ein Herzog erwartet werde. 3) *him* in der Fol., *them* in Q. A. — Ebenso hat Q. A. das Richtige in der folgenden Rede des Wirthes, da sie *house* für *houses* der Fol. liest. 4) *to come off* = sich abfinden durch Bezahlung, seine Zeche oder Schuld berichtigen.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt;
I rather will suspect the sun with cold [1]
Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honour stand,
In him that was of late an heretic,
As firm as faith.

Page. 'T is well, 't is well; no more.
Be not as extreme in submission
As in offence; [2]
But let our plot go forward: let our wives
Yet once again, to make us public sport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow;
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How? to send him word they 'll meet him in the park at midnight? Fie, fie! he 'll never come.

Eva. You say, he has been thrown in the rivers, and has been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman: methinks, there should be terrors in him, that he should not come; methinks, his flesh is punished, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you 'll use him when he comes,
And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
Doth all the winter-time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;
And there he blasts the tree, [3] and takes [4] the cattle;
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain
In a most hideous and dreadful manner:
You have heard of such a spirit; and well you know,
The superstitious idle-headed eld [5]
Received, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many, that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak.
But what of this?

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device;
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us,
Disguis'd like Herne, with huge horns on his head. [6]

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he 'll come:
And in this shape when you have brought him thither, [7]
What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs. Page. That likewise have we thought upon, and thus:
Nan Page my daughter, and my little son,
And three or four more of their growth, we 'll dress
Like urchins, ouphes, [8] and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands. Upon a sudden,
As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a sawpit rush at once
With some diffused [9] song: upon their sight,
We two in great amazedness will fly:
Then let them all encircle him about,
And, fairy-like, to-pinch [10] the unclean knight;
And ask him, why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread,
In shape profane.

Mrs. Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound, [11]
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being known,
We 'll all present ourselves, dis-horn the spirit, [12]
And mock him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must
Be practised well to this, or they 'll ne'er do 't.

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviours; I will be like a jack-an-apes also, to burn the knight with my taber.

Ford. That will be excellent. I 'll go buy them vizards.

Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies,
Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That silk will I go buy; — *[aside]* and in that tire [13]
Shall Master Slender steal my Nan away,
And marry her at Eton. — Go send to Falstaff straight.

Ford. Nay, I 'll to him again in name of Brook;
He 'll tell me all his purpose. Sure, he 'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that. Go, get us properties,
And tricking [14] for our fairies.

Eva. Let us about it: it is admirable pleasures, and fery honest knaveries. *[Exeunt* Page, Ford, *and* Evans.

Mrs. Page. Go, Mistress Ford,
Send Quickly to Sir John, to know his mind.
[Exit Mrs. Ford.
I 'll to the doctor: he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.
That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot;

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1) *cold* ist Rowe's Emendation für *gold* der Fol. — Malone citirt passend dazu aus einem Buche, das Sh. bekannt sein musste, Westward for Smelts: *I answere in the behalfe of one, who is as free from disloyaltie, as is the sunne from darkness or the fire from cold.* 2) Geht jetzt nicht zu weit in den Betheuerungen Eurer Ergebenheit, wie Ihr vorher zu weit in Euren Kränkungen ginget. 3) Für *tree*, das hier collectiv steht, nicht in Bezug auf das vorhergehende *an oak*, wollte Hanmer *trees* lesen. 4) *to take* = mit Seuchen treffen. So in Hamlet (A. 1, Sc. 1) *then no planets strike, no fairy takes.* 5) *eld* collectiv = alte Leute. So in Lodge's Wounds of Civil War: *peevish eld discoursing by a fire.* — *idle-headed* = faselnd vor Altersschwäche. 6) Diese Zeile, die in der Fol. fehlt, entlehnt Malone aus Q. A., nur dass dort überall der Name des gespenstischen Jägers *Horne* statt *Herne* lautet. — Theobald hatte aus Q. A. sogar zwei Zeilen entlehnt: *We 'll send him word to meet us in the field,* || *Disguis'd like Herne, with huge horns on his head.* 7) So interpungirt Dyce diese beiden Verse. Die gewöhnliche Interpunction ist: *Well, let it not be doubted but he 'll come,* || *And in this shape: when you have brought him thither, etc.* 8) *ouphe* = Alf, Kobold. 9) *diffused* = wirr durcheinander, unverständlich. 10) *to to-pinch* = zerkneipen. — Dieses *to*, unserm zer- entsprechend, findet sich in vorshakspere'scher Zeit mit vielen Verben verbunden. 11) *sound* für *soundly* = tüchtig. — Diese Rede theilt die Fol. irrthümlich dem Ford zu. 12) d. h. dem als Herne und Gespenst verkleideten Falstaff seine Hörner abnehmen. 13) *tire*, hinweisend auf das vorhergehende *Finely attired in a robe of white*, worauf sich auch *that silk* bezieht, ist Theobald's Emendation für *time* der Fol. — Die Q. A. hat an der entsprechenden Stelle *in that mask.* 14) *properties* = Theaterrequisiten, hier was für die Feenmaskerade nöthig ist. — *tricking* =

And he[15] my husband best of all affects:
The doctor is well money'd, and his friends
Potent at court: he, none but he, shall have her,
Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her.
[Exit.

SCENE V.

A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host and SIMPLE.

Host. What wouldst thou have, boor? what, thick-skin?[1] speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

Sim. Marry, Sir, I come to speak with Sir John Falstaff from Master Slender.

Host. There 's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed, and truckle-bed:[2] 't is painted about with the story of the Prodigal,[3] fresh and new. Go, knock and call: he 'll speak like an Anthropophaginian[4] unto thee: knock, I say.

Sim. There 's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber: I 'll be so bold as stay, Sir, till she come down; I come to speak with her, indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman? the knight may be robbed: I'll call. — Bully knight! Bully Sir John! speak from thy lungs military: art thou there? it is thine host, thine Ephesian,[5] calls.

Fal. [Above.] How now, mine host!

Host. Here 's a Bohemian-Tartar[6] tarries the coming down of thy fat woman. Let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honourable: fie! privacy? fie!

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me, but she 's gone.

Sim. Pray you, Sir, was 't not the wise woman[7] of Brentford?

Fal. Ay, marry, was it, muscle-shell:[8] what would you with her?

Sim. My master, Sir, Master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go through the streets, to know, Sir, whether one Nym, Sir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what says she, I pray, Sir?

Fal. Marry, she says, that the very same man, that beguiled Master Slender of his chain, cozened him of it.

Sim. I would, I could have spoken with the woman herself: I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Host. Ay, come; quick.

Sim. I may not conceal them, Sir.[9]

Host. Conceal them, or thou diest.

Sim. Why, Sir, they were nothing but about Mistress Anne Page; to know, if it were my master's fortune to have her, or no.

Fal. 'T is, 't is his fortune.

Sim. What, Sir?

Fal. To have her, — or no. Go; say, the woman told me so.

Sim. May I be bold to say so, Sir?

Fal. Ay, Sir: like who more bold.[10]

Sim. I thank your worship. I shall make my master glad with these tidings. *[Exit.*

Host. Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly,[11] Sir John. Was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine host; one, that hath taught me more wit than ever I learned before in my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.[12]

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Out, alas, Sir! cozenage; mere cozenage!

Host. Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto.[13]

Bard. Run away with the cozeners; for so soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off from behind one of them in a slough of mire; and set spurs, and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses.[14]

Host. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain. Do not say, they be fled: Germans are honest men.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS.

Eva. Where is mine host?

Ausstaffirung, Putz. 15) *he* nachdrücklich für *him*. So stand A. 3, Sc. 2: *There is such a league between my good man and he!*

1) *thick-skin* = ein Mensch von beschränktem Geist. — Steevens citirt dazu aus Holland's Uebersetzung des Plinius: *men also, who are thicke-skinned, be more grosse of sence and understanding.* — Sh. hat dasselbe Wort in Midsummer-Night's Dream (A. 3, Sc. 2). 2) *truckle-bed* ist das niedrige Feldbett, das, wenn es gebraucht werden sollte, unter dem grossen Bette *(standing-bed)* hervorgezogen wurde. — Q. A. hat *trundle-bed* für *truckle-bed*. 3) Die Geschichte vom verlornen Sohne, auf eine Wandtapete gemalt, wird auch in K. Henry IV. Second Part (A. 2, Sc. 1) erwähnt: *for thy walls, a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the Prodigal, is worth a thousand of these bedhangings.* 4) *Anthropophaginian*, ein von dem Wirthe selbst gebildetes Wort aus dem einfachen *Anthropophagi*, das in Othello (A. 1, Sc. 3) sich findet. 5) *Ephesian*, wie es scheint, scherzhafte Bezeichnung eines lustigen Cumpans. — Sh. hat das Wort in K. Henry IV. Second Part (A. 2, Sc. 2), wo der Page auf die Frage des Prinzen nach Falstaff's Gesellschaft erwiedert *Ephesians, my lord, of the old church.* 6) *Bohemian-Tartar*, eine vom Wirthe gebildete Zusammensetzung = Zigeuner-Vagabund, um damit scherzhaft den Simple zu bezeichnen. 7) *wise woman* = Wahrsagerin, kluge Frau. 8) *muscle-shell* nennt Falstaff den Simple, nach Johnson's Erklärung, weil derselbe mit offenem Munde dasteht. 9) Simple sagt irrthümlich *conceal* für *reveal*, und der Wirth gebraucht scherzhaft das Wort dann auch in Simple's Sinne. — Simple's Worte legt die Fol. dem Falstaff bei, was Rowe zuerst verbesserte. 10) So die Fol., deren Lesart Dyce ganz richtig erklärt: *Ay, Sir; like the boldest.* — Die meisten Hgg. lesen dafür *Ay, Sir Tike; who more bold?* weil Q. A. hat *I tike, who more bolde.* 11) Du weisst so gut zu antworten und zu rathen, wie ein Gelehrter. 12) *to pay* doppelsinnig = bezahlen, und = abstrafen, prügeln. — Falstaff spielt auf die Schläge an, die er in dem Costüm der alten Frau in Ford's Hause empfing. 13) Der Wirth in seiner Sucht, Fremdwörter und seltsame Ausdrücke zu gebrauchen, macht *varletto* aus dem englischen *varlet*. 14) Sh.'s Publicum kannte aus dem Theater und aus populären Mährchenbüchern die Sage von dem deutschen Doctor Faust, der mit dem Dämon Mephistopheles durch die Luft davon fuhr.

Host. What is the matter, Sir?

Eva. Have a care of your entertainments: [15] there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me, there is three cousin-germans, [16] that has cozened all the hosts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good will, look you: you are wise, and full of gibes and vlouting-stogs, [17] and 't is not convenient you should be cozened. Fare you well. *[Exit.*

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vere is mine host *de Jartiere*?

Host. Here, master doctor, in perplexity, and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat; but it is tell-a me, dat you make grand preparation for a duke *de Jarmany:* by my trot, dere is no duke, dat de court is know to come. I tell you for good vill: adieu. *[Exit.*

Host. Hue and cry, villain! go. — Assist me, knight; I am undone. — Fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I am undone! *[Exeunt Host and* Bardolph.

Fal. I would all the world might be cozened, for I have been cozened, and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been washed and cudgelled, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me: I warrant, they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as crest-fallen as a dried pear. I never prospered since I forswore myself at primero. [18] Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, [19] I would repent.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Now, whence come you?

Quick. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and so they shall be both bestowed. I have suffered more for their sakes, more than the villanous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

Quick. And have not they suffered? Yes, I warrant; speciously [20] one of them: Mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford: but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, deliver'd me, [21] the knave constable had set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch.

Quick. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber; you shall hear how things go, and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts! what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so crossed.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Another Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Fenton *and Host.*

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me: my mind is heavy; I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me speak. Assist me in my purpose,
And, as I am a gentleman, I 'll give thee
A hundred pound in gold more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, Master Fenton; and I will, at the least, keep your counsel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page;
Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection,
So far forth as herself might be her chooser, [1]
Even to my wish. I have a letter from her
Of such contents as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof so larded with my matter,
That neither singly can be manifested,
Without the show of both; [2] — wherein [3] fat Falstaff
Hath a great scene: the image of the jest
I 'll show you here at large. [4] Hark, good mine host:
To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,
Must my sweet Nan present the fairy queen;
The purpose why, is here; in which disguise,
While other jests [5] are something rank on foot,
Her father hath commanded her to slip
Away with Slender, and with him at Eton
Immediately to marry: she hath consented.

Letzterer ist unter dem *German devil* verstanden. Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1, Anm. 23. 15) Evans meint die Gäste, die der Wirth bei sich aufnimmt. 16) Er sagt *cousin-germans* = leibliche Vettern, für *cozening Germans* = betrügerische Deutsche. — Das Wortspiel mit *cousin* und *cozen* hat Sh. auch in K. Richard III. (A. 4, Sc. 4). 17) Q. A. fügt noch hinzu *and can point wrong places*, in deutlicherer Hinweisung auf die Art, wie der Wirth das Duell zwischen Evans und dem Doctor Caius vereitelt hatte. — *vlouting-stog* d. h. *flouting-stock* = Gegenstand oder Zielscheibe des Gespöttes, das Evans A. 3, Sc. 1 im richtigen Sinne gebraucht hatte, sagt er hier = Spötterei. 18) *primero* = ein Kartenspiel, das auch in K. Henry VIII. (A. 5, Sc. 1) erwähnt wird, und folgendermassen in Greene's Tu Quoque: *Primero! Why, I thought thou hadst not been so much gamester as to play at it.* — In Minsheu's Dictionary wird es so erklärt: *Primero and primavista, two games at cards. Primum et primum visum, that is, first, and first seen, because he that can show such an order of cards, wins the game.* 19) *to say my prayers* fehlt in der Fol., wahrscheinlich als profan von der Theatercensur gestrichen, und ist von Pope aus Q. A. ergänzt. 20) Auch hier hat Q. A. *specially*. Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 4, Anm. 12. 21) Indem Falstaff in der Gefahr schwebte, als Hexe verhaftet zu werden, machte er so geschickt die Haltung eines harmlosen alten Weibes nach, dass man ihn als unverdächtig frei liess.

1) So weit wenigstens, wie sie selbst ihre Wahl treffen durfte. 2) Der Spass davon, d. h. die beabsichtigte Feenmaskerade, ist so innig mit meiner Angelegenheit, d. h. mit meiner Liebschaft, verknüpft, dass keins von Beiden einzeln zum Vorschein kommen kann, sondern Beides zugleich sich zeigen muss. 3) *wherein*, das in der Fol. fehlt, ergänzt Malone aus Q. A., wo der Vers lautet *Wherein fat Falstaff had a mighty scare.* — Die zweite Folioausg. vervollständigt den Vers der ersten Fol.: *Without the show of both; — fat sir John Falstaff.* 4) Manche Hgg. fügen hier die Bühnenweisung ein *Showing the letter.* — Indess lässt sich *I 'll show you here at large* auf die folgende mündliche Auseinandersetzung beziehen. — Bei dem folgenden *the purpose why, is here* deutet Fenton allerdings auf den von Anne Page erhaltenen Brief hin, ohne ihn jedoch dem Wirth zum Lesen

Now, Sir,
Her mother, even[6] strong against that match,
And firm for doctor Caius, hath appointed
That he shall likewise shuffle her away,
While other sports are tasking of their minds,
And at the deanery, where a priest attends,
Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot
She, seemingly obedient,[7] likewise hath
Made promise to the doctor. — Now, thus it rests:
Her father means she shall be all in white;
And in that habit, when Slender sees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her go,
She shall go with him: — her mother hath intended,
The better to denote[8] her to the doctor,
(For they must all be mask'd and vizarded)
That quaint in green[9] she shall be loose enrob'd,
With ribands pendent, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand; and on that token
The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive? father or mother?

Fent. Both, my good host, to go along with me:
And here it rests,[10] — that you 'll procure the vicar
To stay for me at church 'twixt twelve and one,
And, in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.[11]

Host. Well, husband your device: I 'll to the vicar.
Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee;
Besides, I 'll make a present recompense. *[Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff *and Mistress* Quickly.

Fal. Pr'ythee, no more prattling; — go: — I 'll hold.[1] This is the third time; I hope, good luck lies in odd numbers.[2] Away, go. They say, there is divinity[3] in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death. — Away.

Quick. I 'll provide you a chain, and I 'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

Fal. Away, I say; time wears: hold up your head, and mince.[4] *[Exit Mrs.* Quickly.

Enter Ford.

How now, Master Brook? Master Brook, the matter will be known[5] to-night, or never. Be you in the park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, Sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, Master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man; but I came from her, Master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave Ford, her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, Master Brook, that ever governed frenzy. I will tell you: — he beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of man, Master Brook, I fear not Goliah with a weaver's beam, because I know also, life is a shuttle.[6] I am in haste: go along with me; I 'll tell you all, Master Brook. Since I plucked geese,[7] played truant, and whipped top, I knew not what it was to be beaten, till lately. Follow me: I 'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford, on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. — Follow. Strange things in hand, Master Brook: follow. *[Exeunt.*[8]

SCENE II.

Windsor Park.

Enter Page, Shallow, *and* Slender.

Page. Come, come: we 'll couch i' the castle-ditch, till we see the light of our fairies. — Remember, son Slender, my daughter.[1]

Slen. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and we have a nayword,[2] how to know one another. I come to her in white,[3] and cry, »mum;« she cries, »budget;«[4] and by that we know one another.

Shal. That 's good too: but what needs either your »mum«, or her »budget«? the white will decipher her well enough. — It hath struck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark; light and spirits will become it well.[5] Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns.[6] Let 's away; follow me. *[Exeunt.*

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zu überreichen. 5) *other jests*, wie weiterhin *other sports*, sind die Spässe, welche die verkleideten Feen mit Falstaff anstellen wollen, und welche die Aufmerksamkeit der Uebrigen von Anne Page ablenken werden. 6) *even strong* ist mit *and firm* zu verbinden: ihre Mutter ist gleichmässig gegen diese Partie eingenommen und fest auf der Seite des Doctor Caius. — Manche Hgg. ändern *ever* für *even*. — Q. A. hat *Now her mother still against the match || And firm for Doctor Caius.* 7) *obedient* ist mit *to this plot* zu verbinden. 8) *denote* las Steevens für *devote* (*deuote* in der Fol.) der früheren Ausgg. 9) Steevens erklärt: *fantastically drest in green.* — Indess geht *quaint* in adverbialem Sinne wohl auf das Ganze und *in green* ist mit *loose enrob'd* zu verbinden: sie soll hübsch oder artig in ein loses grünes Gewand gekleidet werden. 10) Und darauf kommt es noch an. 11) *united ceremony* ist mit Sh.'scher Licenz des Gebrauchs der Adjectiva und Participia gesagt: unseren Herzen die Form geben, welche sie verbindet. — Q. A. hat *To give our hearts united matrimony.*

1) Ich will festhalten, beharren in meinem Entschlusse und kommen. 2) Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 1, Anm. 2. — Der Ausdruck ist sprichwörtlich. 3) *divinity* = göttliche Fügung. 4) *to mince* = zierlich thun, zierlich gehen. 5) Es wird diese Nacht Etwas aus der Sache werden, oder niemals. 6) Eine Anspielung auf eine Stelle im Buche Hiob (Cap. 7, V. 6) *my days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle.* — Falstaff stellt *weaver's beam* und *weaver's shuttle* zusammen. 7) Falstaff spricht von seinen Jugendjahren, da er in knabenhaftem Muthwillen lebendigen Gänsen die Federn ausrupfte. Auf dieselbe Zeit bezieht sich das Hinter-die-Schule-laufen und das Kreisel-schlagen. 8) Diese Scene sowie die drei folgenden fehlen in der Q. A.

1) *daughter*, das in der Fol. zufällig ausgelassen ist, ergänzt die zweite Folioausg. von 1632. 2) Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 2, Anm. 24. 3) Ich komme zu Der, die in Weiss gekleidet ist. 4) *mum* sowohl wie *mumbudget*, ist = still! leise! eine Aufforderung zum Stillschweigen oder Leisereden. 5) Die Lichter, welche die verkleideten Geister tragen, und die Geister selbst werden zu einer so dunkelen Nacht gut passen. 6) Eine Anspielung auf den mit Hörnern als Jäger Herne ausgestatteten Falstaff.

SCENE III.

The Street in Windsor.

Enter Mistress PAGE, *Mistress* FORD, *and Doctor* CAIUS.

Mrs. Page. Master Doctor, my daughter is in green: when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and dispatch it quickly. Go before into the park: we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do. Adieu.

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, Sir. *[Exit* CAIUS.*]* My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff, as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter: but 't is no matter; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now, and her troop of fairies? and the Welch devil, Hugh?[1]

Mrs. Page. They are all couched in a pit[2] hard by Herne's oak, with obscured lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amazed, he will be mocked; if he be amazed, he will every way be mocked.

Mrs. Ford. We 'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Against such lewdsters, and their lechery, Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on: to the oak, to the oak! *[Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Windsor Park.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS, *and Fairies.*

Eva. Trib, trib, fairies: come; and remember your parts. Be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit, and when I give the watch-'ords, do as I pid you. Come, come; trib, trib. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Another Part of the Park.

Enter FALSTAFF *disguised, with a buck's head on.*

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on. Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me! — Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns. — O powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man; in some other, a man a beast. — You were also, Jupiter, a swan, for the love of Leda; — O, omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose! — A fault done first in the form of a beast;[1] — O Jove, a beastly fault! and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl: think on 't, Jove; a foul[2] fault. — When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do?[3] For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' the forest: send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow?[4] Who comes here? my doe?

Enter Mistress FORD *and Mistress* PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John? art thou there, my deer?[5] my male deer?

Fal. My doe with the black scut? — Let the sky rain potatoes;[6] let it thunder to the tune of »Green Sleeves«;[7] hail kissing-comfits,[8] and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation,[9] I will shelter me here. *[Embracing her.*

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.

Fal. Divide me like a bribed buck,[10] each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk,[11] and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman?[12] ha! Speak I like Herne the hunter? — Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit,[13] welcome. *[Noise within.*

Mrs. Page. Alas! what noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

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1) *Hugh* setzt Capell für *Herne* der Fol. — Wahrscheinlich stand im Manuscripte der Name mit *H* abbrevirt. — Der welsche Pfarrer sollte in der Maskerade im Costüm eines Teufels, Satyrs oder Kobolds erscheinen, weshalb er nachher auch *fairy Hugh* angeredet wird. 2) Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 4, wo Frau Page sagt *Let them from forth a sawpit rush at once.*

1) Jupiter, indem er nach einander die Europa und dann die Leda liebte, verging sich zuerst in Gestalt eines Thieres, dann eines Vogels. 2) Wortspiel zwischen *fowl* und *foul.* 3) Malone citirt dazu aus Lyly's Euphnes (1580) *I think in those days love was well ratified on earth, when lust was so full authorized by the gods in heaven. — hot backs* ist ein Symptom sinnlicher Erregung. 4) Ray in seiner Collection of Proverbs hat ein Sprichwort *He has piss'd his tallow,* das er so erklärt: *This is spoken of bucks who grow lean after rutting-time, and may be applied to men.* 5) Wortspiel zwischen *dear* und *deer.* 6) *potatoes* = Kartoffeln, werden bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen häufig als ein Reizmittel zum Liebesgenuss erwähnt. Sh. selbst hat in Troilus and Cressida (A. 5, Sc. 2) *the devil Luxury, with his fat rump and potato-finger.* — Ebenso *eringoes* = Brachdistel, deren Wirkung Drayton in seinem Polyolbion erwähnt: *Whose root th' eringo is, the reins that doth inflame || So strongly to perform the Cytherean game.* 7) Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 1, Anm. 11. 8) *kissing-comfits* = Zuckerplätzchen, die den Mund wohlriechend machen. 9) *a tempest of provocation* = ein Sturm von Reizmitteln zur Liebe, fasst die vorher einzeln angeführten Aphrodisiaka potenzirt zusammen. 10) Die Fol. hat *brib'd-buck*, woraus Theobald *bribe-buck*, scil. *a buck sent for a bribe*, machte. — Dyce stellt die alte Lesart wieder her und fasst *bribed* in dem veralteten Sinne von *to steal.* Vielleicht ist *bribed* aber = zerlegt, um als Geschenk für verschiedene Personen zu dienen. 11) *walk* ist der District des Forstes, den ein einzelner Wärter, hier *fellow* genannt, zu beaufsichtigen oder zu begehen hat. Diesem kamen die Vorderblätter des erlegten Wildes zu. 12) Spreche und geberde ich mich nicht wie ein wirklicher Waidmann? 13) *true spirit* sagt Falstaff scherzhaft für *true man*, da er ein Gespenst, einen Geist darzustellen hat. 14) Die Fol. hat einfach *Enter Fairies* ohne speciellere Bezeichnung. Ausführlicher ist die Bühnenweisung der Q. A.: *Enter Sir Hugh like a Satyr, and boys drest like fairies, mistress Quickly like the Queen of Fairies: they sing a song about him, and afterwards speak.* — Dass die Quickly, und nicht Anne Page, die Feenkönigin darstellte, wäre in Widerspruch mit Allem, was vorher ausgemacht war. Der Irrthum ist wahrscheinlich veranlasst durch die Abbre-

Fal. What should this be?

Mrs. Ford. } Away, away! *[They run off.*
Mrs. Page. }

Fal. I think, the devil will not have me damned, lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans, *like a Satyr;* Anne Page, *as the Fairy Queen, attended by her Brother and Others, dressed like Fairies, with waxen tapers on their heads.* [14]

Anne. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white,
You moonshine revellers, and shades of night,
You orphan heirs of fixed destiny, [15]
Attend your office, and your quality. —
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy oyes. [16]

Hobgoblin. Elves, list your names: silence, you airy toys! [17]
Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, [18] and hearths unswept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry: [19]
Our radiant queen hates sluts, and sluttery.

Fal. They are fairies; he that speaks to them shall die:
I 'll wink and couch. No man their works must eye.
[Lies down upon his face.

Eva. Where 's Bead? [20] — Go you, and where you find a maid,
That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,
Raise up the organs of her fantasy, [21]
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy;
But those as sleep and think not on their sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins.

Anne. About, about!
Search Windsor castle, elves, within and out: [22]
Strew good luck, ouphes, [23] on every sacred room,
That it may stand till the perpetual doom, [24]
In state as wholesome, [25] as in state 't is fit,
Worthy the owner, and the owner it.
The several chairs of order [26] look you scour
With juice of balm, and every precious flower:
Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,
With loyal blazon, ever more be blest!
And nightly, meadow-fairies, look, you sing,
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring: [27]
The expressure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;
And, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, write
In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white;
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee:
Fairies use flowers for their charactery. [28]
Away! disperse! But, till 't is one o'clock,
Our dance of custom, round about the oak
Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

Eva. Pray you, lock hand in hand: yourselves in order set;
And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
To guide our measure [29] round about the tree.
But, stay! I smell a man of middle-earth. [30]

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welch fairy, lest he transform me to a piece of cheese! [31]

Hobgoblin. Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd [32] even in thy birth.

Anne. With trial-fire touch me his finger-end:
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,
And turn him to no pain; [33] but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

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viatur *Qu.* (scil. *Queen*), die vor den Reden der Feenkönigin im Manuscripte stand, und die dann zu *Quickly* umgedeutet wurde. 15) Unter *orphan heirs of fixed destiny* sind wahrscheinlich Kinder irdischer Eltern zu verstehen, welche von den Feen nach einem ewigen Schicksalsschlusse geraubt und adoptirt sind. — Staunton erklärt *orphan heirs etc.*, wie er in K. Henry IV. Second Part (A. 4, Sc. 4) *unfather'd heirs* deutet: Leute, denen der Volksaberglaube eine übernatürliche Geburt und demgemäss eine prophetische Begabung zuschrieb, wie die Sage Beides von dem Merlin berichtete. 16) *oyes* = Proclamation des Herolds, nach deren herkömmlichem altfranzösischen Anfange *oyez* = hört! — Die meisten Herausgeber setzen dafür die missverständliche, aber gewöhnliche englische Form *o-yes*, die hier jedoch den nothwendigen Reim auf *toys* verwischt. — Der entsprechende Vers in Q. A. lautet *Give them their charge, Puck, ere they part away.* — Puck und Hobgoblin sind in der Feenmythologie dieselbe Figur. 17) Die Fol. setzt vor diese Rede *Pist.* scil. *Pistol*, eine Bezeichnung, aus der sich jedoch nur schliessen lässt, dass damals derselbe Schauspieler, der die Rolle Pistol's vorher gespielt, jetzt den Hobgoblin darstellte. 18) *fires unrak'd* = Feuer, die nicht zusammengescharrt sind. — Dass die Feen die Nachlässigkeit der Hausmägde bei Nacht an den Schläferinnen strafen, kommt auch sonst, z. B. in Romeo and Juliet (A. 1, Sc. 4) vor. 19) *bilberry* = Heidelbeere. 20) *Bead* = Kügelchen, wie vorher *Cricket* = Heimchen, der Name einer Fee. — Manche Hgg. lesen dafür mit Q. A. *Pede;* da jedoch Evans in seiner jetzigen Rolle des welschen Dialekts sich entäussert, den er sonst redet, so ist kein Grund, das *Bead (Bede)* der Fol. zu ändern. 21) *to raise up* = erheben, in höhere Regionen erheben, so dass ihr Schlaf von niedern und irdischen Tränmen unberührt bleibt. 22) scil. *within and without.* 23) Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 4, Anm. 8. 24) *perpetual doom* = das jüngste Gericht, der jüngste Tag. — *it* bezieht sich auf *Windsor castle.* 25) *wholesome* = wohlbehalten, ist Apposition zu *state* = Zustand, während das folgende *state* = Pracht, königlicher Glanz, steht. 26) *chairs of order* sind die den einzelnen Rittern des Hosenbandordens angewiesenen Sitze, auf deren Ausstattung auch sich das folgende *instalment* = Installirungssitz, *coat* = Wappenrock, und *crest* = Wappenhelm, bezieht. 27) Die durch üppigeres Grün hervortretenden Ringe oder Kreise, welche die Feen bei ihrem Tanze auf dem Rasen zurücklassen, werden mit dem sich rund um das Bein schliessenden Hosenbandorden verglichen. Von diesem Grün des Rasens soll sich die Devise des Hosenbandordens *Honi soit qui mal y pense* ebenso in verschieden gefärbten Blumen, von den Feen zusammengewirkt, abheben, wie diese Devise auf dem Ordensband mit Saphir, Perlen und reicher Stickerei prangt, das unter dem sich beugenden Knie der Ordensritterschaft angeschnallt wird. 28) *charactery* = Zeichenschrift, Schrift. — Das Wort wird hier auf der zweiten Sylbe betont. 29) *measure* = Tanz. 30) *middle-earth* = die Erde, die Welt, als in der Mitte gelegen, im Gegensatze zu der untern und zu der obern Region. 31) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 2, Anm. 5. 32) Schon gleich bei Deiner Geburt durch böse Blicke verflucht oder entstellt. — *to overlook* geht auf den nachtheiligen Einfluss eines Feenblickes auf ein eben gebornes Kind. 33) *to*

Hobgoblin. A trial! come.
Eva. Come, will this wood take fire?
[They burn him with their tapers.
Fal. Oh, oh, oh!
Anne. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!
About him, fairies, sing a scornful rhyme;
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.[34]

SONG.

Fie on sinful fantasy!
Fie on lust and luxury![35]
Lust is but a bloody fire,[36]
Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart; whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.
Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villany;
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles, and star-light, and moonshine be out.

During this song, the Fairies pinch FALSTAFF. *Doctor* CAIUS *comes one way, and steals away a Fairy in green;* SLENDER *another way, and takes off a Fairy in white; and* FENTON *comes, and steals away* ANNE PAGE. *A noise of hunting is made within. All the Fairies run away.* FALSTAFF *pulls off his buck's head, and rises.*[37]

Enter PAGE, FORD, *Mistress* PAGE, *and Mistress* FORD. *They lay hold on him.*

Page. Nay, do not fly: I think, we have watch'd you now.
Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?
Mrs. Page. I pray you, come; hold up the jest no higher. —
Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor wives?
See you these, husband? do not these fair yokes[38]
Become the forest better than the town?
Ford. Now, Sir, who 's a cuckold now? — Master Brook, Falstaff 's a knave, a cuckoldly knave; here are his horns, Master Brook: and, Master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to Master Brook: his horses are arrested for it, Master Brook.
Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.[39]
Fal. I do begin to perceive, that I am made an ass.
Ford. Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are extant.[40]
Fal. And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought, they were not fairies; and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers,[41] drove the grossness of the foppery into a received belief, in despite of the teeth[42] of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now, how wit may be made a Jack-a-Lent,[43] when 't is upon ill employment!
Eva. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.
Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.
Eva. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.
Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.
Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun, and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'erreaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch goat too? shall I have a coxcomb of frize?[44] 'T is time I were choked with a piece of toasted cheese.
Eva. Seese is not good to give putter: your pelly is all putter.
Fal. Seese and putter! have I lived to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust, and late-walking through the realm.
Mrs. Page. Why, Sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?
Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?
Mrs. Page. A puffed man?
Page. Old, cold, withered, and of intolerable[45] entrails?
Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?
Page. And as poor as Job?
Ford. And as wicked as his wife?
Eva. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and sack, and wine, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings, and starings, pribbles and prabbles?
Fal. Well, I am your theme: you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welch flannel. Ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me:[46] use me as you will.
Ford. Marry, Sir, we 'll bring you to Windsor, to one Master Brook, that you have cozened of money, to whom

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turn mit dem Accusativ der Person und *to* der Sache = Jemandem zu Etwas gereichen. 34) *to your time* = zu dem Takte Eures Gesanges. — Manche Hgg. fügen hier mit Theobald eine Rede des Pfarrers Evans ein, die sich nur in Q. A. findet: *It is right indeed he is full of lecheries and iniquity.* 35) *luxury* = Geilheit, Wollust. 36) *bloody fire* = ein Feuer, das im Blute steckt. So in Tempest (A. 4, Sc. 1) *the strongest oaths are straw to the fire i' the blood.* 37) Diese Bühnenweisung, die in der Fol. ganz fehlt, ist von Theobald aus Q. A. entlehnt und angemessen modificirt. 38) *yokes*, die oben gekrümmten Joche, unter denen Rinder vor dem Wagen gehen, erinnern in ihrer Gestalt an die Hörner, welche Falstaff trägt. Diese Hörner passen eher für den Wald, in welchem die Scene spielt, als für die Stadt Windsor, wo Falstaff dem Page und dem Ford Hörner aufzusetzen versucht hat. — Aus *yoakes* der Fol. macht die zweite Folioausg. *oaks*, was M. Mason zu rechtfertigen sucht. — In Ford's folgender Rede wird auf Falstaff's Worte A. 2, Sc. 2 hingedeutet: *Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him* (scil. *Ford*) *not.* 39) Vgl. oben Anm. 5. 40) Die Beweise für Beides, dass Ihr ein Esel und ein Ochs waret, liegen vor. 41) Die plötzliche Ueberrumpelung meiner Geisteskräfte. 42) *in despite of the teeth* vereinigt zwei Phrasen, die ungefähr dasselbe sagen: *in despite of* und *in the teeth of.* 43) Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 3, Anm. 4. 44) *frize* = ein Wollenstoff, der, wie das bald nachher in demselben Sinne erwähnte *flannel*, in Wales vorzugsweise bereitet wurde. — Auch in dem folgenden *toasted cheese* wird wiederum Evans als Walliser verhöhnt. 45) *intolerable* = ungeheuer. So in K. Henry IV. First Part (A. 2, Sc. 4) *this intolerable deal of sack.* 46) *plummet*, wofür Johnson *plume*, und Farmer *planet* lesen wollte, erklärt Tyrwhitt am natürlichsten: *ignorance itself is not so low as I am by the length of a plummet line.* — Eine etwas modificirte Deutung giebt Staunton dem Worte hier, indem er als Parallelstelle aus Shirley's Love in a Maze citirt: *Yongrave, how is't, man? what!*

you should have been a pander: over and above that you have suffered, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.[47]

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset[48] to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee. Tell her, Master Slender hath married her daughter.

Mrs. Page. [Aside.] Doctors doubt that:[49] if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, doctor Caius' wife.

Enter Slender.

Slen. Whoo, ho! ho! father Page!

Page. Son, how now? how now, son? have you despatched?

Slen. Despatched! — I 'll make the best in Glostershire know on 't;[50] would I were hanged, la, else.

Page. Of what, son?

Slen. I came yonder at Eton to marry Mistress Anne Page, and she 's a great lubberly boy: if it had not been i' the church, I would have swinged him, or he should have swinged me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir, and 't is a postmaster's boy.

Page. Upon my life, then, you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl: if I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you, how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slen. I went to her in white,[51] and cried, »mum,« and she cried, »budget,« as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a postmaster's boy.[52]

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpose; turned my daughter into green;[53] and indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vere is Mistress Page? By gar, I am cozened; I ha' married *un garçon*, a boy; *un paysan*, by gar, a boy: it is not Anne Page; by gar, I am cozened.

Mrs. Page. Why, did you take her in green?

Caius. Ay, by gar, and 't is a boy: by gar, I 'll raise all Windsor. *[Exit.*

Ford. This is strange. Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart misgives me. Here comes Master Fenton.

Enter Fenton *and* Anne Page.

How now, Master Fenton?

Anne. Pardon, good father! good my mother, pardon!

Page. Now, mistress; how chance you went not with Master Slender?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with master doctor, maid?

Fent. You do amaze her: hear the truth of it.
You would have married her most shamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love.
The truth is, she and I, long since contracted,
Are now so sure, that nothing can dissolve us.
The offence is holy that she hath committed,
And this deceit loses the name of craft,
Of disobedience, or unduteous title,[54]
Since therein she doth evitate and shun
A thousand irreligious cursed hours,
Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd: here is no remedy. —
In love, the heavens themselves do guide the state:
Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced.

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, heaven give thee joy.
What cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chas'd.[55]

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further. Master Fenton,
Heaven give you many, many merry days. —
Good husband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire;
Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so. — Sir John,
To Master Brook you yet shall hold your word;[56]
For he, to-night, shall lie with Mistress Ford. *[Exeunt.*

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art melancholy? || Who hath hung plummets on thy nimble soul, || What sleepy rod hath charm'd thy mounting spirit? 47) Manche Hgg. fügen mit Theobald hier aus Q. A. Folgendes ein: Mrs. Ford. *Nay, husband, let that go to make amends; || Forgive that sum, and so we 'll all be friends.* — Ford. *Well, here's my hand; all is forgiven at last.* 48) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 4, Anm. 2. — An dieser Stelle scheint jedoch nicht ein einfaches *posset* gemeint zu sein, sondern ein complicirteres, dessen Recept Staunton citirt aus einem Buche, betitelt: A True Gentlewoman's Delight: *To make a Sack-Posset. — Take Two Quarts of pure good Cream, and a quarter of a Pound of the best Almonds. Stamp them in the Cream and boyl, with Amber and Musk therein. Than take a Pint of Sack in a basin, and set it on a Chafing-dish, till it be blood-warm; then take the Yolks of twelve Eggs, with four of their Whites, and beat them well together; and so put the Eggs into the Sack. Then stir all together over the coals, till it is all as thick as you would have it. If you now take some Amber and Musk, and grind the same quite small with Sugar, and strew this on the top of your posset, I promise you that it shall have a most delicate and pleasant taste.* 49) Die Gelehrten bezweifeln das, ist sprichwörtlich, zugleich mit einer Hindeutung auf den Doctortitel des Caius. 50) Die Vornehmsten in Glostershire sollen es wissen, wie es mir ergangen ist. — Glostershire ist die Heimath Slender's und seines Oheims Shallow. Schon A. 3, Sc. 4 hatte Ersterer betheuert *as well as I love any woman in Glostershire.* 51) So verbesserte Pope, in Uebereinstimmung mit dem Vorhergehenden, das *in green* der Fol. Vielleicht rührt diese und die folgende Verwechslung der Farben von Sh. selber her. 52) Auch hier fügen manche Hgg. aus Q. A. folgende Reden ein: Eva. *Jeshu! Master Slender, cannot you see but marry boys?* — Page. *O, I am vexed at heart: what shall I do?* 53) Die Fol. hat *into white;* ebenso in der nächsten Rede der Frau Page *in white* für *in green.* 54) *unduteous title* ist Object zu *loses:* diese Täuschung verliert jede pflichtwidrige Benennung oder jeden Titel von Pflichtwidrigkeit. 55) Hier wird folgende Zeile aus Q. A. eingeschoben: Eva. *I will dance and eat plums at your wedding.* 56) Falstaff hatte A. 2, Sc. 2 u. A. gesagt *Master Brook, thou shalt lie with his wife.*

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Einleitung.

Shakspere's Measure for Measure ist zuerst gedruckt in der Gesammtausgabe der Shakspere'schen Dramen in Folio (1623) und steht daselbst, in Acte und Scenen eingetheilt, als das vierte Stück der Comedies. Der Text ist ziemlich verwahrlost und bietet manche Schwierigkeiten und Dunkelheiten, welche alle Erklärungsversuche und Aenderungsvorschläge späterer Herausgeber nicht gänzlich zu beseitigen vermocht haben. Die erste Notiz von diesem Schauspiel findet sich in den Verzeichnissen dramatischer Aufführungen bei Hofe unter Elisabeth und Jacob I., wo aus dem Jahrgang von October 1604 bis October 1605 folgendes Memorandum des Master of the Revels verzeichnet ist: By his Ma^tis plaiers On St. Stevens Night in the Hall A play called Mesur for Mesur. Als Verfasser ist unter der danebenstehenden Rubrik, überschrieben The Poets wch mayd the plaies, der Name Shaxberd angegeben. — Es ergiebt sich daraus, dass Shakspere's Measure for Measure am 26. December 1604 im Palaste zu Whitehall aufgeführt wurde von der Shakspere'schen Schauspielergesellschaft, welche seit Mai 1603 den Titel The King's Players führte. Wahrscheinlich war das Stück damals neu; wenigstens sprechen gegen eine etwa viel frühere Abfassung die Eigenthümlichkeiten des Styls und Verses, die entschieden auf die letzte Periode in Shakspere's dramatischer Thätigkeit hinweisen. Erwägenswerth bleiben auch noch einige vermeintliche, von den Kritikern hervorgehobene, Beziehungen auf bestimmte Charakterzüge König Jacob's, der seit dem März 1603 auf dem englischen Throne sass, in einigen Stellen von Measure for Measure; so *I love the people etc.* (vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1 gegen das Ende) und *even so || The general, subject to a well-wish'd king etc.* (vgl. A. 2, Sc. 4 in Angelo's Monolog).

Shakspere legte seinem Drama ein älteres von George Whetstone zu Grunde, das unter dem Titel The Historie of Promos and Cassandra im Jahre 1578 im Druck erschien und das nicht viel früher geschrieben sein kann, nach der Anwendung des Blankverses zu schliessen, welcher, wenn auch nur sehr vereinzelt, neben dem sonst überall vorherrschenden Reime sich geltend macht. Whetstone schickt seinem Drama folgende Inhaltsanzeige voraus:

In the Cytie of Julio (sometimes under the dominion of Corvinus King of Hungarie, and Boemia) there was a law, that what man so ever commited Adultery, should lose his head, and the woman offender, should weare some disguised apparell, during her life, to make her infamouslye noted. This severe lawe, by the favour of some merciful magistrate, became little regarded, untill the time of Lord Promos auctority: who convicting a yong Gentleman named Andrugio of incontinency, condemned, both him, and his minion, to the execution of this statute. Andrugio had a very vertuous and beawtiful Gentlewoman to his Sister, named Cassandra: Cassandra to enlarge her brothers life, submitted an humble petition to the Lord Promos: Promos regarding her good behavours, and fantasying her great beawtie, was much delighted with the sweete order of her talke: and doying good, that evill might come thereof: for a time, he repryved her brother: but wicked man, tourning his liking unto unlawfull lust, he set downe the spoile of her honour, raunsome for her Brothers life: chaste Cassandra, abhorring both him and his sute, by no persuasion would yeald to this raunsome. But in fine, wonne with the importunitye of hir Brother (pleading for life) upon these conditions, she agreede to Promos. First that he should pardon her brother, and after marry her. Promos as feareles in promisse, as carelesse in performance, with sollemne vowe, sygned her conditions: but worse then any Infydel, his will satisfyed, he performed neither the one nor the other: for to keepe his aucthoritye, unspotted with favour, and to prevent Cassandrae's clamors, he commaunded the Gayler secretly, to present Cassandra with her brother's head. The Gayler, with the outcryes of Andrugio, abhorring Promos lewdenes, by the providence of God, provided thus for his safety. He presented Cassandra with a felons head newlie executed, who (being mangled, knew it not from her brother's, by the Gaylor, who was set at libertie) was so agreeved at this trecherye, that at the pointe to kyl her selfe, she spared that stroke to be avenged of Promos. And devisyng a way, she concluded, to make her fortunes knowne unto the kinge. She (executinge this resolution) was so highly favoured of the king, that forthwith he hasted to do justice on Promos: whose judgment was, to marrye Cassandra, to repaire her crased honour: which donne, for his hainous offence he should lose his head. This mariage solempnised, Cassandra tyed in the greatest bondes of affection to her husband, became an earnest suter for his life: the kinge (tendringe the generall benefit of the common weale, before her special case, although he favoured her much) would not graunt her sute. Andrugio (disguised amonge the company) sorrowing the griefe of his sister,

bewrayde his safetye, and craved pardon. The kinge, to renowne the vertues of Cassandra, pardoned both him and Promos. — In diesem Argument of the whole Historye, wie es betitelt ist, fehlt jede Hindeutung auf diejenigen Nebenpersonen des Dramas, welche dem Lucio, dem Clown, der Kupplerin u. s. w. entsprechen und fast die Hälfte des auf zehn Acte in zwei Abtheilungen vertheilten Stückes ausfüllen. — Wie wenig freilich Shakspere ausser diesen allgemeinen, bei ihm noch bedeutend modificirten, Umrissen dem Whetstone'schen Schauspiel entlehnen konnte, davon mögen eine Probe geben diejenigen Scenen, welche der zweiten und der vierten Scene des zweiten Actes von Measure for Measure entsprechen:

ACTUS II. SCENA III.

Promos with the *Shriefe*, and their Officers.

Promos.

'Tis strange to thinke what swarms of unthrifts live
Within this towne, by rapine, spoyle, and theft,
That were it not that justice ofte them greeve
The just mans goods by ruflers should be reft.
At this our syse are thirtye judgde to dye
Whose falles I see their fellowes smally feare,
So that the way is, by severity
Such wicked weedes even by the rootes to teare.
Wherefore, Shriefe, execute with speedy pace
The dampned wights, to cutte of hope of grace.

Shriefe.

It shal be done.

Cassandra to hirselfe.

O cruell words they make my hart to bleede:
Now, now I must this dome seeke to revoke
Least grace come short when starved is the steede.

She kneeling speakes to *Promos.*

Most mighty lord, a worthy judye, thy judgement sharpe abate,
Vaile thou thine eares to heare the plaint that wretched I relate.
Behold the wofull syster here of poore Andrugio,
Whom though that lawe awardeth death, yet mercy do him show.
Way his yong yeares, the force of love which forced his amis,
Way, way that mariage works amends for what committed is.
He hath defilde no nuptiall bed, nor forced rape hath mov'd;
He fel through love who never ment but wive the wight he lov'd:
And wantons sure to keepe in awe these statutes first were made,
Or none but lustfull leachers should with rygrous law be payd.
And yet to adde intent thereto is farre from my pretence;
I sue with teares to wyn him grace that sorrows his offence.
Wherefore herein, renowned lorde, justice with pitee payse,
Which two, in equall ballance waide, to heaven your fame willraise.

Promos.

Cassandra, leave of thy bootlesse sute, by law he hath bene tride,
Lawe founde his faulte, lawe judgde him death.

Cassandra.

Yet this maye be replide,
That law a mischiefe oft permits to keepe due forme of lawe,
That lawe small faultes, with greatest doomes, to keepe men styl in awe.
Yet kings, or such as execute regall authorithye,
If mends be made, may over-rule the force of lawe with mercie.
Here is no wylful murder wrought which axeth blood againe;
Andrugio's faulte may valued be, marriage wipes out his stayne.

Promos.

Faire dame, I see the naturall zeale thou bearest to Andrugio,
And for thy sake (not his desart) this favour wyll I showe:
I wyll repryve him yet a whyle, and on the matter pawse;
To-morrowe you shall lycence have afresh to pleade his cause.
Shriefe execute my chardge, but staye Andrugio,
Untill that you in this behalfe more of my pleasure knowe.

Shriefe.

I wyll performe your wyll.

Cassandra.

O most worthy magistrate, myselfe thy thrall I binde,
Even for this lytle lightning hope which at thy handes I finde.
Now wyl I go and comfort him which hangs twixt death and life. [Exit.

Promos.

Happie is the man that injoyes the love of such a wife.
I do protest hir modest wordes hath wrought in me amaze.
Though she be faire, she is not deackt with garish shewes for gaze;
Hir bewtee lures, hir lookes cut off fond sutes with chast disdain;
O God I feele a sodaine change that doth my freedome chayne!
What didst thou say? fie Promos, fie! of hir avoide the thought,
And so I will; my other cares will cure what love has wrought.
Come awaye. [Exeunt.

ACTUS III. SCENA I.

Promos alone.

Promos.

Do what I can, no reason cooles desire:
The more I strive my fonde affectes to tame,
The hotter (oh) I feele a burning fire
Within my breast, vaine thoughts to forge and frame.
O straying effectes of blinde affected love,
From wisdomes pathes which doth astraye our wittes;
Which makes us haunt that which our harmes doth move,
A sicknesse lyke, the fever Etticke fittes,

Which shakes with colde when we do burne like fire.
Even so in Love we freese through chilling feare,
When as our hartes doth frye with hote desire.
What saide I? like to Etticke fittes? nothing neare;
In sowrest Love, some sweete is ever suckt:
The lover findeth peace in wrangling strife,
So that if paine were from his pleasure pluckt,
There were no heaven like to the Lover's life.
But why stande I to pleade their joye or woe,
And rest unsure of hir I wish to have?
I know not if Cassandra love, or noe:
But yet admitte she graunt not what I crave,
If I be nyce to hir brother lyfe to give:
Hir brother's life too much wyll make her yeelde —
A promise then to let hir brother lyve,
Hath force inough to make her flie the fielde.
Thus though sute fayle, necessitie shall wyn
Of lordlie rule the conquering power is such:
But (oh sweete sight) see where she enters in:
But hope and dreade, at once my harte doth tuch.

ACTUS III. SCENA II.

Cassandra, Promos.

Cassandra speakes to herselfe.

Cassandra.

I see two thralles, sweete seemes a lytle joye;
For fancies free Andrugio's breast hath scope:
But least detract doth rayse a new annoye,
I nowe will seeke to turne to happe his hope.
See, as I wisht, Lord Promos is in place;
Nowe in my sute God graunt I maye finde grace.

Shee kneeling speakes to *Promos.*

Renowned Lorde, whylst life in me doth last,
In homage bondes I binde myselfe to thee;
And though I did thy goodnesse latelie taste,
Yet once againe on knees I mercie seeke
In his behalfe that hanges twene death and life,
Who styll is preast if you the mendes do leeke,
His lawles love to make his lawfull wife.

Promos.

Faire dame, I wel have wayd thy sute, and wish
to do thee good,
But all in vaine, al things conclude to have thy
brother's blood.
The stricknes of the lawe condempnes an ignorant
abuse,
Then wylful faultes are hardlie helpt or cloked with
excuse;
And what maye be more wylfull then a maide to
violate?

Cassandra.

The force was smal when with her wyl he, wretch,
the conquest gate.

Promos.

Lawe ever at the worst doth conster evyl intent.

Cassandra.

And lawe even with the worst awardes them pu-
nishment;
And sith that rigorous lawe adjudg'd him to dye,
Your glorie will be much the more in showing him
mercie.
The world will think how that you do but graunt
him grace on cause:
And where cause is there mercy should abate the
force of lawes.

Promos.

Cassandra, in thy brother's halfe thou hast sayde
what may be;
And for thy sake it is, if I doe set Andrugio free.
Shart tale to make, thy beauty hath surpryzed me
with love,
That maugre wit, I turne my thoughts as blynd
affections move.
And quite subdude by Cupids might, neede makes
me sue for grace
To thee Cassandra which doest holde my freedome
in a lace.
Yeelde to my will, and then commaund even what
thou wilt of mee;
Thy brother's life, and all that else may with thy
liking gree.

Cassandra.

And may it be, a Judge himself the self same fault
should ax, [*Cassandra* to herself.
For which he domes an others death? O crime without
excuse!
Renowned lorde, you use this speach (I hope) your
thrall to trye,
If otherwise my brother's life so deare I will not bye.

Promos.

Faire dame my outward lookes my inward thoughts
bewray,
If you mistrust, to search my harte, would God you
had a kaye!

Cassandra.

If that you love (as so you saye) the force of love
you know,
Which felt, in conscience you should my brother
favour show.

Promos.

In doubtfull warre one prisoner still doth set
another free.

Cassandra.

What so warre seekes, love unto warre contrary is
you see.
Hate fostreth warre, love cannot hate, then maye it
covet force.

Promos.

The lover ofte sues to his foe, and findeth no remorse.
Then if he hap to have a helpe to wyn his frowarde
foe,
Too kindle a foole I will him holde that lets such
vantage goe.

Cassandra.

Well, to be short, my selfe wyll dye ere I my honor
stayne,
You know my minde, leave off to tempt, your offers
are in vaine.

Promos.

Bethink yourself at price enough I purchase, sweet
your love;

Andrugio's life suffis'd alone your straungenes to remove;
The which I graunt, with any wealth that else you wyll require:
Who buyeth love at such a rate, payes well for his desire.

Cassandra.

No, Promos, no; honor never at value maye be solde;
Honor farre dearer is then life, which passeth price of golde.

Promos.

To buie this Juel at the full, my wife I may thee make.

Cassandra.

For unsure hope, that peereless pearle I never will forsake.

Promos.

These sutes seemes strange at first, I see wher modesty beares sway; [To himself.
I therefore wil set down my wyll, and for hir answer staye.
Fayre Cassandra, the juel of my joye,
Howe so in showe my tale seemes straunge to thee,
The same well waide, thou need'st not be so coye,
Yet for to give thee respite I agree.
I wyll two daies hope styll of thy consent;
Which if thou graunt (to cleare my clowdes of care)
Cloth'd like a Page (suspect for to prevent)
Unto my Court, some night, sweet wenche, repaire.
Tyl then adue; thou these my words in works perform'd shalt find.

Cassandra.

Farewel my Lord, but in this sute you bootles wast your wind.
Cassandra! O most unhappy, subject to everie woe,
What tonge can tel, what thought conceive, what pen thy guesse can shew!
Whom to scurge, heaven and earth do heapes of thral ordain,
Whose words in waste, whose works are lost, whose wishes are in vain.
That which to others comfort yeelds, doth cause my heavy cheer,
I meane, my beautie breedes my bale, which many hold so deere.
I would to God that kinde else where bestowed had this blase,
My vertues then had wrought regard, my shape now gives the gase.
This forme so Promos fiers with love as wisdom cannot quench
His hote desire, tyll he lust in Venus' seas hath drencht.

Whetstone hatte den Stoff zu seinem Drama aus der italienischen Novellensammlung Hecatonmithi des Giraldi Cinthio geschöpft und gab einige Jahre später eine novellistische Bearbeitung desselben Stoffes in seinem Heptameron of Civil Discourses (1582) unter dem Titel The Rare Historie of Promos and Cassandra, Reported by Madam Isabella. Die Erzählung ist mit Randglossen versehen, in deren erster Whetstone sich auf sein Drama bezieht: *This historie for rareness thereof, is lively set out in a comedie, by the Reporter of the whole worke, but yet never presented upon stage.* — Da Shakspere unzweifelhaft auch diese Novelle gekannt und benutzt hat, so lassen wir daraus hier folgen, was der ersten Scene des dritten Actes in Measure for Measure entspricht:

Cassandra, mooved with a chaste disdayne, departed with the resolution, rather to dye her selfe, then to stayne her honour; and with this heavie newes, greeted her condemned brother. Poore man, alas, what should he do! Life was sweete; but to be redeemed with his sisters infamie could not but be alwayes unsaverie.

To perswade her to consente was unnaturall: too yealde to death was more greevous.

To choose the leaste of these evylles was difficult: to studie long was daungerous.

Fayne would he lyve, but shame cloased his mouth when he attempted to perswade his sister.

But necessytie, that maistereth both shame and feare, brake a passadge for his imprysoned intent.

Sweete Cassandra, (quoth he) that men love is usuall, but to subdue affection is impossyble; and so thornie are the motions of incontinent desire, as to finde ease the tongue is only occupied to perswade. The purse is ever open to entice, and wheare neither words nor gifies can corrupt (with the mightie) force shall constrayne, or dispight, avenge. That Promos do love is but just: thy beautie commaundes hym; that Promos be refused is more just, because consent is thy shame.

Thou maiste refuse and lyve; but he beynge rejected, I die: for wantyng his wyll in thee he wyll wreake his teene on mee.

This is my hard estate: my lyfe lieth in thy infamie, and thy honour in my death. Which of these evylles be leaste I leave for thee to judge.

The wofull Cassandra answered, that death was the leaste; whose darte we can not shunne, when honour, in deathes dispight, outlyveth tyme.

It is true (quoth Andrugio), but thy trespasse, wyll be in the leaste degree of blame; for in forced faultes justice sayth there is no intent of evyll.

Oh Andrugio, (quoth she), intent is now adayes lytle considred: thou art not condemned by the intent, but by the strickt words of the law: so shall my crime bee reproched, and the forced cause passe unexcused; and such is the venome of envye, one evill deede shall disgrace ten good turnes, and in this yeelding, so shall I be valued: envye, disdaine, spight, mallice, sclaunder, and many moe furies will endevour to shame mee, and the meanest vertue wyll blush to help to support my honour; so that I see no lybertie for thee but death, nor no ease for mee but to hasten my ende.

O yes (quoth Andrugio), for if this offence be known thy fame will bee enlarged, because it will lykewise bee knowne, that thou receavedst dishonor to give thy brother lyfe: if it be secreat, thy conscience wyl be without scruple of guiltinesse. Thus, knowne, or unknowne, thou shalt be deflowred, but not dishonested, and for amends wee both shall lyve.

Von Escalus und Mariana, von der Verkleidung des Herzogs als Mönch und seiner schliesslichen Vermählung mit Isabella fand Shakspere weder in Whetstone's Drama noch in dessen Novelle eine Spur; diese Figuren und Motive, sowie die Charakteristik auch der übrigen Personen, gehören ausschliesslich unserm Dichter an.

Zu A. 4, Sc. 1. Das Lied lautet vollständig in Fletcher's Drama The Bloody Brother, or Rollo, Duke of Normandy:

Take, oh, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forworn,
And those eyes, like break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn!
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, though seal'd in vain.

Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears!
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.[1]

VINCENTIO, the Duke.
ANGELO, the Deputy.
ESCALUS, an ancient Lord.
CLAUDIO, a young Gentleman.
LUCIO, a Fantastic.
Two other like Gentlemen.
Provost.
THOMAS, PETER, } Two Friars.
A Justice.
VARRIUS.
ELBOW, a simple Constable.
FROTH, a foolish Gentleman.
Clown.
ABHORSON, an Executioner.
BARNARDINE, a dissolute Prisoner.

ISABELLA, Sister to Claudio.
MARIANA, betrothed to Angelo.
JULIET, beloved of Claudio.
FRANCISCA, a Nun.
MISTRESS OVERDONE, a Bawd

Lords, Officers, Citizens, Boy, and Attendants.

SCENE, Vienna.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in the DUKE's Palace.

Enter DUKE, ESCALUS, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Duke. Escalus!
Escal. My lord.
Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,
Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse;
Since I am put to know,[2] that your own science
Exceeds, in that, the lists[3] of all advice
My strength can give you: then no more remains,
But that, to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them work.[4] The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms[5]
For common justice, you 're as pregnant in,
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember. There is our commission,
From which we would not have you warp. — Call hither,
I say, bid come before us Angelo. — *[Exit an Attendant.*
What figure of us think you he will bear?
For, you must know, we have with special soul[6]
Elected him our absence to supply,
Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our love,[7]
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power. What think you of it?
Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honour,
It is Lord Angelo.
Duke. Look, where he comes.

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Always obedient to your grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.
Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life,

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1) Dieses Personenverzeichniss findet sich in derselben Fassung — mit Auslassung von *A Justice* und *Varrius* — bereits in der Fol., wo es hinter dem Drama mit der Ueberschrift The Names of all the Actors gedruckt steht. Ebendaselbst ist auch die Localität angegeben: *The Scene Vienna.* 2) *I am put to know* erklärt Steevens mit *I am compelled to acknowledge. — I am put* ist wohl nur = ich bin veranlasst, in Stand gesetzt. — Pope las *I am not to know.* 3) Die beschränkenden Vorschriften jedes guten Rathes, den ich Euch zu geben vermöchte. 4) Der Satz ist dem Sinne und dem Verse nach corrupt. Wahrscheinlich sind durch ein Versehen des Setzers hinter *sufficiency* einige Wörter ausgefallen, welche Tyrwhitt vermuthungsweise so ergänzt: *then no more remains,* || *But that to your sufficiency you put* || *A zeal as willing as your worth is able,* || *And let them work.* — In ähnlicher Weise ergänzen andere Herausgeber das Fehlende, während Steevens endlich dem Sinn wieder aufzuhelfen sucht, indem er *that, to* vor *sufficiency* streicht. — Staunton macht den Vorschlag, ohne ihn jedoch in den Text aufzunehmen, zu setzen *then no more remains,* || *But that* (tendering his commission) *to your sufficiency;* || *And, as your worth is able, let them work.* — Die Cambridge Edd. verzeichnen eine lange Reihe von Conjecturen, mit denen man dieser jedenfalls verderbten Stelle hat aufhelfen wollen. Darunter ist die sinnreichste die von Wheler: *then no more remains* || *To your sufficiency as your worth is able* || *But that you let them work. — sufficiency* wird theils mit *authority,* theils mit *ability* erklärt. Es ist eine Tüchtigkeit, die dem übertragenen Amte gewachsen ist. 5) *terms* fasst Blackstone vielleicht zu speciell = die technischen Ausdrücke des Rechts; es ist wohl eher in Verbindung mit dem Folgenden = die Verhältnisse, die für das gemeine Recht bestehen, der Zustand oder die Art der Rechtsverwaltung. — *pregnant* = von leichter Auffassungsgabe, geschickt, gewandt. 6) *with special soul* = indem es uns besonders am Herzen lag. 7) *our love* bezieht sich wie *our terror* auf die Unterthanen, auf deren Scheu vor und auf deren Liebe zu ihrem Fürsten. — Als beider Träger soll nun Angelo erscheinen.

That, to the observer, doth thy history
Fully unfold.[8] Thyself and thy belongings[9]
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, they[10] on thee.
Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 't were all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine issues;[11] nor nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess,[12] she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advertise;[13]
Hold, therefore, Angelo:[14] —
In our remove, be thou at full ourself;
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart.[15] Old Escalus,
Though first in question,[16] is thy secondary.
Take thy commission.

Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal,[17]
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamp'd upon it.

Duke. No more evasion:
We have with a leaven'd[18] and prepared choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd
Matters of needful value.[19] We shall write to you,
As time and our concernings shall importune,
How it goes with us; and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well:
To the hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.

Ang. Yet, give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.[20]

Duke. My haste may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple: your scope is as mine own,[21]
So to enforce, or qualify the laws
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand;
I 'll privily away: I love the people,
But do not like to stage[22] me to their eyes.
Though it do well,[23] I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and Aves vehement,
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes!

Escal. Lead forth, and bring you back in happiness!

Duke. I thank you. Fare you well. *[Exit.*

Escal. I shall desire you, Sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place:[24]
A power I have, but of what strength and nature
I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'T is so with me. Let us withdraw together,
And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

Escal. I 'll wait upon your honour. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter Lucio *and Two Gentlemen.*

Lucio. If the duke, with the other dukes, come not to composition with the king of Hungary, why then, all the dukes fall upon the king.

1. Gent. Heaven grant us its peace, but not the king of Hungary's!

2. Gent. Amen.

Lucio. Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the ten commandments, but scraped one out of the table.

2. Gent. »Thou shalt not steal«?

Lucio. Ay, that he razed.

1. Gent. Why, 't was a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions: they put forth to steal. There 's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, doth[1] relish the petition well that prays for peace.

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8) M. Mason wollte *character* und *history* umstellen. — *character* ist = Schriftzeichen, das was für den Beobachter erkennbar in Angelo's Lebensweise verzeichnet ist und einen Schluss auf sein Wesen, seine Beschaffenheit oder Entwicklung verstattet. 9) *belongings* = Begabung, Eigenschaft: Dein Selbst, Deine Gaben gehören nicht so eigen Dir selbst an, dass Du sie im einseitigen Verkehr mit Dir selber allein verbrauchen könntest. — *virtues* ist synonym mit *belongings*. 10) So die Fol. mit einer Sh. sehr geläufigen Anwendung des absolut stehenden Personalpronomen. Die meisten Hgg. setzen mit Hanmer *them* für *they*. 11) Die Geister sind nur deshalb mit schönen Regungen oder Empfindungen ausgestattet, dass sie schöne Ergebnisse liefern. 12) Die Natur ist eine wirthschaftliche Göttin, welche auch für die geringste Gabe, die sie ausleiht, sich selber allen Vortheil und Ruhm eines Gläubigers, Dank und Zinsen zuerkennt. — *use* ist zugleich = praktische Verwerthung der dargeliehenen Gabe. 13) Ich richte meine Rede an Einen, der in sich selbst meinen Theil, das was ich zu sagen hätte, lehren könnte, an Einen, der mich unterrichten könnte. — *to advertise* betont Sh. auf der zweiten Sylbe. — Andere verbinden *my part in him* und erklären *my part deputed to him*. 14) *hold* = nimm, sieh hier! Mit diesen Worten hält der Herzog dem Angelo seine Vollmacht hin, die er ihm dann übergiebt mit den Worten *Take thy commission*. 15) *mortality* bezieht sich auf *tongue:* das Recht, die Todesstrafe zu verhängen und auszusprechen, wie *mercy* sich auf *heart* bezieht: das Recht, Begnadigung zu beschliessen. 16) Escalus, obgleich zuerst von ihm die Rede war, obgleich der Erste in der Berufung, ist Dir doch im Amt untergeordnet. 17) *mettle* in der Fol., deren Orthographie überhaupt zwischen *metal* und *mettle* nicht scharf unterscheidet. 18) *leaven'd* = gehörig durchgearbeitet, wie das Brod mit dem Sauerteig. 19) Meine Eile ist so gross, dass sie sich geltend macht auf Kosten wichtiger Angelegenheiten, die sie unerledigt, unbesprochen lässt. 20) *to bring on the way* = begleiten, das Geleite geben. 21) Ihr habt denselben freien Spielraum in der schärferen oder milderen Handhabung der Gesetze, je nach Eurem Gutdünken, wie ich ihn habe. 22) *to stage* = auf die Bühne stellen, zur Schau stellen. — Man hat in diesem Passus eine Anspielung auf den Charakter König Jacob's I. finden wollen. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 115. 23) Wenn es auch gut sein mag, dass das Volk lauten Beifall und stürmischen Segensgruss spendet. 24) Mir liegt daran, mein Amt gründlich, durch und durch kennen zu lernen.

2. *Gent.* I never heard any soldier dislike it.[2]

Lucio. I believe thee; for, I think, thou never wast where grace was said.

2. *Gent.* No? a dozen times at least.

1. *Gent.* What, in metre?[3]

Lucio. In any proportion, or in any language.

1. *Gent.* I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay; why not? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy: as for example, thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.[4]

1. *Gent.* Well, there went but a pair of shears between us.[5]

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the lists and the velvet: thou art the list.

1. *Gent.* And thou the velvet: thou art good velvet: thou art a three-pil'd piece, I warrant thee. I had as lief be a list of an English kersey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a French velvet.[6] Do I speak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech:[7] I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

1. *Gent.* I think, I have done myself wrong, have I not?

2. *Gent.* Yes, that thou hast, whether thou art tainted, or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation[8] comes!

1. *Gent.* I have purchased as many diseases under her roof, as come to —

2. *Gent.* To what, I pray?

Lucio. Judge.

2. *Gent.* To three thousand dollars a year.[9]

1. *Gent.* Ay, and more.

Lucio. A French crown more.[10]

1. *Gent.* Thou art always figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error: I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but so sound[11] as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow; impiety has made a feast of thee.

Enter Bawd.

1. *Gent.* How now? Which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

Bawd. Well, well; there 's one yonder arrested, and carried to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

2. *Gent.* Who 's that, I pray thee?

Bawd. Marry, Sir, that 's Claudio; Signior Claudio.

1. *Gent.* Claudio to prison! 't is not so.

Bawd. Nay, but I know, 't is so: I saw him arrested; saw him carried away; and, which is more, within these three days his head[12] to be chopped off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling,[13] I would not have it so. Art thou sure of this?

Bawd. I am too sure of it; and it is for getting Madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promised to meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

2. *Gent.* Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1. *Gent.* But most of all, agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away: let 's go learn the truth of it.

[Exeunt Lucio *and Gentlemen.*

Bawd. Thus: what with the war, what with the sweat,[14] what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk.

Enter Clown.[15]

How now? what 's the news with you?

Clo. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Bawd. Well: what has he done?

Clo. A woman.[16]

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1) *do* in der Fol., was auch Rowe noch beibehielt. — Die vorher von dem ersten Edelmann gebrauchten Worte *heaven grant us its peace* sind wörtlich aus dem Ritual alter Tischgebete entnommen. — Hanmer änderte *thanksgiving after meat*, was vielleicht Sh. im Sinne hatte. 2) *to dislike* = sein Missfallen laut bezeugen, tadeln. So in As you like it (A. 5, Sc. 4) *I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard.* 3) *grace in metre* = ein Tischgebet in Versen. — Lucio in seiner Antwort, welche Ritson dem zweiten Edelmanne zuertheilen wollte, fasst *metre* als synonym mit *proportion* = Mass, Verhältniss, im Allgemeinen. 4) *grace* = Tischgebet, und = Frömmigkeit. Ein ähnliches Wortspiel mit *grace* findet sich in Titus Andronicus (A. 4, Sc. 3). 5) Eine sprichwörtliche Redensart: wir sind aus demselben Stoffe, den eine Scheere in zwei Stücke zerschnitten hat. So in Marston's Malecontent: *There goes but a pair of shears between an emperor and the son of a bagpiper; only the dying, dressing, pressing and glossing makes the difference.* 6) Wortspiel zwischen *three-pil'd* = von Sammet, und = geschoren, von dem Haar, das man in Folge der Lustseuche einbüsste. — *pil'd* für *pill'd.* — Auf die Lustseuche *(French sickness)* spielt auch *French velvet* an. 7) Lucio giebt dem ersten Edelmann die Insinuation zurück, indem er sagt: Du fühlest den Sinn Deiner Anspielung auf die Lustseuche schmerzlich genug an Dir selber, so dass ich künftig, Deinem eigenen Geständniss gemäss, wohl Dir zutrinken, auf Dein Wohl trinken werde, nicht aber aus demselben Becher Dir Bescheid thun will, um nicht so von Dir angesteckt zu werden. 8) So betitelt Lucio scherzhaft die Kupplerin, weil sie die Schmerzen der hoffnungslosen Liebe lindert. — Die Fol. theilt auch noch die folgende Rede *I have purchased* bis *come to* — dem Lucio zu, obwohl sie offenbar dem ersten Edelmann angehört. Manche Hgg. legen mit Pope die ganze Rede von *Behold* bis *come to* — dem ersten Edelmann bei, ebenso das folgende *Judge.* 9) Die Fol. schreibt *Dollours*, um das hier beabsichtigte Wortspiel zwischen *dolours* und *dollars*, das Sh. auch in Tempest (A. 2, Sc. 1) und in K. Lear (A. 2, Sc. 4) hat, deutlicher hervorzuheben. 10) Dasselbe Wortspiel von *French crown* = ein Schädel, der in Folge der Lustseuche kahl geworden ist, und = französische Goldmünze, findet sich in Midsummer-Night's Dream (A. 1, Sc. 2). 11) *sound* = gesund, und = tönend, wie ein hohles Gefäss, hier von den durch Ausschweifungen ausgehöhlten marklosen Knochen. 12) So die Fol. Rowe fügte *is* hinter *head* ein, andre Hgg. setzen *head's.* 13) *fooling* geht auf das Witzgefecht, das Lucio mit seinen Freunden vollführt hat. 14) *sweat* = die Schwitzcur, der sich manche sonstige Kunden der Kupplerin zur Heilung von der Lustseuche unterwerfen mussten, scheint zugleich für diese Lustseuche selbst gebraucht zu sein. So in K. Henry IV. Second Part, Epilogue: *Falstaff shall die of a sweat.* 15) Der Clown dieses Dramas steht wie der entsprechende Charakter in Timon of Athens (A. 2, Sc. 2) im Dienste der Kupplerin. 16) Der Clown fasst *to do* in obscönem Sinn, wie in Titus Andronicus (A. 4, Sc. 2), wo auf Chiron's Vorwurf: *Thou hast undone our mother* Aaron versetzt *Villain, I have done*

Bawd. But what 's his offence?
Clo. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.[17]
Bawd. What, is there a maid with child by him?
Clo. No; but there 's a woman with maid by him. You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?
Bawd. What proclamation, man?
Clo. All houses[18] in the suburbs of Vienna must be pluck'd down.
Bawd. And what shall become of those in the city?
Clo. They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.
Bawd. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pull'd down?
Clo. To the ground, mistress.
Bawd. Why, here 's a change, indeed, in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?
Clo. Come; fear not you:[19] good counsellors lack no clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I 'll be your tapster still. Courage! there will be pity taken on you; you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.
Bawd. What 's to do here, Thomas Tapster?[20] Let 's withdraw.
Clo. Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison: and there 's Madam Juliet. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Same.

Enter Provost, Claudio, Juliet, *and Officers.*[1]

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world?
Bear me to prison, where I am committed.
Prov. I do it not in evil disposition,
But from Lord Angelo by special charge.
Claud. Thus can the demi-god Authority
Make us pay down for our offence by weight.[2] —
The words[3] of heaven; — on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so: yet still 't is just.

Enter Lucio *and Two Gentlemen.*

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio? whence comes this restraint?
Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty:
As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope by the immoderate use
Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue,
Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,[4]
A thirsty evil, and when we drink, we die.
Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors.[5] And yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom, as the morality[6] of imprisonment. — What 's thy offence, Claudio?
Claud. What but to speak of would offend again.
Lucio. What, is it murder?
Claud. No.
Lucio. Lechery?
Claud. Call it so.
Prov. Away, Sir; you must go.
Claud. One word, good friend. — Lucio, a word with you. *[Takes him aside.*
Lucio. A hundred, if they 'll do you any good.
Is lechery so look'd after?
Claud. Thus stands it with me: upon a true contract,[7]
I got possession of Julietta's bed:
You know the lady; she is fast my wife,
Save that we do the denunciation[8] lack
Of outward order: this we came not to,

---

thy mother. 17) *peculiar* = im Privatbesitz befindlich, Etwas dessen Benutzung also verboten ist. Dasselbe Gleichniss kehrt wieder in Winter's Tale (A. 1, Sc. 2) *And many a man there is, even at this present,* || *Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,* || *That little thinks she has been sluic'd in 's absence,* || *And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour.* 18) Tyrwhitt schlug vor, *bawdy-houses* oder *houses of resort* zu setzen. Indess ist *houses* in Verbindung mit *in the suburbs* als euphemistischer Ausdruck für Bordell deutlich genug. So steht in Beaumont und Fletcher's Dramen wiederholt euphemistisch *suburb ladies* = liederliche Weibsbilder. 19) Seid um Euretwillen unbesorgt. 20) Der eigentliche Name des Clown ist, wie sich später ergiebt, *Pompey.* — *Thomas* oder *Tom* ist nur die herkömmliche Bezeichnung eines Zapfers = *Tom Tapster.*

1) Die Fol. und nach ihr die meisten Ausgaben beginnen hier eine neue dritte Scene, obgleich die Handlung ununterbrochen auf demselben Platze weiter geht. Wegen der Uebereinstimmung im Citiren ist es rathsam, von dieser einmal hergebrachten Sceneneintheilung nicht wieder abzuweichen. — Die Fol. lässt Lucio und die beiden Edelleute zugleich mit den Uebrigen auftreten oder nennt sie doch hier zu Anfang der Scene, in deren Verlauf sie erst erscheinen sollen. Ein ähnliches Verfahren beobachtet die Fol. auch bei andern Dramen, z. B. in Two Gentlemen of Verona. 2) Die Amtsgewalt, die wie ein Halbgott über den Menschen thront, zwingt uns für unsere Vergehungen nach dem vollen Gewicht zu zahlen, legt uns Bussen auf, die eben so schwer sind wie unsere Vergehungen. 3) Die Worte des Himmels, welche Sh. hier im Sinne hat, stehen in dem Römerbrief des Apostels Paulus (Cap. 9, V. 15 und 18) und lauten in der englischen Bibel *For he saith to Moses, I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy* und *Therefore hath he mercy on whom he will have mercy.* — Erwägenswerth ist Roberts' Conjectur *sword* für *words*, die Staunton in den Text gesetzt hat. — Die Cambridge Edd. folgen der Fol., die kein Interpunctionszeichen hinter *weight* setzt und also *the words of heaven* als Object mit dem Vorhergehenden verbindet. 4) Wie Ratten, die das ihnen bestimmte Gift niederschlingen. Steevens citirt dazu aus Chapman's Revenge for Honour: *Like poison'd rats, which, when they have swallowed* || *The pleasing bane, rest not until they drink;* || *And can rest then much less until they burst.* 5) Damit die Gläubiger mich auch verhaften liessen und mich so veranlassten, so weise zu reden, wie Claudio in seiner Haft thut. 6) *morality* verbesserte Davenant in seiner Umarbeitung dieses Dramas und des damit verschmolzenen Much Ado about Nothing, die 1633 unter dem Titel Law against Lovers erschien, das *mortality* der Fol. 7) *contract* betont Sh. bald auf der ersten und bald auf der zweiten Sylbe. 8) *denunciation of outward order* = die vorschriftsmässige, herkömmliche öffentliche Verkündigung der Vermählung. So gebraucht Sh. *to denounce* = verkünden, in K. John (A. 3, Sc. 1) *I will denounce a curse upon his head* · und in Hall's Cases of Conscience wird *denunciation* selbst ganz wie hier gebraucht: *this public and reiterated denunciation of bans before*

Only for propagation[9] of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends,
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,
Till time had made them for us.[10] But it chances,
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment[11]
With character too gross is writ on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even so.
And the new deputy now for the duke, —
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness,[12]
Or whether that the body public be
A horse whereon the governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know
He can command, lets it straight feel the spur;
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I stagger in,[13] — but this new governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties,
Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall
So long, that nineteen zodiacs have gone round,[14]
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,[15]
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me: — 't is surely for a name.

Lucio. I warrant, it is: and thy head stands so tickle[16] on thy shoulders, that a milkmaid, if she be in love, may sigh it off. Send after the duke, and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done so, but he 's not to be found.
I pr'ythee, Lucio, do me this kind service.
This day my sister should the cloister enter,
And there receive her approbation:[17]
Acquaint her with the danger of my state;
Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him:
I have great hope in that; for in her youth
There is a prone[18] and speechless dialect,
Such as moves men; beside, she hath prosperous art,
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray, she may: as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition,[19] as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack.[20] I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Lucio. Within two hours, —

Claud. Come, officer; away! *[Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Monastery.

Enter Duke *and Friar* Thomas.

Duke. No, holy father; throw away that thought:
Believe not that the dribbling[1] dart of love
Can pierce a complete[2] bosom. Why I desire thee
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled,[3] than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. May your grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy Sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd,[4]
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,
Where youth, and cost, and[5] witless bravery keeps.
I have deliver'd to Lord Angelo
(A man of stricture[6] and firm abstinence)
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me travell'd to Poland;

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marriage. 9) *propagation* steht hier in ungewöhnlichem Sinne = Förderung, Vermehrung durch Verzinsung. Da die Fol. *propogation* liest, was erst die späteren Folioausgg. verbessern, so dachte Malone an *prorogation*; Jackson las *procuration.* — *for propagation* lässt sich auch fassen, wie Sh. öfter *for* im negativen Sinne gebraucht, z. B. *for drowning* in Tempest (A. 1, Sc. 1) und *for catching cold* in Two Gentlemen of Verona (A. 1, Sc. 2), also hier: weil die Mitgift nicht zu beschaffen war, die noch in den Kisten ihrer Familie steckte. 10) Bis die Zeit bewirkt haben würde, dass sie, Julietta's Verwandte, für uns wären. 11) Die Heimlichkeit unseres sehr vertrauten, einverstandenen Verkehrs ist mit zu deutlicher Schrift an Julietta geschrieben, verräth sich zu deutlich an Julietta's äusserer Erscheinung. 12) *fault and glimpse of newness* ist mit Sh.'scher Licenz in der Anwendung der Copula und in der Coordination verschiedener Begriffe gesagt: Die Strenge, mit welcher der an die Stelle des Herzogs getretene neue Statthalter verfährt, ist entweder die Schuld der Neuheit des Amtes, von dem er deshalb erst einen flüchtigen Blick gewonnen hat, oder u. s. w. 13) Ich schwanke darin, bin ungewiss, ob die jetzt plötzlich geübte Härte ihren Grund in der Herrscherstellung hat, die Angelo einnimmt, oder in seiner eigenen erhabenen Person, welche diese Stellung bekleidet. 14) Diese Zeitrechnung von neunzehn Jahren, während welcher die Strafgesetze unausgeführt geblieben sind, stimmt nicht ganz genau zu dem, was der Herzog selbst A. 1, Sc. 4) sagt: *Which for these fourteen years we have let sleep.* 15) Um sich einen Namen zu machen. 16) *tickle* = kitzlich, bedenklich, unsicher. Sh. hat dasselbe Adjectiv in K. Henry VI. Second Part (A. 1, Sc. 1) *the state of Normandy stands on a tickle point.* 17) *approbation* = Probezeit, Noviziat. 18) *prone* wird von den Hggn. in diesem Zusammenhang verschieden erklärt: eine Redeweise, die, obgleich sie stumm ist, doch die Herzen sich geneigt macht, sich zuwendet; oder: eine geneigte, demüthige Redeweise; oder endlich: eine bereite, gewandte Redeweise. Die erste Deutung, die auch mit dem sonstigen Gebrauche der Adjectiva in causalem Sinne bei Sh. übereinstimmt, scheint die plausiblere zu sein. 19) *imposition* = Besteuerung, Belastung mit einer Busse oder Strafe. 20) *game of tick-tack* = ein Bretspiel, Trictrac, sprichwörtlich in obscönem Sinne gebraucht.

1) *dribbling* von einem Pfeil oder Schuss, der sein Ziel nur matt oder gar nicht trifft. Collier citirt dazu aus Sidney's Astrophel and Stella: *Not at the first sight nor with a dribbling shot || Love gave the wound.* 2) *complete*, von Sh. bald auf der ersten Sylbe, bald auf der zweiten betont, erklärt Johnson mit *completely armed.* Es ist wohl eher = fest, nach allen Seiten ganz. 3) *wrinkled* = runzlicht, wie das Greisenalter, charakterisirt die ehrbare, dem Alter anstehende Absicht, die der Herzog bei seinem Plane hegt. 4) *life remov'd* = ein zurückgezogenes, abgesondertes Leben. So in As you like it (A. 3, Sc. 2) *Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.* 5) *and* ergänzt die zweite Folioausg.: wo Jugend und Verschwendung und sinnloser Prunk walten. — Die Cambridge Edd. vermuthen *with witless etc.* 6) *stricture* = Strenge, Genauigkeit, gebraucht Sh. für *strictness*, welches Wort Davenant dafür in seinem

For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,
And so it is receiv'd. Now, pious Sir,
You will demand of me, why I do this?
Fri. Gladly, my lord.
Duke. We have strict statutes, and most biting laws,
(The needful bits and curbs to headstrong steeds)[7]
Which for this fourteen years we have let sleep;[8]
Even like an o'er-grown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond fathers,
Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight
For terror, not to use, in time the rod
Becomes[9] more mock'd than fear'd; so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead,
And liberty[10] plucks justice by the nose;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.
Fri. It rested in your grace
To unloose this tied-up justice, when you pleas'd;
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd,
Than in Lord Angelo.
Duke. I do fear, too dreadful:
Sith 't was my fault to give the people scope,
'T would be my tyranny to strike and gall them
For what I bid them do: for we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not the punishment.[11] Therefore, indeed, my father,
I have on Angelo impos'd the office,
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home,
And yet my nature never in the fight,
To do it slander.[12] And to behold his sway,
I will, as 't were a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people: therefore, I pr'ythee,
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear me[13]
Like a true friar. More[14] reasons for this action,
At our more leisure shall I render you;
Only, this one: — Lord Angelo is precise;
Stands at a guard with envy;[15] scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone: hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Nunnery.

Enter Isabella *and* Francisca.

Isab. And have you nuns no further privileges?
Fran. Are not these large enough?
Isab. Yes, truly: I speak not as desiring more,
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of Saint Clare.
Lucio. *[Within.]* Ho! Peace be in this place!
Isab. Who 's that which calls?
Fran. It is a man's voice. Gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him:
You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn.
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men,
But in the presence of the prioress:
Then, if you speak, you must not show your face,
Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.
He calls again: I pray you, answer him. *[Exit.*
Isab. Peace and prosperity! Who is 't that calls?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be, as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead me,
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio?
Isab. Why her unhappy brother? let me ask,
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella, and his sister.
Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you.
Not to be weary with you,[1] he 's in prison.
Isab. Woe me! for what?
Lucio. For that, which, if myself might be his judge,
He should receive his punishment in thanks:
He hath got his friend with child.

Law against Lovers setzte. 7) *steeds* verbesserte Theobald das *weeds* der Fol., welches Collier jedoch beibehält, indem er sagt *weed is a term still commonly applied to an ill-condition'd horse.* — Manche Hgg. setzen mit der spätern Folioausg. *for headstrong* für *to headstrong.* 8) Die Emendation *sleep* für *slip* der Fol., welche sich schon in Davenant's Umarbeitung findet, wird gerechtfertigt durch die folgenden Verse. — Manche Hgg. setzen, mit Verwischung des Sh.'schen Sprachgebrauchs, *for these fourteen years*, und Theobald änderte gar *for these nineteen years.* Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 3, Anm. 14. Sh. ist bei der Wiederholung solcher Zahlenangaben niemals sehr consequent. 9) *becomes*, das in der Fol. fehlt, fügte zuerst Pope zur Ergänzung des Satzes wie des Verses ein, nach dem Vorgange von Davenant's Bearbeitung: *Till it in time become more mock'd than fear'd.* 10) *liberty* = Ausgelassenheit, Zügellosigkeit. So in Timon of Athens (A. 4, Sc. 1) *Lust and liberty,* || *Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth.* 11) Dyce fragt, ob vielleicht *their punishment* zu lesen sei. — Indess ist *the punishment* nicht Object zu *evil deeds have*, sondern Nominativ, zu dem aus *have their permissive pass* das Prädicat zu suppliren ist. 12) Hanmer setzte zuerst *sight* für *fight* der Fol., und *it* für *in* der Fol. — Letztere Emendation scheint besser begründet, als erstere, da *fight* zu *ambush* und *strike home* sehr wohl passt, wenn auch nur im figürlichen Sinne: indem doch zugleich mein Wesen niemals im Gefecht, in einem Conflict, der mir Schmach bringen könnte, sich zeigt. — Ziemlich kühn ist Staunton's Conjectur, die er jedoch nicht in den Text setzt: *And yet my nature never win the fight* || *To die in slander.* — Dyce und Singer vermuthen *light* für *fight.* — Knight, der die alten Lesarten der Fol. beibehält, erklärt *to do in slander* etwas gesucht mit *to be prominent in action and thus exposed to slander.* 13) *me*, das in der Fol. fehlt und das zuerst Capell einfügte, scheint unentbehrlich: unterweise mich, wie ich mich gehörig im Aeussern als ein wahrer Mönch zu halten oder zu benehmen habe. In Davenant's Umarbeitung steht *I may in person a true friar seem.* — So heisst es in Tempest (A. 1, Sc. 2) *And that you will some good instruction give,* || *How I may bear me here.* 14) Für *more* hat die Fol. das veraltete *moe*, in der folgenden Zeile jedoch *more.* 15) Er steht auf seiner Hut der Anfeindung gegenüber; er benimmt sich so, dass ihm der Hass und Neid nichts anhaben kann.

1) Um Euch nicht zu langweilen, um Euch kurzen Bericht abzustatten. 2) So die Fol.: macht mich nicht zum Gegenstand Eurer spasshaften Erfindungen, oder, wie Ritson erklärt: *do not make a jest of me.* — Dyce

Isab. Sir, make me not your story.[2]
Lucio. It is true.
I would not, though 't is my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,
Tongue far from heart,[3] play with all virgins so:
I hold you as a thing ensky'd, and sainted
By your renouncement,[4] an immortal spirit,
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a saint.
Isab. You do blaspheme the good in mocking me.
Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness[5] and truth, 't is thus:
Your brother and his lover[6] have embrac'd:
As those that feed grow full; as blossoming time,
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison,[7] even so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth[8] and husbandry.
Isab. Some one with child by him? — My cousin Juliet?
Lucio. Is she your cousin?
Isab. Adoptedly; as school-maids change their names
By vain, though apt, affection.[9]
Lucio. She it is.
Isab. O! let him marry her.
Lucio. This is the point.
The duke is very strangely gone from hence,
Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
In hand, and hope of action;[10] but we do learn,
By those that know the very nerves of state,
His givings-out[11] were of an infinite distance
From his true-meant design. Upon his place,
And with full line[12] of his authority,
Governs Lord Angelo; a man whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense,
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge[13]
With profits of the mind, study and fast.
He (to give fear to use and liberty,[14]
Which have, for long, run by the hideous law,
As mice by lions) hath pick'd out an act,
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it,
And follows close the rigour of the statute,
To make him an example. All hope is gone,
Unless you have the grace[15] by your fair prayer
To soften Angelo; and that 's my pith of business[16]
'Twixt you and your poor brother.
Isab. Doth he so seek his life?
Lucio. Has censur'd him
Already;[17] and, as I hear, the provost hath
A warrant for his execution.
Isab. Alas! what poor ability 's in me
To do him good?
Lucio. Assay the power you have.
Isab. My power, alas! I doubt, —
Lucio. Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt. Go to Lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as freely theirs
As they themselves would owe them.[18]
Isab. I 'll see what I can do.
Lucio. But speedily.
Isab. I will about it straight,
No longer staying but to give the mother[19]
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:
Commend me to my brother; soon at night
I 'll send him certain word of my success.
Lucio. I take my leave of you.
Isab. Good Sir, adieu. *[Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Hall in Angelo's House.

Enter Angelo, Escalus, *a Justice, Provost, Officers, and other Attendants.*

Ang. We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear[1] the birds of prey,

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liest nach Davenant's Vorgange *scorn* für *story.* — Malone ändert: *Sir, mock me not: — your story* und setzt demgemäss in Lucio's Antwort hinter *I would not* ein Punctum. 3) Auf eine Eigenthümlichkeit dieses Vogels, weit von seinem Neste zu schreien und so dieses vor Entdeckung zu sichern, wird von Sh. und seinen Zeitgenossen häufig angespielt, wie sich denn sprichwörtlich in Ray's Proverbs findet: *The lapwing cries tongue from heart* und *The lapwing cries most, furthest from her nest.* Lucio will sagen: obgleich es sonst mein Fehler ist, dass ich mit Mädchen scherze und anders rede als ich's meine, so würde ich doch nicht mit allen Jungfrauen solches Spiel mir erlauben. 4) Nach Collier's Interpunction, welche *by your renouncement* mit dem Vorhergehenden verbindet. Die meisten Hgg. setzen hinter *sainted* ein Semikolon und verbinden also *By your renouncement an immortal spirit.* 5) *fewness* eigentlich = die geringe Anzahl, hier der Worte, wie sonst *in few* gebraucht wird. Der Satz ist elliptisch: kurz und wahr zu reden, so verhält sich die Sache so. 6) *lover* = die liebende Geliebte, wie vorher *friend* in demselben Sinne. 7) *foison* = Fülle des Herbstes, reiche Ernte. 8) *his full tilth* = Claudio's volle, ausreichende Thätigkeit als Pflüger. — Denselben Tropus hat Sh. in den Sonnets (3) *For where is she so fair, whose unear'd womb || Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?* 9) Die gegenseitige Zuneigung der Gespielinnen erweist sich in solchem Namenstausch zwar eitel, kindisch, aber doch natürlich. 10) *to bear in hand* = täuschend hinhalten, ist verbunden mit *in hope of action* = in Hoffnung auf Thätigkeit oder Beschäftigung, vielleicht auf kriegerische Thätigkeit. 11) Die Fol. hat *giving-out,* was Rowe verbessert. 12) *line* = Schnur als Mass, daher = Bezirk, Ausdehnung. 13) *his natural edge* = der angeborene Stachel des Fleisches in Angelo. — *profits of the mind* = Erwerbungen des Geistes. 14) *use and liberty* ist nach dem Sh.'schen Gebrauche der Copula *and* zu fassen = die herkömmliche, zur Gewohnheit gewordene Ausgelassenheit. — *to give fear to* = Furcht oder Schrecken einflössen. 15) Wenn Ihr nicht die Gabe besitzt. 16) *my pith of business* = der Kern oder eigentliche Inhalt meines Geschäfts. 17) Er hat ihn schon verurtheilt. — Für *has* wäre vielleicht *h'as* scil. *he has,* eine Sh. sehr geläufige Zusammenziehung, zu schreiben; indess ist auch die Auslassung des Personalpronomen, wenn es sich so leicht aus dem Vorhergehenden ergänzen lässt, Sh.'sch. 18) Wenn Mädchen weinen und knieen, so erlangen sie den Gegenstand ihrer Bitten so uneingeschränkt, als ob sie selber im Besitze ihrer Bitten oder der Gewährung ihrer Bitten wären. 19) *mother* ist der Titel, den die Nonnen der Aebtissin geben.

And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.
Escal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall,[2] and bruise to death. Alas! this gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father.
Let but your honour know
(Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue),
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your[3] blood
Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not, sometime in your life,
Err'd in this point, which now you censure him,[4]
And pull'd the law upon you.
Ang. 'T is one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,[5]
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try; what 's open made to justice,
That justice seizes: what know the laws,[6]
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'T is very pregnant,[7]
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it,
Because we see it; but what we do not see,
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence
For I have had such faults;[8] but rather tell me,
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.[9]
Escal. Be it as your wisdom will.
Ang. Where is the provost?
Prov. Here, if it like your honour.
Ang. See that Claudio
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning.
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd;
For that 's the utmost of his pilgrimage.
[Exit Provost.
Escal. Well, heaven forgive him, and forgive us all!
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
Some run from brakes of vice,[10] and answer none,
And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter Elbow *and Officers, with* Froth *and Clown.*

Elb. Come, bring them away. If these be good people in a commonweal, that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses,[11] I know no law: bring them away.
Ang. How now, Sir! What 's your name, and what 's the matter?
Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poor duke's constable,[12] and my name is Elbow: I do lean upon justice, Sir; and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors.
Ang. Benefactors! Well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?[13]
Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what they are; but precise villains they are, that I am sure of, and void of all profanation[14] in the world, that good Christians ought to have.
Escal. This comes off well:[15] here 's a wise officer.
Ang. Go to: what quality are they of? Elbow is your name: why dost thou not speak, Elbow?
Clo. He cannot, Sir: he 's out at elbow.[16]
Ang. What are you, Sir?
Elb. He, Sir? a tapster, Sir; parcel-bawd;[17] one that serves a bad woman, whose house, Sir, was, as they say, pluck'd down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house,[18] which, I think, is a very ill house too.
Escal. How know you that?

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1) *to fear* = scheuchen, erschrecken. 2) *to fall* = niederfallen lassen, wobei, wie bei dem Vorhergehenden, ein Wort wie Richtschwert als Object zu suppliren ist. — Douce bezieht die Metapher, weil sie in diesem Sinne nicht recht zu dem *cut a little* passen will, eher auf das Fällen eines Baumes. Indess ist Sh. in der Durchführung seiner Bilder nicht immer ganz genau. 3) So verbessert Rowe das *our* der Fol. nach Davenant's Vorgang. 4) Wie Steevens meint, ist *for* zu suppliren. Der Sh.'schen Ellipse angemessener erscheint es, dass eigentlich *in which* stehen sollte, entsprechend dem vorhergehenden *in this point.* — Zu *to censure* vgl. A. 1, Sc. 5, Anm. 17. 5) *to pass on* = zu Gericht sitzen, aburtheilen über Leben und Tod des Gefangenen. 6) Was wissen die Gesetze, was weiss die Rechtspflege davon, dass Diebe selbst über Diebe zu Gericht sitzen? Die Fol. hat *what knows*, was sogar Rowe noch beibehält. 7) *pregnant* = zutreffend von einem Argument oder Beispiel. 8) Damit dass ich ähnliche Fehler gehabt habe, könnet Ihr sein Vergehen nicht entschuldigen; sondern sagt mir eher, wenn ich, der ich ihn verurtheile, in derselben Weise mich vergehe, dann soll das von mir gefällte Urtheil als Richtschnur zu meiner Verdammung zum Tode dienen, und nichts dagegen zu meinen Gunsten vor Gericht geltend gemacht werden. 9) Die Fol. hat hier erst *Enter Provost* und lässt ihn unter den Personen zu Anfang der Scene unverzeichnet. 10) Die Fol. hat *brakes of Ice*, was einige Hgg. als *breaks of ice* zu retten suchen. Plausibler lesen die meisten jedoch mit Rowe *brakes of vice*, was Tollet erklärt mit *the thorny paths of vice* = die dornigen Pfade des Lasters, in denen der Mensch leicht stecken bleibt. So in K. Henry VIII. (A. 1, Sc. 2) *'T is but the fate of place, and the rough brake || That virtue must go through.* — Capell fand in *Ice* der Fol. eine Abkürzung von *Iustice* und las *Some run from brakes of Justice, answer none*, wo er *brake* wahrscheinlich als ein ehemals angewandtes Marterwerkzeug, oder eine Fussfalle, oder Fussfessel fasst, wie manche Hgg. auch, weniger wahrscheinlich, *brakes of vice* in diesem Sinne nehmen. — *to answer none* = Keinem Rede stehen, keine Rechenschaft ablegen für ihre Vergehungen. 11) *commonweal* = Staat, und *common houses* = Bordelle, ist so zusammengestellt, wie *use* und *abuses*. 12) Er will sagen *the duke's poor constable.* Dieselbe Verdrehung der Worte gebraucht ein dem Elbow analoger Charakter in Much Ado about Nothing (A. 3, Sc. 5) *we are the poor duke's officers.* 13) So kennt auch Dogberry in Much Ado about Nothing (A. 4, Sc. 2) die eigentliche Bedeutung von *malefactors* nicht. 14) *profanation* gebraucht Elbow für das Gegentheil = Gottesfurcht. 15) Ein ironisch gemeintes Lob, das der gewandten Ausdrucksweise des Constablers gespendet wird. 16) Wortspiel zwischen *to be out* = aus dem Concept gerathen, in Verbindung mit dem Namen Elbow, und zwischen *to be out at elbow* = am Ellbogen ein Loch im Rock haben. 17) *parcel-bawd* = ein Stück von einem Kuppler, theilweise ein Kuppler, bezieht sich auf *a tapster*, das eigentliche und nominelle Gewerbe des Clown. So steht *parcel-gilt* in K. Henry IV. Second Part (A. 2, Sc. 1). 18) *hot-house* = Badehaus, wo heisse Bäder und Schwitzbäder genommen wurden, zugleich ein heimliches

Elb. My wife, Sir, whom I detest [19] before heaven and your honour, —

Escal. How! thy wife?

Elb. Ay, Sir; whom, I thank heaven, is an honest woman, —

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, Sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, [20] for it is a naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry, Sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, [21] might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanliness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, Sir, by Mistress Overdone's means; but as she spit in his face, so she defied him. [22]

Clo. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man, prove it.

Escal. *[To* Angelo.*]* Do you hear how he misplaces? [23]

Clo. Sir, she came in great with child, and longing (saving your honour's reverence) for stew'd prunes. [24] Sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant [25] time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence: your honours have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes.

Escal. Go to, go to: no matter for the dish, Sir.

Clo. No, indeed, Sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right; but to the point. As I say, this Mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great-bellied, and longing, as I said, for prunes, and having but two in the dish, as I said, Master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly; — for, as you know, Master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again.

Froth. No, indeed.

Clo. Very well: you being then, if you be remember'd, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes, —

Froth. Ay, so I did, indeed.

Clo. Why, very well: I telling you then, if you be remember'd, that such a one, and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, [26] unless they kept very good diet, as I told you, —

Froth. All this is true.

Clo. Why, very well then, —

Escal. Come; you are a tedious fool: to the purpose. — What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

Clo. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet. [27]

Escal. No, Sir, nor I mean it not.

Clo. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave. And, I beseech you, look into Master Froth here, Sir; a man of fourscore pound a year, whose father died at Hallowmas. — Was 't not at Hallowmas, Master Froth?

Froth. All-hallownd eve.

Clo. Why, very well: I hope here be truths. He, Sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, Sir; — 't was in the Bunch of Grapes, [28] where, indeed, you have a delight to sit; have you not?

Froth. I have so, because it is an open room, and good for winter. [29]

Clo. Why, very well then: I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in Russia,
When nights are longest there. I 'll take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cause,
Hoping you 'll find good cause to whip them all.

Escal. I think no less. Good morrow to your lordship.
[Exit Angelo.

Now, Sir, come on: what was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Clo. Once, Sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, Sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Clo. I beseech your honour, ask me.

Escal. Well, Sir, what did this gentleman to her?

Clo. I beseech you, Sir, look in this gentleman's face. — Good Master Froth, look upon his honour; 't is for a good purpose. Doth your honour mark his face?

Escal. Ay, Sir, very well.

Clo. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Clo. Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

Escal. Why, no.

Clo. I 'll be supposed [30] upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him. Good then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

Escal. He 's in the right. Constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respected [31] house; next, this is a respected fellow, and his mistress is a respected woman.

Bordell. 19) *detest* für *protest* oder *attest* sagt irrthümlich auch die Quickly in Merry Wives of Windsor (A. 1, Sc. 4). 20) *it is pity of her life* = so ist es schade, dass sie lebt. Dieselbe Betheurung ohne eigentlichen Sinn gebraucht auch Sir Andrew in Twelfth-Night (A. 2, Sc. 5) *An we do not, it is pity of our lives.* 21) *cardinally given* für *carnally given* = fleischlich gesinnt. — *accused* scheint Elbow für *seduced* zu gebrauchen. 22) Mit *his* und *him* ist Master Froth gemeint, den freilich Elbow in seiner verwirrten Erzählung noch nicht namhaft gemacht hatte. 23) Wie er die Worte verkehrt anwendet. So hatte Elbow eben *honourable* für *dishonourable* gesagt. 24) Gekochte Pflaumen werden als eine gewöhnliche, aus Gesundheitsrücksichten gebrauchte Kost in Bordellen und als charakteristisch für diese Häuser bei Sh. und seinen Zeitgenossen häufig erwähnt. So wird eine Kupplerin in Lodge's Pamphlet Wit's Miserie so geschildert: *This is she that lays way at all the carriers for wenches new come up to London, and you shall know her dwelling by a dish of stewed prunes in the window; and two or three fleering wenches sit knitting or sowing in the shop.* — Die Fol. druckt *prawyns* für *prunes.* 25) Er will *instant* sagen, was die späteren Folioausgg. mit Verkennung des Witzes in den Text setzen. 26) *the thing you wot of* = das bewusste Ding, ist die Lustseuche. 27) Der Clown fasst das *me,* welches Escalus als ethischen Dativ gebraucht, in wirklichem Sinne: lasst mich dazu kommen, für: kommt Ihr dazu. 28) Die einzelnen Zimmer in Wirthshäusern wurden, statt mit Nummern wie heutzutage, durch Namen und entsprechende Abzeichen unterschieden. 29) Knight erklärt *open room* mit *a common room,* und das Folgende mit *which is also a warm room.* — Nach der plausibleren Auffassung anderer Hgg. soll Froth mit seinen Worten in einen lächerlichen Widerspruch verfallen. 30) Er meint *deposed:* ich will auf die Bibel beeidigt werden. 31) Elbow

Clo. By this hand, Sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest: thou liest, wicked varlet. The time is yet to come that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Clo. Sir, she was respected with him, before he married with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here? Justice, or Iniquity? [32] — Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! [33] I respected with her, before I was married to her? — If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer. Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I 'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o' th' ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for it. What is 't your worship's pleasure I shall do [34] with this wicked caitiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses, till thou know'st what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it. — Thou seest, thou wicked varlet, now, what 's come upon thee: thou art to continue; [35] now, thou varlet, thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend?

Froth. Here in Vienna, Sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, an 't please you, Sir.

Escal. So. — What trade are you of, Sir?

Clo. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress' name?

Clo. Mistress Overdone.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Clo. Nine, Sir; Overdone [36] by the last.

Escal. Nine! — Come hither to me, Master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters; they will draw you, [37] Master Froth, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship. For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in. [38]

Escal. Well: no more of it, Master Froth: farewell. [*Exit* Froth.] — Come you hither to me, master tapster. What 's your name, master tapster?

Clo. Pompey.

Escal. What else?

Clo. Bum, Sir.

Escal. 'Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you, [39] so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the Great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, [40] Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster. Are you not? come, tell me true: it shall be the better for you.

Clo. Truly, Sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Escal. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Clo. If the law would allow it, Sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Clo. Does your worship mean to geld and splay [41] all the youth of the city?

Escal. No, Pompey.

Clo. Truly, Sir, in my poor opinion, they will to 't then. If your worship will take order [42] for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

Clo. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for then year together, you 'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads. If this law hold in Vienna ten year, I 'll rent the fairest house in it after three-pence a bay. [43] If you live to see this come to pass, say, Pompey told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey; and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you: — I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where you do: if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, [44] and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you. In plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt. So, for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Clo. I thank your worship for your good counsel; [*aside*] but I shall follow it, as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me? No, no; let carman whip his jade;
The valiant heart 's not whipt out of his trade.

[*Exit.*

Escal. Come hither to me, Master Elbow; come hither, master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, Sir.

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und nach ihm der Clown gebrauchen *respected* für *suspected.* 32) *Justice* und *Iniquity,* zwei Figuren aus den altenglischen Moral Plays, von denen die erste in allegorischer Darstellung die Gerechtigkeit, die zweite die Schelmerei und zugleich die lustige Person, gewöhnlich *Vice* genannt, vertrat. Unter *Iniquity* versteht Escalus den Clown, unter *Justice* den Constabler. 33) Missverständlich für *cannibal,* wie zum Schluss der Rede *action of battery* = Klage wegen Thätlichkeiten, missverständlich für *action of slander* = Verläumdungsklage, gebraucht wird. 34) Steevens und Malone setzen stillschweigend und willkürlich *should* für *shall.* 35) Elbow hält *to continue* für irgend eine schwere Strafe, die dem Clown zuerkannt wird. 36) Zweideutig: sie heisst Overdone von ihrem letzten Ehemann, und: sie ist zu stark mitgenommen, abgebraucht von dem letzten. 37) *to draw* = anzapfen, in Bezug auf das Gewerbe des *tapster.* Zugleich ist *to draw,* in Verbindung mit dem folgenden *to hang,* = zum Richtplatz schleifen, um gehängt zu werden. 38) *to draw in* = mit Gewalt hereinziehen, und = verlocken, prellen. 39) Eine Anspielung auf die hinten mit Pferdehaar oder Wolle dick ausstaffirten Hosen, welche der Clown nach dem damaligen Zeitgeschmack trug. Diese Sitte nennt Escalus eine viehische *(in the beastliest sense).* 40) Vgl. oben Anm. 17. 41) *to splay* = verschneiden, castriren. Die meisten Hgg. setzen stillschweigend das gewöhnlichere *spay* dafür, doch kommt *splay* in diesem Sinne auch sonst vor; so in Chapman's Commentar zum Homer: *unless you will take it for a splayed or gelded sow.* — Für *of the city* setzen manche Hgg. mit der zweiten Folioausg. *in the city.* 42) *to take order for* = Anstalt treffen, Massregeln nehmen, in Bezug auf Etwas. 43) *a bay of building* erklärt Coles' lateinisches Lexikon mit *mensura viginti quatuor pedum,* also 24 Fuss Breite von der Fronte eines Hauses. — Pope änderte willkürlich *a day.* 44) Wie

Escal. I thought, by the[45] readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time. You say, seven years together?

Elb. And a half, Sir.

Escal. Alas! it hath been great pains to you. They do you wrong to put you so oft upon 't. Are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. Faith, Sir, few of any wit in such matters. As they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them: I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.[46]

Escal. Look you bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your worship's house, Sir?

Escal. To my house. Fare you well. *[Exit* Elbow. What 's o'clock, think you?

Just. Eleven, Sir.

Escal. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio; But there 's no remedy.

Just. Lord Angelo is severe.

Escal. It is but needful:
Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe.[47]
But yet, poor Claudio! — There is no remedy.
Come, Sir. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Room in the Same.

Enter Provost, and a Servant.

Serv. He 's hearing of a cause: he will come straight. I 'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you, do. *[Exit Servant.]* I 'll know His pleasure; may be, he will relent. Alas!
He hath but as offended in a dream:
All sects,[1] all ages smack of this vice, and he
To die for it! —

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what 's the matter, provost?

Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?

Ang. Did I not tell thee, yea? hadst thou not order? Why dost thou ask again?

Prov. Lest I might be too rash.
Under your good correction,[2] I have seen,
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine:
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spar'd.

Prov. I crave your honour's pardon.
What shall be done, Sir, with the groaning[3] Juliet?
She 's very near her hour.

Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitter place, and that with speed.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd,
Desires access to you.

Ang. Hath he a sister?

Prov. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid,
And to be shortly of a sisterhood,
If not already.

Ang. Well, let her be admitted. *[Exit Servant.*
See you the fornicatress be remov'd:
Let her have needful, but not lavish, means;
There shall be order for 't.

Enter Lucio *and* Isabella.

Prov. God save your honour!

Ang. Stay a little while.[4] — *[To* Isab.*]* You 're welcome: what 's your will?

Isab. I am a woful suitor to your honour,
Please but your honour hear me.

Ang. Well; what 's your suit?

Isab. There is a vice, that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice,
For which I would not plead, but that I must;[5]
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war 'twixt will and will not.

Ang. Well; the matter?

Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die:
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,[6]
And not my brother.

Prov. [Aside.] Heaven give thee moving graces![7]

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?
Why, every fault 's condemn'd ere it be done.
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To fine the faults,[8] whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.

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der römische Julius Cäsar den Pompejus besiegte und zu seinen Zelten zurück in die Flucht schlug. 45) Manche Hgg. ändern mit Pope *by your readiness*, obgleich der Sinn der alten Lesart klar genug ist. 46) Elbow versieht das Constableramt für ein Stück Geld durch die Bank für alle Andern seines Stadtviertels. 47) Der Sinn dieser zwei Verse wird in Romeo and Juliet (A. 3, Sc. 1) so in einen Vers zusammengefasst: *Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.*

1) Für *sects* wollte Sidney Walker *sorts* lesen. — *sect* für *sex* gebrauchen auch Sh.'s Zeitgenossen; so in Marston's Insatiate Countess: *smooth promise || Deceives our sect of fame and chastity*, und in Marlowe's Jew of Malta: *a nunnery where none but their own sect may enter in.* 2) *under your good correction*, eine Höflichkeitsphrase, mit der man eine Meinung äussert, die der Andere berichtigen oder rügen mag. 3) *to groan*, von dem Gestöhn der Kreissenden, worauf auch hier das folgende *near her hour* = die Stunde der Entbindung, geht. 4) Mit diesen Worten heisst Angelo den Schliesser noch verweilen, der mit dem vorhergehenden *God save your honour!* = Gott behüte Euer Gnaden! sich schon von ihm verabschieden wollte. 5) *must* bezeichnet hier den innern Drang geschwisterlicher Liebe, welcher die Isabella zwingt, für Claudio's Vergehen das Wort zu führen. — Das folgende *must not* im nächsten Verse geht auf das Sittengebot, das ihr verbietet, dieses Vergehen zu vertheidigen. — Diesen Widerstreit ihrer Gefühle bezeichnet sie dann mit *at war 'twixt will and will not.* 6) scil. *let his fault be condemned:* vertilgt sein Vergehen in ihm, aber nicht ihn selber. 7) *moving graces* = Gaben geistiger und leiblicher Anmuth, die den Angelo rühren können. — Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 5, Anm. 15. 8) Für *faults* der Fol. setzen manche Hgg. ohne Grund *fault*, und andere für *to fine* eben so unnöthig *to find.* — *to fine* = eine Strafe aussprechen oder verhängen: Angelo's Amt würde ganz überflüssig sein, wenn er eine Strafe

Isab. O just, but severe law!
I had a brother then.[9] — Heaven keep your honour!
Lucio. *[To* Isab.*]* Give 't not o'er so: to him again, entreat him;
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown;
You are too cold: if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it.
To him, I say!
Isab. Must he needs die?
Ang. Maiden, no remedy.
Isab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither heaven, nor man, grieve at the mercy.
Ang. I will not do 't.
Isab. But can you, if you would?
Ang. Look; what I will not, that I cannot do.
Isab. But might you do 't, and do the world no wrong,
If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse[10]
As mine is to him?
Ang. He 's sentenc'd: 't is too late.
Lucio. *[To* Isab.*]* You are too cold.
Isab. Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a word,
May call it back[11] again. Well, believe this,[12]
No ceremony[13] that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does.
If he had been as you, and you as he,
You would have slipp'd like him; but he, like you,
Would not have been so stern.
Ang. Pray you, be gone.
Isab. I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel! should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 't were to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.
Lucio. *[To* Isab.*]* Ay, touch him; there 's the vein.[14]
Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.
Isab. Alas! alas!
Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage best have took,[15]
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment,[16] should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that,
And mercy then will breathe within your lips
Like man new-made![17]
Ang. Be you content,[18] fair maid,
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother:
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him: he must die to-morrow.
Isab. To-morrow? O, that 's sudden! Spare him, spare him!
He 's not prepar'd for death. Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of season:[19] shall we serve heaven
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink you:
Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There 's many have committed it.
Lucio. *[To* Isab.*]* Ay, well said.[20]
Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept:
Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the first, that did the edict infringe,[21]
Had answer'd for his deed: now, 't is awake,[22]
Takes note of what is done, and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass,[23] that shows what future evils,
Either new,[24] or by remissness new-conceiv'd,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,
Are now to have no successive degrees,[25]
But, ere they live, to end.
Isab. Yet show some pity.
Ang. I show it most of all, when I show justice;

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für Vergehungen verkünden wollte, deren Bestrafung schon das Gesetz vorherbestimmt hat, und wenn er dann das unterliesse, worin erst seine richterliche Thätigkeit besteht, d. h. die Vollziehung der Strafe an dem Schuldigen. 9) Der Nachdruck liegt auf *had* als Präteritum: Ich hatte also einen Bruder, und habe ihn nicht mehr, da er so gut wie todt ist. 10) *remorse* = Erbarmen, Gefühlsregung: wenn Euer Herz von solchem Mitleid gerührt wäre, wie das meinige es für Claudio empfindet. 11) *back*, das in der Fol. zufällig ausgelassen ist, ergänzt die zweite Folioausg. von 1632. 12) Der Nachdruck liegt auf *this:* davon seid fest überzeugt, dass u. s. w. 13) *ceremony* = jedes Attribut, das die Hochgestellten herkömmlich auszeichnet. Von solchen Attributen werden dann vier angeführt, die den König, den Statthalter, den Feldmarschall und den Richter als solche bezeichnen. Von diesen geht das zweite, *the deputed sword* für *the deputy's sword* = das dem Statthalter übertragene Schwert der Gerechtigkeit, speciell auf Angelo. 14) So in As you like it (A. 2, Sc. 7) *you touch'd my vein at first.* 15) Der die günstigste Veranlassung hatte, die Seelen als dem Gesetz verfallen zu behandeln. — Wie bei *vantage* ein Verbum wie bestrafen zu ergänzen ist, so bei *remedy* ein Verbum wie erlösen, von der Strafe entbinden. 16) *top of judgment* = die höchste Gerechtigkeit, der oberste Richter. — *judgment* ist im persönlichen Sinne zu fassen, wie vorher *judgment hath repented o'er his doom.* 17) Die Barmherzigkeit wird dann in Euch aufleben, in Eurem Munde, der sie ausspricht, den ersten Lebenshauch athmen, wie ein Mensch, der sein Dasein beginnt. 18) *be you content* = findet Euch darin, ergebt Euch darin, dass u. s. w., ist mit dem folgenden Verse zu verbinden, nicht durch ein Semikolon oder Punctum davon zu trennen. — *condemns* verbesserte Rowe das *condemn* der Fol. 19) *the fowl of season* = der Vogel, dessen Zeit gerade ist, der sich gerade dann für die Küche eignet. 20) Lucio denkt an sich selbst, wenn er Isabella's letzte Worte besonders treffend findet. 21) Zur Verbesserung des unvollständigen Verses lesen die meisten Hgg. mit Pope *if the first man.* — Plausibler ist, schon weil der Nachdruck auf *first* liegen bleibt, Capell's Lesart *if he, the first.* — *edict* betont Sh. gewöhnlich auf der letzten Sylbe, obgleich ihm auch die andere Betonung nicht fremd ist. 22) *'t is awake* bezieht sich auf das vorhergehende *though it hath slept.* 23) *glass* ist der Zauberspiegel, in welchem der Hexenmeister die kommenden Ereignisse vorhererkennt. 24) *new* liest Pope für *now* der Fol.: die künftigen Uebel sind entweder ganz neu, vorher noch nie da gewesen, oder solche, die früher schon einmal vorhanden, dann verschwunden waren und nun durch Nachsicht wieder neu entstanden sind. 25) *successive degrees* = erbliche Stufenfolge, stufenweise Erbfolge. — *successive* betont Sh. nur hier auf der ersten Sylbe, sonst überall auf der zweiten. — Das Gesetz, das erwacht ist, sorgt mit einem Blick in die Zukunft dafür, dass die Uebel, die sonst sich fortzupflanzen pflegen, nunmehr keinerlei Nachfolge haben, sondern dass sie ihr Ende finden, ehe sie leben. — Für das jedenfalls fehlerhafte *but here they*

For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall,
And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied:
Your brother dies to-morrow: be content.
Isab. So you must be the first that gives this sentence,
And he that suffers. O! it is excellent
To have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.[26]
Lucio. *[To* Isab.*]* That 's well said.
Isab. Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting,[27] petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder; nothing but thunder. —
Merciful heaven!
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Splitt'st the unwedgeable and gnarled[28] oak,
Than the soft myrtle; but[29] man, proud man!
Drest in a little brief[30] authority,
Most ignorant of[31] what he 's most assur'd,
His glassy essence, — like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.[32]
Lucio. *[To* Isab.*]* O, to him, to him, wench! He will relent:
He 's coming; I perceive 't.
Prov. *[Aside.]* Pray heaven, she win him!
Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with ourself:[33]
Great men may jest with saints: 't is wit in them,
But in the less foul profanation.
Lucio. *[To* Isab.*]* Thou 'rt in the right, girl: more o' that.
Isab. That in the captain 's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.
Lucio. *[To* Isab.*]* Art avis'd o' that? more on 't.
Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?
Isab. Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top.[34] Go to your bosom;
Knock there, and ask your heart, what it doth know
That 's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it[35] not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.
Ang. *[Aside.]* She speaks, and 't is
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it.[36] Fare you well.
Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.
Ang. I will bethink me. — Come again to-morrow.
Isab. Hark, how I 'll bribe you. Good my lord, turn back.
Ang. How, bribe me?
Isab. Ay, with such gifts, that heaven shall share with you.
Lucio. *[To* Isab.*]* You had marr'd all else.
Isab. Not with fond shekels[37] of the tested gold,[38]
Or stones, whose rates are either rich or poor
As fancy values them; but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there
Ere sunrise: prayers from preserved[39] souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.
Ang. Well; come to me to-morrow.
Lucio. *[To* Isab.*]* Go to; 't is well: away!
Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe!
Ang. *[Aside.]* Amen:
For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.[40]
Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?
Ang. At any time 'fore noon.
Isab. 'Save your honour!
[Exeunt Lucio, Isabella, *and Provost.*
Ang. From thee;[41] even from thy virtue! —
What 's this? what 's this? Is this her fault, or mine?

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live der Fol. setzt Hanmer *but, ere they live,* und Malone *but where they live.* — Erstere Emendation giebt den Sinn des Textes am besten wieder. 26) Steevens findet hier eine Anspielung auf die gewaltthätigen Riesen in den Ritterromanen. Vielleicht dachte Sh. aber an die himmelstürmenden Titanen, wie in Merry Wives of Windsor (A. 2, Sc. 1) *I had rather be a giantess, and lie under Mount Pelion.* 27) *pelting* = geringfügig, ärmlich. 28) *gnarled* = knorrig. 29) Die zweite Folioausg. von 1632 schiebt vor *but* zur Vervollständigung des Verses die Interjection *O* ein. 30) *brief* bezeichnet die kurze Dauer der Macht, wie *little* den geringen Umfang derselben. So in Macbeth (A. 5, Sc. 5) *brief candle.* 31) *of* gehört sowohl zu dem vorhergehenden *ignorant* wie zu dem folgenden *assured.* Die Weglassung der Präposition zum zweiten Male ist Sh.'sch: der Mensch bedenkt am wenigsten, was er am besten wissen sollte, wie gebrechlich, gleich dem Glase, sein Dasein ist. 32) Wären die Engel organisirt wie wir, so würden sie über die Thorheiten des Menschen, die sie als Engel beweinen, sich zu Sterblichen lachen; sie würden so darüber lachen, als wenn sie keine unsterblichen Wesen, sondern sterbliche wären. 33) Warburton änderte *yourself.* Indess ist der Sinn der alten Lesart der: Wir Menschen sind so verschieden geartet, dass wir Stärkeren den schwächeren Bruder nicht nach unserm eignen Masse messen dürfen. 34) Die Autorität hat in ihrem Ansehen eine heilende Kraft, mit der sie ihre eignen Gebrechen bedeckt, gleichsam die Wunden oben mit einer Haut überzieht. 35) *it* scil. *your heart.* 36) Der Sinn in Isabella's Reden wirkt anregend und befruchtend auf Angelo's Sinn. — Malone fasst, vielleicht zu gesucht, *my sense* als *my sensual desires.* 37) *shekels* = Seckel, eine altjüdische Münze, in der Fol. *sickles,* wie das Wort auch sonst bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen, und schon in Wickliffe's Bibelübersetzung, sich geschrieben findet. — *fond* = thöricht, nichtig. 38) *tested gold* fassen die Einen = geprägtes Gold, die Andern = geläutertes, durch die Probe des Schmelztiegels gegangenes Gold. Letztere Deutung erscheint als die natürlichere, da der Begriff des Prägens schon in *shekels* ausgedrückt ist. 39) *preserved souls* = Seelen, die sich rein erhalten haben. 40) Angelo bekräftigt das Abschiedswort der Isabella mit einem Amen, als sei es ein Gebet für die Erhaltung seiner Ehre, und fügt zur Erklärung seines Amen hinzu, dass er auf einem Wege zur Versuchung gehe, auf welchem das Gebet hinderlich entgegentrete, also ihn vor dem Weitergehen bewahre. — *where* bezieht sich auf *that way.* — Henley findet eine specielle Hindeutung auf den Passus im Vaterunser: *Lead us not into temptation.* — Tyrwhitt wollte lesen *where prayers are crossed.* 41) scil. *God save my honour from thee.* — Wie ebenvorher fasst auch

The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most?
Ha!
Not she, nor doth she tempt; but it is I,
That, lying by the violet in the sun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt[42] with virtuous season. Can it be,
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness?[43] Having waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils there?[44] O, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully for those things
That make her good? O, let her brother live!
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves. What! do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes? What is 't I dream on?
O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue. Never could the strumpet,
With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite. — Ever, till now,
When men were fond, I smil'd, and wonder'd how.[45]
[Exit.

SCENE III.

A Room in a Prison.

Enter DUKE, *disguised as a friar, and Provost.*

Duke. Hail to you, provost; so I think you are.
Prov. I am the provost. What 's your will, good friar?
Duke. Bound by my charity, and my bless'd order,
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison: do me the common right
To let me see them, and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.
Prov. I would do more than that, if more were needful.
Look, here comes one: a gentlewoman of mine,
Who, falling in the flames[1] of her own youth,
Hath blister'd her report. She is with child,
And he that got it, sentenc'd — a young man
More fit to do another such offence,
Than die for this.

Enter JULIET.

Duke. When must he die?
Prov. As I do think, to-morrow. —
[To JULIET.*]* I have provided for you: stay awhile,
And you shall be conducted.
Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?
Juliet. I do, and bear the shame most patiently.
Duke. I 'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,
And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.
Juliet. I 'll gladly learn.
Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?
Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.
Duke. So then, it seems, your most offenceful act
Was mutually[2] committed?
Juliet. Mutually.
Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.
Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it, father.
Duke. 'T is meet so, daughter: but lest you do repent,[3]
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame;
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not heaven,
Showing, we would not spare heaven as we love it,
But as we stand in fear.
Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil,
And take the shame with joy.
Duke. There rest.[4]
Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him.
Grace go with you![5] *Benedicite!* *[Exit.*
Juliet. Must die to-morrow! O, injurious love,[6]
That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!
Prov. 'T is pity of him. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in ANGELO's House.

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To several subjects: heaven hath my empty words,

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hier Isabella *your honour* als höfliche Anrede, während Angelo seine durch die Versuchung gefährdete Ehre darunter versteht. 42) *to corrupt* = verfaulen, verwesen, als intransitives Verbum. — *virtuous season* ist der an sich wohlthätige Einfluss der Sonne, der auf das Veilchen zeitigend, auf das daneben liegende Aas verpestend einwirkt. 43) *woman's* ist auch zu *modesty* hinzuzudenken: Kann es geschehen, dass weibliche Sittsamkeit unsere Sinne, unsere Sinnlichkeit noch mehr verlockt als weibliche Leichtfertigkeit? 44) Der Sinn, in welchem *evils* hier gebraucht wird, ergiebt sich aus einem Passus der Bibel (2. Buch der Könige, Cap. 10, V. 27), den Henley dazu citirt: *And they brake down the image of Baal, and brake down the house of Baal, and made it a draught house unto this day.* 45) Ich wunderte mich, wie Leute so blind verliebt sein konnten. — Vgl. mit dieser Scene die entsprechende bei Whetstone, Einleitung pag. 116.

1) *flames* für *flaws (flawes)* der Fol. findet sich zuerst in Davenant's Bearbeitung und ist dann von Warburton aufgenommen worden: indem Julietta's Fall durch das heisse Blut der Jugend, durch ihr feuriges Temperament veranlasst wurde, versengten diese Flammen gleichsam ihren guten Ruf. 2) *mutually* = im Einverständniss. Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 3, Anm. 11. — Indem Julietta nicht von Claudio verführt wurde, sondern sich ihm freiwillig hingab, beging sie eine schwerere Sünde als er. 3) Es ist recht, dass Du bereust, aber bereue nur nicht insofern als die Sünde Dich in diese gegenwärtige Schande versetzt hat. Solch eine Reue gilt immer mehr uns als dem Himmel und zeigt, wir würden dem Himmel nicht unsere Sünden ersparen aus Liebe zu ihm, sondern nur aus Furcht vor der Schande. — *spare heaven* erklärt Malone richtig mit *spare to offend heaven.* Manche Hgg. setzen ohne Grund *seek* für *spare.* 4) Bleibe dabei, in dieser reuigen Ergebung. 5) Die Worte *Grace go with you!* theilt Dyce nach Ritson's Vorgange der Julietta zu. 6) Für *love* setzt Hanmer *law.* — Doch erklärt Staunton *love* richtig mit *kindness* und *mercy.* Weniger plausibel fasst Johnson *love* als Claudio's Liebe in ihren übeln Folgen für Julietta, oder Steevens noch gesuchter als Julietta's Liebe zu ihrem ungebornen Kinde.

Whilst my invention,[1] hearing not my tongue,
Anchors[2] on Isabel: heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name,
And in my heart the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception. The state, whereon I studied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown sear'd[3] and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I, with boot,[4] change for an idle plume,
Which the air beats for vain. O place! O form!
How often dost thou with thy case,[5] thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming! — Blood, thou art blood:[6]
Let 's write good angel on the devil's horn,
'T is not the devil's crest.[7]

Enter a Servant.

How now! who 's there?
Serv. One Isabel, a sister,
Desires access to you.
Ang. Teach her the way. *[Exit Servant.*
O heavens!
Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness?
So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive: and even so
The general, subject[8] to a well-wish'd king,
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught[9] love
Must needs appear offence.

Enter Isabella.

How now, fair maid?
Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.
Ang. That you might know it, would much better please me,
Than to demand what 't is. Your brother cannot live.
Isab. Even so. — Heaven keep your honour!
[Retiring.
Ang. Yet may he live awhile; and, it may be,
As long as you, or I: yet he must die.
Isab. Under your sentence?
Ang. Yea.
Isab. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted,
That his soul sicken not.
Ang. Ha! fie, these filthy vices! It were as good
To pardon him, that hath from nature stolen
A man already made,[10] as to remit
Their saucy sweetness,[11] that do coin heaven's image
In stamps that are forbid: 't is all as easy
Falsely to take away a life true made,[12]
As to put metal in restrained means,
To make a false one.
Isab. 'T is set down so in heaven, but not in earth.[13]
Ang. Say you so? then, I shall pose you quickly.
Which had you rather, that the most just law
Now took your brother's life, or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to such sweet[14] uncleanness
As she that he hath stain'd?
Isab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.[15]
Ang. I talk not of your soul. Our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than for accompt.[16]
Isab. How say you?
Ang. Nay, I 'll not warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this: —
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:

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1) *invention* = Phantasie, Einbildungskraft. — Pope änderte ohne Grund *intention* dafür. 2) *to anchor* = festhaften an Etwas, mit den Gedanken wie mit einem Anker daran befestigt sein. So in Antony and Cleopatra (A. 1, Sc. 5) *There would he anchor his aspect, and die || With looking on his life.* 3) *sear'd*, was schon Hanmer für das *fear'd* der Fol. vorschlug, fand Collier angeblich in einem Exemplar der Fol. im Besitze des Lord Ellesmere. — *fear'd* würde bedeuten: Etwas vor dem man sich scheut, während *sear'd* = trocken, dürre, besser in den Sinn und in den Zusammenhang mit *tedious* passt. 4) *with boot* = und noch obendrein Etwas dazugeben, d. h. zu der äussern Ehrbarkeit, die ich gerne los würde. 5) *case* = Hülle, wird näher erklärt in dem folgenden *habit* = Kleid. 6) Manche Hgg. setzen mit Malone zur Vervollständigung des Verses *blood, thou still art blood;* Andere mit Pope *blood, thou art but blood.* — Es ist hinter *seeming* eine Verspause anzunehmen. — *blood* ist die sinnliche Leidenschaft, die den Angelo fortreisst. 7) Der Teufel macht sich immer geltend in unserm Treiben: wenn wir ihn auch für einen Engel ausgeben, wenn wir auch den Namen »guter Engel« auf sein Horn schreiben, so ist er damit noch kein guter Engel, so ist diese Aufschrift doch nicht des Teufels Wappenschmuck oder Emblem. — Es bezieht sich also *'t is* nicht auf *the devil's horn*, sondern auf *let 's write good angel.* — Johnson vermuthet *'t is yet the devil's crest.* — Vgl. diesen Monolog Angelo's mit dem des Promos bei Whetstone, Einleitung pag. 116 u. 117. 8) *general* = das Volk, der grosse Haufe, hat *subject* als Apposition bei sich, wie *subject* auch sonst collectiv für die Unterthanen gebraucht wird. 9) *untaught* = unmanierlich, ungezogen. — Vgl. Einleitung pag. 115. 10) Demjenigen, welcher ein schon vorhandenes Geschöpf dem Leben entwendet, d. h. es um's Leben bringt. 11) *sweetness* = Leckerhaftigkeit, ist hier = Lüsternheit in Bezug auf geschlechtliche Regungen. — Das folgende vom Falschmünzen entlehnte und auf die Erzeugung unehelicher Kinder angewandte Bild findet sich ebenso in dem Pseudo-Sh.'schen Drama K. Edward III. *and will your sacred self || Commit high treason 'gainst the King of heaven || To stamp his image in forbidden metal.* Ebenso in Cymbeline (A. 2, Sc. 5) *When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools || Made me a counterfeit.* 12) *a life true made* = ein auf rechtmässige Art erzeugtes Dasein, ein legitimes Kind, ist der Gegensatz zu dem folgenden *a false one* = ein unrechtmässiges Dasein, ein Bastard. — *restrained means* = unerlaubte Werkzeuge, die zu solcher Schöpfung nicht gestattet sind. 13) Vor der himmlischen Gerechtigkeit mögen die beiden Vergehungen gleich sein, aber nicht vor der irdischen, wo der Mord schwerer bestraft wird, als geschlechtliche Sünden. 14) *sweet uncleanness* = lüsterne Verunreinigung. — Vgl. oben Anm. 11. — In der vorhergehenden Zeile setzte Rowe, nach Davenant's Bearbeitung, *or* für *and* der Fol. 15) Isabella will lieber ihren Leib dahingeben, als ihre Seele, d. h. lieber sterben, als in die von Angelo angedeutete Sünde willigen. 16) Sünden, die wir gezwungen begehen, werden nur gezählt,

Might there not be a charity in sin,
To save this brother's life?
Isab. Please you to do 't,
I 'll take it as a peril to my soul:
It is no sin at all, but charity.
Ang. Pleas'd you to do 't, at peril of your soul,
Were equal poise of sin and charity.[17]
Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven let me bear it! you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I 'll make it my morn-prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer.[18]
Ang. Nay, but hear me.
Your sense pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or seem so, craftily;[19] and that 's not good.
Isab. Let me[20] be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.
Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
When it doth tax itself: as these black masks[21]
Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could, display'd. — But mark me;
To be received plain,[22] I 'll speak more gross:
Your brother is to die.
Isab. So.
Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain.[23]
Isab. True.
Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of question)[24] that you, his sister,
Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-building law,[25] and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this suppos'd,[26] or else to let him suffer,
What would you do?
Isab. As much for my poor brother, as myself:
That is, were I under the terms of death,
The impression of keen whips I 'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing have[27] been sick for, ere I 'd yield
My body up to shame.
Ang. Then must your brother die.
Isab. And 't were the cheaper way.
Better it were, a brother died at once,[28]
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.
Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the sentence
That you have slander'd so?
Isab. Ignomy[29] in ransom, and free pardon,
Are of two houses: lawful mercy
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.[30]
Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant;
And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother
A merriment, than a vice.
Isab. O, pardon me, my lord! it oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we speak not what we mean.
I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.
Ang. We are all frail.
Isab. Else let my brother die,
If not a fedary, but only he,
Owe and succeed thy weakness.[31]
Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

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nicht aber gerechnet. — Das *for* vor *accompt* lassen manche Hgg. mit Steevens weg. 17) Da Isabella die Insinuation Angelo's nicht versteht, sondern antwortet, als ob Angelo die Begnadigung Claudio's von Angelo's Seite meine, so legt er ihr nun seinen unkeusch gemeinten Antrag näher und sagt: Wenn es Euch beliebte, mit Gefährdung Eures Seelenheils, das Leben Eures Bruders zu retten, so würde die Sünde, die darin läge, nicht schwerer als die Nächstenliebe wiegen. 18) Und dass es nichts sei, was zu Eurer Verantwortung gehörte; nichts was Ihr zu verantworten hättet. 19) *craftily* setzte Rowe mit Davenant in den Text für *crafty* der Fol.; eine Aenderung, die schon der Vers anräth. 20) *me* ergänzt die zweite Folioausg. von 1632. 21) *these* steht ohne genauere und deutlichere Bezeichnung: solche schwarze Masken, wie die Damen sie beim Ausgehen tragen, verkünden eine dahinter versteckte Schönheit zehnmal lauter, als die Schönheit, wenn sie sich enthüllte, es vermöchte. — Für *enshield* scil. *enshielded* schlug Tyrwhitt *inshell'd* vor. 22) Um deutlich von Euch verstanden oder gefasst zu werden, will ich handgreiflicher reden. 23) *that pain* bezieht sich auf *to die*, also = die Todesstrafe. 24) *in the loss of question* = in dem planlosen, nichts bedeutenden Gange eines Gespräches, indem ich mich in ein Gespräch verliere. — Nur so gesprächsweise stimme ich diesem Mittel, sein Leben zu retten, bei. — Johnson vermuthete *toss of question*. — Singer schlug sehr plausibel *loose of question* vor: in der Freiheit, der Zwanglosigkeit des Gesprächs. 25) *all-building law* = das Alles bauende, gründende Gesetz, das Gesetz, auf dem jede staatliche Ordnung beruht. — Rowe setzte *all-holding*, und Theobald, dem die meisten Hgg. folgen, *all-binding* dafür. 26) Diesem angenommenen Manne, vorher als *such a person etc.* bezeichnet. — Das folgende *or else to let him suffer*, wo Hanmer *to* streichen wollte, bezieht sich auf *you must* in einem Constructionswechsel zwischen Infinitiven mit und ohne *to*, welcher bei Sh. häufig vorkommt. 27) Das *I*, das sich vor *have* nach Sh.'scher Licenz leicht suppliren lässt, fügen viele Hgg. mit Rowe in den Text ein. — So erklärt auch Staunton: *Have, in this passage, by a not unfrequent ellipsis, is us'd for I have.* 28) *at once* = kurz und gut, ein einzig Mal, steht im Gegensatz zu *for ever* = in Einem fort, immer. 29) *ignomy*, das Sh.'sche Wort, verwandelt die zweite Folioausg. in das gewöhnlichere *ignominy*. — Dieser Satz lautet in Davenant's Bearbeitung *Ignoble ransom no proportion bears* || *To pardon freely given.* 30) So die Fol. — Die meisten Hgg. ändern mit Steevens *lawful mercy is* || *Nothing akin to foul redemption.* — Die Cambridge Edd. schreiben die metrischen Mängel dieser Verse dem zufälligen Ausfall eines Wortes zu und stellen vermuthungsweise her *Ignomy in ransom and free pardon are* || *Of two opposed houses: lawful mercy* || *Is nothing kin to foul redemption.* 31) Isabella, indem sie auf Angelo's Bekenntniss *We are all frail* Bezug nimmt, sagt: Sonst, d. h. im entgegengesetzten Falle, mag mein Bruder sterben, wenn nicht ein Genosse, sondern er allein, die Schwäche, zu der Du Dich bekennst, als ein Erbtheil besitzt. — *owe and succeed* ist zu einem Begriffe durch die Copula *and* verknüpft. — Für *thy weakness* las Rowe *by weakness*, und Malone plausibler *this weakness*. — *fedary (fedarie* in der Fol.*)* ist dasselbe was *federary* = Verbündeter, Genosse, woraus es abgekürzt erscheint. — Die meisten Hgg. setzen mit den späteren

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves,
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women! — Help heaven! men their creation mar
In profiting by them.[32] Nay, call us ten times frail,
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.[33]
Ang. I think it well;
And from this testimony of your own sex,
(Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger,
Than faults may shake our frames) let me be bold:
I do arrest your words. Be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you 're none;
If you be one (as you are well express'd
By all external warrants), show it now,
By putting on the destin'd livery.[34]
Isab. I have no tongue but one:[35] gentle my lord,
Let me entreat you speak the former language.
Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.
Isab. My brother did love Juliet; and you tell me,
That he shall die for 't.
Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.
Isab. I know, your virtue hath a license in 't,[36]
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.
Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.
Isab. Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,[37]
And most pernicious purpose! — Seeming,[38] seeming! —
I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for 't:
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or with an outstretch'd throat I 'll tell the world
Aloud what man thou art.
Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsoil'd name, the austereness of my life,
My vouch against you,[39] and my place i' the state,
Will so your accusation overweigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun,
And now I give my sensual race[40] the rein:
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;
Lay by all nicety, and prolixious[41] blushes,
That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will,
Or else he must not only die the death,[42]
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To lingering sufferance. Answer me to-morrow,
Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
I 'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true.[43]
[Exit.

Isab. To whom should[44] I complain? Did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths!
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof,
Bidding the law make court'sy to their will,
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
To follow as it draws.[45] I 'll to my brother:
Though he hath fallen by prompture[46] of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,
That, had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he 'd yield them up,
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhorr'd pollution.
Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:
More than our brother is our chastity.
I 'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest.[47] *[Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A Room in the Prison.

Enter DUKE, *as a friar*, CLAUDIO, *and Provost.*

Duke. So, then you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?
Claud. The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope.
I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.
Duke. Be absolute for death;[1] either death, or life,
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life: —
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep;[2] a breath thou art,
Servile to all the skyey influences,
That do[3] this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict. Merely, thou art death's fool;[4]

Folioausgg. *feodary* und fassen das Wort zum Theil als = Vasall, Lehnsmann. 32) Der Himmel möge den Weibern beistehen, da die Männer, indem sie von ihnen Vortheil ziehen, sinnlichen Genuss bei ihnen suchen, sich selbst oder die Weiber verderben, je nachdem *their creation* auf *men* oder auf *women* bezogen wird. Letztere Deutung scheint die natürlichere. 33) Zwei Begriffe sind hier verschmolzen: wir glauben falschen Versicherungen zu leicht, und: wir sind empfänglich, nachgiebig für falsche Eindrücke. 34) Indem Du die Tracht anlegst, die dem Weibe einmal von der Natur bestimmt ist, indem Du Dich schwach und gebrechlich zeigst, wie das Weib es von Natur ist. 35) Ich kann nicht anders sprechen, nicht anders antworten, als ich Euch vorher geantwortet habe. 36) Eure Würde hat das Vorrecht, dass sie sich etwas hässlicher oder befleckter stellen kann, als sie ist, um Andere fortzureissen zu Bekenntnissen. 37) Eure Ehre ist gering im Verhältniss zu dem grossen Glauben, den sie bei den Leuten findet oder beansprucht. 38) *seeming* = Heuchelei, ist auch bei dem Folgenden zu suppliren: ich will Dich als einen Heuchler bekannt machen. 39) Meine Erklärung gegen Dich; meine Betheurung, dass Du mich fälschlich anklagst. 40) Der sinnliche Trieb Angelo's wird als ein Renner gefasst, dessen gestrecktem Laufe er den Zügel schiessen lässt. 41) *nicety* = Sprödigkeit, Bedenklichkeit. — *prolixious* = weitläuftig, überflüssig, nicht zur Sache gehörig. 42) *to die the death* = des Todes sterben. 43) Wenn ich zu Deinen Aussagen falsch! sage, so gilt das mehr, als wenn Du sie für wahr erklärst. 44) Steevens und Malone setzen stillschweigend *shall* für *should*. — In der folgenden Zeile vermuthet Sidney Walker *pernicious* für *perilous*. 45) So dass Recht und Unrecht dahin folgen müssen, wohin das sinnliche Gelüste sie gleichsam an einem Haken schleift. 46) *prompture* = Eingebung, Verlockung, von *to prompt*. — Das Wort kommt sonst nicht vor. 47) Vgl. mit dieser Scene die entsprechende bei Whetstone, Einleitung pag. 117 u. 118.

1) Mache Dich entschieden auf den Tod gefasst. 2) *to keep* = in Acht nehmen, hüten. 3) *dost* in der Fol., was manche Hgg. zu retten suchen, indem sie die vorhergehende Zeile in Parenthese setzen. Indess bezieht sich der Relativsatz *that do etc.* offenbar auf *all the skyey influences*. — *do* setzte Hanmer zuerst in den Text.

For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet runn'st toward him still. Thou art not noble;
For all the accommodations that thou bear'st
Are nurs'd by baseness. [5] Thou art by no means valiant;
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. [6] Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself; [7]
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,
And what thou hast, forgett'st. Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects, [8]
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou 'rt poor;
For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none;
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire, [9]
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo, [10] and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth, nor age,
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld: [11] and when thou art old and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What 's yet in this,
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths, yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
To sue to live, I find I seek to die,
And, seeking death, find life: [12] let it come on.

Isab. *[Without.]* What, ho! Peace here; grace and good company!

Prov. Who 's there? come in: the wish deserves a welcome.

Duke. Dear Sir, ere long I 'll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy Sir, I thank you.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. My business is a word or two with Claudio.

Prov. And very welcome. Look, Signior; here 's your sister.

Duke. Provost, a word with you.

Prov. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be conceal'd. [13] *[Exeunt* Duke *and Provost.*

Claud. Now, sister, what 's the comfort?

Isab. Why, as all comforts are; most good, most good, [14] indeed.
Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger: [15]
Therefore, your best appointment [16] make with speed;
To-morrow you set on.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Isab. None, but such remedy, as to save a head
To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

Isab. Yes, brother, you may live:
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you 'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance?

Isab. Ay, just; perpetual durance: a restraint,
Though all the world's vastidity [17] you had,
To a determin'd scope. [18]

Claud. But in what nature?

Isab. In such a one as, you consenting to 't,
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

Claud. Let me know the point.

Isab. O, I do fear thee, [19] Claudio; and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension,

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4) Der Tod hat Dich geradezu zum Narren, treibt sein Spiel mit Dir, indem Du ihm zu entgehen suchst und ihm doch endlich in die Arme läufst. So in K. Henry IV. First Part (A. 5, Sc. 4) *But thought 's the slave of life, and life time's fool*, und in Romeo and Juliet (A. 3, Sc. 1) *O, I am fortune's fool!* — Vielleicht dachte Sh. auch an die Bilder des Todtentanzes, auf denen der Tod und der Narr neben einander figuriren. 5) *baseness* = Niedrigkeit, niedere Herkunft, steht im Gegensatze zu *noble* = adlig, vornehm. Der Mensch ist für Alles, was das Leben angenehm und bequem macht, angewiesen auf Wesen, die tief unter ihm stehen. 6) Die Schlange verwundet, nach dem damaligen Volksglauben, mit der gespaltenen Zunge. — Knight versteht unter *worm* den Wurm im Grabe. 7) Du hast kein eignes, bestimmtes, Dir selbst angehöriges Wesen, sondern hängst von tausend Kleinigkeiten ab. — Die Fol. schreibt *exists* für *exist'st*, wie sie auch sonst aus euphonischen Gründen *s* für *st* in der zweiten Person des Verbum setzt. 8) *effects* = Resultate, Symptome, die zum Vorschein kommen. — Johnson wollte *affects* lesen. 9) So verbessert die vierte Folioausg. von 1685 das *fire* der Fol. 10) *serpigo* = Aussatz. Die Fol. schreibt *Sapego*. 11) Deine Jugend, obgleich sie mit allen Gaben zum Genuss gesegnet ist, erscheint doch in ihrer Armuth als ob sie alt wäre und erbettelt sich von dem gelähmten, zum Genuss nicht mehr fähigen Alter ein Almosen, um ihr Dasein zu fristen. — *blessed youth* ist dem *palsied eld* entgegengesetzt. — Die Gaben, womit die Jugend gesegnet ist, werden nachher angeführt: warmes Blut, Trieb, körperliche Fähigkeit und Gabe zu gefallen *(heat, affection, limb, beauty)*. 12) Claudio zieht das Resultat der vorhergehenden Rede: indem man sich um sein Leben bemüht, ist es eigentlich der Tod, den man erstrebt, und indem man den Tod sucht, findet man in dem Tode das wahre Leben. 13) Die Fol. hat *Bring them to hear me speak, where I may be conceal'd*, und die zweite Folioausg. *Bring them to speak, where I may conceal'd || Yet hear them.* Die drei letzten Worte, welche in der Fol. fehlen, behalten manche Hgg. bei. — Davenant setzte in seiner Bearbeitung *Bring me where I conceal'd may hear them speak.* 14) Manche Hgg. lassen *most good* des Verses wegen einmal weg. 15) *leiger* = Abgesandter, Agent an einem fremden Hofe. 16) *appointment* = Ausrüstung, Zurüstung. 17) *vastidity* = Weite, scheint von Sh. nach Analogie von *validity* aus *vastity*, das auch sonst vorkommt, gebildet zu sein. — *though* verbesserte Pope das *through* der Fol. 18) *to a determin'd scope* = auf einen engbegrenzten Spielraum, ist mit *restraint* = Beschränkung, zu verbinden. 19) Ich hege um Deinetwillen Besorgniss. 20) Claudio schöpft seine Entschlossenheit aus sich selbst, nicht aus einer Weichheit oder Zartheit, wie sie den Blumen eigen

And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.
Claud. Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness?[20] If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.
Isab. There spake my brother: there my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances.[21] This outward-sainted deputy,
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth emmew,[22]
As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil;
His filth within being cast,[23] he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.
Claud. The princely Angelo?[24]
Isab. O, 't is the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In princely guards! Dost thou think, Claudio? —
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou mightst be freed.
Claud. O heavens! it cannot be.
Isab. Yes, he would give it thee, from this rank offence,
So to offend him still.[25] This night 's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest to-morrow.
Claud. Thou shalt not do 't.
Isab. O! were it but my life,
I 'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.
Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel.
Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.
Claud. Yes. Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,
When he would force it? Sure, it is no sin;[26]
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.
Isab. Which is the least?
Claud. If it were damnable, he, being so wise,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fin'd?[27] — O Isabel!
Isab. What says my brother?
Claud. Death is a fearful thing.
Isab. And shamed life a hateful.
Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion[28] to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit[29]
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,[30]
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling![31] — 't is too horrible.
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ache, penury,[32] and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.[33]
Isab. Alas! alas!
Claud. Sweet sister, let me live.
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
That it becomes a virtue.
Isab. O you beast!
O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?[34]
Is 't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?
Heaven shield, my mother play'd my father fair;
For such a warped slip of wilderness[35]

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ist, d. h. aus den Reden seiner Schwester. So kommt in Antony and Cleopatra (A. 2, Sc. 2) *flower-soft hands* vor. — Anders versteht Dyce den Sinn dieser Stelle, indem er mit Heath hinter *tenderness* ein Punctum statt des Fragezeichens setzt und *think you = be assured* fasst. 21) Indem mit gemeinen, niedrigen Mitteln Dein Leben erhalten wird. 22) *to emmew* ist der technische Ausdruck einer Falkenjagd: Angelo's strenge Miene scheucht die Thorheiten der Jugend so zusammen, wie ein Falke die Vögel, welche er umschwirrt, so dass sie sich nicht mehr zu regen wagen. 23) Wenn sein innerer Schmutz untersucht, aufgerührt würde. 24) Die Fol. hat hier *The prenzie, Angelo?* und ebenso drei Zeilen weiter *in prenzie guards.* — Die zweite Fol. setzt an beiden Stellen *princely* für *prenzie*, und Warburton *priestly*. — Knight las *precise*, was dem Verse widerstrebt. — Staunton's *rev'rend* und Singer's *saintly* weicht, so gut Beides dem Sinne nach passt, zu sehr in den Schriftzügen von *prenzie* ab. — Eben so leicht liesse sich an *pious* oder *pensive* denken. — Einige weitere Conjecturen für das räthselhafte *prenzie* führen die Cambridge Edd. an: *pensie* und *primsie*, Beides nordenglische Provinzialismen = *demure*. — *guards* eigentlich = Besatz am Kleide, dann = Kleid, Tracht. 25) Er würde Dir die Freiheit geben, in Folge solches schnöden Vergehens meinerseits, dass Du auf dieselbe Art auch ferner ihn kränktest, Dich gegen sein Gebot vergingest. — *give it thee* bezieht sich allgemein auf das vorhergehende *thou mightst be freed.* — Vielleicht ist *from this rank offence* auch damit zu verbinden und dann auf Claudio's, nicht auf Isabella's Vergehen, zu deuten. 26) Wenn Angelo Triebe in sich hat, die ihn so veranlassen können, dem Gesetz in's Gesicht zu schlagen, da er das Gesetz gerade in Kraft setzen will, so ist das Vergehen, um das es sich handelt, gewiss keine Sünde, oder doch von den sieben Todsünden die geringste. — Als diese sieben führt Douce an: *pride, envy, wrath, sloth, covetousness, gluttony, lechery.* 27) Mit dauernder, ewiger Strafe heimgesucht. 28) *motion* = eine Figur, die sich bewegen kann, ein Mechanismus, hier von dem Leibe des Menschen gebraucht und deshalb mit den Epithetis *sensible warm* als unterscheidenden Merkmalen versehen. 29) *delighted spirit* = der mit Freuden sonst gesegnete, an Genüsse gewöhnte Geist, steht im Gegensatze zu den Höllenstrafen, die gleich nachher erwähnt werden. 30) *viewless*, was Steevens mit *invisible* erklärt, steht in Bezug auf das vorhergehende *to be imprison'd:* die Winde halten die Seele gleichsam in einem unsichtbaren Gefängniss fest. 31) Oder schlimmer daran zu sein als die Schlimmsten unter Denen, welche ein verwegener und unsicherer Gedanke sich in der Hölle heulend vorstellt. — *howling* kommt in diesem prägnanten Sinne auch in Hamlet (A. 5, Sc. 1) vor: *A ministering angel shall my sister be,* || *When thou liest howling.* — *thought* hat die Fol. für *thoughts*. 32) *perjury (periury)* in der Fol. verbessert die zweite Folioausg. von 1632. 33) Ein Paradies im Verhältniss zu dem, was wir vom Tode fürchten. 34) Willst Du durch meine Sünde zum gemachten Mann werden? 35) *slip of wilderness* =

Ne'er issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance:[36]
Die; perish! Might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed.[37]
I 'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Isab. O, fie, fie, fie!
Thy sin 's not accidental, but a trade.
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd:
'T is best that thou diest quickly. *[Going.*

Claud. O hear me, Isabella!

Re-enter DUKE.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister; but one word.

Isab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require, is likewise your own benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure: my stay must be stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you awhile.

Duke. *[Aside to* CLAUDIO.*]* Son, I have overheard what hath passed between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an assay of her virtue, to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures. She, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive: I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death. Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes[38] that are fallible: tomorrow you must die. Go; to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there:[39] farewell. *[Exit* CLAUDIO.

Re-enter Provost.

Provost, a word with you.

Prov. What 's your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone. Leave me awhile with the maid: my mind promises with my habit, no loss shall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time.[40] *[Exit.*

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good: the goodness that is cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault, that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath convey'd to my understanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How will you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him. I had rather my brother die by the law, than my son should be unlawfully born.[41] But O, how much is the good duke deceived in Angelo! If ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.[42]

Duke. That shall not be much amiss; yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation: he made trial of you only.[43] — Therefore, fasten your ear on my advisings: to the love I have in doing good a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe, that you may most uprighteously do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit, redeem your brother from the angry law, do no stain to your own gracious person, and much please the absent duke, if, peradventure, he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak further. I have spirit to do anything that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick, the great soldier who miscarried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. She should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her by oath,[44] and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit[45] of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked at sea, having in that perish'd vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this befell to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural;[46] with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate[47] husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

Isab. Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonour:[48] in few,[49] bestowed her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake, and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live! — But how out of this can she avail?[50]

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal; and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

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wildes Reis. — Der Himmel verhüte, dass meine Mutter meinem Vater nicht untreu ward, da Du kaum sein ächter Sohn sein kannst. 36) *take my defiance* = vernimm, wie ich Dir Trotz biete, was ich Dir zum Trotz in's Angesicht sage, bezieht sich auf das Folgende. 37) So sollte Dein Schicksal, Deine Hinrichtung, ungestörten Fortgang haben. — Vgl. mit diesem Dialoge zwischen Claudio und Isabella das Entsprechende in Whetstone's Novelle, Einleitung pag. 118. 38) Bietet Eurem Muthe nicht die Beruhigung falscher Hoffnungen. 39) Haltet aus bei dieser Ansicht, bleibt dabei. Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 3, Anm. 4. 40) *in good time* = wohlan, immerhin. 41) *by the law* steht dem *unlawfully* gegenüber, wie *brother* dem *son*, und wie *die* dem *born*. 42) Oder Angelo's Benehmen als Mensch und Statthalter enthüllen. 43) Er wird Eure Anklage beseitigen, indem er sagt, er habe Euch nur auf die Probe stellen wollen. 44) *she* steht nachdrücklich für *her*, was manche Hgg. stillschweigend in den Text setzen. — Vor *was* ist *he* zu suppliren. — *by* vor *oath*, das in der Fol. fehlt, ergänzt die zweite Folioausg. 45) *limit* = anberaumter Zeitpunkt, Termin. — *solemnity* bezieht sich auf *nuptial*, wie *contract* auf *affianced*. 46) *natural*, in Beziehung auf *brother:* der Blutsverwandtschaft entsprechend, wie ein leiblicher Bruder. 47) *combinate* = verknüpft, verlobt, wie es scheint, von Sh. nach Analogieen gebildet aus *to combine*. — Die Fol. schreibt *combynate-husband*. 48) Indem er Entdeckungen von Unehre vorgab, die er in ihr gemacht haben wollte, widerrief oder vernichtete er vollständig seine Gelübde. 49) scil. *in few words* = mit wenig Worten, kurz, er überliess sie ihrer eigenen Klage. 50) Wie kann sie hieraus einen Vortheil haben? 51) Mit beifälliger, zustimmender Will-

Isab. Show me how, good father.

Duke. This forenamed maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo: answer his requiring with a plausible obedience:[51] agree with his demands to the point; only refer yourself to this advantage,[52] — first, that your stay with him may not be long, that the time may have all shadow and silence in it, and the place answer to convenience. This being granted in course, — and now[53] follows all, — we shall advise this wronged maid to stead up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter,[54] it may compel him to her recompense; and here by this is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled.[55] The maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt.[56] If you think well to carry this, as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Isab. The image of it[57] gives me content already, and, I trust, it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up. Haste you speedily to Angelo: if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to Saint Luke's; there, at the moated grange,[58] resides this dejected Mariana: at that place call upon me, and despatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good father. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Street before the Prison.

Enter DUKE, *as a friar; to him* ELBOW, *Clown, and Officers.*[1]

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.[2]

Duke. O heavens! what stuff is here?

Clo. 'T was never merry world, since, of two usuries,[3] the merriest was put down, and the worser allow'd by order of law a furr'd gown to keep him warm; and furr'd with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, Sir. — 'Bless you, good father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father.[4] What offence hath this man made you, Sir?

Elb. Marry, Sir, he hath offended the law: and, Sir, we take him to be a thief too, Sir; for we have found upon him, Sir, a strange picklock,[5] which we have sent to the deputy.

Duke. Fie, sirrah: a bawd, a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live. Do thou but think
What 't is to cram a maw, or clothe a back,
From such a filthy vice: say to thyself,
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array[6] myself, and live.
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

Clo. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, Sir; but yet, Sir, I would prove —

Duke. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin,
Thou wilt prove his.[7] Take him to prison, officer;
Correction and instruction must both work,
Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the deputy, Sir; he has given him warning. The deputy cannot abide a whoremaster: if he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be,
From our faults,[8] as faults from seeming, free!

Elb. His neck will come to your waist, — a cord, Sir.[9]

Clo. I spy comfort: I cry, bail. Here 's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

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fährigkeit. So steht *plausibly* in Lucrece: *The Romans plausibly did give consent.* — Umgekehrt gebraucht Sh. *plausive* im Sinne von *plausible.* 52) *advantage* = günstige Lage oder Bedingung. — *to refer one's self to* = sich auf Etwas beziehen, sich an Etwas halten. 53) Manche Hgg. lassen *and* willkürlich weg und setzen dann hinter *all* ein Punctum. 54) Wenn das Rendez-vous in seinen Folgen an den Tag kommt. 55) Der Sinn von *scaled* ist hier zweifelhaft, entweder = gewogen wie in einer Wagschale und zu leicht befunden; oder = enthüllt, wie ein Geschwür, dessen Decke man wegräumt. Letztere Erklärung erscheint als die natürlichere. 56) *his attempt* = Angelo's Angriff auf ihre Ehre. 57) *the image of it* = die Vorstellung davon in Gedanken, bezieht sich auf *the doubleness of the benefit.* 58) *moated grange* = ein mit einem Graben umgebener Meierhof, bezeichnet die Einsamkeit und Verlassenheit der unglücklichen Mariana.

1) Die Fol. bezeichnet hier keine neue Scene, und auch Rowe noch nicht. 2) *bastard* = ein schwerer süsser Wein aus Spanien, dessen beide Sorten, hell und dunkel, auch sonst erwähnt werden. So in K. Henry IV. First Part (A. 2, Sc. 4) *Why, then, your brown bastard is your only drink.* — Zugleich ist hier ein Wortspiel mit der gewöhnlichen Bedeutung von *bastard* beabsichtigt. 3) Unter den beiden Wuchergeschäften versteht der Clown das jetzt verpönte Kupplergewerbe und den eigentlichen Geldwucher, der nicht nur geduldet wird, sondern auch in der Tracht ehrbarer und wohlhabender Bürger, in einem mit Pelz gefütterten Oberkleide, einhergehen darf. — *craft* bezieht sich auf *fox-skin*, und *innocency* auf *lamb-skin*, welches letztere als Unterfutter diente, während der Fuchspelz den Rock verbrämt. — Der Plural *skins* bezieht sich auf *fox* und *lamb* zugleich. 4) Da *friar* eigentlich = Bruder ist, so kehrt der Herzog die in sich widersprechende Begrüssung des Constablers scherzhaft um. 5) Da von diesem Dietrich nachher weiter keine Rede ist, so lässt sich nicht errathen, welche Bewandtniss es eigentlich damit gehabt. 6) *array* ist Theobald's Emendation. — Die Fol. liest *I eat away myself.* — *beastly touches* = thierische Regungen. 7) So wirst Du Dich als dem Teufel angehörig erweisen. — *to prove* ist dem *proofs for sin* = Beispiele oder Argumente, die die Sünde rechtfertigen, entgegengesetzt. 8) Die zweite Folioausg. liest *free from our faults*, und die vierte Folioausg. *free from all faults.* Indess lässt sich *our* zweisylbig lesen. — Der Herzog denkt bei der Strafe, welche den Clown treffen soll, an Angelo und spricht den Wunsch aus: Möchten wir doch Alle so von unsern Fehlern frei sein, wie Einige davon frei scheinen möchten, und möchten ebenso

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey? What, at the wheels[10] of Cæsar? Art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutch'd?[11] What reply? Ha? What say'st thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is 't[12] not drown'd i' the last rain? Ha? What say'st thou, trot?[13] Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way?[14] Is it sad, and few words, or how? The trick of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus: still worse!

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still? Ha?

Clo. Troth, Sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.[15]

Lucio. Why, 't is good; it is the right of it; it must be so: ever your fresh whore, and your powder'd bawd: an unshunn'd[16] consequence; it must be so. Art going to prison, Pompey?

Clo. Yes, faith, Sir.

Lucio. Why, 't is not amiss, Pompey. Farewell. Go; say, I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey, or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then imprison him. If imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 't is his right: bawd is he, doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd-born.[17] Farewell, good Pompey. Commend me to the prison, Pompey. You will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house.

Clo. I hope, Sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear.[18] I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey. — 'Bless you, friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey? Ha?

Elb. Come your ways, Sir; come.

Clo. You will not bail me then, Sir?

Lucio. Then, Pompey, nor now.[19] — What news abroad, friar? What news?

Elb. Come your ways, Sir; come.

Lucio. Go to kennel,[20] Pompey; go. *[Exeunt* Elbow, *Clown, and Officers.]* What news, friar, of the duke?

Duke. I know none. Can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some say, he is with the emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: but where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where; but wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him, to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence: he puts transgression to 't.[21]

Duke. He does well in 't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred: it is well allied; but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say, this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after this[22] downright way of creation: is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made, then?

Lucio. Some report, a sea-maid spawn'd him; some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes. But it is certain, that when he makes water, his urine is congeal'd ice: that I know to be true; and he is a motion generative,[23] that 's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, Sir, and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion[24] of a codpiece to take away the life of a man? Would the duke, that is absent, have done this? Ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand. He had some feeling of the sport: he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent duke much detected[25] for women: he was not inclined that way.

Lucio. O, Sir, you are deceived.

Duke. 'T is not possible.

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unsere Fehler von Heuchelei frei sein, sich unverhüllt zeigen. — Johnson schlägt vor, *or faults from seeming* zu lesen, was immerhin zu erwägen bliebe. 9) Eine scherzhafte Anspielung auf den Strick, mit dem der Herzog als Mönch sich umgürtet und mit dem der Clown gehängt werden soll. 10) So die Fol. — Steevens und Malone setzen willkürlich *heels* für *wheels*. — Pompey, der verhaftete Clown, wird als Pompejus gefasst, wie er kriegsgefangen neben dem Triumphwagen Cäsar's einherschreitet. Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 1, Anm. 44. 11) Wie die Galathea durch Pygmalion's Umarmung zum Weibe wurde, so werden die Mädchen, welche der Clown bisher zu verkuppeln hatte, durch die Umarmungen der Männer erst zu Weibern. Lucio fragt: Ist es nicht genug, dass solche Weibsbilder die Taschen bestehlen, dass Du jetzt selbst ein Taschendieb werden musst? — Die Fol. lässt *it* vor *clutch'd* aus. 12) *is 't not* bezieht sich auf *What reply?* Ist die Antwort, die Du mir geben sollst, im letzten Regen ertränkt? 13) Für *trot* = altes Weib, Kupplerin, wollte Grey *to 't* lesen. Collier schlägt *troth* vor. 14) Wie ist der Welt Lauf? Ist er traurig und lakonisch, oder wie? Was ist der Charakter davon? 15) Sie hat kein Fleisch mehr einzupökeln, sondern steckt jetzt selbst in der Pökeltonne. — *tub* ist zugleich die Tonne, in welcher die venerischen Kranken ihre Schwitzcur abmachten. Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 2, Anm. 14. — Das Wortspiel wird in *powder'd bawd* fortgesetzt. 16) *unshunn'd* = unvermeidlich. So gebraucht Sh. die mit *un-* zusammengesetzten Participia überhaupt. 17) *bawd-born* = als Kuppler geboren. 18) *wear* = Tracht, Mode. 19) Manche Hgg. interpungiren *Then, Pompey? nor now.* Indess ist der Sinn wohl einfach: Ich will weder dann noch jetzt für Dich Bürge sein. — Sh. setzt für *neither—nor* häufig *nor* nur einmal. — *then* gebraucht der Clown = also, Lucio fasst es = dann, damals. 20) Johnson bemerkt dazu, dass *Pompey* auch ein Hundename sei. 21) Angelo spielt unterdess gut den Herzog und setzt der Sünde gehörig zu. 22) *this* steht in allgemeiner Beziehung = bekannt, bewusst. Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 4, Anm. 21. — Viele Hgg. setzen stillschweigend *the* dafür. 23) Angelo ist nur eine zeugungsfähige Marionette, ein Mechanismus mit Zeugungswerken versehen, kein wirklicher zeugungsfähiger Mensch. Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 1, Anm. 28. — Theobald änderte *ungenerative*, und Capell las *he is not a motion generative.* 24) *rebellion* wird hier in demselben obscönen Sinne gefasst wie *to rebel* in Merchant of Venice (A. 3, Sc. 1) *old carrion! rebels it at these years?* 25) *detected* = blossgestellt, compromittirt, wegen eines Vergehens. So in

Lucio. Who? not the duke? yes, your beggar of fifty,[26] and his use was to put a ducat in her clack-dish.[27] The duke had crotchets in him: he would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his.[28] A shy fellow was the duke; and, I believe, I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I pr'ythee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No, — pardon: — 't is a secret must be lock'd within the teeth and the lips; but this I can let you understand, — the greater file[29] of the subject held the duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise? why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing[30] fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking: the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helmed,[31] must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings-forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier. Therefore, you speak unskilfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer[32] love.

Lucio. Come, Sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return (as our prayers are he may), let me desire you to make your answer before him: if it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it. I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio, well known to the duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, Sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O! you hope the duke will return no more, or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite.[33] But, indeed, I can do you little harm: you 'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I 'll be hang'd first: thou art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell, if Claudio die to-morrow, or no?

Duke. Why should he die, Sir?

Lucio. Why? for filling a bottle with a tun-dish.[34] I would, the duke we talk of were return'd again: this ungenitur'd[35] agent will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answer'd; he would never bring them to light: 'would he were return'd! Marry, this Claudio is condemn'd for untrussing. Farewell, good friar; I pr'ythee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays.[36] He 's now past it; yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic:[37] say, that I said so. Farewell. *[Exit.*

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure scape: back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong,
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
But who comes here?

Enter Escalus, *Provost, Bawd, and Officers.*

Escal. Go: away with her to prison!

Bawd. Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man; good my lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit[38] in the same kind? This would make mercy swear, and play the tyrant.[39]

Prov. A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it please your honour.

Bawd. My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me. Mistress Kate Keepdown was with child by him in the duke's time: he promised her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob;[40] I have kept it myself, and see how he goes about to abuse me!

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much license: — let him be called before us. — Away with her to prison! Go to; no more words. *[Exeunt Bawd and Officers.]* Provost, my brother Angelo will not be alter'd; Claudio must die to-morrow. Let him be furnished with divines, and have all charitable preparation: if my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you.

Escal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is now
To use it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the See,[41]
In special business from his holiness.

Escal. What news abroad i' the world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any

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Pericles (A. 2, Sc. 1) *All that may men approve, or men detect.* 26) Da war Euch ein Bettelweib von fünfzig Jahren. 27) *clack-dish* = Klapperbüchse, zum Einsammeln des Almosens bestimmt. 28) Ich gehörte zu seinen vertrauten Freunden. — So in Middleton's Michaelmas Term: *he 's a kind gentleman, a very inward of mine.* 29) *file*, eigentlich = Musterrolle, Verzeichniss, hier = Reihe, Menge überhaupt. — Zu *subject* vgl. A. 2, Sc. 4, Anm. 8. 30) *unweighing* erklärt Malone mit *inconsiderate.* Es ist vielleicht eher = unbedeutend, ohne Gewicht. 31) *to helm* = lenken, wie ein Steuerruder, hier von den Staatsgeschäften, denen der Herzog sich sein Lebenlang gewidmet hat. 32) *dear (dēare)* in der Fol., was auch Rowe beibehielt. 33) *opposite* = Gegner, Widersacher. 34) *tun-dish* = Trichter. 35) *ungenitur'd* = ohne Zeugungsvermögen, aus *geniture* von Sh. gebildet, wie *unseminar'd* in Antony and Cleopatra (A. 1, Sc. 5). 36) Der Herzog ass auch an Fasttagen Fleisch. Zugleich liegt in *mutton* eine obscöne Anspielung = liederliches Mensch. — Das Folgende las Hanmer: *He is not past it yet, and etc.* 37) *to smell* mit dem Accusativ = nach Etwas riechen. So in Merry Wives of Windsor (A. 3, Sc. 2) *he smells April and May.* 38) *to forfeit* = sich vergehen, straffällig sein. 39) Das könnte die Barmherzigkeit selbst empören, so dass sie Fluchworte ausstiesse und den Wütherich spielte. 40) Auf nächsten Philipps- und Jacobstag. 41) *See* ist Theobald's, durch die folgende Zeile bestätigte, Emendation für *sea* der Fol. Es ist Rom als Sitz des Papstes gemeint. 42) Staunton vermuthet *inconstant* für

undertaking.[42] There is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure, but security enough to make fellowships accurs'd.[43] Much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, Sir, of what disposition was the duke?

Escal. One that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at anything which profess'd to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous, and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to understand, that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice; yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life, which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolved[44] to die.

Escal. You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have labour'd for the poor gentleman to the extremest shore of my modesty; but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him, he is indeed — Justice.[45]

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein[46] if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner. Fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you!

[Exeunt Escalus *and Provost.*

He who the sword of heaven will bear
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go;[47]
More nor less to others paying,
Than by self-offences weighing.
Shame to him, whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice,[48] and let his grow!
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!
How may likeness made in crimes,
Making practice on the times,[49]
To draw with idle spiders' strings
Most pond'rous and substantial things!
Craft against vice I must apply.
With Angelo to-night shall lie
His old betrothed, but despised:
So disguise shall, by the disguised,[50]
Pay with falsehood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting. *[Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A Room in Mariana's House.

Mariana *discovered sitting; a Boy singing.*

Song.

Take, O! take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again,
bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,
seal'd in vain.[1]

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away:
Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent. — *[Exit Boy.*

Enter Duke, *disguised as before.*

I cry you mercy, Sir; and well could wish
You had not found me here so musical:
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,
My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.[2]

Duke. 'T is good: though music oft hath such a charm,
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.

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constant. Der Sinn ist aber wohl: es ist schon ein Beweis von Tüchtigkeit, wenn man nur in irgend einem Unternehmen aushält. — Die Fol. hat *and as it is as dangerous.* Das überflüssige *as* strich die dritte Folioausg. 43) Wortspiel zwischen *secure* = sicher, und *security* = gerichtliche Sicherheit, Bürgschaft, die man für einen Freund eingeht und in der man stecken bleibt, so dass man darüber alle Freundschaft verwünscht. 44) *to be resolved* = auf Etwas gefasst sein. 45) *Justice* = die personificirte Gerechtigkeit, im Gegensatz zu *my brother justice* = mein Mitrichter, mein College im Richteramt. 46) *wherein* bezieht sich auch auf *his own life answer etc.:* sollte er es in seinem eignen Leben daran fehlen lassen. 47) Vor *go* ist wie vor *stand* ein *to* zu ergänzen. Der Sinn dieses vielleicht corrupten Textes wäre dann: er müsste ein Muster sein, dass man in ihm, wie er geht und steht, Frömmigkeit und Tugend erkennte. — Staunton schlägt vor, *show* für *know* zu lesen und das Folgende von *show* abhängig zu machen. 48) *my vice* sagt der Herzog als Mensch im Allgemeinen, im Gegensatz zu *his* d. h. Angelo. 49) *likeness made in crimes* = ein äusserlicher Anschein, der in Verbrechen fertig, vollendet ist. — Für *made* dachte Malone an *wade.* — Für *making practice* = hinterlistige Anschläge machend gegen die Mitlebenden, sie täuschend, wollte Malone *mocking practise* lesen. — Diese Verse sind wahrscheinlich eben so corrupt wie die obigen, und wie das folgende *to draw,* wo *to* anakoluthisch stehen würde. — Barry Cornwall fasst *practice* als Verbum, setzt hinter *times* das Ausrufungszeichen und verbindet *To draw etc.* mit dem folgenden *Craft against vice etc.* — Heath vermuthete *likeness trade in crimes,* und Staunton *masking, practise* für *making practice.* 50) *by the disguised* = durch die als Isabella verkleidete Mariana. — *false exacting* = Angelo's treulose Zumuthung an die Isabella.

1) Diese Strophe findet sich, mit einigen geringfügigen Abweichungen und mit Hinzufügung einer zweiten Strophe, in Fletcher's Drama The Bloody Brother. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 119. — Es bleibt zweifelhaft, wer der eigentliche Verfasser des Liedes war. — Die letzte Zeile erinnert an eine Stelle in Sh.'s Sonnets (142) *not from those lips of thine,* || *That have profan'd their scarlet ornaments,* || *And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine.* 2) Die Musik in ihrer schwermüthigen Weise konnte meinen etwaigen Hang zur Lustigkeit in mir nicht

I pray you, tell me, hath any body inquired for me here to-day? much upon this time have I promis'd here to meet.

Mari. You have not been inquired after: I have sat here all day.

Duke. I do constantly[3] believe you. — The time is come, even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little: may be, I will call upon you anon, for some advantage to yourself.

Mari. I am always bound to you. *[Exit.*

Enter Isabella.

Duke. Very well met, and welcome.
What is the news from this good deputy?

Isab. He hath a garden circummur'd[4] with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd;
And to that vineyard is a planched[5] gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger key;
This other doth command a little door,
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
there have I made my promise upon the heavy middle of the night to call upon him.[6]

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isab. I have ta'en a due and wary note upon 't:
With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept,[7] he did show me
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her observance?[8]

Isab. No, none, but only a repair i' the dark;
And that I have possess'd him[9] my most stay
Can be but brief: for I have made him know,
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me; whose persuasion is,
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'T is well borne up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this. — What, ho! within! come forth.

Re-enter Mariana.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid:
She comes to do you good.

Isab. I do desire the like.

Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?

Mari. Good friar, I know you do, and have found it.[10]

Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a story ready for your ear.
I shall attend your leisure: but make haste;
The vaporous night approaches.

Mari. Will 't please you walk aside?

[Exeunt Mariana *and* Isabella.

Duke. O place and greatness! millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee. Volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests[11]
Upon thy doings: thousand escapes of wit[12]
Make thee the father of their idle dream,
And rack[13] thee in their fancies!

Re-enter Mariana *and* Isabella.

Welcome! How agreed?

Isab. She 'll take the enterprise upon her, father,
If you advise it.

Duke. It is not my consent,[14]
But my entreaty too.

Isab. Little have you to say,
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,
»Remember now my brother.«

Mari. Fear me not.[15]

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all.
He is your husband on a pre-contract:
To bring you thus together, 't is no sin,
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish[16] the deceit. Come, let us go:
Our corn 's to reap, for yet our tithe 's[17] to sow.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

A Room in the Prison.

Enter Provost and Clown.

Prov. Come hither, sirrah. Can you cut off a man's head?

Clo. If the man be a bachelor, Sir, I can; but if he be a married man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, Sir: leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine. Here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping,[1] for you have been a notorious bawd.

Clo. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of

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fördern, sondern sagte nur meinem Leiden zu, das sich darin wiederfand. 3) *constantly* = fest, unbedenklich. 4) *circummur'd* = ringsummauert, wie es scheint, ein von Sh. nach Analogie von *immured* gebildetes Wort. 5) *planched* = aus Brettern gemacht. 6) So die Fol., nur dass sie diese offenbare Prosa in Verse abtheilt: *There have I made my promise upon the || Heavy middle of the night to call upon him.* — Capell und Steevens reguliren den Text so: *There have I made my promise to call on him, || Upon the heavy middle of the night.* — *heavy* bezeichnet das schwermüthige Dunkel der Mitternachtsstunde. 7) scil. *all in action of precept* = ganz in Geberden, in Handbewegungen, welche die Anweisung gaben, die mir ohne Worte den Weg zeigten. 8) Verabredete Zeichen, welche die Mariana zu beobachten hat. 9) *to possess* = benachrichtigen. — *my most stay* = mein längster Aufenthalt. 10) Pope setzte *and I have found it.* 11) *quest* = Erforschung, Auskundschaftung: ganze Massen von Gerüchten coursiren von solchen falschen und widersprechenden Ausspionirungen über das Thun und Treiben der Grossen. — Das *quest* der Fol. verbessert die zweite Folioausg. — Ueber *these* vgl. A. 2, Sc. 4, Anm. 21. 12) *escape of wit* = übermüthiger Ausbruch des Witzes, loser Streich des Witzes. 13) *to rack* = gewaltsam behandeln, hin und her zerren. 14) Es ist nicht nur meine Zustimmung, sondern auch u. s. w. — In diesem prägnanten Sinne steht *not* auch sonst bei Sh. 15) Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 1, Anm. 19. 16) *to flourish* = einer Sache den gehörigen Anstrich oder die rechte Façon geben. 17) Für *tithe 's* (*Tithes* in der Fol.) lesen viele Hgg. mit Warburton *tilth* = das Ackerland, das zu bearbeiten, oder zu besäen *(to sow)* ist. — Indess ist *tithe* = das zur Aussaat zu verwendende Korn, in seinem Verhältniss zu dem zu erwartenden Ernteertrag *(our corn 's to reap).*

mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

Prov. What ho, Abhorson! Where 's Abhorson, there?

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Do you call, Sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here 's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution. If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you:[2] he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, Sir? Fie upon him! he will discredit our mystery.

Prov. Go to, Sir; you weigh equally: a feather will turn the scale. *[Exit.*

Clo. Pray, Sir, by your good favour (for, surely, Sir, a good favour[3] you have, but that you have a hanging look), do you call, Sir, your occupation a mystery?

Abhor. Ay, Sir; a mystery.

Clo. Painting, Sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, Sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery; but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Clo. Proof?

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief.[4]

Clo. If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so, every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Clo. Sir, I will serve him; for I do find, your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd: he doth oftener ask forgiveness.[5]

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe to-morrow, four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade: follow.

Clo. I do desire to learn, Sir; and, I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare;[6] for, truly, Sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn.

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:

[Exeunt Clown and Abhorson.

The one has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

Enter Claudio.

Look, here 's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:
'T is now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where 's Barnardine?

Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless labour,
When it lies starkly[7] in the traveller's bones:
He will not wake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?
Well, go; prepare yourself. But hark, what noise?
[Knocking within.
Heaven give your spirits comfort! *[Exit* Claudio.*]* By and by.[8] —
I hope it is some pardon, or reprieve,
For the most gentle Claudio. —

Enter Duke, *disguised as before.*

Welcome, father.

Duke. The best and wholesom'st spirits of the night
Envelop you, good provost! Who call'd here of late?

Prov. None, since the curfew rung.

Duke. Not Isabel?

Prov. No.

Duke. They[9] will, then, ere 't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for Claudio?

Duke. There 's some in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so: his life is parallel'd
Even with the stroke[10] and line of his great justice.
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself, which he spurs on his power
To qualify[11] in others: were he meal'd[12] with that
Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being so, he 's just. — *[Knocking within.]*
Now are they come. — *[Exit Provost.*
This is a gentle provost: seldom, when
The steeled gaoler is the friend of men. *[Knocking.*
How now? What noise? That spirit 's possessed with haste,
That wounds the unsisting[13] postern with these strokes.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. There he must stay, until the officer
Arise to let him in; he is call'd up.

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1) *an unpitied whipping* = eine Auspeitschung ohne Mitleid, bei der Ihr kein Erbarmen finden sollt, wenn Ihr aus dem Gefängniss loskommt. 2) Er kann nicht behaupten, dass sein Ansehen darunter leide, wenn er Euch beim Henkeramte zur Hand geht. 3) Dasselbe Wortspiel zwischen *favour* = Vergünstigung, und *favour* = Miene, hat Sh. auch in Twelfth-Night (A. 2, Sc. 4). 4) Ehe noch Abhorson in seiner weitausholenden Argumentation fortfahren kann, unterbricht ihn der Clown und beweist auf eigne Hand den von Abhorson zuerst behaupteten Satz, dass jedes ehrlichen Mannes Tracht dem Diebe passe. — Viele Hgg. legen die folgenden Worte des Clown noch dem Abhorson bei. 5) Der Henker bittet den Delinquenten um Verzeihung, ehe er ihn hinrichtet. — *to ask forgiveness* in Bezug auf *penitent* ist dann = Gott um Vergebung der Sünden bitten. 6) *yare* = gewandt, flink. 7) *starkly* = starr, steif, in Bezug auf die im Schlafe, in Folge der Ermüdung, starr da liegenden Glieder. — *guiltless labour* = eine Anstrengung, die sich keines Args bewusst ist, die das Gewissen nicht beschwert. 8) d. h. ich komme sogleich, um die Thür zu öffnen. 9) Er meint die Isabella, begleitet von Angelo's Boten mit der Begnadigung Claudio's. 10) *stroke* ist synonym mit *line:* der Strich oder die Linie, welche seine Gerechtigkeit inne hält, entspricht auch seinem Leben. 11) *to qualify* = mässigen, dämpfen. 12) *to meal* = mischen: hätte er in seinem Wesen eine Beimischung von dem, was er bei Andern züchtigt, so wäre er tyrannisch; da sich aber dies so bei ihm verhält, wie ich gesagt, so ist er nur gerecht. 13) *unsisting*, wie die Fol. liest, erklärt Blackstone, indem er es vom lateinischen *sistere* herleitet, mit *never at rest.* — Andere schlagen *resisting, unresisting, unshifting, unresting, unlisting* und *unwisting* vor. Erwägenswerth scheint endlich auch die Lesart der vierten Folioausg. *insisting* =

Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he must die to-morrow?
Prov. None, Sir, none.
Duke. As near the dawning, provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.
Prov. Happily [14]
You something know; yet, I believe, there comes
No countermand: no such example have we.
Besides, upon the very siege [15] of justice,
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
Profess'd the contrary.

Enter a Messenger.

This is his lordship's man. [16]

Duke. And here comes Claudio's pardon.
Mess. My lord hath sent you this note; and by me this further charge, that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost day. [17]
Prov. I shall obey him. *[Exit Messenger.*
Duke. [Aside.] This is his pardon, purchas'd by such sin,
For which the pardoner himself is in;
Hence [18] hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority.
When vice makes mercy, mercy 's so extended,
That for the fault's love is the offender friended. —
Now, Sir, what news?
Prov. I told you: Lord Angelo, belike thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting-on; [19] methinks strangely, for he hath not used it before.
Duke. Pray you, let 's hear.
Prov. [Reads.] [20] »Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and, in the afternoon, Barnardine. For my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed; with a thought, that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.« — What say you to this, Sir?
Duke. What is that Barnardine, who is to be executed in the afternoon?
Prov. A Bohemian born, but here nursed up and bred; one that is a prisoner nine years old. [21]
Duke. How came it, that the absent duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberty, or executed him? I have heard, it was ever his manner to do so.
Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him: and, indeed, his fact, [22] till now in the government of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.
Duke. It is now apparent?
Prov. Most manifest, and not denied by himself.
Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? How seems he to be touch'd?
Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, [23] but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what 's past, present, or to come: insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal. [24]
Duke. He wants advice.
Prov. He will hear none. He hath evermore had the liberty of the prison: [25] give him leave to escape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awaked him, as if to carry him to execution, and show'd him a seeming warrant for it: it hath not moved him at all.
Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but in the boldness of my cunning [26] I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law, than Angelo who hath sentenced him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days' respite, for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy. [27]
Prov. Pray, Sir, in what?
Duke. In the delaying death.
Prov. Alack! how may I do it, having the hour limited, and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.
Duke. By the vow of mine order, I warrant you: if my instructions may be your guide, let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.
Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour. [28]
Duke. O! death 's a great disguiser, and you may add to it. [29] Shave the head, and tie [30] the beard; and say, it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared [31] before his death: you know, the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good for-

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die hartnäckige Thür. 14) *happily* für *haply* = vielleicht. 15) *siege* = Stuhl, Sitz. 16) So verbesserte Pope *his Lord's man* der Fol. — Die Fol. theilt diese Worte irrig dem Herzog, und die folgende Rede dem Schliesser zu. — Die richtige Bezeichnung rührt von Tyrwhitt her. 17) Die Fol. theilt diese Rede in Verse ab, während es doch offenbare Prosa ist. 18) *hence* weist auf das folgende *When it is borne etc.* hin. 19) *putting-on* = Betreibung, Anmahnung. 20) Für *Prov. (Reads.)* hat die Fol. bloss *The Letter* als Ueberschrift. 21) Einer, der schon neun Jahre lang gefangen sitzt, ein Gefangener von neun Jahren. 22) Seine Missethat wurde erst während der Statthalterschaft Angelo's unzweifelhaft erwiesen. 23) *dreadfully* = mit Schrecken, mit Grauen. 24) *mortal* = zum Tode bestimmt: er hat keinen Begriff von dem Tode und ist doch in verzweifelter Weise, so dass man an seinem Heile verzweifeln muss, dem Tode nahe. — Wie Steevens, weniger wahrscheinlich, erklärt, stünde *desperately mortal* für *mortally desperate*, was Hanmer in den Text setzte. — Eben so unwahrscheinlich erklärt Malone mit Johnson es mit *desperately mischievous*. 25) Er hat immer alle Freiheit gehabt, die man im Gefängniss geniessen kann. 26) In der Zuversicht auf meine Menschenkenntniss. 27) Eine Freundlichkeit, die Ihr mir sogleich erweisen müsst und die Euch gefährlich dünken mag. 28) Angelo wird in dem abgehauenen Kopfe Barnardine's Gesichtszüge entdecken. 29) *to it* bezieht sich auf ein Wort wie *disguise*, das aus *disguiser* zu suppliren ist: Ihr könnt die Entstellung, die der Tod zu Wege bringt, noch verstärken. 30) *to tie the beard* = den Bart mit einem Bande so zusammenbinden, dass der Unterschied zwischen Claudio's und Barnardine's Bart nicht kemerkt wird. — Simpson wollte *dye* für *tie* lesen, und Theobald vermuthete *tire* dafür. 31) *bared* = kahl gemacht, blossgelegt, bezieht sich auf *shave the head*. So in All's well that ends well (A. 4, Sc. 1) *the baring of my beard*. — Für *bared* lesen manche Hgg. *barb'd* mit der vierten Folioausg. 32) Der Herzog

tune, by the saint whom I profess,[32] I will plead against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father: it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the duke, or to the deputy?

Prov. To him,[33] and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing.

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance,[34] but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor my persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, Sir; here is the hand and seal of the duke: you know the character, I doubt not, and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the duke: you shall anon overread it at your pleasure, where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not, for he this very day receives letters of strange tenour;[35] perchance, of the duke's death; perchance, entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ.[36] Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd.[37] Put not yourself into amazement how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place.[38] Yet you are amazed, but this shall absolutely resolve you.[39] Come away; it is almost clear dawn. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Room in the Same.

Enter Clown.

Clo. I am as well acquainted here,[1] as I was in our house of profession: one would think, it were Mistress Overdone's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here 's young Master Rash; he 's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, ninescore and seventeen pounds, of which he made five marks, ready money:[2] marry, then, ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead.[3] Then is there here one Master Caper, at the suit of Master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-colour'd satin, which now peaches[4] him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizzy,[5] and young Master Deep-vow, and Master Copper-spur, and Master Starve-lackey the rapier-and-dagger-man, and young Drop-heir that kill'd lusty Pudding, and Master Forthright the tilter, and brave[6] Master Shoe-tie the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabb'd Pots, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now for the Lord's sake.[7]

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Clo. Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hang'd, Master Barnardine.

Abhor. What, ho, Barnardine!

Bar. [Within.] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Clo. Your friends,[8] Sir; the hangman. You must be so good, Sir, to rise and be put to death.

Bar. [Within.] Away, you rogue, away! I am sleepy.

Abhor. Tell him, he must awake, and that quickly too.

Clo. Pray, Master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clo. He is coming, Sir, he is coming: I hear his straw rustle.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

Clo. Very ready, Sir.

Enter Barnardine.

Bar. How now, Abhorson? what 's the news with you?

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als Mönch schwört bei dem Heiligen, dem sein Orden gewidmet ist. 33) *him* bezieht sich auf *to the duke.* 34) *resemblance* ist synonym mit dem vorhergehenden *likelihood.* 35) Von befremdendem, überraschendem Inhalt. 36) Warburton fügte *here* vor *writ* ein: nichts von dem was hier in diesem Briefe geschrieben steht. — Staunton erklärt *writ* als *gospel*, was sprichwörtlich = Wahrheit, vorkommt. — Vielleicht steht *nothing* elliptisch: es mag nichts an dem sein, was in den Briefen an Angelo geschrieben steht. 37) *unfolding* heisst der Morgenstern in Beziehung auf den Schäfer, der dann mit den Schafen aus der Hürde auf's Feld zieht. 38) Ich will ihn auf das bessere Jenseits vorbereiten. 39) Dieser Brief mit dem herzoglichen Siegel wird Euch ganz Eurer Sache gewiss machen.

1) Ich habe so viele oder so gute Bekannte hier, wie in dem Hause unseres Gewerbes, in dem Bordell. 2) Er sitzt gefangen wegen eines Vorraths von Packpapier und altem Ingwer, der ihm von dem Wucherer aufgedrungen wurde und nachher, obwohl er auf fast zweihundert Pfund taxirt war, nur für fünf Mark verwerthet werden konnte. — Bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen kommen häufige Anspielungen auf die Sitte der Wucherer vor, das Darlehn nur zum Theil in baarem Gelde zu machen, zum Theil aber in allerlei werthlosen Waaren, die dem Borger zu einer bestimmten Summe berechnet wurden. So in Greene's Pamphlet Defence of Coney-catching: *If he borrow a hundred pound, he shall have forty in silver, and three score in wares; as lute-strings, hobby-horses, or brown paper.* — Deshalb hiess auch ein Wucherer euphemistisch wohl *merchant of brown paper.* — Dennoch änderte Rowe *brown pepper.* 3) So in Merchant of Venice (A. 3, Sc. 1) *I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as ever knapped ginger.* 4) Wortspiel zwischen *peach-colour'd* und *to peach* = denunciren. 5) Die Fol. hat *Dizie*, was wahrscheinlich *Dizzy* zu verstehen ist, da alle diese Namen charakteristisch sind. — Steevens denkt auch an *Dicey* = dem Würfelspiel zugethan. — So emendirt weiterhin Johnson *Forthright*, was als Fechterausdruck vorkommt, für *Forthlight* der Fol.; so auch Steevens *Shoe-tie* für *Shootie*, da Schuhe mit Bandschleifen den Fremden und den gereisten Mann kennzeichneten, wie in Ben Jonson's Epigrams: *That so much scarf of France, and hat, and feather,* || *And shoe, and tie, and garter should come hither.* 6) *brave* = stattlich angezogen. 7) Sie sind nun auf die Mildthätigkeit der Vorübergehenden angewiesen, welche sie aus ihrem vergitterten Fenster mit dem kläglichen Anruf *For the Lord's sake* = Um Gottes willen, um ein Almosen anflehen. Auf diesen Gebrauch der Schuldgefangenen in London und auf das Schuldgefängniss Fleet spielt auch

Abhor. Truly, Sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers;[9] for, look you, the warrant 's come.

Bar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night: I am not fitted for 't.

Clo. O, the better, Sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Abhor. Look you, Sir; here comes your ghostly father. Do we jest now, think you?

Enter Duke, *disguised as before.*

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Bar. Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets. I will not consent to die this day, that 's certain.

Duke. O, Sir, you must; and, therefore, I beseech you, Look forward on the journey you shall go.

Bar. I swear, I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you, —

Bar. Not a word: if you have anything to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day. *[Exit.*

Enter Provost.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die. O gravel heart! —
After him, fellows: bring him to the block.[10]
[Exeunt Abhorson *and Clown.*

Prov. Now, Sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death;
And, to transport[11] him in the mind he is,
Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father,
There died this morning of a cruel fever
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,
A man of Claudio's years; his beard and head
Just of his colour. What if we do omit
This reprobate, till he were well inclin'd,[12]
And satisfy the deputy with the visage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 't is an accident that heaven provides!
Despatch it presently: the hour draws on
Prefix'd by Angelo. See this be done,
And sent according to command, whiles I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently.
But Barnardine must die this afternoon;
And how shall we continue Claudio,
To save me from the danger that might come,
If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done, —
Put them in secret holds, both Barnardine and Claudio:[13]
Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting
To yonder[14] generation, you shall find
Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quick, despatch,
And send the head to Angelo. *[Exit Provost.*
Now will I write letters to Angelo,
(The provost, he shall bear them) whose contents
Shall witness to him, I am near at home,
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
To enter publicly: him I 'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount,
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and well-balanc'd form,[15]
We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Here is the head; I 'll carry it myself.[16]

Duke. Convenient is it. Make a swift return,
For I would commune with you of such things
That want no ear but yours.

Prov. I 'll make all speed. *[Exit.*

Isab. [Within.] Peace, ho, be here!

Duke. The tongue of Isabel. — She 's come to know,
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither;
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despair,
When it is least expected.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. Ho! by your leave.

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

Isab. The better, given me by so holy a man.
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?

Duke. He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from the world.
His head is off, and sent to Angelo.

Nashe's Apologie for Pierce Pennilesse an: *At that time that thy joys were in the fleeting, and thus crying for the Lord's sake out at an iron window.* — Auf Grund dieses Citates aus dem Pamphlet von Nashe hat ein Anonymus, wie die Cambridge Edd. anführen, sehr plausibel *crie* für *are* vermuthet: *and cry now: „For the Lord's sake!“* 8) So die Fol. mit Recht, da der Clown für sich und für Abhorson antwortet, wie Barnardine auch *throats* im Plural gesagt hatte. — Die meisten Hgg. lesen mit den späteren Folioausgg. *friend* und verbinden es mit *the hangman.* 9) *to clap into* = sich rasch an Etwas machen, Etwas frisch anstimmen. So in As you like it (A. 5, Sc. 3) *shall we clap into 't roundly, without hawking, or spitting?* 10) Hanmer wollte diese Zeile dem Schliesser zuertheilen. 11) *to transport him* erklärt Johnson mit *to remove him from one world to another.* — Es ist wohl nur das Hinausschaffen aus dem Gefängniss auf den Richtplatz gemeint. 12) Wie wäre es, wenn wir den Barnardine so lange liessen, bis dass er gut gestimmt, in guter Fassung für die Hinrichtung wäre? 13) Dyce macht darauf aufmerksam, dass Sh. häufig über den fünffüssigen Blankvers hinausgeht, wo es sich um Eigennamen handelt. — Andere Hgg. theilen die Verse anders ab. 14) *yond* in der Fol. — Hanmer las *to the under generation,* was Steevens auf die Antipoden deutete, Dyce richtiger auf die unter der Sonne lebenden Menschen. — *yonder generation* ist hinweisend auf die Menschheit ausserhalb des Gefängnisses, wohinein die Sonne nicht dringt: *the outer world,* wie Staunton erklärt, der jedoch *to yonder generation* nicht mit dem Vorhergehenden, sondern mit dem Folgenden verbindet. 15) Der Herzog will mit Angelo verfahren nach kaltblütig und ruhig überlegtem stufenweisem Vorschreiten und nach einer wohlerwogenen Handlungsweise. — *well-balanced* ist Rowe's Emendation für *weal-balanced (weale-ballanc'd)* der Fol., was etwa = nach dem Staatswohl erwogen, sein würde. 16) Der Schliesser will selbst das Haupt des Ragozine als das des Claudio zu Angelo hintragen, was der Herzog billigt. 17) So in A. 2, Sc. 3: *O, injurious love etc.* — In der

Isab. Nay, but it is not so.
Duke. It is no other: show your wisdom, daughter,
In your close patience.
Isab. O, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes!
Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.
Isab. Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Isabel!
Injurious world![17] Most damned Angelo!
Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot:
Forbear it therefore; give your cause to heaven.
Mark what I say, which you shall find
By every syllable a faithful verity.
The duke comes home to-morrow; — nay, dry your eyes:
One of our covent,[18] and his confessor,
Gives me this instance: already he hath carried
Notice to Escalus and Angelo,
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their power. If you can, pace your wisdom
In that good path that I would wish it go;
And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,[19]
Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honour.[20]
Isab. I am directed by you.
Duke. This letter then to friar Peter give;
'T is that he sent me of the duke's return:[21]
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause, and yours,
I 'll perfect him withal, and he shall bring you
Before the duke; and to the head of Angelo
Accuse him home, and home.[22] For my poor self,
I am combined[23] by a sacred vow,
And shall be absent. Wend[24] you with this letter.
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart: trust not my holy order,
If I pervert your course.[25] — Who 's here?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Good even. Friar, where is the provost?
Duke. Not within, Sir.
Lucio. O pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart, to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient. I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly:[26] one fruitful meal would set me to 't. But, they say, the duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I loved thy brother: if the old fantastical duke of dark corners[27] had been at home, he had lived.

[*Exit* Isabella.

Duke. Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholding[28] to your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.[29]
Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well as I do: he 's a better woodman[30] than thou takest him for.
Duke. Well, you 'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.
Lucio. Nay, tarry; I 'll go along with thee. I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.
Duke. You have told me too many of him already, Sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.[31]
Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.
Duke. Did you such a thing?
Lucio. Yes, marry, did I; but I was fain to forswear it: they would else have married me to the rotten medlar.[32]
Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest. Rest you well.
Lucio. By my troth, I 'll go with thee to the lane's end. If bawdy talk offend you, we 'll have very little of it. Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr; I shall stick. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in Angelo's House.

Enter Angelo *and* Escalus.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouch'd other.
Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness: pray heaven, his wisdom be not tainted! and why meet him at the gates, and redeliver[1] our authorities there?
Escal. I guess not.
Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?
Escal. He shows his reason for that: to have a despatch of complaints and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.
Ang. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaim'd:
Betimes i' the morn, I 'll call you at your house.
Give notice to such men of sort and suit,[2]
As are to meet him.
Escal. I shall, Sir: fare you well. [*Exit.*

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folgenden Zeile liegt der Nachdruck auf *him* und auf *you.* 18) So die Fol., wie bei Sh. auch an andern Stellen. Die meisten Hgg. setzen das gewöhnliche *convent* dafür. 19) Ihr sollt erlangen, was Ihr in Betreff dieses Schurken auf dem Herzen habt. 20) *general honour* = Ehre bei Jedermann, so dass Ihr vor aller Welt ehrenhaft erscheint. 21) Es ist der Brief, in dem er mir von der Rückkehr des Herzogs Nachricht gab. — *friar Peter* ist derselbe, der vorher *one of our covent, and his confessor* hiess. 22) Und Ihr müsst dem Herzog dann Eure Anklage gegen den Angelo in seiner eigenen Gegenwart, ihm in's Gesicht, energisch vorbringen. — Ebenvorher steht *withal*, wie oft, für *with:* ich will ihn mit ihrer und Eurer Sache genau bekannt machen. 23) *to combine* = vertragsmässig verpflichten; wie Johnson erklärt: *to bind by a pact or agreement.* Deshalb hat Johnson mit Recht *confined*, woran er dachte, nicht in den Text gesetzt. 24) *to wend* = gehen, weggehen. 25) Wenn ich Euch ein verkehrtes Verfahren anrathe, Euch auf falsche Wege führe, so traut fernerhin dem heiligen Orden nicht, dem ich angehöre. 26) Lucio fastet, um enthaltsam zu bleiben, weil die Unenthaltsamkeit ihm den Kopf kosten würde. 27) Der alte närrische Herzog, der es liebte, in dunkle Winkel zu kriechen, der seine Liebschaften gerne heimlich betrieb. 28) *beholding*, das Sh.'sche Wort, verändern auch hier, wie an manchen anderen Stellen, viele Hgg. in *beholden.* 29) Er ist nicht wirklich vorhanden in ihnen; er gleicht, wie er leibt und lebt, durchaus nicht den nachtheiligen Berichten, die Ihr von ihm entwerft. 30) *woodman* = Waidmann, hier im frivolen Sinne = Mädchenjäger. 31) Wenn die Geschichten nicht wahr sind, so wäre schon weniger als eine genug. 32) *rotten medlar* = faule Mispel, verächtlich von der angesteckten Hure, die Lucio sonst hätte heirathen müssen.

1) Die Fol. hat *reliver*, die zweite Folioausg. *deliver.* — *redeliver* setzte zuerst Capell. 2) Solche Männer von Rang und Würde, wie sie den Herzog empfangen müssen. — Capell druckte zuerst diese Rede als Verse. 3) *unpregnant* = unfähig zur Auffassung, gehört wie *dull* zu *to all proceedings.* 4) *against it* be-

Ang. Good night. —
This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,[3]
And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid,
And by an eminent body, that enforc'd
The law against it! [4] — But that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
How might she tongue me! Yet reason dares her no:[5]
For my authority bears a credent bulk,[6]
That no particular scandal once can touch,
But it confounds the breather. He should have liv'd,[7]
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,
Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge,
By so receiving a dishonour'd life[8]
With ransom of such shame. 'Would yet he had liv'd!
Alack! when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right: we would, and we would not. *[Exit.*[9]

SCENE V.

Fields without the Town.

Enter DUKE, *in his own habit, and Friar* PETER.

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me.
[Giving letters.
The provost knows our purpose, and our plot.
The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,
And hold you ever to your special drift,
Though sometimes you do blench from this to that,[1]
As cause doth minister. Go, call at Flavius' house,[2]
And tell him where I stay: give the like notice
To Valentius,[3] Rowland, and to Crassus,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate;
But send me Flavius first.
Fri. Pet. It shall be speeded well. *[Exit.*

Enter VARRIUS.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good haste.
Come, we will walk: there 's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Street near the City Gate.

Enter ISABELLA *and* MARIANA.

Isab. To speak so indirectly [1] I am loath:
I would say the truth; but to accuse him so,
That is your part: [2] yet I 'm advis'd to do it,
He says, to 'vailful purpose.[3]
Mari. Be rul'd by him.
Isab. Besides, he tells me, that, if peradventure
He speak against me on the adverse side,[4]
I should not think it strange; for 't is a physic,
That 's bitter to sweet end.
Mari. I would, friar Peter —
Isab. O, peace! the friar is come.

Enter Friar PETER.

Fri. Pet. Come, I have found you out a stand most fit,
Where you may have such vantage on the duke,
He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets sounded:
The generous [5] and gravest citizens
Have hent [6] the gates, and very near upon
The duke is ent'ring: therefore hence, away. *[Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

A public Place near the City Gate.

MARIANA *(veiled)*, ISABELLA, *and* PETER, *at a distance* *Enter* DUKE, VARRIUS, *Lords;* ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO *Provost, Officers and Citizens, at several doors.*

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met: —
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.
Ang. and Escal. Happy return be to your royal grace!
Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both.
We have made inquiry of you; and we hear

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zieht sich in ungenauer Verbindung auf *deflower'd maid:* der das Gesetz gegen solche Vergehungen verschärfte. 5) Angelo bedenkt zunächst die Möglichkeit, dass Isabella, ungeachtet ihres weiblichen Schamgefühls, ihn laut preisgeben könnte, fügt dann aber zu seiner Beruhigung hinzu, dass die Vernunft, die vernünftige Ueberlegung, sie einschüchtern würde, so dass sie ihn nicht anklagte. — *to dare* = einschüchtern. — *no* steht für einen ganzen Satz mit *not:* es nicht zu thun. So in Beaumont und Fletcher's A Wife for a Month: *I am sure he did not, for I charg'd him no.* — Malone interpungirte *Yet reason dares her? — no.* — Andere fassen *reason* weiblich personificirt und beziehen darauf *her no* = ihr Nein. 6) Die Fol. hat *bears of a credent bulk*, welches *of* die späteren Folioausgg. und viele Hgg. in *off* verwandeln. — Theobald streicht das den Sinn und den Vers störende *of:* mein Ansehen trägt einen solchen Umfang von Glaubwürdigkeit, welchen keine Privatverläumdung nur einmal antasten kann, dass nicht der sie Aeussernde sogleich von diesem Ansehen vernichtet würde. — Dyce liest *bears so credent bulk*, und Singer *For my authority here 's of a credent bulk.* — *credent* = glaubwürdig. So in Winter's Tale (A. 1, Sc. 2) *then, 't is very credent, thou may'st co-join with something.* 7) Claudio hätte am Leben bleiben können, wenn nicht u. s. w. 8) *dishonour'd* ist mit dem Folgenden zu verbinden: Rache dafür, dass er ein Leben erhalten, das entehrt war durch eine so schmachvolle Loskaufung, wie die Preisgebung Isabella's. 9) Johnson wollte hier den vierten Act abschliessen.

1) Wenn Ihr auch bisweilen, wie die Sache dazu Veranlassung giebt, von einem Punkt auf den andern abspringt, so haltet doch immer unsere eigentliche Richtung ein. — Diese Vorschriften beziehen sich auf das mit dem Herzog verabredete Auftreten des Mönches Peter im fünften Act. 2) Die Fol. hat *Flavia's house*, was Rowe verbesserte. 3) Für *Valentius* (*Valencius* in der Fol.) setzen viele Hgg. mit Capell des Verses wegen *Valentinus*.

1) *indirectly* = unredlich, das Gegentheil von *directly* = gerade heraus. Isabella meint, dass sie, der Wahrheit zuwider, durch den Herzog veranlasst, den Angelo des mit ihr wirklich ausgeführten, nicht bloss beabsichtigten Vergehens beschuldigen solle. Vgl. A. 5, Sc. 1. 2) Euch kommt es zu, nicht mir, Angelo in dieser Weise anzuklagen. 3) Die Fol. liest *to vaile full purpose*, woraus Malone *to veil full purpose* macht. — Die Emendation im Text rührt von Theobald her, der *t' availful purpose* liest. Der Mönch (d. h. der Herzog) hat zu heilsamen Zwecken der Isabella gerathen, die Anklage gegen Angelo zu führen. 4) Auf Seiten Angelo's.

Such goodness of your justice, that our soul
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
Forerunning more requital.[1]
Ang. You make my bonds still greater.
Duke. O! your desert speaks loud; and I should wrong it,
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves with characters of brass
A forted[2] residence 'gainst the tooth of time
And razure of oblivion. Give me your hand,
And let the subject[3] see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within. — Come, Escalus;
You must walk by us on our other hand,
And good supporters are you.

Friar Peter *and* Isabella *come forward.*[4]

Fri. Pet. Now is your time. Speak loud, and kneel before him.
Isab. Justice, O royal duke! Vail your regard[5]
Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a maid!
O worthy prince! dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice!
Duke. Relate your wrongs: in what? by whom? Be brief.
Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice:
Reveal yourself to him.
Isab. O worthy duke!
You bid me seek redemption of the devil.
Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redress from you. Hear me, O, hear me, here!
Ang. My lord! her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by course of justice, —
Isab. By course of justice!
Ang. And she will speak most bitterly, and strange.
Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak.
That Angelo 's forsworn, is it not strange?
That Angelo 's a murderer, is 't not strange?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violator,
Is it not strange, and strange?
Duke. Nay, it is[6] ten times strange.
Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo,
Than this is all as true as it is strange;
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To the end of reckoning.[7]
Duke. Away with her. — Poor soul!
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.
Isab. O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness. Make not impossible
That which but seems unlike. 'T is not impossible,
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,[8]
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings, characts,[9] titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain. Believe it, royal prince:
If he be less, he 's nothing; but he 's more,
Had I more name for badness.
Duke. By mine honesty,
If she be mad, as I believe no other,
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,[10]
As e'er I heard in madness.
Isab. O gracious duke!
Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason
For inequality; but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear, where it seems hid,
And hide the false, seems true.[11]
Duke. Many that are not mad,
Have, sure, more lack of reason. — What would you say?
Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication
To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo.
I, in probation of a sisterhood,[12]
Was sent to by my brother; one Lucio
As then the messenger —
Lucio. That 's I, an 't like your grace.
I came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her

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des Angeklagten, gegen Isabella, die Klägerin. 5) *generous* = edel, von adeliger Herkunft. — Der Superlativ ist aus *gravest* auch zu *generous* hinzuzudenken. 6) *to hend* oder *to hent* = erreichen. So in Gascoigne's Jocasta: *What hapless end thy life, alas! hath hent.*

1) Diese öffentliche Danksagung, welcher der Herzog seine beiden Stellvertreter übermacht, eilt nur voran einer weiteren Belohnung, die er für sie im Sinne hat. 2) *forted* ist mit *'gainst the tooth etc.* zu verbinden: eine bleibende Stätte, welche gegen den Zahn der Zeit und gegen die auslöschende Thätigkeit des Vergessens gesichert ist. — *razure* bezieht sich besonders auf *characters of brass.* — *forted* = befestigt, scheint ein von Sh. gebildetes Wort. 3) Auf das collective *subject* = die Unterthanen, bezieht sich das folgende *them.* Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 4, Anm. 8. 4) Die Fol. hat hier *Enter Peter and Isabella*, wie sie diese beiden Personen nebst der Mariana zu Anfang der Scene unter den Auftretenden unerwähnt lässt. 5) Senkt Euren Blick auf eine gekränkte — gern hätt' ich gesagt — Jungfrau. 6) Pope streicht, des Verses wegen, *it is* hier. 7) Was wahr ist, das ist zugleich zehnmal wahr, denn die Wahrheit bleibt gleich gross, so viele Zahlen man auch auf einander häuft. 8) So zurückhaltend, so ehrbar, so untadelhaft, so vollkommen in seiner äussern Haltung. — Die vier Adjectiva von *shy* bis *absolute* stehen in einer Klimax. 9) *dressing* = Aufputz, äussere Zier. — *charact* eigentlich = Schriftzeichen, hier = unterscheidendes Merkmal. 10) Solch ein Zusammenhang der einzelnen Punkte der Rede unter einander: solche Logik, wie ich sie nur jemals beim Wahnsinn hörte. — Capell vermuthete, dass Sh. geschrieben *As ne'er I heard in madness.* — Auf diese letzten Worte des Herzogs bezieht sich Isabella in ihrer Replik, wenn sie sagt *harp not on that;* und als eine euphemistische Bezeichnung für *madness* gebraucht sie gleich darauf das Wort *inequality*, was M. Mason richtig mit *apparent inconsistency* erklärt. 11) Lasst Eure Vernunft dazu behülflich sein, die Wahrheit da an den Tag zu bringen, wo sie verdunkelt scheint, d. h. in der Isabella, und die Falschheit zu verdunkeln, zu unterdrücken, welche sich den Schein von Wahrheit anmasst, d. h. in Angelo. — Sh. gebraucht *hide* in weiterem Sinne, wegen des vorausgegangenen *hid*, wie andererseits das zweite *seems* = den Anschein sich giebt, prägnanter steht als das erste, das nur = scheint, zu fassen ist. — Manche Hgg. lesen mit Theobald

To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo,
For her poor brother's pardon.
Isab. That 's he, indeed.
Duke. You were not bid to speak.
Lucio. No, my good lord;
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.
Duke. I wish you now then:
Pray you, take note of it; and when you have
A business for yourself, pray heaven, you then
Be perfect.
Lucio. I warrant your honour.
Duke. The warrant 's for yourself: take heed to it.
Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale, —
Lucio. Right.
Duke. It may be right; but you are in the wrong
To speak before your time. — Proceed.
Isab. I went
To this pernicious caitiff deputy.
Duke. That 's somewhat madly spoken.
Isab. Pardon it:
The phrase is to the matter.
Duke. Mended again: the matter;[13] — proceed.
Isab. In brief, — to set the needless process[14] by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he refell'd[15] me, and how I replied;
(For this was of much length) the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter.
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible[16] intemperate lust,
Release my brother; and, after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse[17] confutes mine honour,
And I did yield to him. But the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting,[18] he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.
Duke. This is most likely!
Isab. O, that it were as like as it is true![19]
Duke. By heaven, fond[20] wretch! thou know'st not what thou speak'st,
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour,
In hateful practice.[21] First, his integrity
Stands without blemish; next, it imports no reason,
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,[22]
And not have cut him off. Some one hath set you on:
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou cam'st here to complain.
Isab. And is this all?
Then, O! you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience; and, with ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance![23] — Heaven shield your grace from woe,
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go!
Duke. I know, you 'd fain be gone. — An officer!
To prison with her. — Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.
Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?
Isab. One that I would were here, friar Lodowick?
Duke. A ghostly father, belike. — Who knows that Lodowick?
Lucio. My lord, I know him: 't is a meddling friar;
I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your grace
In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.
Duke. Words against me? This'[24] a good friar, belike!
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute! — Let this friar be found.
Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar,
I saw them at the prison. A saucy friar,
A very scurvy fellow.
Fri. Pet. Blessed be your royal grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abus'd. First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your substitute,
Who is as free from touch or soil with her,
As she from one ungot.[25]
Duke. We did believe no less.
Know you that friar Lodowick, that she speaks of?
Fri. Pet. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,[26]
As he 's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.
Lucio. My lord, most villanously: believe it.
Fri. Pet. Well; he in time may come to clear himself,
But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever. Upon his mere request,[27]
Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst Lord Angelo, came I hither,
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and false; and what he with his oath,
And all probation, will make up full clear,
Whensoever he 's convented.[28] First, for this woman,

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not hide the false, seems true. 12) In dem Noviziat eines Nonnenklosters. Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 3, Anm. 17. 13) Der Herzog wiederholt zustimmend Isabella's letzte Worte, dass der harte Ausdruck der Sache entspreche. 14) *needless process* = der Hergang, der hier überflüssig ist, der hier nicht berichtet zu werden braucht. 15) *to refel* = abweisen, zurückweisen, wird in diesem Sinne auch sonst gebraucht. So in Hall's Chronik: *Not one of them would take heed how to resist and refel the present jeopardy which was coming out of England.* 16) Für *concupiscible* setzen manche Hgg. willkürlich *concupiscent.* 17) Mein schwesterliches Gefühl für Claudio bringt nach langem Kampfe mein Ehrgefühl zum Schweigen. 18) Da sein Zweck bis zur Uebersättigung erreicht war, da er seine Lust hinlänglich gebüsst hatte. 19) Auf die ironisch gemeinte Zwischenrede des Herzogs: Das klingt sehr wahrscheinlich! versetzt Isabella: Wäre es nur eben so wahrscheinlich, wie es wahr ist! Fänden meine Worte nur den Glauben, der ihnen gebührt! 20) *fond* = thöricht, verrückt. 21) *practice* = Anschlag, Intrigue, Nachstellung. Ebenso gleich nachher *This needs must be a practice.* 22) Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 2, Anm. 33. 23) *countenance* deutet Warburton auf den Schutz, auf die Vertretung, welche der Herzog dem Angelo angedeihen lässt; M. Mason deutet es auf die äussere Haltung, den Schein, womit Angelo sein Verbrechen verdeckt. Erstere Erklärung empfiehlt sich durch den Zusammenhang. So in K. Henry IV. First Part (A. 1, Sc. 2) *our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal.* 24) *this'* scil. *this is.* — *this'* hat schon die Fol., zur Andeutung, dass *is* enklitisch sich dem *this* anschloss. — Rowe setzte *this is.* 25) So wenig Isabella schwanger ist, so wenig hat sich Angelo mit ihr vergangen. 26) *temporary meddler* = Einer, der sich in zeitliche, weltliche Dinge mischt. — *temporary* steht für *temporal.* 27) Auf sein ausdrückliches Gesuch, geradezu

To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accus'd,[29]
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.
Duke. Good friar, let 's hear it.
[ISABELLA *is carried off guarded; and* MARIANA *comes forward.*[30]
Do you not smile at this, Lord Angelo? —
O heaven, the vanity of wretched fools! —
Give us some seats. — Come, cousin Angelo;
In this I 'll be impartial:[31] be you judge
Of your own cause. — Is this the witness, friar?
First, let her show her face,[32] and after speak.
Mari. Pardon, my lord, I will not show my face,
Until my husband bid me.
Duke. What, are you married?
Mari. No, my lord.
Duke. Are you a maid?
Mari. No, my lord.
Duke. A widow then?
Mari. Neither, my lord.
Duke. Why, you
Are nothing then: neither maid, widow, nor wife?
Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk; for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.
Duke. Silence that fellow: I would, he had some cause To prattle for himself.
Lucio. Well, my lord.
Mari. My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married;
And, I confess, besides, I am no maid:
I have known my husband, yet my husband knows not
That ever he knew me.[33]
Lucio. He was drunk then, my lord: it can be no better.
Duke. For the benefit of silence, 'would thou wert so too!
Lucio. Well, my lord.
Duke. This is no witness for Lord Angelo.
Mari. Now I come to 't, my lord.
She that accuses him of fornication,
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband;
And charges him, my lord, with such a time,
When, I 'll depose, I had him in mine arms,
With all the effect of love.
Ang. Charges she more than me?[34]
Mari. Not that I know.
Duke. No? you say, your husband.
Mari. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks, he knows, that he ne'er knew my body,
But knows, he thinks, that he knows Isabel's.
Ang. This is a strange abuse.[35] — Let 's see thy face.
Mari. My husband bids me; now I will unmask.
[*Unveiling.*
This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which once, thou swor'st, was worth the looking on:
This is the hand, which, with a vow'd contract,
Was fast belock'd in thine: this is the body
That took away the match from Isabel,
And did supply[36] thee at thy garden-house
In her imagin'd person.
Duke. Know you this woman?
Lucio. Carnally,[37] she says.
Duke. Sirrah, no more.
Lucio. Enough, my lord.
Ang. My lord, I must confess, I know this woman;
And five years since there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt myself and her, which was broke off,
Partly, for that her promised proportions[38]
Came short of composition; but, in chief,
For that her reputation was disvalued
In levity: since which time of five years
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.
Mari. Noble prince,
As there comes light from heaven, and words from breath,
As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,
I am affianc'd this man's wife, as strongly
As words could make up vows: and, my good lord,
But Tuesday night last gone, in his garden-house,
He knew me as a wife. As this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees,
Or else for ever be confixed here,
A marble monument.
Ang. I did but smile till now:
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice;
My patience here is touch'd. I do perceive,
These poor informal[39] women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member,
That sets them on. Let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.
Duke. Ay, with my heart;
And punish them to your height of pleasure.[40] —
Thou foolish friar, and thou pernicious woman,
Compact[41] with her that 's gone, think'st thou, thy oaths,
Though they would swear down each particular saint,[42]
Were testimonies against his worth and credit,

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auf sein Gesuch. — Darauf bezieht sich auch das Folgende: da es zu seiner Kunde gekommen war, dass u. s. w. — Für *strange fever* vermuthete Sidney Walker *strong fever.* 28) *to convent* = vor Gericht citiren, zu einem anberaumten Termin vorladen. 29) *vulgarly* = öffentlich, vor allem Volke; *personally* = mit directem Angriff auf die Persönlichkeit. 30) Die Fol. hat *Enter Mariana.* Vgl. oben Anm. 4. 31) *impartial* = unbetheiligt an dem Gericht. 32) *your face* in der Fol.; von der zweiten Folioausg. verbessert. 33) *to know* = wissen, erkennen, und = erkennen in fleischlichem Sinne. Derselbe Doppelsinn wiederholt sich in Mariana's zweitfolgender Rede. 34) Klagt sie Andere ausser mir an, d. h. ihren Gatten und mich? 35) Hier muss eine auffallende Täuschung im Spiel sein. So in Macbeth (A. 3, Sc. 4) *my strange and self-abuse.* 36) *to supply* = Jemandem zu Diensten oder zu Willen sein, steht in demselben obscönen Sinne wie in Othello (A. 4, Sc. 1) *as knaves be such abroad,* || *Who having, by their own importunate suit,* || *Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,* || *Convinced or supplied them,* wo es Malone mit *gratified her desires* erklärt. 37) Vgl. oben Anm. 33. 38) Theils weil ihre Vermögensverhältnisse, wie sie mir versprochen waren, nachher hinter diesem Abkommen zurückblieben. — Vielleicht gebraucht Sh. *proportions* geradezu für *portion* = Mitgift. 39) *informal* = ausser der gehörigen Verfassung und Ordnung, verstört, verwirrt. 40) Zur Vervollständigung des Verses setzen manche Hgg. *unto your height of pleasure.* 41) *compact,* mit betonter letzter Sylbe, = verbündet. 42) Wenn Deine Schwüre auch alle Heiligen auf die Erde herabriefen als Zeugen, wenn Du auch alle Heiligen einzeln bei Namen als Zeugen anriefest. 43) Angelo's Werth und Glaubwürdigkeit, oder, da *that 's seal'd* sich auch auf *his* beziehen lässt,

That 's seal'd in approbation?[43] — You, Lord Escalus,
Sit with my cousin: lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 't is deriv'd. —
There is another friar that set them on;
Let him be sent for.

Fri. Pet. 'Would he were here, my lord; for he, indeed,
Hath set the women on to this complaint.
Your provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly. — *[Exit Provost.*
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,[44]
Do with your injuries as seems you best,
In any chastisement: I for a while will leave you;
But stir not you, till you have well determin'd
Upon these slanderers.

Escal. My lord, we 'll do it thoroughly. *[Exit* Duke.*]* — Signior Lucio, did not you say, you knew that friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person?

Lucio. Cucullus non facit monachum:[45] honest in nothing, but in his clothes; and one that hath spoke most villanous speeches of the duke.

Escal. We shall entreat you to abide here till he come, and enforce them against him. We shall find this friar a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escal. Call that same Isabel here once again: I would speak with her. *[Exit an Attendant.]* Pray you, my lord, give me leave to question; you shall see how I 'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.[46]

Escal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, Sir, I think, if you handled her privately, she would sooner confess: perchance, publicly she 'll be ashamed.

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.[47]

Lucio. That 's the way; for women are light at midnight.

Re-enter Officers, with Isabella.

Escal. [To Isab.*]* Come on, mistress. Here 's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of; here, with the provost.

Escal. In very good time: — speak not you to him, till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Enter Duke, *disguised as a friar, and Provost.*

Escal. Come, Sir. Did you set these women on to slander Lord Angelo? they have confess'd you did.

Duke. 'T is false.

Escal. How! know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place! and let the devil
Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne.[48] —
Where is the duke? 't is he should hear me speak.

Escal. The duke 's in us, and we will hear you speak:
Look you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least. — But, O, poor souls!
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?[49]
Good night to your redress. Is the duke gone?
Then is your cause gone too.[50] The duke 's unjust,
Thus to retort[51] your manifest appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth,
Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal: this is he I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd friar!
Is 't not enough, thou hast suborn'd these women
To accuse this worthy man, but, in foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain?
And then to glance from him to the duke himself,
To tax him with injustice? — Take him hence;
To the rack with him: — we 'll touse you joint by joint,
But we will know his[52] purpose. — What! unjust?

Duke. Be not so hot; the duke
Dare no more stretch[53] this finger of mine, than he
Dare rack his own: his subject am I not,
Nor here provincial.[54] My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,
Till it o'errun the stew:[55] laws for all faults,
But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,[56]
As much in mock as mark.

Escal. Slander to the state! Away with him to prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him, Signior Lucio?
Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'T is he, my lord. — Come hither, goodman baldpate: do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, Sir, by the sound of your voice: I met you at the prison, in the absence of the duke.

Lucio. O! did you so? And do you remember what you said of the duke?

Duke. Most notedly, Sir.

Angelo selbst ist als probehaltig befunden und so gestempelt worden, hat das Siegel der Probehaltigkeit empfangen. 44) *to hear forth* = eine Sache bis an's Ende hören. 45) Dasselbe lateinische Sprichwort hat Sh. in Twelfth-Night (A. 1, Sc. 5). 46) Nicht besser als Angelo sie behandelt hat, zufolge ihrer eigenen Aussage, — ist Lucio's frivole Zwischenrede, der er nachher eine andere, freilich eben so frivole Wendung giebt. 47) Ich will so mit ihr verfahren, dass sie nichts merkt, dass sie nicht merkt, wohin ich hinaus will. — Auch diese Worte deutet Lucio in frivolem Sinne und knüpft daran das überall wiederkehrende Sh.'sche Wortspiel von *light* = leichtfertig, und *light* = Licht, Tageslicht, im Gegensatz zu *darkly* = im Dunkel. 48) Dem hohen Range oder Amte gebührt unter allen Umständen Hochachtung, ohne Rücksicht auf die Person, wenn es auch vorkommt, dass dem Teufel selbst Ehre erwiesen wird wegen des flammenden Thrones, auf dem er sitzt. 49) Kommt Ihr in der Erwartung, dass der Fuchs Euch das geraubte Lamm wiedergeben werde, so gebt diese Hoffnung auf Ersatz nur auf. 50) Wenn der Herzog weg ist, so ist auch Eure Sache weg, verloren. 51) *to retort* = zurückweisen, von sich selbst weg auf Angelo zurückweisen. 52) Für *his purpose* änderte Hanmer *this purpose*. Indess ist dieser rasche Wechsel der Personen, wo Escalus sich erst an den Mönch, gleich nachher an die Umstehenden wendet, in Sh.'s Manier. 53) *to stretch* = strecken, spannen, wie auf der Folter. 54) *provincial* = einer bestimmten geistlichen Provinz angehörig, ihrer geistlichen Gerichtsbarkeit unterworfen. 55) Das Bild ist von einer im Kochtopf brodelnden Masse entlehnt, welche im Kochen überläuft. 56) Man nimmt von den Gesetzen nur insofern Notiz, als man sie verspottet, wie von den mit Geldbussen verstärkten Warnungstafeln, welche in den Barbierläden hängen und den

Lucio. Do you so, Sir? And was the duke a flesh-monger, a fool, and a coward,[57] as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You must, Sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of him; and much more, much worse.

Lucio. O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose, for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest, I love the duke as I love myself.

Ang. Hark, how the villain would close[58] now, after his treasonable abuses.

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal: — away with him to prison. — Where is the provost? — Away with him to prison. Lay bolts enough upon him, let him speak no more. — Away with those giglots[59] too, and with the other confederate companion.

[The Provost lays hand on the Duke.

Duke. Stay, Sir; stay awhile.

Ang. What! resists he? Help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, Sir; come, Sir; come, Sir; foh! Sir. Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal! you must be hooded, must you? show your knave's visage, with a pox to you! show your sheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour. Will 't not off?

[Pulls off the Friar's hood, and discovers the Duke.[60]

Duke. Thou art the first knave that e'er made[61] a duke. —
First, provost, let me bail these gentle three. —
[To Lucio.*]* Sneak not away, Sir; for the friar and you
Must have a word anon. — Lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. *[To* Escal.*]* What you have spoke, I pardon; sit you down.
We 'll borrow place of him.[62] — *[To* Ang.*]* Sir, by your leave.
Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? If thou hast,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord!
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernible,
When I perceive your grace, like power divine,
Hath look'd upon my passes.[63] Then, good prince,
No longer session hold upon my shame,
But let my trial be mine own confession:
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana. —
Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly. —
Do you the office, friar; which consummate,[64]
Return him here again. — Go with him, provost.

[Exeunt Angelo, Mariana, *Friar* Peter, *and Provost.*

Escal. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour,
Than at the strangeness of it.[65]

Duke. Come hither, Isabel.
Your friar is now your prince: as I was then
Advertising and holy[66] to your business,
Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attorney'd at your service.

Isab. O, give me pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown sovereignty!

Duke. You are pardon'd, Isabel:
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.[67]
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart;
And you may marvel, why I obscur'd myself,
Labouring to save his life, and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance[68] of my hidden power,
Than let him so be lost. O most kind maid!
It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which I did think with slower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpose:[69] but, peace be with him!
That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear.[70] Make it your comfort,
So happy is your brother.

Isab. I do, my lord.

Re-enter Angelo, Mariana, *Friar* Peter, *and Provost.*

Duke. For this new-married man, approaching here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended honour, you must pardon
For Mariana's sake. But, as he adjudg'd[71] your brother,
(Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach,[72]

Besuchern ein angemessenes Betragen einschärfen. Von solchen ehedem üblichen Vorschriften in Versen theilte Kenrick eine Probe mit, deren Aechtheit jedoch vielfach bezweifelt wird. 57) *coward* = Duckmäuser, wie A. 3, Sc. 2 Lucio gesagt hatte *a shy fellow was the duke.* 58) *to close* = abschliessen, ein Ende machen. — Dyce liest mit Collier's altem Corrector *gloze.* 59) *giglot* = leichtfertige Dirne. — Sh. hat das Wort sonst adjectivisch: *giglot wench* in K. Henry VI. First Part (A. 4, Sc. 7) und *giglot fortune* in Cymbeline (A. 3, Sc. 1). 60) Diese Bühnenweisung rührt von Rowe her. — *an hour* ist ein blosser Zusatz zu *be hang'd*, wie etwa *be hang'd a-while* in einem alten Liede, das Farmer citirt. 61) Die Fol. hat *mad'st.* 62) Der Herzog will neben Escalus als Richter den Platz einnehmen, den bisher Angelo gehabt hat. 63) *my passes* = meine Streiche, was ich mir zu Schulden kommen liess. 64) Nachdem das vollbracht ist, bringe ihn wieder hierher. — *consummate* wird participialisch für *consummated* gebraucht, wie in Much Ado about Nothing (A. 3, Sc. 2) *I do but stay till your marriage be consummate.* 65) Dass Angelo überhaupt ein solcher Schurke sein konnte, setzt den Escalus noch mehr in Verwirrung, als die auffallende Art, wie diese Schande sich bethätigt hat. 66) *advertising and holy* ist nach Sh.'schem Gebrauche der Copula zu verbinden: wie ich damals als Mönch für Eure Angelegenheit ein frommer Rathgeber war, so habe ich auch jetzt mit dem Kleide nicht das Herz vertauscht, sondern stehe Euch immer noch zu Dienst. 67) Seid Ihr nun eben so rückhaltlos gegen mich, wie ich es gegen Euch bin. 68) *remonstrance* = begegnende Vorstellung, entgegentretende Darlegung. — Malone vermuthete *demonstrance.* 69) *to brain* = das Gehirn zerschlagen, vernichten. 70) Das Leben, welches über die Todesfurcht hinaus ist, ist ein besseres Leben, als dasjenige, welches den Tod noch zu fürchten hat. Tröstet Euch damit, dass Euer Bruder dieses Glückes theilhaft ist. 71) Zu *adjudg'd* ist *to death* oder *to the death* hinzuzudenken. 72) Die Construction ist ungenau, da statt *promise-breach*, von *violation* abhängig, einfach *promise* stehen müsste; Hanmer wollte lesen *in promise-breach*, als ob sich *double violation of sacred chastity* auf Isabella und Mariana bezöge, was schwer-

Thereon dependent, for your brother's life)
The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue, [73]
»An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!«
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure,
Like doth quit like, and Measure still for Measure. [74]
Then, Angelo, thy fault [75] thus manifested, —
Which, though thou wouldst deny, denies thee vantage, —
We do condemn thee to the very block
Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste. —
Away with him.
Mari. O my most gracious lord!
I hope you will not mock me with a husband.
Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband.
Consenting to the safeguard of your honour, [76]
I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choke your good to come. For his possessions,
Although by confiscation [77] they are ours,
We do instate and widow you withal, [78]
To buy you a better husband.
Mari. O my dear lord!
I crave no other, nor no better man.
Duke. Never crave him: we are definitive.
Mari. Gentle my liege, — *[Kneeling.*
Duke. You do but lose your labour.
Away with him to death. — *[To* Lucio.*]* Now, Sir, to you.
Mari. O my good lord! — Sweet Isabel, take my part:
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I 'll lend you, all my life to do you service.
Duke. Against all sense you do importune her:
Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact, [79]
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror. [80]
Mari. Isabel,
Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me:
Hold up your hands, say nothing, I 'll speak all.
They say, best men are moulded out of faults,
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad: so may my husband.
O Isabel! will you not lend a knee?
Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.
Isab. Most bounteous Sir, *[Kneeling.*
Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liv'd. I partly think,
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
Till he did look on me: [81] since it is so,
Let him not die. My brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he died:
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
And must be buried but as an intent
That perish'd by the way. Thoughts are no subjects, [82]
Intents but merely thoughts.
Mari. Merely, my lord.
Duke. Your suit 's unprofitable: stand up, I say. —
I have bethought me of another fault. —
Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour?
Prov. It was commanded so.
Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed?
Prov. No, my good lord: it was by private message.
Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office:
Give up your keys.
Prov. Pardon me, noble lord:
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not,
Yet did repent me, after more advice;
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
That should by private order else have died,
I have reserv'd alive.
Duke. What 's he?
Prov. His name is Barnardine.
Duke. I would thou hadst done so by Claudio. —
Go fetch him hither: let me look upon him.
[Exit Provost.
Escal. I am sorry, one so learned and so wise
As you, Lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.
Ang. I am sorry that such sorrow I procure;
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy:
'T is my deserving, and I do entreat it.

Re-enter Provost, Barnardine, Claudio, *muffled, and* Juliet.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?
Prov. This, my lord.
Duke. There was a friar told me of this man. —
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squar'st thy life according. [83] Thou 'rt condemned;
But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all,
And pray thee, take this mercy to provide
For better times to come. — Friar, advise him:
I leave him to your hand. — What muffled fellow 's that?
Prov. This is another prisoner that I sav'd,
That should have died when Claudio lost his head,
As like almost to Claudio as himself. *[Unmuffles* Claudio.
Duke. *[To* Isab.*]* If he be like your brother, for his sake
Is he pardon'd; and for your lovely sake

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lich Sh.'s Sinn war. Auch das folgende *Thereon dependent, for your brother's life* bezieht sich, genau genommen, nur auf *promise*, nicht auf *promise-breach.* 73) d. h. nach Angelo's eigenem Zugeständniss. 74) So hat Sh. in K. Henry VI. Third Part (A. 2, Sc. 6) *Measure for measure must be answered.* 75) *fault* verbessert Dyce das *fault 's* der Fol.: Da Dein Vergehen so offenbar geworden ist, zu dessen Ableugnung jede günstige Aussicht fehlt, so verurtheilen wir Dich u. s. w. 76) In der Mitwirkung zum Schutze Eurer Ehre. 77) *confiscation* in der zweiten Folioausg.; die Fol. hat *confutation.* 78) *to widow* = mit einem Witthum versehen: was Angelo's Besitzungen betrifft, so setzen wir Euch als Wittwe in deren Besitz. 79) In Erbarmung dieser Missethat. 80) So würde der Geist ihres Bruders seinen Grabstein sprengen und sie, indem er ihr erschiene, in Grauen hinraffen; sie würde vor Schrecken sterben. 81) Isabella giebt sich selbst, ihren Anblick als die Ursache an, dass Angelo von der Reinheit, welche bis dahin all sein Thun regierte, abfiel. Im Folgenden ist der Gegensatz durchgeführt zwischen Claudio, der die Sünde, um die er starb, wirklich beging, und zwischen Angelo, dessen That nicht den bösen Vorsatz einholte und deshalb als ein verunglückter Vorsatz begraben werden und in Vergessenheit gerathen muss. — Es ist zweifelhaft, ob Sh. zu *must be buried etc.* als Subject *his act* oder, was natürlicher erscheint, *his bad intent* gefasst wissen wollte. 82) *subjects* = Gegenstände der Anklage oder Bestrafung. 83) Und Du richtest Dein

Give me your hand, and say you will be mine,
He is my brother too.[84] But fitter time for that.
By this Lord Angelo perceives he 's safe:
Methinks, I see a quick'ning in his eye. —
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well:[85]
Look that you love your wife; her worth, worth yours.[86]—
I find an apt remission in myself,
And yet here 's one in place I cannot pardon.[87] —
[To Lucio.*]* You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward,
One all of luxury,[88] an ass, a madman:
Wherein have I so deserv'd of you,
That you extol[89] me thus?

Lucio. 'Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the trick.[90] If you will hang me for it, you may; but I had rather it would please you, I might be whipp'd.

Duke. Whipp'd first, Sir, and hang'd after. —
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city,
If any woman 's[91] wrong'd by this lewd fellow
(As I have heard him swear himself there 's one
Whom he begot with child), let her appear,
And he shall marry her: the nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whipp'd and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not marry me to a whore! Your highness said even now, I made you a duke:[92] good my lord, do not recompense me in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.
Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits.[93] — Take him to prison,
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death, whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Slandering a prince deserves it. —
She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore. —
Joy to you, Mariana! — love her, Angelo:
I have confess'd her,[94] and I know her virtue. —
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness:
There 's more behind that is more gratulate.[95]
Thanks, provost, for thy care, and secrecy;
We shall employ thee in a worthier place. —
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's:
The offence pardons itself. — Dear Isabel,
I have a motion much imports your good;
Whereto if you 'll a willing ear incline,
What 's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine. —
So, bring us to our palace; where we 'll show
What 's yet behind, that 's meet[96] you all should know.

[Exeunt.

Leben demgemäss ein, wie Du keine jenseitigen Strafen fürchtest. 84) Isabella's Dank und Antwort werden hier nur der Geberdensprache zum Ausdruck überlassen. 85) Das Uebel, das Ihr begingt oder bezwecktet, lohnt oder vergilt Euch gut; Ihr empfangt Gutes für Böses als Vergeltung. 86) *her worth, worth yours* ist mit dem Vorhergehenden zu verbinden: seht zu, dass Ihr Eure Frau gut behandelt, dass ihr Werth Eurem Werthe entspreche, dass sie Euer würdig, nicht zu gut für Euch, also unwürdig an Euch verschenkt sei. — Das erste *worth* ist Substantiv, das zweite Adjectiv, von dem *yours*, scil. *your worth*, abhängt. 87) Obgleich ich eine geneigte, bereitwillige Verzeihung in mir finde, eine Neigung zum Verzeihen, so ist doch hier Einer, dem ich nicht verzeihen kann. 88) *luxury* = Wollust, in geschlechtlicher Beziehung. — In der folgenden Zeile lesen manche Hgg. mit Pope: *Wherein have I deserved so of you.* — Sidney Walker las *Wherein have I so undeserv'd of you.* 89) *to extol* ironisch = preisen, erheben, wie *for a fool etc.* 90) *according to the trick* = nach der Mode, die gerade das Grillenhafte, Launenhafte cultivirt. — *trick* ist jeder seltsame, charakteristische Zug. 91) Die Fol. hat *woman* für *woman's*. Die Verbesserung rührt von Hanmer her. — Die Cambridge Edd. lesen *Is any woman wrong'd etc.* 92) Vgl. oben Anm. 60 und 61. 93) *forfeit* = verwirkte Strafe. 94) Ich bin als Mönch gleichsam ihr Beichtvater gewesen. 95) *more to be rejoiced in* erklärt Steevens und fasst also wahrscheinlich *gratulate* als Particip von *to gratulate* = mit Dank anerkennen. — *more gratulate* muss sich auf *thanks* beziehen und mithin dem Escalus noch weiteren Dank als den bloss mündlichen von Seiten des Herzogs in Aussicht stellen. 96) So verbessert die zweite Folioausg. das *that meet* der Fol.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Einleitung.

Der älteste Druck von Shakspere's Comedy of Errors ist in der Gesammtausgabe der Shakspere'schen Dramen in Folio (1623) enthalten, und das Lustspiel steht daselbst unter dem Titel The Comedie of Errors als das fünfte in der Reihe der Comedies, in Acte, aber nicht in Scenen eingetheilt, und ohne ein Personenverzeichniss, das erst Rowe in seiner Ausgabe (1709) hinzugefügt hat. Der Text, aus einer vielleicht nachlässig angefertigten Handschrift abgedruckt, leidet an zahlreichen Incorrectheiten, welche theils in den späteren Folioausgaben, theils von den folgenden Herausgebern verbessert sind; doch bleibt noch Manches zweifelhaft, und ein Passus (in A. 2, Sc. 1) scheint, trotz aller Versuche der Kritiker, unheilbar corrumpirt zu sein.

Die erste bestimmte Notiz von diesem Lustspiel, die sich bisher hat auffinden lassen, ist die Erwähnung desselben in Wit's Treasury (1598) von Francis Meres, der unter Shakspere's Komödien nach »his Gentlemen of Verona« sogleich »his Errors« aufzählt. Aber wie jenes Stück muss auch dieses lange vor dem Jahre 1598 geschrieben sein, da Styl und Vers, Charakteristik und Anlage, beide hinlänglich als Shakspere'sche Jugenddramen kennzeichnen. Besonders charakteristisch ist in dieser Beziehung die häufige Anwendung des sogenannten Doggerel-rhyme, einer Art von längeren Knittelversen, welche, der vorshakspere'schen Bühne angehörig, von unserm Dichter in der Comedy of Errors für die grobe Komik der beiden Clowns in ziemlicher Ausdehnung benutzt ist; ebenso für den höheren Styl der Gebrauch gereimter Vierzeilen, einer ursprünglich lyrischen Form, welche Shakspere in seinen späteren Werken nie wieder in solchem Masse angewandt hat. — Zu diesen inneren Gründen, welche für eine verhältnissmässig frühe Abfassung dieses Lustspiels sprechen, tritt noch ein äusserer, auf den zuerst Theobald hingewiesen hat, eine Zeitanspielung in dem Drama selbst, und zwar in der zweiten Scene des dritten Acts. Dort schildert Dromio seinem Herrn die Küchenmagd und vergleicht sie in ihrer Corpulenz einem Erdglobus, auf dem er verschiedene Länder zu entdecken unternimmt. Auf Antipholus' Frage, wo er Frankreich gefunden, lautet die Antwort: *In her forehead; armed and reverted, making war against her hair*, mit einem Wortspiel zwischen *hair* und *heir*, dessen eine Seite Johnson hervorhebt: *Our author, in my opinion, only sports with an allusion, in which he takes too much delight, and means that the mistress had the French disease. By a forehead armed he means covered with incrusted eruptions: by reverted he means having the hair turned backward.* Die andere Seite des Wortspiels beleuchtet Theobald mit einer historischen Thatsache: *In 1589 Henry III. of France being stabbed, and dying of his wound, was succeeded by Henry IV. of Navarre, whom he appointed his successor: but whose claim the states of France resisted, on account of his being a protestant. This, I take it, is what he means, by France making war against her heir. Now, as in 1591, Queen Elizabeth sent over 4000 men under the conduct of the Earl of Essex, to the assistance of this Henry of Navarre, it seems to me very probable that during this expedition being on foot, this comedy made its appearance.* — Demnach müsste Comedy of Errors etwa um das Jahr 1591 geschrieben und auf die Bühne gebracht sein, und ein Drama, das nach den Gesta Grayorum (1688) im December 1594 in Gray's Inn in London unter dem Titel Comedy of Errors von den Schauspielern aufgeführt wurde, ist aller Wahrscheinlichkeit nach das Shakspere'sche Drama, das sich damals bereits einige Jahre lang auf der Bühne erhalten hatte und wegen seiner Popularität für die Aufführung in dem genannten Rechtscollegium ausgewählt war.

Dass Shakspere's Comedy of Errors auf ein lateinisches Lustspiel gleichen Inhalts, auf die Menaechmi des Plautus, gegründet ist, liegt klarer zu Tage, als der Weg, auf welchem der englische Dichter zu der Bekanntschaft mit seinem römischen Vorgänger gelangt ist. Die meisten Kritiker, welche unserm Dramatiker eine hinlängliche Kenntniss des Latein abzusprechen geneigt sind, als dass er den Plautus in der Ursprache habe lesen können, weisen auf ein älteres englisches Drama hin, das am Neujahrstag 1576—77 bei Hofe in Hampton-Court aufgeführt worden ist, von dem sich aber nur der Name The Historie of Error in den Rechnungen der Hoflustbarkeiten erhalten hat. Unter diesem Namen, der im Jahre 1582, zu Historie of Ferrar entstellt, als ein zu Windsor aufgeführtes Drama in den Hofrechnungen wiederkehrt, muthmasste man eine mehr oder minder freie Bearbeitung des Plautinischen Lustspiels Menaechmi, aus welcher dann Shakspere den Stoff zu seinem Drama geschöpft habe. Die Möglichkeit einer solchen Benutzung und Entlehnung bleibt, da die fragliche Historie of Error verloren gegangen ist, allerdings bestehen, indess nur als blosse Hypothese, welcher sich die eben so wahrscheinliche andere Hypothese gegenüberstellen lässt, dass Shakspere die Menaechmi des Plautus selbst gelesen hat, wenn auch vielleicht nicht im lateinischen Original, doch in einer englischen Uebersetzung; so dass die bedeutenden Abweichungen der Shakspere'schen Behandlung des Stoffs von der des Plautus ihren Grund

nicht in einem engeren Anschlusse an die verlorene Historie of Error haben, die nach der Zeit ihrer Aufführung (im Jahre 1576) und nach dem damaligen Standpunkt des englischen Theaters schwerlich eine Verbesserung des Plautus gewesen sein wird; dass sie vielmehr in der Selbständigkeit Shakspere's bei der Bearbeitung des gegebenen Stoffes ihre ausreichende Erklärung finden. Freilich ist die, wie es scheint, älteste englische Uebersetzung der Menaechmi erst im Jahre 1595 im Drucke erschienen, aber aus dem Vorwort des Druckers erhellt, dass der Uebersetzer W. W., nach wahrscheinlicher Vermuthung William Warner, dieses Lustspiel schon früher nebst anderen des Plautus in's Englische übertragen, und zwar zunächst nicht für den Druck, sondern für handschriftliche Circulation unter seinen Freunden bestimmt habe. Es heisst nämlich in dem Vorwort, das überschrieben ist *The Printer to the Readers*, folgendermassen: *The writer hereof (loving Readers) having diverse of this Poetes Comedies Englished, for the use and delight of his private friends, who in Plautus own words are not able to understand them: I have prevailed so far with him as to let this one go farther abroad, for a publike recreation and delight to all those that affect the diverse sorts of books compiled in this kind, whereof (in my judgement) in harmlesse mirth and quicknesse of fine conceit the most of them come far short of this.* — Da ist es nun sehr denkbar, dass Shakspere auf diesem zu seiner Zeit nicht ungewöhnlichen Wege das Plautinische Drama kennen gelernt und in seinem Sinne zu einem ihm allein gehörigen Lustspiel umgearbeitet hat. Jedenfalls empfiehlt sich eine Vergleichung der beiden Stücke um so eher, als eine andere, der Comedy of Errors mit der Historie of Error, nicht mehr möglich ist.

Der Titel der im Jahre 1595 erschienenen Uebersetzung lautet: A pleasant and fine conceited Comoedie, taken out of the most excellent wittie Poet Plautus: Chosen purposely from out the rest, as least harmefull and yet most delightfull. Written in English by W. W. — London, Printed by Tho. Creede etc. 1595. — Vorangeht das aus dem Lateinischen übersetzte Argument, das wir mit Gegenüberstellung des Originals, eines Akrostichon, hier folgen lassen:

Mercator Siculus cui erant gemini filii,
Ex illis, surrepto altero, mortem oppetit.
Nomen surreptitii indit illi qui domi est
Avus paternus, facit Menaechmum Sosiclem.
Et is germanum, postquam adolevit, quaeritat
Circum omnes oras. Post Epidamnum devenit.
Hic fuerat auctus ille surreptitius.
Menaechmum civem credunt omnes advenam:
Eumque appellant meretrix, uxor et socer.
Ii se cognoscunt fratres postremo invicem.

Two twinborne sonnes, a Sicill marchant had,
Menechmus one, and Sosicles the other;
The first his father lost a little lad,
The Grandsire namde the latter like his brother.
This (growne a man) long travell tooke to seeke
His Brother, and to Epidamnum came,
Where th' other dwelt inricht, and him so like,
That Citizens there take him for the same:
Father, wife, neighbours, each mistaking either,
Much pleasant error, ere they meete togither.

Shakspere verlegt den Ort der Handlung von Epidamnum nach Ephesus; doch zeigt die wiederholte Erwähnung der ersteren Stadt in der Comedy of Errors, dass ihm jene andere Version wohlbekannt gewesen. Von den Personen des Dramas entlehnte er unter bedeutenden Modificationen und mit durchaus selbständig neuerschaffener Charakteristik: Antipholus von Syrakus *(Menechmus the Traveller)*, Antipholus von Ephesus *(Menechmus the Citizen)*, Adriana *(Mulier)*, die Buhlerin *(Erotium)*, Dromio von Syrakus *(Messenio)*, Pinch *(Medicus)*. Dagegen liess er fort: den Peniculus, einen Freund und Parasiten des *Menechmus the Citizen*, der in dem Plautinischen Lustspiel seine stereotype Rolle spielt, den Koch und die Magd der Erotium, und den Schwiegervater des Menechmus *(Senex)*, von dessen Gespräch mit seiner Tochter sich jedoch einzelne Züge in den Gesprächen der Adriana mit ihrer Schwester wiederfinden. Hinzugefügt sind von Shakspere folgende Figuren, von denen sich bei Plautus keine Spur zeigt: der Herzog von Ephesus, Aegeon, Dromio von Ephesus, Balthazar, Angelo, die beiden anderen Kaufleute, Aemilia, Luciana und Luce. Es ergiebt sich schon aus dieser Personenaufzählung, wie viel mannigfaltiger und eingreifender sich die Handlung des Stückes bei Shakspere gestaltet. Wie viel tiefer zugleich bei ihm die Charakteristik und die Motivirung gefasst ist, wie viel lebendiger Scherz und Ernst bei ihm schattirt sind, wird am besten aus der Anführung einzelner Stellen aus dem englischen Plautus sich ergeben, die wir hier unter Verweisung auf die freilich nicht immer ganz parallelen Scenen bei Shakspere folgen lassen.

Dem ersten Auftreten des Antipholus und Dromio von Syrakus (A. 1, Sc. 2) entspricht bei Plautus Folgendes:

Enter *Menechmus Sosicles Messenio* his servant, and some Saylers.

Menechmus. Surely Messenio, I thinke Seafairers never take so comfortable a joy in any thing as when they have been long tost and turmoyld in the wide seas, they hap at last to ken land.

Messenio. Ile be sworn, I shuld not be gladder to see a whole Country of mine owne, then I have bene at such a sight. But I pray, wherfore are we now come to Epidamnum? must we needs go to see everie Towne that we heare off?

Menechmus. Till I finde my brother, all Townes are alike to me: I must trie in all places.

Messenio. Why then let's even as long as wee live seeke your brother: six yeares now have we roamde about thus, Istria, Hispania, Massylia, Ilyria, all the upper sea, all high Greece, all Haven Towns in Italy. I think if we had sought a needle all this time, we must needs have found it, had it bene above ground. It cannot be that he is alive; and to seek a dead man thus among the living, what folly is it?

Menechmus. Yea, could I but once find any man that could certainly enforme me of his death, I were satisfied; otherwise I can never desist seeking: Litle knowest thou Messenio how neare my heart it goes.

Messenio. This is washing of a Blackamore. Faith let's goe home, unlesse ye meane we should write a storie of our travaile.

Menechmus. Sirra, no more of these sawcie speeches, I perceive I must teach ye how to serve me, not to rule me.

Messenio. I, so, now it appeares what it is to be a servant. Wel I must speake my conscience. Do ye heare sir? Faith I must tell ye one thing, when I looke into the leane estate of your purse, and consider advisedly of your decaying stocke, I hold it verie needful to be drawing homeward, lest in looking your brother, we quite lose ourselves. For this assure your selfe, this Towne Epidamnum, is a place of outragious expences, exceeding in all ryot and lasciviousnesse: and (I heare) as full of Ribaulds, Parasites, Drunkards, Catchpoles, Conycatchers, and Sycophants, as it can hold. Then for Curtizans, why here's the currantest stamp of them in the world. Ye must not thinke here to scape with as light cost as in other places. The verie name shews the nature, no man comes hither sine damno.

Menechmus. Yee say very well indeed: give mee my purse into mine owne keeping, because I will so be the safer, sine damno.

Messenio. Why Sir?

Menechmus. Because I feare you wil be busie among the Curtizans, and so be cozened of it: then should I take great paines in belabouring your shoulders. So to avoid both these harms, Ile keep it my selfe.

Menechmus. I pray do so Sir: all the better.

Der Scene (A. 2, Sc. 2), wo Adriana den vermeintlichen Gemahl auffordert, zum Mittagsmahl in's Haus zu kommen, entspricht bei Plautus eine ähnliche, wo aber nicht die Frau des Menechmus, sondern die Buhlerin den einen Zwillingsbruder mit dem andern verwechselt:

Enter *Erotium.*

Let the doore stand so. Away, it shall not be shut. Make haste within there ho: Maydes looke that all things be readie. Cover the boord, put fire under the perfuming pannes: let all things be very handsome. Where is hee that Cylindrus said stood without here? Oh what meane you sweet heart, that ye come not in? I trust you thinke yourselfe more welcome to this house then to your owne, and great reason why you should do so. Your dinner and all things are readie as you willed. Will ye go sit downe?

Menechmus. Whom doth this woman speake to?

Erotium. Even to you Sir: to whom else should I speake?

Menechmus. Gentlewoman, ye are a straunger to me, and I marvell at your speeches.

Erotium. Yea Sir, but such a straunger, as I acknowledge ye for my best and dearest friend, and well you have deserved it.

Menechmus. Surely Messenio, this woman is also mad or drunke, that useth all this kindnesse to me uppon so small acquaintance.

Messenio. Tush, did not I tell ye right? these be but leaves that fall upon you now, in comparison of the trees that wil tumble on your necke shortly. I told ye, here were silver tong'de hacsters. But let me talke with her a litle. Gentlewoman, what acquaintance have you with this man? where have you seene him?

Erotium. Where he sawe me, here in Epidamnum.

Messenio. In Epidamnum? who never till this day set his foote within the towne?

Erotium. Go, go, flowting Jack. Menechmus what need all this? I pray go in.

Menechmus. She also calls me by my name.

Messenio. She smels your purse.

Menechmus. Messenio, come hither: here take my purse. Ile know whether she aime at me or my purse, ere I go.

Erotium. Will ye go in to dinner, Sir?

Menechmus. A good motion, yea, and thanks with all my heart.

Erotium. Never thanke me for that which you commaunded to be provided for yourselfe.

Menechmus. That I commaunded?

Erotium. Yea for you and your Parasite.

Menechmus. My Parasite?

Erotium. Peniculus, who came with you this morning, when you brought me the cloake which you got from your wife.

Menechmus. A cloake that I brought you, which I got from my wife?

Erotium. Tush, what needeth all this jesting? Pray leave off.

Menechmus. Jest or earnest, this I tell ye for a truth. I never had wife, neither have I; nor never was in this place till this instant; for only thus farre am I come, since I brake my fast in the ship.

Erotium. What ship do ye tell me off?

Messenio. Marry Ile tell ye: an old rotten weather-beaten ship, that we have sailed up and downe in these sixe yeares. Ist not time to be going homewards thinke ye?

Erotium. Come, come, Menechmus, I pray leave this sporting and go in.

Menechmus. Well Gentlewoman, the truth is, you mistake my person; it is some other you looke for.

Erotium. Why, thinke ye I know ye not to be Menechmus, the sonne of Moschus, and have heard ye say, ye were borne at Siracusis where Agathocles did raigne; then Pythia, then Liparo, and now Hiero.

Menechmus. All this is true.

Messenio. Either shee is a witch, or else shee hath dwelt there and knew ye there.

Menechmus. Ile go in with her, Messenio, Ile see further of this matter.

Messenio. Ye are cast away then.

Menechmus. Why so? I warrant thee, I can lose nothing; something I shall gaine, perhaps a good lodging during my abode here. Ile dissemble with her an other while, Nowe when you please let us go in. I made straunge with you, because of this fellow here, least he should tell my wife of the cloake which I gave you.

Erotium. Will ye staie any longer for your Peniculus, your Parasite?

Menechmus. Not I, Ile neither staie for him, nor have him let come in, if he do come.

Erotium. All the better. But Sir, will ye doo one thing for me?

Menechmus. What is that?

Erotium. To beare that cloake which you gave me to the Diars, to have it new trimd and altred.

Menechmus. Yea that will be well, so my wife shall not know it. Let mee have it with mee after dinner. I will but speake a word or two with this fellowe, then Ile follow ye in. Ho, Messenio, come aside. Goe and provide for thyselfe and these ship

boyes in some inne; then looke that after dinner you come hither for me.

Messenio. Ah maister, will yee be cony-catcht thus wilfully?

Menechmus. Peace foolish knave, seest thou not what a sot she is; I shall coozen her I warrant thee.

Messenio. Ay Maister.

Menechmus. Wilt thou be gone?

Messenio. See, see, she hath him safe inough now. Thus he hath escaped a hundreth Pyrates hands at sea; and now one landrover hath bourded him at first encounter. Come away fellowes.

Der Schluss des Plautinischen Stücks, von der Scene an, die in der Comedy of Errors der Fesselung des für wahnsinnig geltenden Antipholus durch Pinch und seine Gefährten entspricht (A. 4, Sc. 4), bis zur Aufhellung und Lösung aller Wirren, lautet so:

Enter *Senex*, with foure Lorarii, Porters.

Senex. Before Gods and men, I charge and commaund you Sirs, to execute with great care that which I appoint you: if yee love the safetie of your owne ribbes and shoulders, then goe take me up my sonne in lawe, laie all hands upon him: why stand ye stil? what do ye doubt? I saie, care not for his threatnings, nor for anie of his words. Take him up, and bring him to the Physitians house: I will go thither before. [Exit.

Menechmus. What newes? how now masters? what will ye do with me? why do ye thus beset me? whither carrie ye me? Helpe, helpe, neighbors, friends, citizens!

Messenio. O Jupiter, what do I see? my maister abused by a companie of varlets.

Menechmus. Is there no good man will helpe me?

Messenio. Helpe ye maister? yes the villaines shall have my life before they shall thus wrong ye. Tis more fit I should be kild, then you thus handled. Pull out that rascals eye that holds ye about the necke there. Ile clout these peasants; out ye rogue, let go ye varlet.

Menechmus. I have hold of this villaines eie.

Messenio. Pull it out, and let the place appear in his head. Away ye cutthroat theeves, ye murtherers.

Lo. Omnes. O, O, ay.

Messenio. Away, get ye hence, ye mongrels, ye dogs. Will ye be gone? Thou rascal behind there, Ile give thee somewhat more, take that. It was time to come maister; you had bene in good case, if I had not bene heere now. I tolde you what would come of it.

Menechmus. Now as the Gods love me, my good friend I thank thee: thou hast done that for me which I shall never be able to requite.

Messenio. I'le tell ye how Sir; give me my freedome.

Menechmus. Should I give it thee?

Messenio. Seeing you cannot requite my good turne.

Menechmus. Thou art deceived, man.

Messenio. Wherein?

Menechmus. On mine honestie, I am none of thy maister; I had never yet anie servant would do so much for me.

Messenio. Why then bid me be free: will you?

Menechmus. Yea surelie: be free, for my part.

Messenio. O sweetly spoken; thanks my good maister.

Servus alius. Messenio, we are all glad of your good fortune.

Messenio. O maister, Ile call you maister still. I praie use me in anie service as ye did before. Ile dwell with you still; and when ye go home, Ile wait upon you.

Menechmus. Nay, nay, it shall not need.

Messenio. Ile go strait to the Inne, and deliver up my accounts, and all your stuffe. Your purse is lockt up safely sealed in the casket, as you gave it mee. I will goe fetch it to you.

Menechmus. Do, fetch it.

Messenio. I will.

Menechmus. I was never thus perplext. Some deny me to be him that I am, and shut me out of their doores. This fellow saith he is my bondman, and of me he begs his freedome: he will fetch my purse and monie. Well, if he bring it, I will receive it, and set him free. I would he would so go his way. My old father in lawe and the Doctor, saie I am mad: who ever sawe such strange demeanors. Well though Erotium be never so angrie, yet once againe Ile go see if by intreatie I can get the cloake on her to carrie to my wife. [Exit.

Enter *Menechmus* the Traveller, and *Messenio*.

Menechmus. Impudent knave, wilt thou that I ever saw thee since I sent thee away to day, and bad thee come for mee after dinner?

Messenio. Ye make me starke mad: I tooke ye away, and reskued ye from foure great bigboand villaines, that were carrying ye away even heere in this place. Heere they had ye up; you cried Helpe, helpe. I came running to you: you and I togither beate them away by maine force. Then for my good turne and faithfull service, ye gave me my freedome: I tolde ye I would go fetch your casket: now in the meane time you ranne some other way to get before me, and so you denie it all againe.

Menechmus. I gave thee thy freedome?

Messenio. You did.

Menechmus. When I give thee thy freedome, Ile be a bondman my selfe; go thy wayes.

Messenio. Whewe, marry I thanke for nothing.

Enter *Menechmus* the Citizen.

Menechmus. Forsworne Queanes, sweare till your hearts ake, and your eyes fall out, ye shall never make me beleeve that I carried hence either cloake or chaine.

Messenio. O heavens, maister, what do I see?

Menechmus Tra. What?

Messenio. Your ghoast?

Menechmus Tra. What ghoast?

Messenio. Your image, as like you as can be possible.

Menechmus Tra. Surely not much unlike me, as I thinke.

Menechmus Cit. O my good friend and helper, well met: thanks for thy late good helpe.

Messenio. Sir, may I crave to know your name?

Menechmus Cit. I were too blame if I should not tell thee anie thing; my name is Menechmus.

Menechmus Tra. Nay my friend, that is my name.

Menechmus Cit. I am of Syracusis in Sicilia.

Menechmus Tra. So am I.

Messenio. Are you a Syracusan?

Menechmus Cit. I am.

Messenio. Oho, I know ye: this is my maister: I thought hec there had bene my maister, and was proffering my service to him. Pray pardon me Sir, if I said any thing I should not.

Menechmus Tra. Why doating patch, didst thou not come with me this morning from the ship?

Messenio. My faith he saies true. This is my maister, you may go looke ye a man. God save ye maister: you Sir, farewell. This is Menechmus.

Menechmus Cit. I say, that I am Menechmus.

Messenio. What a jest is this? Are you Menechmus?

Menechmus Cit. Even Menechmus, the sonne of Moschus.

Menechmus Tra. My father's sonne?

Menechmus Cit. Friend, I go about neither to take your father nor your country from you.

Messenio. O immortal Gods, let it fall out as I hope; and for my life these two Twinnes, all things agree so jump together. I will speake to my maister. Menechmus.

Both. What wilt thou?

Messenio. I call you not both: but which of you came with me from the ship?

Menechmus Cit. Not I.

Menechmus Tra. I did.

Messenio. Then I call you. Come hither.

Menechmus Tra. What's the matter?

Messenio. This same is either some notable cousening jugler, or else it is your brother whom we seeke. I never sawe one man so like an other: water to water, nor milke to milke, is not liker than he is to you.

Menechmus Tra. Indeed I thinke thou saiest true. Finde it that he is my brother, and I here promise thee thy freedom.

Messenio. Well, let me about it. Heare ye Sir; you say your name is Menechmus.

Menechmus Cit. I do.

Messenio. So is this man's. You are of Syracusis?

Menechmus Cit. True.

Messenio. So is he. Moscus was your father?

Menechmus Cit. He was.

Messenio. So was he his. What will you say, if I find that ye are brethren and twins?

Menechmus Cit. I would thinke it happie newes.

Messenio. Nay staie maisters both: I meane to have the honor of this exploit. Answere mee: your name is Menechmus?

Menechmus Cit. Yea.

Messenio. And yours?

Menechmus Tra. And mine.

Messenio. You are of Syracusis?

Menechmus Cit. I am.

Menechmus Tra. And I.

Messenio. Well, this goeth right thus farre. What is the farthest thing that you remember there?

Menechmus Cit. How I went with my father to Tarentum, to a great mart, and there in the preasse I was stolne from him.

Menechmus Tra. O Jupiter!

Messenio. Peace, what exclaiming is this? How old were ye then?

Menechmus Cit. About seven yeare old: for even then I shedde teeth, and since that time I never heard of anie of my kindred.

Messenio. Had ye never a brother?

Menechmus Cit. Yes, as I remember, I heard them say, we were two Twinnes.

Menechmus Tra. O Fortune!

Messenio. Tush, can ye not be quiet? Were ye both of one name?

Menechmus Cit. Nay, (as I think) they called my brother, Sosicles.

Menechmus Tra. It is he, what need further proofe? O brother, brother, let me embrace thee!

Menechmus Cit. Sir, if this be true, I am wonderfully glad: but how is it that ye are called Menechmus?

Menechmus Tra. When it was tolde us that you and our father were both dead, our Graundsire (in memorie of my father's name) chaungde mine to Menechmus.

Menechmus Cit. 'Tis verie like he would do so indeed. But let me aske ye one question more: what was our mother's name?

Menechmus Tra. Theusimarche.

Menechmus Cit. Brother, the most welcome man to mee, that the world holdeth.

Menechmus Tra. I joy, and ten thousand joyes the more, having taken so long travaile and huge paines to seeke you.

Messenio. See now, how all this matter comes about. This it was that the gentlewoman had ye in to dinner, thinking it had bene he.

Menechmus Cit. True it is I willed a dinner to be provided for me heere this morning; and I also brought hither closely, a cloake of my wives, and gave it to this woman.

Menechmus Tra. Is not this the same, brother?

Menechmus Cit. How came you by this?

Menechmus Tra. This woman met me; had me in to dinner; enterteined me most kindly; and gave me this cloake, and this chaine.

Menechmus Cit. Indeed she tooke ye for mee: and I believe I have bene as straungely handled by occasion of your comming.

Messenio. You shall have time inough to laugh at all these matters hereafter. Do ye remember maister, what ye promised me?

Menechmus Cit. Brother, I will intreate you to performe your promise to Messenio: he is worthie of it.

Menechmus Tra. I am content.

Messenio. Io Tryumphe.

Menechmus Tra. Brother, will ye now go with me to Syracusis?

Menechmus Cit. So soone as I can sell away such goods as I possesse here in Epidamnum, I will go with you.

Menechmus Tra. Thanks, my good brother.

Menechmus Cit. Messenio, playe thou the Crier for me, and make a proclamation.

Messenio. A fit office. Come on. O yes. What day shall your sale be?

Menechmus Cit. This day sennight.

Messenio. All men, women and children in Epidamnum, or elsewhere, that will repaire to Menechmus house this day sennight, shall there finde all maner of things to sell; servaunts, household stuffe, house, ground and all: so they bring readie money. Will ye sell your wife too Sir?

Menechmus Cit. Yea, but I think no bodie will bid money for her.

Messenio. Thus, Gentlemen, we take our leaves, and if we have pleasde, we require a Plaudite.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SOLINUS, Duke of Ephesus.
ÆGEON, a Merchant of Syracuse.
ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, } Twin Brothers, Sons to
ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, } Ægeon and Æmilia.
DROMIO of Ephesus, } Twin Brothers, Attendants
DROMIO of Syracuse, } on the two Antipholuses.
BALTHAZAR, a Merchant.
ANGELO, a Goldsmith.
A Merchant, Friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.
A Merchant trading with Angelo.
PINCH, a Schoolmaster.

ÆMILIA, Wife to Ægeon.
ADRIANA, Wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.
LUCIANA, her Sister.
LUCE, Servant to Adriana.
A Courtezan.

Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Ephesus.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Hall in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke, Ægeon, *Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.*

Æge. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And by the doom[1] of death end woes and all.
Duke. Merchant of Syracusa, plead no more.
I am not partial, to infringe our laws:
The enmity and discord, which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen, —
Who, wanting gilders[2] to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods, —
Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine[3] jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusians[4] and ourselves,
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns:[5]
Nay, more, if any, born at Ephesus,
Be seen at Syracusian[6] marts and fairs;
Again, if any Syracusian born
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose;
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty, and to ransom him.
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.
Æge. Yet this my comfort: when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the evening sun.[7]
Duke. Well, Syracusian; say, in brief, the cause
Why thou departedst from thy native home,
And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.
Æge. A heavier task could not have been impos'd
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable;[8]
Yet, that the world may witness, that my end
Was wrought by nature,[9] not by vile offence,
I 'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.[10]
In Syracusa was I born, and wed[11]
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me too,[12] had not our hap been bad.
With her I liv'd in joy: our wealth increas'd
By prosperous voyages I often made

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1) Manche Hgg. lesen mit den späteren Folioausgg. *by thy doom.* — Die erste Fol. hat *by the doom.* 2) *gilder* = Gulden, gebraucht Sh. hier in weiterem Sinne als eine ausländische, unenglische Münze. Es fehlte den ephesischen Kaufleuten, die sich unschuldig in Syrakus hatten betreffen lassen, an Geld, um sich loszukaufen; so mussten sie mit dem Tode büssen. 3) Da von den Streitigkeiten zwischen Ephesus und Syrakus die Rede ist, muss *intestine* hier in uneigentlichem Sinne stehen und nach Sh.'scher Construction mit *mortal* verbunden werden: Streitigkeiten, welche verderblich den Staat in seinem Innern treffen. — Eben so uneigentlich ist *seditious* nicht = aufrührerisch gegen das einheimische Regiment, sondern = unruhig, unverträglich gegen Fremde. 4) *Syracusians*, wie die Fol. durchgängig hat und Sh. also wahrscheinlich schrieb, ändern manche Hgg. hier und weiterhin in *Syracusans* um. 5) Keinen Handelsverkehr zuzulassen zwischen unsern beiden Städten, die einander feindlich gegenüber liegen. 6) Die Fol. hat *at any Syracusian*, wo das *any* wahrscheinlich durch ein Versehen aus der vorhergehenden oder der folgenden Zeile in diese gerathen ist. — *mart* ist sowohl = Markt, Handel, als = Marktplatz. 7) Wenn der Herzog das Todesurtheil gesprochen hat, so wird dasselbe an Aegeon an demselben Tag um Sonnenuntergang vollzogen werden. 8) Als dass ich meine unaussprechlichen Leiden aussprechen sollte. — So wird das *I* mit dem Infinitiv verbunden in Timon of Athens (A. 4, Sc. 3) *I, to bear this,* || *That never knew but better, is some burden.* 9) Unter *nature* versteht Aegeon die Stimme der Natur, die ihn antrieb, in Ephesus nach dem verlorenen Sohne zu forschen, und ihn so dem Tode entgegenführte, so sein Ende bewirkte. 10) scil. *gives me leave to utter.* 11) *wed* für *wedded*, als Präteritum und Participium, kommt auch in Timon of Athens (A. 4, Sc. 3) vor: *That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;* doch ist auch bei Sh. *wedded* die gebräuchlichere Form. 12) Mein Weib war nur für mich glücklich und auch durch mich. — *too*, das

To Epidamnum; till my factor's death,
And the [13] great care of goods at random left,
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse:
From whom my absence was not six months old,
Before herself (almost at fainting under
The pleasing punishment that women bear)
Had made provision for her following me,
And soon, and safe, arrived where I was.
There had she not been long, but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
A meaner woman [14] was delivered
Of such a burden, male twins, both alike.
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return:
Unwilling I agreed; alas! too soon
We came aboard.
A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance of our harm: [15]
But longer did we not retain much hope;
For what obscured light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which, though myself would gladly have embrac'd,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings [16] of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.
And this it was, — for other means was none.
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us.
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
Such as seafaring men provide for storms:
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other. [17]
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Were [18] carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispers'd those vapours that offended us,
And by the benefit of his wished light
The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
Two ships from far making amain to us;
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:
But ere they came, — O, let me say no more!
Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man; do not break off so;
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Æge. O, had the gods done so, [19] I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us!
For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;
Which being violently borne upon, [20]
Our helpful ship [21] was splitted in the midst;
So that in this unjust divorce of us
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, [22] poor soul! seeming as burdened
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind,
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length another ship had seized on us;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave healthful [23] welcome to their shipwrack'd guests;
And would have reft the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark [24] been very slow of sail;
And therefore homeward did they bend their course. —
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss,

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in der Fol. fehlt, ergänzt die zweite Folioausg. von 1632. — Zwischen *happy* und *hap* scheint ein Wortspiel beabsichtigt. 13) *the* verbesserte Theobald das *he* der Fol., was die späteren Folioausgg. stehen liessen und dafür mit grosser Willkür änderten *And he great store of goods at random leaving.* — Steevens las *And he (great care of goods at random left).* — Die Fol. hat für *random* die ältere Form *randone*, und in der vorhergehenden Zeile *Epidamium* für *Epidamnum.* 14) *meaner* für das *meane* der Fol. zu lesen, scheint eine natürlichere Verbesserung, als mit der zweiten Folioausg. vor *mean* ein *poor* einzuschieben, da von der Armuth der Leute erst nachher die Rede ist: *for their parents were exceeding poor. — a meaner woman* = eine Frau von geringerer Herkunft, im Gegensatz zu der Frau des Aegeon. — Auch die Cambridge Edd. lesen *meaner*, was, wie sie bemerken, schon Sidney Walker's Conjectur war. 15) Wir waren eine Meile von Epidamnum weit gesegelt, ehe die stets dem Winde gehorchende Tiefe uns irgend ein unheilvolles Zeichen unseres Schadens gegeben. — In dem Vorhergehenden verbindet die Interpunction der Fol., welche Capell mit Recht beibehält, *too soon* mit *we came aboard.* Andere setzen ein Punctum hinter *soon.* 16) *plaining* = Wehklage, Gewimmer. — *to plain* für *to lament* ist als transitives und als neutrales Verbum zu Sh.'s Zeit sehr gebräuchlich. — Die Kinder, die nicht wussten, was zu befürchten stand, klagten nur gleichsam des Herkommens, der Mode wegen mit, klagten nur, weil es so gebräuchlich schien. 17) Unter *other* ist der andere Sohn nebst dem zweiten Sklavenzwilling verstanden. 18) *were* verbesserte Rowe das *was* der Fol. 19) Wenn die Götter sich damals erbarmt hätten, so würde ich sie jetzt nicht mit Fug als unbarmherzig gegen uns bezeichnet haben. 20) Die Fol. hat *borne up*, die zweite Folioausg. von 1632 *borne up upon.* — Malone strich das *up* mit Recht. 21) Für *our helpful ship* liest Rowe *our helpless ship.* 22) *her part* ist der Theil, welcher seiner Frau an der bis dahin gemeinschaftlich besessenen Freude und Sorge blieb, das eine Ende des Mastes, an dem sie selbst mit dem einen Zwillingssohne und dem einen Sklavenzwilling festgebunden war: *they three*, wie sie gleich nachher heissen. 23) Für *healthful welcome*, das sich auf *to their guests* bezieht, = ein Willkomm, der den Schiffbrüchigen Heil brachte, gedeihlich war, las Malone ohne Grund *helpful welcome* mit der zweiten Folioausg. — *helpful* stand passender kurz vorher bei *helpful ship.* — Das Subject *another ship* wird im Verlaufe des Satzes, wie das *their shipwrack'd guests* und das folgende *And would have etc.* sowie *and therefore homeward* zeigt, von der Mannschaft des Schiffes, nicht eigentlich vom Schiffe selbst verstanden. 24) Die Fol. hat *back* für *bark*, verbessert in der zweiten Folioausg. 25) *have befall'n*

That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.
Duke. And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them, and thee,[25] till now.
Æge. My youngest boy,[26] and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother; and importun'd[27] me,
That his attendant (so his case was like,[28]
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name)
Might bear him company in the quest of him;
Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.[29]
Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,
Roaming clean[30] through the bounds of Asia,
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus,
Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought
Or that,[31] or any place that harbours men.
But there must end the story of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.
Duke. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd
To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, would they, may not disannul,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
But though thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recall'd
But to our honour's great disparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can:
Therefore, merchant, I 'll limit[32] thee this day,
To seek thy help by beneficial help:[33]
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live; if no,[34] then thou art doom'd to die. —
Gaoler, take him to thy custody.
Gaol. I will, my lord.

Æge. Hopeless, and helpless, doth Ægeon wend,[35]
But to procrastinate his lifeless end.[36] *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A public Place.

Enter Antipholus *and* Dromio *of Syracuse, and a Merchant.*[1]

Mer. Therefore, give out you are of Epidamnum,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day, a Syracusian merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to buy out his life
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.[2]
There is your money that I had to keep.
Ant. S. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner-time:
Till that, I 'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return and sleep within mine inn;
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
Get thee away.
Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a mean.[3] *[Exit.*
Ant. S. A trusty villain,[4] Sir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?
Mer. I am invited, Sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit;
I crave your pardon. Soon at five o'clock,[5]
Please you, I 'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterwards consort[6] you till bed-time:
My present business calls me from you now.

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und *and they* in der Fol. — Die zweite Folioausg. hat das Richtige. 26) Sh. beachtete hier nicht, dass vorher der bei der Mutter gebliebene Sohn als der jüngere bezeichnet war: *My wife, more careful for the latter-born.* 27) *to importune* betont Sh. auf der zweiten Sylbe. 28) *so* ist mit *like* zu verbinden: so gleich war seine Lage der seines Herrn, indem er seines Bruders beraubt war, aber dessen Namen beibehalten hatte. 29) Während Aegeon an der liebevollen Sehnsucht *(love)* leidet, den verlorenen Sohn zu sehen, riskirte er den Verlust des ihm gebliebenen Sohnes, den er liebte, indem er ihn aussandte, den andern zu suchen. — *love to see* ist wohl der Antithese wegen zu *whom I lov'd* gesetzt. 30) *clean* = durchaus, ganz und gar, gehört zu dem folgenden *through the bounds* = durch alle Bezirke. 31) *that* scil. *place* bezieht sich auf Ephesus: Aegeon, wenn er auch die Hoffnung, die Söhne zu finden, aufgegeben hatte, mochte doch weder Ephesus noch irgend einen andern Platz undurchforscht lassen. 32) *to limit* = als Frist setzen. 33) Die Wiederholung des *help* in derselben Zeile, welche Malone für eigenthümlich Sh.'sch hält, mag eben so leicht aus einer Unachtsamkeit des Setzers herrühren. So wollte Pope *thy life*, Collier aber *thy hope* lesen, weil nachher Aegeon *hopeless* und *helpless* zusammenstellt. 34) *no* gebraucht Sh. auch sonst für das absolut stehende *not*. So in Measure for Measure (A. 3, Sc. 2) *Canst thou tell, if Claudio die to-morrow, or no?* 35) *to wend* = sich wenden, gehen. Das veraltete Wort kommt auch vor in Midsummer Night's Dream (A. 3, Sc. 2) *And back to Athens shall the lovers wend.* 36) *lifeless*, in der Fol. *liveless*, gehört dem Sinne nach mehr zu *his* als zu *end:* Aegeon will seinen Tod um einen Tag aufschieben, obwohl er eigentlich schon jetzt nicht mehr lebte. — Sh. dachte an *his lifeless life*, oder an *the end of his lifeless life.*

1) Die Fol. hat *Enter Antipholis Erotes, a Marchant, and Dromio.* — *Antipholis* und *Antipholus* schreibt die Fol. wechselweise, und *Erotes*, wofür die Fol. weiterhin einmal *Errotis* hat, ist wahrscheinlich verstümmelt aus dem lateinischen *Erraticus*, wie *Sereptus*, womit der andere Antipholus in der folgenden Scene bezeichnet wird, aus *Surreptus*, — zwei Prädicate, womit vielleicht die alte, verloren gegangene Komödie Historie of Error die beiden Zwillinge unterschied. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 159. 2) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1, Anm. 7. — So in K. Richard III. (A. 5, Sc. 3) *The weary sun hath made a golden set.* 3) *so good a mean* ist das Geld, das ihm Antipholus in Verwahr giebt und das ein gutes Reisegeld abgeben würde. 4) *villain* gebraucht Sh. hier = ein bäuerischer Mensch, ein Mensch von niederer Herkunft und geringer Bildung, nicht geradezu = *bondman or slave*, wie Malone erklärt. 5) *soon* ist mit *at five o'clock* zu verbinden = wenn es bald fünf Uhr ist, ungefähr um fünf Uhr, wie *soon at night* = gegen Abend. 6) *to consort* als transitives Verbum mit dem Accusativ

Ant. S. Farewell till then. I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down to view the city.
Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content. *[Exit.*
Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world[7] am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop;
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:[8]
So I, to find[9] a mother, and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Enter DROMIO *of Ephesus.*

Here comes the almanac of my true date.[10]
What now? How chance thou art return'd so soon?
Dro. E. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late.
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit,
The clock hath strucken twelve upon the bell;
My mistress made it one[11] upon my cheek:
She is so hot, because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, because you come not home;
You come not home, because you have no stomach;
You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
But we, that know what 't is to fast and pray,
Are penitent[12] for your default to-day.
Ant. S. Stop in your wind, Sir. Tell me this, I pray:
Where have you left the money that I gave you?
Dro. E. O! sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last,
To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper;[13]
The saddler had it,[14] Sir; I kept it not.
Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humour now.
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?
Dro. E. I pray you, jest, Sir, as you sit at dinner.
I from my mistress come to you in post;
If I return, I shall be post indeed,[15]
For she will score your fault upon my pate.
Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be your clock,[16]
And strike you home without a messenger.
Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come; these jests are out of season:
Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?
Dro. E. To me, Sir? why, you gave no gold to me.
Ant. S. Come on, sir knave; have done your foolishness,
And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.[17]
Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your house, the Phœnix,[18] Sir, to dinner.
My mistress, and her sister, stay for you.
Ant. S. Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd[19] my money;
Or I shall break that merry sconce[20] of yours,
That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd.
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?
Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate;
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
But not a thousand marks[21] between you both.
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance, you will not bear them patiently.
Ant. S. Thy mistress' marks! what mistress, slave, hast thou?
Dro. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phœnix;
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,
And prays[22] that you will hie you home to dinner.
Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? [23] There, take you that, sir knave.
[Strikes him.
Dro. E. What mean you, Sir? for God's sake, hold your hands.
Nay, an you will not, Sir, I 'll take my heels. *[Exit.*
Ant. S. Upon my life, by some device or other
The villain is o'erraught[24] of all my money.
They say, this town is full of cozenage;[25]
As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
Dark-working[26] sorcerers that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches that deform the body,
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,

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der Person = Jemandem Gesellschaft leisten, ihn begleiten. So in Romeo and Juliet (A. 3, Sc. 1) *Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here.* — Malone wollte ohne Grund *consort with you* ändern. 7) *to the world* = im Verhältniss zur Welt oder zu den Menschen, der Welt gegenüber. 8) *to confound one's self* ist zugleich = sich vermengen mit den übrigen Tropfen des Weltmeers, und = sich vernichten, untergehen. — *unseen, inquisitive* ist nach Sh.'scher Construction zu verbinden: indem er, selber ungesehen, Nachforschungen anstellt. — Staunton interpungirt *unseen inquisitive!* und fasst *inquisitive* geradezu als *inquisitor.* 9) *to find* = ausfindig machen, ist Gegensatz zu *lose myself.* 10) Der mit ihm in derselben Stunde geborene Dromio ist der Kalender, in welchem er das wahre Datum seiner Geburt finden kann. 11) scil. *made it strike one.* — Er spielt auf die Ohrfeige an, die er von der Adriana wegen seiner vermeintlichen Saumseligkeit erhielt. 12) Wir, die wir fasten und beten, müssen büssen für das, was Ihr verschuldet. 13) *my mistress' crupper* ist der hintere Theil des Damensattels seiner Herrin. So in Taming of the Shrew (A. 3, Sc. 2) *a woman's crupper of velure.* 14) Der Sattler empfing das Geld von mir. 15) Wortspiel zwischen *post* = Eile, Eilbote, und = Pfosten, auf den die Zeche oder Schuldrechnung eingekerbt oder mit Kreide verzeichnet zu werden pflegte, wie Adriana, was Antipholus sich zu Schulden kommen lässt, auf den Schädel Dromio's einkerbt. — Für *score* schreibt die Fol. *scoure.* 16) *clock* ist Pope's, durch das folgende *strike* gerechtfertigte, Emendation für *cook* in der Fol. 17) *thy charge* ist in Antipholus' Sinn = das Dir anvertraute Geld, in Dromio's Sinn = Dein Auftrag. 18) Das Haus des Antipholus von Ephesus hiess so nach einem Bilde des Phönix, das ihm als Abzeichen diente. 19) *to bestow* = unterbringen, bergen. So in Hamlet (A. 3, Sc. 1) *we will bestow ourselves.* 20) *sconce* = Schädel, wie sonst *to break one's pate* oder *one's head* steht, = Einem den Kopf wund schlagen. — *merry* = spasshaft, bezieht sich eigentlich auf Dromio; ebenso der relative Satz *That stands etc.* 21) Ihr habt mir Alle Beide noch keine tausend Mark zu verdienen gegeben. — Das Wortspiel ist zwischen *mark* = eine Münze, und = Abzeichen, hier am Körper von den erhaltenen Schlägen. 22) *fast* und *pray* = fasten und beten oder bitten, wird hier so scherzhaft zusammengestellt, wie vorher. Vgl. oben Anm. 12. 23) Da es Dir verboten würde, mich zu verhöhnen. 24) *o'erraught*, die alte Participialform von *to overreach* = prellen, übervortheilen, schreibt die Fol. irrthümlich *orewrought.* 25) Eine ähnliche Schilderung, wie sie hier Sh. von Ephesus entwirft, hat Plautus an der entspre-

And many such like liberties of sin:[27]
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I 'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave:
I greatly fear, my money is not safe. *[Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A public Place.

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.[1]

Adr. Neither my husband, nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.
Luc. Perhaps, some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he 's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret:
A man is master of his liberty:
Time is their master; and, when they see time,
They 'll go, or come: if so, be patient, sister.
Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more?[2]
Luc. Because their business still lies out o' door.
Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.[3]
Luc. O! know he is the bridle of your will.
Adr. There 's none but asses will be bridled so.
Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.[4]
There 's nothing situate under heaven's eye
But hath his bound, in earth,[5] in sea, in sky:
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' subjects, and at their controls.
Men, more divine, the masters of all these,
Lords of the wide world,[6] and wild wat'ry seas,
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords:
Then, let your will attend on their accords.
Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.
Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.
Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.
Luc. Ere I learn love, I 'll practise to obey.
Adr. How if your husband start some other where?[7]
Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear.
Adr. Patience unmov'd, no marvel though she pause;[8]
They can be meek that have no other cause.[9]
A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain;[10]
So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpless patience[11] wouldst relieve me:
But if thou live to see like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd[12] patience in thee will be left.
Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try. —
Here comes your man: now is your husband nigh.

Enter DROMIO *of Ephesus.*

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?
Dro. E. Nay, he is at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.
Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? Know'st thou his mind?
Dro. E. Ay, ay; he told his mind upon mine ear. Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.
Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his meaning?
Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.[13]

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chenden Stelle der Menächmen in Betreff von Epidamnum, wo bei ihm die Scene spielt. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 161 26) *dark-working* = im Finstern arbeitend. — *soul-killing* = die Seelen ihrer Opfer verderbend, die Seele verwirrend, indem sie zugleich den Leib entstellen. 27) *such like liberties of sin* = solche Gewerbe, wie die obengenannten, die gleichsam ein Privilegium zur Sünde, zu sündhafter Betreibung, haben. — Hanmer wollte *libertines of sin* lesen.

1) Die Fol. hat *Enter Adriana, wife to Antipholis Sereptus, with Luciana her sister.* Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 2, Anm. 1. 2) Der Reim *more—door* hat die Umstellung von *be more than ours* bewirkt. 3) Wenn ich es so mit ihm mache, wie er mit mir, so nimmt er es übel. — *ill*, das Sinn und Reim fordern, setzt die zweite Folioausg. von 1632 für *thus* der Fol. 4) Das Leid oder Wehgefühl ist gleichsam die Peitsche, die Züchtigung, mit welcher eigensinniger Freiheitsdrang bestraft wird. 5) *in earth etc.* gehört zu *there 's nothing.* — *in sky* = in der Luft, geht auf die *winged fowls.* 6) *men, masters, lords* setzte zuerst Hanmer in Uebereinstimmung mit dem folgenden *Are masters etc.* für *man, master, lord* der Fol. Vielleicht begann Sh. den Satz mit dem Singular und ging nachher in den Plural über; ein Constructionswechsel, der bei ihm nicht selten ist, so oft Zwischensätze, wie hier, zwischen das Subject und das Prädicat treten. 7) Wie aber, wenn Euer Gatte irgendwo sonsthin abspringt, Euch untreu wird. — *some other where* = *somewhere else.* — Steevens fasst ohne Grund *where* als Substantiv und *to start* als transitives Verbum. — Johnson vermuthet *hare* für *where*, wie in As you like it (A. 4, Sc. 3) *Her love is not the hare that I do hunt.* 8) *to pause* = still halten, ruhig bleiben: kein Wunder, dass eine Geduld, die nicht gereizt wird, ruhig bleibt. 9) Die keine Ursache zu Anderem haben, keine Ursache, anders zu sein. — *other* ist eben so kühn mit *cause* verbunden, wie vorher *lifeless* mit *end.* Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1, Anm. 36. 10) Die Construction ist *we ourselves should complain.* — *to complain one's self* ist hier wohl eben so wenig anzunehmen, wie in K. Richard II. (A. 1, Sc. 2) *Where then, alas! may I complain myself?* wo die Hgg. *myself* als reflexives Pronomen und Object zu *complain* fassen. 11) Indem Du mir eine Geduld anempfiehlst, die nichts frommt, oder die sich nicht zu helfen weiss. 12) *fool-begg'd*, eigentlich = als ein Narr erbeten, dann = närrisch, blödsinnig überhaupt, ein Epitheton, gebildet aus der sprichwörtlich gebrauchten Phrase *to beg somebody for a fool* = sich die Vormundschaft über Jemanden ausbitten, weil er verrückt ist und sein Vermögen nicht selbst verwalten kann. So in Dekker's Honest Whore: *If I fret not his guts, beg me for a fool.* — Der Sinn des ganzen Satzes ist: wenn Du es erlebst, dass Dir ein gleiches Recht geraubt wird, so wird diese blödsinnige, einer Vormundschaft bedürftige, Geduld in Dir schon aufhören, im Stiche gelassen werden. 13) Das Wortspiel zwischen *to understand* = verstehen, und = unter Etwas stehen, Etwas aushalten, für *to stand under*, kommt ähnlich in Two Gentlemen of Verona (A. 2, Sc. 5) vor: *my staff understands me.* — Demgemäss ist auch *doubtfully*

Adr. But say, I pr'ythee, is he coming home?
It seems, he hath great care to please his wife.
Dro. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.
Adr. Horn-mad, [14] thou villain!
Dro. E. I mean not cuckold-mad; but, sure, he is stark mad.
When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a thousand [15] marks in gold:
»'T is dinner-time,« quoth I; »my gold!« quoth he:
»Your meat doth burn,« quoth I; »my gold!« quoth he:
»Will you come home?« [16] quoth I; »my gold!« quoth he:
»Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?«
»The pig,« quoth I, »is burn'd;« [17] »my gold!« quoth he:
»My mistress, Sir,« quoth I; »hang up thy mistress!
I know not thy mistress: out on thy mistress!«
Luc. Quoth who?
Dro. E. Quoth my master:
»I know,« quoth he, »no house, no wife, no mistress.«
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bear home upon my shoulders; [18]
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.
Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.
Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God's sake, send some other messenger.
Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.
Dro. E. And he will bless that cross [19] with other beating.
Between you I shall have a holy head.
Adr. Hence, prating peasant! fetch thy master home.
Dro. E. Am I so round with you, as you with me, [20]
That like a football you do spurn me thus?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.
[Exit.

Luc. Fie, how impatience lowereth in your face!
Adr. His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look. [21]
Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? then he [22] hath wasted it:
Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
Unkindness blunts it, more than marble hard.
Do their [23] gay vestments his affections bait?
That 's not my fault; he 's master of my state.
What ruins are in me, that can be found
By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground
Of my defeatures. [24] My decayed fair [25]
A sunny look of his would soon repair;
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home: [26] poor I am but his stale. [27]
Luc. Self-harming jealousy! — fie! beat it hence.
Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.
I know his eye doth homage otherwhere,
Or else, what lets it but he would be here? [28]
Sister, you know, he promis'd me a chain:
'Would that alone alone [29] he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
I see, the jewel best enamelled
Will lose his beauty: and though gold 'bides still,
That others touch, yet often touching will
Wear gold; and no man, that hath a name,
But falsehood and corruption doth it shame. [30]

doppelsinnig = zweideutig, von der Rede, und = gefährlich, furchtbar, von den Schlägen. 14) *horn-mad*, zunächst von wildgewordenen Rindern = so toll, dass sie mit den Hörnern stossen, gebraucht Sh. auch sonst mit der Anspielung auf das Horn des Hahnrei = hahnreitoll; so in Much Ado about Nothing (A. 1, Sc. 1) *If this should ever happen, thou wouldst be horn-mad.* 15) *a hundred marks* in der Fol. — Das Richtige hat schon die zweite Folioausg. 16) Das Wort *home*, das zufällig in der Fol. hinter dem ähnlichen *come* ausgefallen war, ergänzte zuerst Hanmer, in Uebereinstimmung mit Dromio's Worten in der vorigen Scene. 17) Genauer hatte Dromio in der vorigen Scene gesagt *The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit.* 18) Die Botschaft, die ich eigentlich auf meiner Zunge haben sollte, die ich mündlich abstatten sollte, die bringe ich in den mir ertheilten Schlägen auf meinem Rücken mit nach Haus. 19) Wortspiel zwischen *across* = quer durch, und *cross* = Zeichen des Kreuzes. 20) *round* = gerade heraus, dreist gegen Jemanden, und = rund, wie ein Ball, eine Kugel, die man mit den Füssen fortrollt. — Auf einen solchen mit Leder überzogenen Ball bezieht sich auch das folgende *case me in leather.* 21) *to starve for* = nach Etwas schmachten. So in Sh.'s Sonnets (75) *Sometime all full with feasting on your sight,* || *And by and by clean starved for a look.* 22) Auf *he* liegt der Nachdruck. 23) *their* bezieht sich auf das freilich ziemlich weit vorhergegangene *his minions.* 24) *defeature* = entstellte Gesichtszüge, Entstellung, gebraucht Sh. auch in Venus and Adonis: *To mingle beauty with infirmity,* || *And pure perfection with impure defeature.* 25) *fair* = Schönheit, auch im abstracten Sinne, ist bei Sh. und seinen Zeitgenossen häufig. 26) Das Bild ist von einem Rehe gebraucht, welches aus dem ihm zugewiesenen Bezirk, etwa in einem Parke, entweicht und sich auswärts sein Futter sucht. 27) *stale* ist alles zur Schau Ausgestellte, sei es um damit anzulocken oder um sich desselben als Vorwand und Deckmantel zu bedienen. So hat Antipholus die Adriana zur Frau, um desto besser unter der Maske des Ehemanns seinen Lüsten zu fröhnen. — *stale* könnte, wie Staunton meint, hier auch im Sinne des adjectivischen *stale* stehen = *out of date, insipid.* Er citirt dazu aus Cymbeline (A. 3, Sc. 4) die Parallelstelle *Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion.* 28) *to let* = verhindern: was steht im Wege, dass er nicht hier sein sollte? 29) So verbessert die zweite Folioausg. das *alone, a love* (*loue* gedruckt) der ersten Fol. — Diese emphatische Wiederholung des Wortes findet sich in Sh.'s Lucrece: *But I alone alone must sit and pine.* Der Sinn ist: ich wollte, dass Antipholus die Kette allein, nur die Kette mir vorenthielte, wenn er dafür nur meinem Bette treu bliebe. 30) Diese offenbar corrupte und von den Hggn. nur sehr unsicher emendirte Stelle lautet in der Fol. nach deren Orthographie und Interpunction so: *I see the Jewell best enamaled* || *Will loose his beautie: yet the gold bides still* || *That others touch, and often touching will* || *Where gold and no man that hath a name,* || *By falshood and corruption doth it shame:* || — Adriana vergleicht mit dem Golde, das freilich die Probe besteht, aber von zu wiederholter Erprobung oder Berührung doch afficirt wird, den guten Namen eines Menschen, der auch auf die Dauer durch Falschheit und Schlechtigkeit afficirt wird. — Die von der Fol. abweichenden Lesarten des Textes rühren grösstentheils von Theobald her. 31) scil. *I'll weep away what is left of my beauty.*

Coll. 2 claims credit for suggesting the [illegible]
emendation saying his suggestion in 1873
was first and slapping at Sumner for not giving
him credit. Had Sumner never [illegible] [illegible]?
Or are our dates wrong?

III, 2, 148-151 ("And I thinke... wheele.")

Stet as prose:

Sing.i Coll.i

Two verse lines, running "And I thinke ... steele," and "She had transform'd ... wheel." Knt.i 2 Huds.i

Two verse lines, running "If my breast ... steel," and "She had transform'd ... wheel." (leaving "And I thinke as prose): Sing.2

(over)

Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I 'll weep what 's left away,[31] and weeping die.
Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!
[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The Same.

Enter Antipholus *of Syracuse.*

Ant. S. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave
Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out.
By computation, and mine host's report,
I could not speak with Dromio, since at first
I sent him from the mart.[1] See, here he comes.

Enter Dromio *of Syracuse.*

How now, Sir? is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
You know no Centaur?[2] You receiv'd no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the Phœnix? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?
Dro. S. What answer, Sir? when spake I such a word?
Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.
Dro. S. I did nôt see you since you sent me hence,
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.
Ant. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt,
And toldst me of a mistress, and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou feltst I was displeas'd.
Dro. S. I am glad to see you in this merry vein.
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.
Ant. S. Yea, dost thou jeer, and flout me in the teeth?
Think'st thou, I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that.
[Beating him.
Dro. S. Hold, Sir; for God's sake! now your jest is earnest:
Upon what bargain do you give it me?[3]
Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jet[4] upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.
When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies, when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,[5]
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.
Dro. S. Sconce,[6] call you it? so you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and ensconce it too; or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders.[7] But, I pray, Sir, why am I beaten?
Ant. S. Dost thou not know?
Dro. S. Nothing, Sir, but that I am beaten.
Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?
Dro. S. Ay, Sir, and wherefore; for, they say, every why hath a wherefore.
Ant. S. Why, first, — for flouting me; and then, wherefore, —
For urging it the second time to me.
Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season,
When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither rhyme nor reason? —
Well, Sir, I thank you.
Ant. S. Thank me, Sir? for what?
Dro. S. Marry, Sir, for this something, that you gave me for nothing.
Ant. S. I 'll make you amends next,[8] to give you nothing for something. But say, Sir, is it dinner-time?
Dro. S. No, Sir: I think, the meat wants that I have.
Ant. S. In good time, Sir; what 's that?
Dro. S. Basting.[9]
Ant. S. Well, Sir, then 't will be dry.
Dro. S. If it be, Sir, I pray you eat none of it.
Ant. S. Your reason?
Dro. S. Lest it make you choleric,[10] and purchase me another dry basting.
Ant. S. Well, Sir, learn to jest in good time: there 's a time for all things.
Dro. S. I durst have denied that, before you were so choleric.
Ant. S. By what rule, Sir?
Dro. S. Marry, Sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himself.
Ant. S. Let 's hear it.
Dro. S. There 's no time for a man to recover his hair that grows bald by nature.
Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?[11]
Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig, and recover the lost hair of another man.

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1) Nach der Berechnung der inzwischen verstrichenen Zeit und nach der Aussage des Wirths im Centauren hätte das Gespräch, welches Antipholus von Syrakus mit seinem vermeintlichen Diener, eigentlich aber mit dem Dromio von Ephesus (A. 1, Sc. 2) gehabt hat, gar nicht stattfinden können. — Antipholus wird hier bei seinem Auftreten als *Antipholis Erroris* bezeichnet. Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 2, Anm. 1. 2) In der vorhergehenden Unterredung, auf welche Antipholus sich hier bezieht, war von dem Wirthshause zum Centauren nicht die Rede gewesen. 3) Wortspiel zwischen *earnest* = Ernst, und = Handgeld. 4) *jet* ist Dyce's glückliche Emendation für *jest* der Fol. und der bisherigen Hgg. — *to jet* = übergreifen, sich Uebergriffe erlauben, kommt auch in K. Richard III. (A. 2, Sc. 4) vor: *Insulting tyranny begins to jet || Upon the innocent and awless throne,* und passt auch zu dem Folgenden: Deine Zudringlichkeit missbraucht meine Freundlichkeit und macht auch meine ernstem Nachdenken gewidmeten, nicht zum Spass bestimmten Stunden gleichsam zu einem Gemeindegut, auf dem Jeder sich herumtreiben kann. So in Love's Labour's Lost (A. 2, Sc. 1) *My lips are no common, though several they be.* 5) *aspect* betont Sh. auf der zweiten Sylbe: erforsche erst mein Ansehn, ob ich zum Scherz aufgelegt bin. 6) Wortspiel zwischen *sconce* = Schädel, und = Schanze, Bollwerk. — *to ensconce* = verschanzen, schirmen, decken, kommt bei Sh. und seinen Zeitgenossen öfter vor. 7) Weil Dromio's Verstand in den Schultern oder im Rücken sicherer steckt, als in dem von Antipholus' Schlägen bedrohten Kopfe. 8) *next* = nächstens. 9) Wortspiel zwischen *to baste* = prügeln, und, vom Fleische gebraucht, = anfetten, mit Butter oder Fett beträufeln, während es gebraten wird. In dem Sinne hatte Dromio gesagt: dem Fleische fehlt noch, was ich schon habe. 10) So heisst es in Taming of the Shrew (A. 4, Sc. 1) von ausgedörrtem, zu stark gebratenem Fleische *it engenders choler, planteth anger.* 11) Dromio fasst *to recover* im gewöhnlichen Sinne, Antipholus *recovery* im juristischen Sinne = Erlangung eines Schadenersatzes, und stellt es mit *fine* = Schadenersatz, zusammen, wie in

Ant. S. Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement? [12]

Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts: and what he hath scanted men [13] in hair, he hath given them in wit.

Ant. S. Why, but there 's many a man hath more hair than wit. [14]

Dro. S. Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

Ant. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

Dro. S. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. S. For what reason?

Dro. S. For two; and sound ones too.

Ant. S. Nay, not sound, [15] I pray you.

Dro. S. Sure ones then.

Ant. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing. [16]

Dro. S. Certain ones then.

Ant. S. Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring; [17] the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. S. You would all this time have proved, there is no time for all things.

Dro. S. Marry, and did, Sir; namely, no time [18] to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. S. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

Dro. S. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.

Ant. S. I knew, 't would be a bald conclusion. But soft! who wafts [19] us yonder?

Enter Adriana *and* Luciana.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange, and frown:
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects,
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou unurg'd wouldst vow
That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to thee.
How comes it now, my husband, O! how comes it,
That thou art then estranged from thyself?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;
For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall [20]
A drop of water in the breaking gulf,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thyself, and not me too.
How dearly [21] would it touch thee to the quick,
Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious,
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate! [22]
Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face, [23]
And tear the stain'd skin off [24] my harlot-brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing [25] vow?
I know thou canst; and therefore, see thou do it.
I am possess'd with an adulterate blot; [26]
My blood is mingled with the crime [27] of lust:
For, if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted [28] by thy contagion.
Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;
I live distain'd, thou undishonoured. [29]

Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not.
In Ephesus I am but two hours old,

Merry Wives of Windsor (A. 4, Sc. 2) *with fine and recovery.* 12) *excrement* = Auswuchs, steht bei Sh. und seinen Zeitgenossen geradezu = Haar; so in Soliman and Perseda: *not an hair, not an excrement.* 13) *men* emendirt Theobald das *them* der Fol., das sich widersinnig nur auf *beasts* beziehen liesse. 14) Dasselbe Sprichwort in Two Gentlemen of Verona (A. 3, Sc. 1) *she hath more hair than wit.* — Solch ein Mann, fährt Dromio fort, der mehr Haar als Verstand hat, verliert dann durch seinen Mangel an Verstand auch noch das Haar, indem er sich mit liederlichen Weibsbildern einlässt und von ihnen angesteckt wird. So in Dekker's Roaring Girl: *your women are so hot, I must lose my hair in their company, I see.* 15) Dromio fasst *sound* = stichhaltig, in Bezug auf *reason;* Antipholus = gesund, in Bezug auf die besprochene Art, wie die Männer ihr Haar verlieren. 16) *to false* = falsch sein, fälschen, ein von Sh.'s Zeitgenossen oft gebrauchtes Verbum. So in Lodge's Novelle Rosalynd: *before I false my faith to thee.* — Heath las *falling* für *falsing.* 17) *tiring,* in alter Orthographie *tyring,* Pope's Emendation für *trying* der Fol., erscheint plausibler als *trimming,* wie schon Rowe las. — *to tire* = frisiren. 18) Die Fol. hat *in no time,* woraus Malone *e'en no time* machte. Richtiger streicht die zweite Folioausg. einfach das *in.* 19) *to waft* = mit der Hand winken. 20) *to fall* = fallen lassen, als transitives Verbum. 21) *dearly* = tief eingehend, nahe betreffend. 22) *contaminate* für *contaminated,* wie Sh. die Participia auf *—ate* häufig bildet. 23) Antipholus würde nicht länger Adriana's Gatte heissen wollen, er würde ihr diesen Namen, den er nicht behalten wollte, in's Gesicht schleudern. 24) *off* setzte Hanmer für das *of* der Fol., um so plausibler, da die alte Orthographie zwischen beiden Wörtern nicht immer streng unterscheidet. — Staunton findet hier eine Anspielung auf die Sitte, auch Weiber wegen notorisch liederlichen Lebenswandels auf die Stirn zu brandmarken. 25) *deep-divorcing* = tief oder gründlich scheidend. Vielleicht wäre aber *deep, divorcing vow* zu lesen, und *deep* mit *vow* zu verbinden, wie *deep oath* bei Sh. vorkommt (Love's Labour's Lost A. 1, Sc. 1 und Sonnets 152), und in Measure for Measure (A. 4, Sc. 3) ein Eigenname *Deep-vow* fingirt wird. 26) *adulterate blot* = Makel, der einer Ehebrecherin anhaftet. 27) Für *crime* wollte Warburton *grime* = Schmutz, lesen. Der Sinn ist indess wohl nur: verbrecherische Wollust hat sich meinem Blute beigemischt. 28) *to strumpet* = zur Metze machen. So in Heywood's Royal King and Loyal Subject: *to have strumpeted the fairest of your blood.* — Sh. hat das Wort nur an dieser Stelle. 29) Die meisten Hgg. schreiben für das *distain'd* der Fol., welches nur = befleckt, sein kann, *dis-stain'd* und geben diesem neugebildeten Worte die entgegengesetzte Bedeutung = fleckenlos. Besser liest Hanmer *unstain'd.* Indess ist der Sinn des Satzes, der sich in resümirender Weise auf die ganze vorhergehende Rede, nicht auf den

As strange unto your town, as to your talk;
Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
Want[30] wit in all one word to understand.
Luc. Fie, brother: how the world is chang'd with you!
When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.
Ant. S. By Dromio?
Dro. S. By me?
Adr. By thee; and this thou didst return from him, —
That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows,
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.[31]
Ant. S. Did you converse, Sir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the course and drift of your compact?[32]
Dro. S. I, Sir? I never saw her till this time.
Ant. S. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.
Dro. S. I never spake with her in all my life.
Ant. S. How can she thus then call us by our names,
Unless it be by inspiration?
Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood!
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,[33]
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine;
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine,
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger[34] state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
If aught possess thee from me,[35] it is dross,
Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.
Ant. S. To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme!
What, was I married to her in my dream,
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I 'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.[36]
Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.
Dro. S. O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.
This is the fairy land: O, spite of spites!
We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites.[37]
If we obey them not, this will ensue,
They 'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.
Luc. Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not?
Dromio, thou drone,[38] thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!
Dro. S. I am transformed, master, am I not?
Ant. S. I think thou art, in mind, and so am I.
Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.
Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.
Dro. S. No, I am an ape.
Luc. If thou art chang'd to aught, 't is to an ass.
Dro. S. 'T is true; she rides me, and I long for grass.
'T is so, I am an ass; else it could never be,
But I should know her, as well as she knows me.
Adr. Come, come; no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilst man and master laugh my woes to scorn.
Come, Sir, to dinner. — Dromio, keep the gate. —
Husband, I 'll dine above with you to-day,
And shrive you[39] of a thousand idle pranks. —
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter. —
Come, sister. — Dromio, play the porter well.
Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking? mad, or well-advis'd?
Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd?
I 'll say as they say, and persever[40] so,
And in this mist at all adventures go.
Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?
Adr. Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.
Luc. Come, come, Antipholus; we dine too late.

[Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The Same.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of Ephesus*, DROMIO *of Ephesus*, ANGELO, *and* BALTHAZAR.

Ant. E. Good Signior Angelo, you must excuse us all;
My wife is shrewish, when I keep not hours.
Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop
To see the making of her carcanet,[1]
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here 's a villain, that would face me down

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letzten Vers bezieht, vielleicht der: so lange Du so fortfährst, fällt auf mich als Frau die Schmach Deines Benehmens, während Du selbst als Mann an Deiner Ehre keinen Abbruch erleidest. — *distain'd* bildet also zu *undishonoured* eben solchen Gegensatz, wie *I* zu *thou*. 30) *wants* in der Fol. — *who want* bezieht sich auf *I*, scil. *I want wit to understand one word in all your words.* 31) Und indem er Dich prügelte, leugnete er, dass mein Haus das seine, dass ich seine Frau sei. 32) *compact* betont Sh. auf der zweiten Sylbe. 33) *exempt* = dienstfrei, los und ledig von Jemandem: Wenn ich es mir auch gefallen lassen muss, dass Du unabhängig von mir bist, Dich nicht um mich zu kümmern hast, so verstärke diese Kränkung doch nicht durch eine hinzutretende weitere Geringschätzung. — *to wrong a wrong* ist mit Sh.'scher Kühnheit gesagt = eine Kränkung steigern, wie in K. Lear (A. 1, Sc. 1) *to want a want* = einen Mangel haben. — *more* adjectivisch = grösser, gebraucht Sh. häufig. 34) *stranger* in der Fol., verbessert in der vierten Folioausg. 35) Wenn irgend Etwas Dich umfängt und von mir trennt. — Das Bild von dem Ulmbaum, um den sich nur die Rebe schlingen sollte, und den statt ihrer Epheu und andere wuchernde Pflanzen umranken, wird noch fortgesetzt. — *idle moss* = nichtsnutziges Moos. 36) Die Fol. hat *the free'd fallacy*, wofür Pope *favour'd fallacy* las. Die plausiblere Emendation *offer'd* rührt von Capell her. 37) *elvish* fehlt in der Fol. und ist aus *Elves* in der zweiten Folioausg. gebildet. — Die Eulen werden als Begleiter oder als Verkörperungen böser Geister aufgefasst. 38) *drone*, was mit *Dromio* einen Gleichklang bildet, ist Theobald's Emendation. Die Fol. hat dafür zweimal *Dromio*, *thou Dromio*. — Weniger evident erscheint Theobald's Umstellung in der folgenden Zeile *am not I* für das *am I not* der Fol. 39) *to shrive of* = in die Beichte nehmen über Etwas, Jemanden Etwas beichten lassen. 40) *to persever*, auf der zweiten Sylbe betont, ist das Sh.'sche Wort.

He met me on the mart, and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold;
And that I did deny my wife and house. —
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this?

Dro. E. Say what you will, Sir, but I know what I know.

That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand[2] to show:
If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,
Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.

Ant. E. I think, thou art an ass.

Dro. E. Marry, so it doth appear,
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.
I should kick, being kick'd,[3] and being at that pass,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.

Ant. E. You are sad, Signior Balthazar: 'pray God, our cheer
May answer my good will, and your good welcome here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, Sir, and your welcome dear.

Ant. E. O Signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,
A table-full of welcome makes scarce one dainty fish.

Bal. Good meat, Sir, is common; that every churl affords.

Ant. E. And welcome more common, for that 's nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.

Ant. E. Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing guest:
But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
But soft! my door is lock'd. Go bid them let us in.

Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Jin![4]

Dro. S. *[Within.]* Mome,[5] malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch![6]
Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch.
Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,
When one is one too many? Go get thee from the door.

Dro. E. What patch is made our porter? — My master stays in the street.

Dro. S. *[Within.]* Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on 's feet.

Ant. E. Who talks within there? ho! open the door.

Dro. S. *[Within.]* Right, Sir: I 'll tell you when, an[7] you 'll tell me wherefore.

Ant. E. Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not din'd to-day.

Dro. S. *[Within.]* Nor to-day here you must not; come again when you may.

Ant. E. What art thou that keep'st me out from the house I owe?[8]

Dro. S. *[Within.]* The porter for this time, Sir, and my name is Dromio.

Dro. E. O villain! thou hast stolen both mine office and my name:
The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle[9] blame.
If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou wouldst have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an ass.

Luce. *[Within.]*[10] What a coil is there! Dromio, who are those at the gate?

Dro. E. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. *[Within.]* Faith no; he comes too late;
And so tell your master.

Dro. E. O Lord! I must laugh. —
Have at you with a proverb:[11] — Shall I set in my staff?

Luce. *[Within.]* Have at you with another: that 's, — When? can you tell?

Dro. S. *[Within.]* If thy name be called Luce, Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.

Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? you 'll let us in, I hope?[12]

Luce. *[Within.]* I thought to have ask'd you.

Dro. S. *[Within.]* And you said, no.

Dro. E. So; come, help:[13] well struck! there was blow for blow.

Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. *[Within.]* Can you tell for whose sake?

Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. *[Within.]* Let him knock till it ache.

Ant. E. You 'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

Luce. *[Within.]* What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?

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1) *carcanet* = Halsband, Halskette, namentlich mit Perlen und Edelsteinen besetzt. 2) Wortspiel zwischen *hand* = Hand, und = Handschrift, eigenhändige Unterschrift. 3) d. h. wenn ich wirklich ein Esel wäre, so würde ich hinten ausschlagen. Ich erscheine aber als ein Esel nur darin, dass ich mir Alles gefallen lasse. 4) Dromio ruft die Mägde des Hauses der Reihe nach bei ihren Namen. — *Jin*, wofür die Fol. *Ginn*, die meisten Hgg. *Jen* setzen, ist abgekürzt aus *Jane* oder *Jenny*. 5) *mome* = Einfaltspinsel. So wird in Heywood's Rape of Lucrece der verstellt blödsinnige Brutus bezeichnet: *Important are the affairs we have in hand;* || *Hence with that mome.* 6) *patch* = Narr, Lump. — So fragt Dromio von Ephesus gleich darauf: Welchen Narren oder Lump hat man zu unserm Pförtner gemacht? 7) Das *and* der Fol. ist hier offenbar als *an* = wenn, zu verstehen und zu schreiben, nicht als *and* = und, wie viele Hgg. setzen. 8) *to owe* = besitzen, sein eigen nennen. 9) *mickle* = gross, viel; ein veraltetes Wort, das sich vorzugsweise in Sh.'s Jugenddramen, manchmal mit komischem Nebensinn, findet. — *the other* geht auf *my name*. — Wenn Du heute Morgen Dromio gewesen wärest, sagt der andere Dromio in lebhafter Erinnerung an die Schläge, die er von seinem Herrn erhalten, so würdest Du gern Dein Gesicht hergegeben haben, um anders zu heissen, d. h. um nicht Dromio zu sein, oder Du hättest lieber Esel als Dromio geheissen. 10) Die Fol. hat *Enter Luce*, wie bald nachher *Enter Adriana*, obwohl diese Beiden den auf der Bühne Befindlichen nicht sichtbar werden. Vielleicht erschienen sie, gleichsam am Fenster, auf dem Balkon im Hintergrunde der Bühne. 11) Die sprichwörtliche Redensart, mit welcher Dromio die Magd angreift, ist eben *Shall I set etc.*: diejenige, mit der sie ihm Bescheid giebt, ist *When? can you tell?* eine schnöde Abfertigung zudringlicher Fragen. 12) Da dieser Vers reimlos unter lauter gereimten Versen steht, so vermuthet Malone, es sei hinter demselben ein Vers ausgefallen, der auf *rope* ausgegangen, und in welchem Antipholus die Luce mit einem Stricke als Züchtigung bedroht habe. — Theobald wollte für *I hope* lieber *I trow* lesen, um einen Reim zu den folgenden *no* und *blow* zu gewinnen. 13) Dromio ruft scherzhaft nach Hülfe in diesem Wortgefecht mit Luce.

Adr. *[Within.]* Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noise?
Dro. S. *[Within.]* By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.[14]
Ant. E. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.
Adr. *[Within.]* Your wife, sir knave? go get you from the door.
Dro. E. If you went in pain, master, this knave would go sore.[15]
Ang. Here is neither cheer, Sir, nor welcome: we would fain have either.
Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part[16] with neither.
Dro. E. They stand at the door, master: bid them welcome hither.
Ant. E. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.
Dro. E. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.
Your cake there is warm within; you stand here in the cold:
It would make a man mad as a buck to be so bought and sold.[17]
Ant. E. Go fetch me something: I 'll break ope the gate.
Dro. S. *[Within.]* Break any breaking[18] here, and I 'll break your knave's pate.
Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, Sir, and words are but wind;
Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.[19]
Dro. S. *[Within.]* It seems, thou wantest breaking. Out upon thee, hind!
Dro. E. Here 's too much out[20] upon thee! I pray thee, let me in.
Dro. S. *[Within.]* Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.
Ant. E. Well, I 'll break in. Go borrow me a crow.
Dro. E. A crow[21] without feather? master, mean you so?
For a fish without a fin, there 's a fowl without a feather.
If a crow help us in, sirrah, we 'll pluck a crow together.
Ant. E. Go get thee gone: fetch me an iron crow.
Bal. Have patience, Sir; O! let it not be so:
Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect
The unviolated honour of your wife.
Once[22] this, — your long experience of her wisdom,
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
Plead on her part[23] some cause to you unknown;
And doubt not, Sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the doors are made against you.[24]
Be rul'd by me: depart in patience,
And let us to the Tiger[25] all to dinner;
And about evening come yourself alone,
To know the reason of this strange restraint.
If by strong hand you offer to break in,
Now in the stirring passage of the day,[26]
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that supposed[27] by the common rout
Against your yet ungalled estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:
For slander lives upon succession;
For ever housed, where it gets possession.[28]
Ant. E. You have prevail'd. I will depart in quiet,
And, in despite of mirth,[29] mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent discourse, —
Pretty and witty, wild and yet, too, gentle, —
There will we dine: this woman that I mean,
My wife (but, I protest, without desert)
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal:[30]
To her will we to dinner. — Get you home,
And fetch the chain;[31] by this, I know, 't is made;
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porpentine;[32]
For there 's the house: that chain will I bestow
(Be it for nothing but to spite my wife)

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14) Dromio's Worte sind an die hinzutretende Adriana gerichtet. 15) Wenn Ihr Schmerzen hättet, Herr, so würde dieser Spitzbube, wie Eure Frau Euch titulirt, sie zugleich mitempfinden. — Eine versteckte Hinweisung auf die Identität seines Herrn mit einem Spitzbuben, zugleich ein Wortspiel zwischen *knave* = Spitzbube, und = Diener. 16) *to part* erklärt Tyrwhitt = Theil haben an Etwas, M. Mason richtiger mit = weggehen, scheiden: wir werden weggehen ohne Kost und ohne Willkommen. — *in debating which was best* bezieht sich auf ihr früheres Dispüt über *cheer* und *welcome.* 17) *bought and sold* = verrathen und verkauft. 18) *to break any breaking* für *to break anything* ist eine emphatische Wiederholung, wie in der vorigen Scene *to wrong a wrong.* Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 2, Anm. 33. 19) scil. *break his wind* = seinen Wind fahren lassen. — Wegen dieses unanständigen Wortwitzes sagt der andere Dromio, indem er das Wortspiel mit *to break* fortsetzt: Es scheint, Du hast Erziehung, Zähmung nöthig. 20) *out upon thee* = pfui über Dich, meint Dromio von Syrakus, und der andere Dromio fasst *out* = draussen: Es ist zu viel draussen an Dir, lass mich lieber hinein. 21) Wortspiel zwischen *crow* = Brecheisen, und = Krähe; dazu kommt nachher noch *to pluck a crow* = mit Jemandem ein Hühnchen pflücken. 22) *once* = kurz und gut, ein für alle Mal. So in Much Ado about Nothing (A. 1, Sc. 1) *Look, what will serve is fit: 't is once, thou lovest.* — Staunton fasst *once* im Sinne von *for the nonce, for the time being*, und belegt diese Bedeutung des Wortes aus verschiedenen Stellen älterer Schriftsteller; so in Peele's David and Bethsabe: *Live, Absalom, my son, once in peace.* 23) *her wisdom* und *her part* verbesserte Rowe das *your wisdom* und *your part* der Fol. 24) *to make the door* = die Thüre verschliessen. So in As you like it (A. 4, Sc. 1) *make the doors upon a woman's wit.* 25) Ein Speisehaus in Ephesus, mit dem Abzeichen eines Tigers. 26) Jetzt bei dem regen Verkehr, den der Tag vor Eurem Hause vorbeiführt. 27) *to suppose* = für wahr annehmen, als gültig ansehen. 28) So die Fol., nur dass sie *hows'd* schreibt. Manche Hgg. lesen mit der zweiten Folioausg. von 1632: *For ever hous'd when it once gets possession.* 29) Trotzdem, dass eine heitere Stimmung auch nicht von selbst kommt. 30) Die Construction ist: *my wife hath often upbraided me with this woman that I mean.* 31) *chain* ist dasselbe, was vorher *carcanet* hiess. Vgl. Anm. 1 dieser Scene. 32) *Porpentine* ist das Sh.'sche Wort, das die meisten Hgg. schon von Rowe an stillschweigend in das gewöhnlichere *Porcupine* umändern. Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 2, Anm. 18. 33) *they* scil. *the doors elsewhere* oder *other doors.* — Aehnlich steht an der entsprechenden Stelle der Menächmen des Plautus: *If she shut me out, I know who will shut me in.*

Upon mine hostess there. Good Sir, make haste.
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
I 'll knock elsewhere, to see if they 'll[33] disdain me.
Ang. I 'll meet you at that place, some hour hence.
Ant. E. Do so. This jest shall cost me some expence.
[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The Same.

Enter LUCIANA,[1] *and* ANTIPHOLUS *of Syracuse.*

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? Shall, Antipholus,
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?[2]
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous?[3]
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then for her wealth's sake use her with more kindness:
Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;
Muffle your false love with some show of blindness;[4]
Let not my sister read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;[5]
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger;
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;
Be secret-false: what need she be acquainted?
What simple thief brags of his own attaint?[6]
'T is double wrong, to truant with[7] your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
Alas, poor women! make us but believe,
Being compact of credit,[8] that you love us;
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again:
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife.
'T is holy sport to be a little vain,[9]
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.
Ant. S. Sweet mistress (what your name is else, I know not,
Nor by what wonder you do hit of[10] mine),
Less in your knowledge, and your grace, you show not,
Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak:
Lay open to my earthy-gross conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
Against my soul's pure truth, why labour you
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transform me then, and to your power I 'll yield.
But if that I am I, then well I know,
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe:
Far more, far more, to you do I decline.[11]
O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister's flood[12] of tears.
Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote:
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I 'll take thee,[13] and there lie;
And, in that glorious supposition, think,
He gains by death, that hath such means to die:
Let Love, being light, be drowned if she sink![14]
Luc. What! are you mad, that you do reason so?
Ant. S. Not mad, but mated;[15] how, I do not know.
Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.
Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.[16]
Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.
Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.
Luc. Why call you me love? call my sister so.

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1) Die Fol. setzt hier irrig *Juliana* und demgemäss auch vor die erste Rede das abgekürzte *Julia.*; weiterhin hat sie jedoch richtig *Luciana*, und abgekürzt *Luc.* — Der Fehler ist schon in der zweiten Folioausg. verbessert. 2) Gegensatz zwischen *spring of love* = Liebesfrühling, und *love-springs* = Liebesschösslinge, Liebesknospen. So in Venus and Adonis: *This canker that eats up love's tender spring.* 3) Dieser Vers lautet in der Fol. *Shall love in buildings grow so ruinate?* — Für *buildings* verbesserte Theobald richtig *building*, und fügte, um den entsprechenden Reim zu gewinnen, der hier nicht fehlen darf, in der zweitvorhergehenden Zeile hinter *Antipholus* noch ein *hate* hinzu, als Subject zu dem Verbum *rot* und dem Object *thy love-springs*. — Plausibler und weniger gewaltsam scheint Capell's Aenderung *ruinous* für *ruinate:* Soll die Liebe, während sie noch im Bau begriffen ist, schon so in Verfall gerathen? — So in Two Gentlemen of Verona (A. 5, Sc. 4) *Leave not the mansion so long tenantless,* || *Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall.* 4) *blindness* ist hier nicht = Blindheit, sondern = Blendung: hülle Deine falsche Liebe, Deine Untreue so ein, dass man sie nicht sieht. 5) Gieb mit freundlichen Blicken und Worten Deiner Untreue einen guten Schein. — *look, speak, become* und *apparel* sind Imperative. 6) *attaint* verbesserte Rowe das *attain* der Fol. — Welcher Dieb ist so einfältig, dass er mit seiner Schande prahlt? 7) *to truant with* = einer Sache entlaufen, Etwas vernachlässigen. — *bed* und *board* = Tisch und Bett, werden als sonst zusammengehörige Begriffe hier einander gegenübergestellt. 8) *being compact of credit* = da wir Weiber ganz aus Glauben zusammengesetzt sind. — So in Midsummer-Night's Dream (A. 5, Sc. 1) *of imagination all compact.* — In der vorhergehenden Zeile setzte Theobald *but* für das *not* der Fol. 9) *vain* = leicht mit Worten, äusserlich. 10) *of* und *on* werden bei Sh. vielfach verwechselt. 11) *to decline* erklärt Malone mit *to fall off or decline from her to you.* Indess liegt die erstere Bezeichnung nicht in dem Worte, das vielmehr einfach = sich Jemandem zuneigen. So in Greene's Penelope's Web: *That the love of a father, as it was royal, so it ought to be impartial, neither declining to the one nor to the other, but as deeds do merit.* 12) *sister's flood* corrigirt die zweite Folioausg. das *sister flood* der ersten Fol. 13) Die Fol. hat *bud*, die zweite Folioausg. *bed.* — Für *thee* wollte Edwards *them* lesen; indess denkt sich Antipholus die Sirene selbst mit ihren über das Meer ausgebreiteten Haaren als das Lager, auf dem er sterben, d. h. im Meere ertrinken möchte. — Dyce's Conjectur *bride* für *bed* passt wenig in den Zusammenhang. 14) *she* bezieht sich auf das weiblich personificirte *Love.* 15) *to mate* = verwirren. — M. Mason vermuthet hier zugleich ein Wortspiel mit der andern Bedeutung von *to mate* = paaren, verheirathen, in Bezug auf die Ansprüche, welche Adriana an den Antipholus als ihren Gatten machte. So in Taming of the Shrew (A. 3, Sc. 2) *That, being mad herself, she 's madly mated.* 16) Da Ihr, schöne Sonne, zugegen waret. 17) So hatte Adriana vorher (A. 2, Sc. 2) von sich

Ant. S. Thy sister's sister.
Luc. That 's my sister.
Ant. S. No;
It is thyself, mine own self's better part;[17]
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart;
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.[18]
Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.
Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I aim thee.[19]
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life:
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife.
Give me thy hand.
Luc. O, soft, Sir! hold you still:
I 'll fetch my sister, to get her good will. *[Exit.*

Enter Dromio *of Syracuse hastily.*

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio? where runn'st thou so fast?
Dro. S. Do you know me, Sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?
Ant. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.
Dro. S. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides myself.
Ant. S. What woman's man? and how besides thyself?
Dro. S. Marry, Sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.
Ant. S. What claim lays she to thee?
Dro. S. Marry, Sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast: not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.
Ant. S. What is she?
Dro. S. A very reverend body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say, sir-reverence.[20] I have but lean luck in the match, and yet she is a wondrous fat marriage.
Ant. S. How dost thou mean a fat marriage?
Dro. S. Marry, Sir, she 's the kitchen-wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter:[21] if she lives till doomsday, she 'll burn a week longer than the whole world.
Ant. S. What complexion is she of?
Dro. S. Swart,[22] like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept: for why[23] she sweats; a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.
Ant. S. That 's a fault that water will mend.
Dro. S. No, Sir; 't is in grain:[24] Noah's flood could not do it.
Ant. S. What 's her name?
Dro. S. Nell, Sir; but her name and[25] three quarters, that is, an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.
Ant. S. Then she bears some breadth?
Dro. S. No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.
Ant. S. In what part of her body stands Ireland?
Dro. S. Marry, Sir, in her buttocks: I found it out by the bogs.
Ant. S. Where Scotland?
Dro. S. I found it by the barrenness, hard in the palm of the hand.
Ant. S. Where France?
Dro. S. In her forehead; armed and reverted, making war against her hair.[26]
Ant. S. Where England?
Dro. S. I look'd for the chalky cliffs,[27] but I could find no whiteness in them: but I guess, it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.
Ant. S. Where Spain?
Dro. S. Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it hot[28] in her breath.
Ant. S. Where America, the Indies?
Dro. S. O! Sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain, who sent whole armadoes of caracks to be ballast at her nose.[29]
Ant. S. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?
Dro. S. O! Sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner,[30] laid claim to me; call'd me Dromio; swore, I was assured[31] to her; told me what

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gesagt *Am better than thy dear self's better part.* 18) Du bist der einzige Himmel für mich auf Erden, und das Einzige zugleich, was ich vom Himmel verlange oder beanspruche. 19) Ich meine Dich, ich ziele auf Dich in dem was ich sage. — *aim* verbesserte Capell das *am* der Fol. 20) *sir-reverence*, entstellt aus *save reverence* = mit Erlaubniss zu sagen, wenn man Dinge anführt, die in guter Gesellschaft nicht genannt werden dürfen. 21) *Poland* ist für irgend ein Land im Norden gesetzt, wo der Winter sehr lange dauert. 22) *swart* = schwärzlich, dunkelfarbig. 23) *for why* = *because*. So in dem älteren K. John: *I will absolve thee here from all thy sins,* || *For why thy deed is meritorious.* — Die meisten Hgg. folgen der Interpunction der Fol. *for why? she sweats etc.* 24) Der Schmutz in ihrem Gesicht ist so tief in der Haut, gleichsam in der Wolle gefärbt, dass kein Wasser, selbst die Sündfluth nicht, ihn wegwaschen könnte. — So sagt Olivia von der Farbe ihres Gesichts in Twelfth-Night (A. 1, Sc. 5) *'T is in grain, Sir; 't will endure wind and weather.* 25) *and* verbesserte Theobald das *is* der Fol. — Wortspiel zwischen *Nell* = Lenchen, und *an ell* = eine Elle. 26) *hair* liest die zweite Folioausg., die erste *heire*. Ueber das hier beabsichtigte Wortspiel zwischen *hair* und *heir* vgl. Einleitung pag. 159. 27) Die Kreidefelsen der südlichen, Frankreich zugekehrten, Küste von England erwähnt Sh. als charakteristisch auch in K. Henry VI. Second Part (A. 3, Sc. 2) *As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs.* — Mit dem Meerarme, der Frankreich und England scheidet, vergleicht Dromio dann die salzige Flüssigkeit aus der Nase der Küchenmagd. — Vielleicht wäre zu lesen *no whiteness in her.* 28) Die Anspielung geht auf das heisse Klima Spaniens. 29) Die in allen Farben schimmernde, mit Aussatz bedeckte Nase, die sich dem Munde zuneigt, der seinen heissen Athem ihr zusendet, wird mit den edelsteinreichen spanischen Colonien verglichen, deren Schätze das Mutterland in ganzen Handelsflotten abholen lässt. — *ballast* ist das Particip des alten Verbums *to ballass* oder *ballace*, das bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen häufig vorkommt; so in Webster's Dutchess of Malfi: *as if he were balassed with quicksilver*, und in Heywood's Fair Maid of the Exchange: *to ballace their knowledge with judgment.* 30) *diviner*, eigentlich = Wahrsagerin, hier = Hexe. 31) *assured* = verlobt. So in K. John

privy marks I had about me, as the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch.
And, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith,[32] and my heart of steel,
She had transform'd me to a curtail-dog, and made me turn i' the wheel.
Ant. S. Go hie thee presently post to the road: —
An if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night: —
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk till thou return to me.
If every one knows us, and we know none,
'T is time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.
Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. *[Exit.*
Ant. S. There 's none but witches do inhabit here,
And therefore 't is high time that I were hence.
She that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor; but her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself:
But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,[33]
I 'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Master Antipholus?
Ant. S. Ay, that 's my name.
Ang. I know it well, Sir. Lo, here is the chain.
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porpentine;
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.
Ant. S. What is your will that I shall do with this?
Ang. What please yourself, Sir: I have made it for you.
Ant. S. Made it for me, Sir? I bespoke it not.
Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have.
Go home with it, and please your wife withal;
And soon at supper-time I 'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.
Ant. S. I pray you, Sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain, nor money, more.
Ang. You are a merry man, Sir. Fare you well. *[Exit.*
Ant. S. What I should think of this, I cannot tell;
But this I think, there 's no man is so vain,
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.[34]
I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
I 'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay:
If any ship put out, then straight away. *[Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

The Same.

Enter a Merchant, ANGELO, *and an Officer.*

Mer. You know, since Pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much importun'd you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want gilders[1] for my voyage:
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I 'll attach you by this officer.
Ang. Even just the sum, that I do owe to you,
Is growing[2] to me by Antipholus;
And, in the instant that I met with you,
He had of me a chain: at five o'clock
I shall receive the money for the same.
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of Ephesus, and* DROMIO *of Ephesus.*[3]

Off. That labour may you save: see where he comes.
Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou
And buy a rope's end, that will I bestow
Among my wife and her[4] confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day. —
But soft, I see the goldsmith. — Get thee gone;
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.
Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a year: I buy a rope![5] *[Exit.*
Ant. E. A man is well holp up that trusts to you:
I promised your presence, and the chain;[6]
But neither chain, nor goldsmith, came to me.
Belike, you thought our love would last too long,
If it were chain'd together, and therefore came not.
Ang. Saving your merry humour, here 's the note
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat,[7]
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion,[8]
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman:
I pray you, see him presently discharg'd,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

(A. 2, Sc. 2) *when I was first assur'd.* 32) Wenn meine Brust nicht voll guten Glaubens gewesen wäre, nicht ganz aus Glauben bestanden hätte. — Bei einem so festen christlichen Sinne konnte die Hexe ihm nichts anhaben, ihn nicht, wie es sonst Hexen vermögen, in ein Thier verwandeln, in einen Hund verwandeln, der den Bratspiess in der Küche zu drehen hat, indem er im Kreise läuft und das Rad in Bewegung setzt. — Die Knittelverse am Schluss dieser Rede druckte zuerst Knight als solche, da sie bisher, wie in der Fol., als Prosa standen. 33) *guilty to* ist eine zu Sh.'s Zeit geläufige Construction, welche Pope willkürlich in *guilty of* veränderte. So in Winter's Tale (A. 4, Sc. 3) *But as the unthought-on accident is guilty* || *To what we wildly do.* 34) *fair* ist mit *offer'd* zu verbinden: eine Kette, die auf eine so gute Manier dargeboten wird. — So in Tempest (A. 4, Sc. 1) *so rare a wonder'd father.*

1) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1, Anm. 2. 2) *to be growing to* = Einem als Ertrag oder Gewinn gedeihen, zuwachsen. 3) *from the Courtezan's* fügt die Fol. hinzu. Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 1, am Ende. 4) *her* verbesserte Rowe das *their* der Fol. — *her confederates* ist die Dienerschaft, die im Einverständniss mit seiner Frau dem Antipholus den Eintritt in sein eigenes Haus verwehrt hatte. 5) Der Strick, mit welchem Adriana und die Dienerschaft gezüchtigt werden sollen, ist dem rachesüchtigen Dromio so viel werth, wie ein jährliches Einkommen von tausend Pfund Sterling. 6) Antipholus hatte der Buhlerin, bei der er zu Mittag gespeist, versprochen, dass Angelo erscheinen und die Kette mitbringen würde. — Mit *chain* und *to chain together* = zusammenketten, macht er dann scherzhaft einen Wortwitz. — *our love* ist die Freundschaft, die zwischen Antipholus und Angelo besteht. 7) Manche Hgg. schreiben *carat* dafür. Die Fol. hat *charect.* 8) *chargeful fashion* = die kostbare Façon, die Arbeit der

Ant. E. I am not furnish'd with the present money;[9]
Besides, I have some business in the town.
Good Signior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof:
Perchance, I will be there[10] as soon as you.
Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?
Ant. E. No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.
Ang. Well, Sir, I will. Have you the chain about you?
Ant. E. An if I have not, Sir, I hope you have,
Or else you may return without your money.
Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, Sir, give me the chain:
Both wind and tide stay for this gentleman,[11]
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.
Ant. E. Good Lord! you use this dalliance, to excuse
Your breach of[12] promise to the Porpentine.
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.
Mer. The hour steals on: I pray you, Sir, despatch.
Ang. You hear, how he importunes me: the chain —
Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.
Ang. Come, come; you know, I gave it you even now.
Either send the chain, or send me by some token.[13]
Ant. E. Fie! now you run this humour out of breath.[14]
Come, where 's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.
Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance.
Good Sir, say, whe'r[15] you 'll answer me, or no:
If not, I 'll leave him to the officer.
Ant. E. I answer you! what should I answer you?
Ang. The money that you owe me for the chain.
Ant. E. I owe you none, till I receive the chain.
Ang. You know, I gave it you half an hour since.
Ant. E. You gave me none: you wrong me much to say so.
Ang. You wrong me more, Sir, in denying it:
Consider how it stands upon my credit.[16]
Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.
Off. I do,
And charge you in the duke's name to obey me.
Ang. This touches me in reputation. —
Either consent to pay this sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.
Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had?
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.
Ang. Here is thy fee: arrest him, officer. —
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.
Off. I do arrest you, Sir. You hear the suit.
Ant. E. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail. —
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.
Ang. Sir, Sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter Dromio *of Syracuse.*[17]

Dro. S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum,
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,
And[18] then, Sir, she bears away. Our fraughtage, Sir,
I have convey'd aboard, and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.
The ship is in her trim: the merry wind
Blows fair from land; they stay for nought at all,
But for their owner, master, and yourself.
Ant. E. How now? a madman! Why, thou peevish sheep,[19]
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?
Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire[20] waftage.
Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope;
And told thee to what purpose, and what end.
Dro. S. You sent me for a rope's end[21] as soon.
You sent me to the bay, Sir, for a bark.
Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure.
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight;
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk
That 's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,
There is a purse of ducats: let her send it.
Tell her, I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me. Hie thee, slave, be gone.
On, officer, to prison till it come.
[Exeunt Merchant, Angelo, *Officer, and* Antiph. E.
Dro. S. To Adriana? that is where we din'd,
Where Dowsabel[22] did claim me for her husband:
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil. *[Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Same.

Enter Adriana *and* Luciana.

Adr. Ah! Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Mightst thou perceive austerely[1] in his eye

Kette. 9) Ich bin nicht augenblicklich, auf der Stelle, mit dem Gelde versehen. 10) *I will be there* statt *I shall be there* erklärt Douce für schottisch, Reed für irisch, Malone endlich für altenglisch. 11) Wind und Fluth sind der Abfahrt günstig und warten darauf, dass dieser Herr sie für seine Reise benutze. 12) Dass ihr Euer Versprechen, in das Haus zum Stachelschwein zu kommen, nicht gehalten habt. 13) Entweder schickt die Kette an Eure Frau, oder schickt mich mit irgend einer Beglaubigung an sie, durch die ich von ihr mein Geld erhalten kann. — Malone bespricht den ihm mitgetheilten Vorschlag, *send by me some token* zu lesen, und verwirft denselben mit Recht. — *either* ist einsylbig zu lesen. 14) Ihr hetzt diesen Einfall zu Tode, Ihr treibt ihn zu weit. — Der Ausdruck war sprichwörtlich, und es existirte ein Lustspiel von John Day, betitelt Humour out of breath (1608). 15) *whe'r* für *whether*. 16) Wie es sich dabei um mein gutes Ansehn, um meinen Credit handelt, dass Ihr mir mein Geld nicht ableugnet. 17) Die Fol. fügt hinzu *from the Boy*. — Dromio kommt vom Hafen zurück, wohin sein Herr ihn geschickt hatte. 18) Die zweite Folioausg. lässt zur Verbesserung des Verses *and* aus. Eher wäre *Sir* hinter *then* zu streichen. 19) Das Wortspiel zwischen *ship* und *sheep* hat Sh. auch in Two Gentlemen of Verona (A. 1, Sc. 1). — *peevish* = der nicht weiss, was er will. 20) *hire* ist, wie oft *fire* und *hour* bei Sh., hier zweisylbig zu lesen. Die Fol. schreibt deshalb *hier*. 21) *rope's end* = Stück von einem Tau, bezieht sich scherzhaft auf *to what end* = zu welchem Zwecke, in Antipholus' letzter Rede. — Dasselbe Wortspiel kehrt nachher noch einmal wieder. 22) *Dowsabel* heisst die Küchenmagd, von der Dromio vorher (A. 3, Sc. 2) eine Schilderung geliefert hatte. Der Name kommt auch in Drayton's Pastorals (1593) vor: *He had, as antique stories tell,* || *A daughter cleped Dowsabel.*

That he did plead in earnest? yea or no?
Look'd he or red or pale? or sad or merrily?
What observation mad'st thou, in this case,
Of[2] his heart's meteors tilting in his face?
Luc. First he denied you had in him no right.[3]
Adr. He meant, he did me none: the more my spite.
Luc. Then swore he, that he was a stranger here.
Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.
Luc. Then pleaded I for you.
Adr. And what said he?
Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.
Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?
Luc. With words that in an honest suit might move.
First, he did praise my beauty; then, my speech.
Adr. Didst speak him fair?
Luc. Have patience, I beseech.
Adr. I cannot, nor I will not hold me still:
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,[4]
Ill-fac'd, worse bodied, shapeless everywhere;[5]
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind,
Stigmatical in making,[6] worse in mind.
Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one?
No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.
Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I say,
And yet would herein others' eyes were worse.
Far from her nest the lapwing cries away:[7]
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter Dromio *of Syracuse.*

Dro. S. Here, go: the desk! the purse! sweet now,[8] make haste.
Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?
Dro. S. By running fast.
Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?
Dro. S. No, he 's in Tartar limbo,[9] worse than hell:
A devil in an everlasting garment[10] hath him,
One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;
A fiend, a fairy,[11] pitiless and rough;
A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff;
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper,[12] one that countermands
The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands:[13]
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;[14]
One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell.[15]
Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?
Dro. S. I do not know the matter: he is 'rested on the case.[16]
Adr. What, is he arrested? tell me at whose suit.
Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested well;[17]
But is in a suit of buff which 'rested him,[18] that can I tell.
Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in his desk?
Adr. Go fetch it, sister. *[Exit* Luciana.*]* — This I wonder at,
That[19] he, unknown to me, should be in debt: —
Tell me, was he arrested on a band?[20]
Dro. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing;
A chain, a chain. Do you not hear it ring?
Adr. What, the chain?
Dro. S. No, no, the bell. 'T is time that I were gone:
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.
Adr. The hours come back! that did I never hear.

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1) *austerely* = ernstlich, gewissenhaft. 2) Die Fol. setzt hinter *case* ein Fragezeichen und liest dann *Oh, his hearts etc.* — Die zweite Folioausg. hat das Richtige. — Die widerstrebenden Gefühle seines Herzens erscheinen auf seinem Antlitz wie Meteore am Himmel, die mit einander kämpfen. 3) *to deny* und *no right* verbindet Sh., wie er anderswo zwei Negationen zusammenfügt, um die eine zu verstärken. So in K. Richard III. (A. 1, Sc. 3) *You may deny, that you were not the mean || Of my lord Hasting's late imprisonment.* 4) *sere* = ausgetrocknet, dürre, welk. 5) Ungestalt in allen seinen Gliedern. 6) *stigmatical* = von der Natur gebrandmarkt, entstellt. So heisst der verwachsene Richard Gloster in K. Henry VI. Second Part (A. 5, Sc. 1) *foul stigmatic.* — *making* = körperliche Bildung, ist dem *mind* = geistige Bildung, gegenübergestellt. 7) *away* ist mit *far* zu verbinden, nicht mit *cries.* — Auf die Eigenthümlichkeit des Kibitzes, seine Stimme fern von seinem Neste erschallen zu lassen, um dieses vor der Entdeckung sicher zu stellen, spielen Sh.'s Zeitgenossen häufig an. In Ray's Sprichwörtersammlung steht *The lapwing cries tongue from heart* und *The lapwing cries most, furthest from her nest.* 8) *sweet now*, wie *good now*, ist eine freundliche oder schmeichelnde Aufforderung, nicht eigentlich eine Anrede an die betreffenden Personen, = wohlan! bitte! 9) *Tartar* = der Tartarus, die Unterwelt, verstärkt hier das *limbo* = Vorhölle, Hölle, wie auch in K. Henry VIII. (A. 5, Sc. 3) *limbo-patrum* scherzhaft = Gefängniss steht, hier = Schuldgefängniss. 10) *everlasting garment* ist das Wamms von Büffelleder, das zu Sh.'s Zeit die Gerichtsdiener trugen. Deshalb sagt Dromio bald nachher *a fellow all in buff.* 11) *fairy* = Gnome, boshafter oder neckischer Geist. — Pope setzte *fury* dafür. 12) *back-friend*, eigentlich = ein Freund, der von hinten kommt, ein verstellter Freund, bezeichnet ebenso wie *shoulder-clapper* Jemanden, der uns vertraulich auf die Schulter klopft, einen Häscher. So doppelsinnig in As you like it (A. 4, Sc. 1) *Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder.* 13) *narrow lands*, wofür Grey im Widerspruch mit dem Reim *lanes* lesen wollte, bezeichnet die schmalen Uferstreifen zwischen den Häusern und dem Wasser, auf denen sich leicht allerlei Vagabunden umhertreiben konnten. — Den Zugang oder Durchgang *(passages)* zu diesen und ähnlichen engen Gängen verwehrt der davor postirte Häscher. — Die Cambridge Edd. bemerken, dass in einigen Exemplaren der Fol. die Lesart *lans* für *lands* sich finde. 14) Zwei Jagdausdrücke vom Hunde gebraucht: *to run counter* = auf falscher Fährte sein, in entgegengesetzter Richtung vom Wilde laufen, zugleich hier mit der Anspielung auf das *Counter* genannte Schuldgefängniss in London. So in K. Henry IV. Second Part (A. 1, Sc. 2) *you hunt-counter.* — *To draw dry-foot* = die Spur des Wildes an der Witterung seines Fusses verfolgen. 15) Wortspiel zwischen *judgment* = gerichtliche Verurtheilung, und = das jüngste Gericht, sowie zwischen *hell* = Schuldgefängniss (vgl. Anm. 9), und = Hölle. 16) Malone vermuthet hier ein Wortspiel zwischen *case* = bestimmter Fall, und *case* = Hülle, Gehäuse, also die Kleidung des Antipholus, an welche der Häscher Hand angelegt hatte. Zugleich besteht ein Gegensatz zwischen *matter* = Stoff, das Innere einer Sache, und *case* = Aussenseite, sowie ein Wortspiel zwischen *to 'rest* = verhaften, und *to rest* = stehen bleiben bei Etwas. 17) *well* gehört zu *I know not.* — Wortspiel zwischen *suit* = Einleitung einer Klage, und = Tracht, Kleidung. 18) scil. *he that arrested*

Dro. S. O yes; if any hour meet a sergeant, a' turns back for very fear.

Adr. As if Time were in debt! how fondly dost thou reason!

Dro. S. Time is a very bankrout, and owes more than he 's worth, to season.[21]
Nay, he 's a thief too: have you not heard men say,
That Time comes stealing on by night and day?
If Time be[22] in debt and theft, and a sergeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

Re-enter LUCIANA.

Adr. Go, Dromio: there 's the money, bear it straight,
And bring thy master home immediately. —
Come, sister; I am press'd down with conceit;
Conceit, my comfort, and my injury. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Same.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of Syracuse.*

Ant. S. There 's not a man I meet but doth salute me,
As if I were their[1] well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me, some invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;
Some offer me commodities to buy:
Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,
And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,
And, therewithal, took measure of my body.
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,[2]
And Lapland sorcerers[3] inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO *of Syracuse.*

Dro. S. Master, here 's the gold you sent me for. —
What have you got the picture of old Adam new-apparell'd?[4]

Ant. S. What gold is this? What Adam dost thou mean?

Dro. S. Not that Adam that kept the paradise, but that Adam that keeps the prison: he that goes in the calf's skin that was kill'd[5] for the Prodigal: he that came behind you, Sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

Ant. S. I understand thee not.

Dro. S. No? why, 't is a plain case: he that went, like a bass-viol, in a case of leather; the man, Sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob,[6] and 'rests them; he, Sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them suits of durance;[7] he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace, than a morris-pike.

Ant. S. What, thou mean'st an officer?

Dro. S. Ay, Sir, the sergeant of the band; he that brings any man to answer it, that breaks his band;[8] one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, »God give you good rest!«

Ant. S. Well, Sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

Dro. S. Why, Sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the sergeant to tarry for the hoy Delay.[9] Here are the angels[10] that you sent for to deliver you.

Ant. S. The fellow is distract, and so am I,
And here we wander in illusions.
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtezan.[11]

Cour. Well met, well met, Master Antipholus.
I see, Sir, you have found the goldsmith now:
Is that the chain you promis'd me to-day?

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him, is in a suit of buff. — Die Auslassung des *he* vor *is* gehört der familiären Redeweise an. 19) Die Fol. hat *thus*, von der zweiten Folioausg. verbessert. 20) Adriana versteht *band* synonym mit *bond* = Schuldverschreibung, Dromio versteht es = Binde. 21) *to season* gehört zu *owes more:* die Zeit, im Allgemeinen und abstract gefasst, schuldet dem bestimmten Augenblick, dem einzelnen jedesmaligen Zeitpunkt, mehr als sie Vermögen hat, als sie selbst besitzt. 22) So verbesserte Rowe das *if I be* der Fol. — Wie Dyce vermuthet, stand für *Time* abgekürzt *T* in der Handschrift. — Malone las *if he be.*

1) *their* bezieht sich auf den pluralischen Begriff, der in *there 's not a man* steckt: alle Leute, die ich antreffe, grüssen mich. 2) *imaginary wiles* = Blendwerk, das die Einbildungskraft täuscht. 3) Lappland als Sitz der Zauberkünste kommt auch vor in Beaumont und Fletcher's Drama The Chances: *Sure, his devil || Comes out of Lapland, where they sell men winds || For dead drinks and old doublets.* 4) *the picture of old Adam new-apparell'd* = das Abbild des alten Adam in neuem Costüm, ist der Gerichtsdiener, in Leder gekleidet, wie Adam nach dem Sündenfall in Thierfelle gekleidet war. — *what have you got* = was habt Ihr aus dem gemacht, wo habt Ihr den gelassen? fragt nach Collier's plausibler Deutung Dromio, da er den andern Antipholus in Gesellschaft des Häschers verlassen hatte. — Viele Hgg. lesen mit Theobald: *What, have you got rid of the picture etc.*, indem sie annehmen, dass *rid* ausgefallen sei. — Singer, der ebenfalls *what* als Ausruf fasst, erklärt: Was! habt Ihr dem Bilde des alten Adam, d. h. dem Häscher, ein neues Costüm verschafft? 5) *that was kill'd etc.* bezieht sich nur auf *calf*, nicht auf *calf's skin*, eine Constructionslicenz, die bei Sh. nicht selten ist. — *Prodigal* = der verlorene Sohn in der Parabel des Evangeliums, bei dessen Rückkehr ein Kalb geschlachtet wurde, spielt zugleich auf die Verschwendung an, welche in Schulden stürzt und dann in's Schuldgefängniss führt. 6) *fob* verbessert Rowe das *sob* der Fol., in deren Druck die beiden betreffenden Buchstaben nicht immer genau zu unterscheiden sind. Dyce vermuthet *sop* dafür. — Ueber *to 'rest* und *to rest* vgl. A. 4, Sc. 2, Anm. 18. Das Wortspiel mit *rest* wird noch fortgeführt in *to set up his rest* = die Karten, die man beim Spiel in der Hand hat, wagen, dann auch = Alles an Etwas setzen, und = die Pike zum Angriff bereit halten. Der Häscher weiss seinen Stab, das Abzeichen seines Amtes, so zu handhaben, dass er mehr damit ausrichtet, als mit einer Mohrenpike, einer Waffe, die damals sehr im Gebrauch war. — *morris-pike* für *Moorish pike* = maurische Lanze. 7) *suit of durance* = Kleidung aus dauerhaftem Stoffe, zugleich mit der Anspielung auf *durance* = Haft, Gefängniss. So in K. Henry IV. First Part (A. 1, Sc. 2) *is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?* 8) Wortspiel zwischen *band* = Compagnie eines Sergeanten, und = Schuldverschreibung. Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 2, Anm. 20. 9) Dromio fingirt hier scherzhaft zwei Schiffe und deren Namen. 10) *angel* = Schutzengel, und = eine Münze, zehn

Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not!
Dro. S. Master, is this Mistress Satan?
Ant. S. It is the devil.
Dro. S. Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam,[12] and here she comes in the habit of a light wench: and thereof comes that the wenches say, »God damn me,« that's as much as to say, »God make me a light wench.« It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo*, light wenches will burn.[13] Come not near her.
Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, Sir. Will you go with me? we 'll mend our dinner here.[14]
Dro. S. Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat, or bespeak a long spoon.[15]
Ant. S. Why, Dromio?
Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.[16]
Ant. S. Avoid, thou fiend![17] what tell'st thou me of supping?
Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress:
I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.
Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or for my diamond the chain you promis'd,
And I 'll be gone, Sir, and not trouble you.
Dro. S. Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail,
A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,
A nut, a cherry-stone;
But she, more covetous, would have a chain.
Master, be wise: an if you give it her,
The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.
Cour. I pray you, Sir, my ring, or else the chain.
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.
Ant. S. Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.
Dro. S. »Fly pride,« says the peacock:[18] mistress, that you know. *[Exeunt* Ant. *S. and* Dro. *S.*
Cour. Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself.[19]
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promis'd me a chain:
Both one and other he denies me now.
The reason that I gather he is mad,
Besides this present instance[20] of his rage,
Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.
Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doors against his way.
My way is now, to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife, that, being lunatic,
He rush'd into my house, and took perforce
My ring away. This course I fittest choose,
For forty ducats is too much to lose. *[Exit*

SCENE IV.

The Same.

Enter Antipholus *of Ephesus, and the Officer.*[1]

Ant. E. Fear me not,[2] man; I will not break away:
I 'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money,
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day,
And will not lightly trust the messenger.[3]
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus,
I tell you, 't will sound harshly in her ears.

Enter Dromio *of Ephesus with a rope's end.*

Here comes my man: I think he brings the money. —
How now, Sir? have you that I sent you for?
Dro. E. Here 's that, I warrant you, will pay[4] them all.
Ant. E. But where 's the money?
Dro. E. Why, Sir, I gave the money for the rope.
Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?
Dro. E. I 'll serve you, Sir, five hundred at the rate.
Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?
Dro. E. To a rope's end, Sir; and to that end[5] am I return'd.
Ant. E. And to that end, Sir, I will welcome you. *[Beating him.*
Off. Good Sir, be patient.
Dro. E. Nay, 't is for me to be patient; I am in adversity.
Off. Good now,[6] hold thy tongue.
Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.
Ant. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!
Dro. E. I would I were senseless, Sir, that I might not feel your blows.
Ant. E. Thou art sensible[7] in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.
Dro. E. I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears.[8] I have serv'd him from the hour of my nati-

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Schillinge an Werth. — Sh. hat dasselbe Wortspiel auch anderswo; so in Merry Wives of Windsor (A. 1, Sc. 3) *she hath a legion of angels.* 11) Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 1, Anm. 3 und 6. 12) Wortspiel zwischen *devil's dam* = des Teufels Grossmutter, und *God damn me* = Gott verdamme mich! — Die Fol. hat *That 's as much to say.* 13) Anspielung auf die Lustseuche *(the burning).* — Das Wortspiel zwischen *light* = Licht, und = leichtfertig, ist bei Sh. sehr gewöhnlich. 14) Nachdem wir mit einander zu Mittag gespeist haben, wollen wir jetzt noch einmal zusammen essen, d. h. zu Abend. 15) In der Fol. ist *you* hinter *if* ausgelassen und hinter *do* kein Comma gesetzt. Rowe las deshalb *if you do expect spoon-meat, bespeak a long spoon.* — Dyce setzt *so* für *or.* — Theobald vermuthet, dass vor *or* einige Worte, wie etwa *either stay away* ausgefallen seien. 16) Auf dieses Sprichwort wird auch hingedeutet in Tempest (A. 2, Sc. 2) *This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.* 17) So verbessert die vierte Folioausg. das *avoid then, fiend* der Fol. 18) Vom Pfau kann man lernen, nicht eitel zu sein, nicht zu prunken, sagt Dromio in Beziehung auf das Begehren der Buhlerin nach der goldenen Kette. 19) Da *to demean one's self* sowohl = sich benehmen, als = sich herabwürdigen, bedeutet, so ist es zweifelhaft, in welchem Sinne Sh. das Wort hier gebraucht. 20) *instance* = Probe, Beweisprobe.

1) *with a Jailor* in der Fol., die jedoch nachher ihn als *Officer* bezeichnet. Es ist dieselbe Person, welche A. 4, Sc. 1 auftrat. 2) Seid meinetwegen unbesorgt. — *to fear* mit dem Accusativ = für Jemanden oder wegen Jemandes fürchten. 3) Manche Hgg. verbinden diesen Vers mit dem folgenden, der jedoch natürlicher mit dem zweitfolgenden in Verbindung gesetzt wird: mein Weib wird dem Boten nicht leicht trauen. ihm das Geld zu meiner Auslösung nicht leicht mitgeben. 4) *to pay* = bezahlen, und = Jemandem sein gebührenden Lohn, seine Strafe, geben. 5) Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 1, Anm. 21. 6) Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 2, Anm. 8. 7) *senseless* = sinnlos, und = ohne Gefühl; ebenso *sensible* = mit Gefühl begabt, und = vernünftig. 8) Antipholus

vity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am wak'd with it, when I sleep; rais'd with it, when I sit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcomed home with it, when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat,[9] and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Ant. E. Come, go along: my wife is coming yonder.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, *the Courtezan, and* PINCH.[10]

Dro. E. Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, »Beware the rope's end.«[11]

Ant. E. Wilt thou still talk? *[Beats him.*

Cour. How say you now?[12] is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less. —
Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;
Establish him in his true sense again,
And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Cour. Mark, how he trembles in his ecstacy![13]

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.[14]

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight:
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

Ant. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace! I am not mad.

Adr. O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

Ant. E. You minion, you, are these your customers?[15]
Did this companion with the saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors[16] were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house?

Adr. O husband, God doth know, you din'd at home;
Where 'would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders, and this open shame!

Ant. E. Dined[17] at home! Thou, villain, what say'st thou?

Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

Dro. E. Perdy,[18] your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me there?

Dro. E. Sans fable,[19] she herself revil'd you there.

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?

Dro. E. Certes,[20] she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.

Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dro. E. In verity, you did: — my bones bear witness,
That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr. Is 't good to soothe him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame: the fellow finds his vein,[21]
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

Ant. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

Dro. E. Money by me? heart and good will you might,
But, surely, master, not a rag of money.

Ant. E. Wentst not thou to her for a purse of ducats?

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witness with her that she did.

Dro. E. God and the rope-maker bear me witness,
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possess'd:
I know it by their pale and deadly looks.
They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.[22]

Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day?
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

Dro. E. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold;
But I confess, Sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Dissembling villain! thou speak'st false in both.

Ant. E. Dissembling harlot! thou art false in all,
And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me;
But with these nails I 'll pluck out these false eyes,
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

Adr. O, bind him, bind him! let him not come near me.

Pinch. More company! — the fiend is strong within him.

Luc. Ah me! poor man, how pale and wan he looks!

Enter Three or Four, and bind ANTIPHOLUS *and* DROMIO *of Ephesus.*[23]

Ant. E. What, will you murder me? Thou gaoler, thou,
I am thy prisoner: wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?

Off. Masters, let him go:
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

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hat ihm die Ohren so lang gezogen, wie die eines Esels. 9) scil. *as a beggar-woman is wont to bear her brat.* 10) Die Fol. hat *and a Schoolmaster called Pinch.* — Die Schulmeister, weil sie das bei Beschwörungen übliche Latein verstanden, galten auf den Dörfern für erfahrene Geisterbanner. 11) Eine Anspielung auf die Sitte, einem Papageien scherzhaft solche anzüglichen Phrasen, wie *Beware the rope's end*, welche Dromio als Prophezeiungen bezeichnet, beizubringen. — Dyce liest *to prophesy* für *the prophecy* der Fol. 12) Was sagt Ihr nun dazu? Glaubt Ihr nun meinen Worten? 13) *ecstacy* = jeder abnorme Seelenzustand, bis zum erklärten Wahnsinn. 14) Mit diesen Worten ohrfeigt Antipholus den Schulmeister. 15) *customer* = Kunde, Besucher, in verächtlichem Sinne. — Mit *minion* meint er eben so verächtlich die Adriana, und mit *companion*, = Cumpan, den Pinch. 16) *guilty doors* = die schuldbewussten Thore, die verschlossen blieben, weil sie die Schuld des Hauses verbargen. 17) Die Fol. hat *din'd.* Capell setzte, des Verses wegen, *I din'd at home!* 18) *perdy*, aus dem französischen *par di* oder *par dieu* = bei Gott, eine zu Sh.'s Zeit schon veraltende Betheurung. 19) *sans fable* = ohne Finte, in Wahrheit. — *sans* gebraucht Sh. der Kürze wegen für *without.* 20) *certes* = gewiss, gebraucht Sh. bald einsylbig, bald zweisylbig. Die Fol. schreibt *certis.* 21) Dromio merkt die verrückte Stimmung seines Herrn und giebt ihm deshalb in Allem Recht. 22) *dark room* oder *dark house* kommt auch sonst bei Verrückten in Sh. zur Anwendung; so in Twelfth-Night (A. 3, Sc. 4) *we 'll have him in a dark room.* 23) Manche Hgg., welche vorher ausser Pinch (vgl. Anm. 10) noch Andere auftreten liessen *(and Others)* setzen hier *Pinch and his Assistants bind Ant. and Dro.* — Die Fol. hat *Enter three or four, and offer to bind him. He strives*, und setzt diese Bühnenweisung gleich hinter *shameful sport*, während erst auf Pinch's Ausruf

Pinch. Go bind this man, for he is frantic too.
Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish[24] officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?
Off. He is my prisoner: if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.
Adr. I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee.
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
And, knowing how the debt grows,[25] I will pay it.
Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to my house. — O most unhappy day!
Ant. E. O most unhappy[26] strumpet!
Dro. E. Master, I am here enter'd in bond[27] for you.
Ant. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad me?
Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad, good master;
Cry, the devil!
Luc. God help, poor souls! how idly do they talk!
Adr. Go bear him hence. — Sister, go you with me. —
[Exeunt Pinch *and Assistants with* Ant. *E. and* Dro. *E.*
Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?
Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith; do you know him?
Adr. I know the man. What is the sum he owes?
Off. Two hundred ducats.
Adr. Say, how grows it due?
Off. Due for a chain your husband had of him.
Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.
Cour. Whenas[28] your husband, all in rage, to-day
Came to my house, and took away my ring
(The ring I saw upon his finger now),
Straight after did I meet him with a chain.
Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it. —
Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is:
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter Antipholus *of Syracuse, with his rapier drawn, and* Dromio *of Syracuse.*[29]

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.
Adr. And come with naked swords. Let 's call more help,
To have them bound again.
Off. Away! they 'll kill us.
[Exeunt Adriana, Luciana, *and Officer.*[30]
Ant. S. I see, these witches are afraid of swords.
Dro. S. She that would be your wife now ran from you.
Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff[31] from thence:
I long, that we were safe and sound aboard.
Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night, they will surely do us no harm; you saw they speak us fair, give us gold.[32] Methinks they are such a gentle nation, that but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.[33]
Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town;
Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. *[Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

The Same. Before an Abbey.

Enter Merchant and Angelo.

Ang. I am sorry, Sir, that I have hinder'd you;[1]
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.
Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?
Ang. Of very reverend reputation, Sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city:
His word might bear my wealth at any time.[2]
Mer. Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter Antipholus *of Syracuse and* Dromio *of Syracuse.*

Ang. 'T is so; and that self[3] chain about his neck,
Which he forswore most monstrously to have.
Good Sir, draw near to me,[4] I 'll speak to him. —
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble;
And not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance and oaths, so to deny[5]
This chain, which now you wear so openly:
Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend;
Who, but for staying on our controversy,
Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day.
This chain you had of me: can you deny it?
Ant. S. I think, I had: I never did deny it.

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more company! die anderen Helfershelfer herbeikommen. 24) Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 1, Anm. 19. 25) Wenn ich erfahren habe, wie die Schuld erwachsen ist. Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 1, Anm. 2. Ebenso bald nachher *how grows it due?* 26) *unhappy* gebraucht Adriana = unglücklich, Antipholus = ungerathen, bösartig. 27) Doppelsinnig: ich bin hier um Euretwillen gefesselt, und: ich habe eine Schuldverschreibung für Euch übernommen, habe mich für Euch in Geldsachen verbürgt. 28) Sh. gebraucht *whenas* für *when*, wie *whereas* für *where*. 29) So die Fol. Nach Adriana's folgenden Worten *And come with naked swords* scheint auch Dromio mit gezücktem Schwert aufzutreten. 30) Die Fol. hat schon hinter *bound again* die Bühnenweisung *Run all out* als eine vorläufige Weisung an die Schauspieler, sich bereit zu halten (vgl. oben Anm. 23), und hier eine zweite Bühnenweisung *Exeunt omnes, as fast as may be, frighted.* 31) *stuff* = Reisegepäck. So in Greene's Pandosto and Fawnia: *they left Porus to keep the stuff.* 32) Für *speak* und *give* wollte Roberts *spake* und *gave* lesen. Indess bezeichnet das Präsens hier in Dromio's Sinne eine fortdauernde Eigenthümlichkeit oder Sitte der Bewohner von Ephesus: Ihr seht, wie gütig die Leute sind, wie sie uns freundlich zusprechen und uns Gold geben. 33) *witch* wird auch sonst von Männern gebraucht, also = Hexenmeister. So in Cymbeline (A. 1, Sc. 7) *such a holy witch,* || *That he enchants societies unto him.*

1) d. h. dass ich Euch gehindert abzureisen, dass ich Euch aufgehalten habe. 2) Er bekommt auf sein blosses Wort so viel, wie ich in meinem ganzen Vermögen habe. 3) *self* steht häufig für *same:* ebendieselbe Kette. 4) Tretet mir zur Seite, wenn ich mit ihm spreche, damit Ihr mir als Zeuge dienen könnt. 5) Sh. setzt oft vor einem von *will* oder *would* abhängigen Infinitiv, wenn ein Satz dazwischen getreten ist, *to*, wie hier vor *deny*, das von dem vorhergehenden *would* abhängt. Vielleicht ist jedoch *so to deny* als Folgesatz zu fassen: dass

Mer. Yes, that you did, Sir, and forswore it too.
Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it?
Mer. These ears of mine, thou know'st, did hear thee.[6]
Fie on thee, wretch! 't is pity that thou liv'st
To walk where any honest men resort.
Ant. S. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus.
I 'll prove mine honour and mine honesty
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.
Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.
[They draw.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, *Courtezan, and Others.*

Adr. Hold! hurt him not, for God's sake! he is mad. —
Some get within him,[7] take his sword away.
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.
Dro. S. Run, master, run; for God's sake take a house![8]
This is some priory: — in, or we are spoil'd.
[Exeunt ANT. *S. and* DRO. *S. to the Abbey.*

Enter the Abbess.[9]

Abb. Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither?
Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.
Ang. I knew, he was not in his perfect wits.
Mer. I am sorry now, that I did draw on him.
Abb. How long hath this possession[10] held the man?
Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour,[11] sad,
And much different from the man he was;
But, till this afternoon, his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.
Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wrack of sea?
Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?
Adr. To none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some love, that drew him oft from home.
Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.
Adr. Why, so I did.
Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.
Adr. As roughly as my modesty would let me.
Abb. Haply, in private.
Adr. And in assemblies too.
Abb. Ay, but not enough.
Adr. It was the copy[12] of our conference.
In bed, he slept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;[13]
In company, I often glanced it:
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.
Abb. And thereof came it that the man was mad:
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems, his sleeps[14] were hinder'd by thy railing,
And thereof comes it that his head is light.[15]
Thou say'st, his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings:
Unquiet meals make ill digestions;
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred:
And what 's a fever but a fit of madness?
Thou say'st, his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls:
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair,
And at their heels[16] a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast.[17]
The consequence is then, thy jealous fits
Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.
Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wildly. —
Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?
Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof. —
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.
Abb. No; not a creature enters in my house.
Adr. Then, let your servants bring my husband forth.
Abb. Neither: he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands,
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.
Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but myself,
And therefore let me have him home with me.
Abb. Be patient; for I will not let him stir,
Till I have us'd the approved means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man[18] again.

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ihr so verleugnet, umständlich und mit eidlichen Betheurungen diese Kette verleugnet. 6) Dyce liest, um einen vollständigen Vers herauszubringen, *hear* zweisylbig; andere Hgg. schreiben *knowest*. 7) *within him* = in seine unmittelbare Nähe, in seinen Bereich. 8) *to take a house* = ein Haus im Fliehen erreichen, sich in ein Haus flüchten. — So weiterhin *he took this place for sanctuary*. 9) *Enter Lady Abbess* in der Fol. 10) *possession* = Besessenheit, von *to be possessed* = besessen, verrückt sein. 11) Die Fol. schreibt *sower*, zum Zeichen, dass das Wort hier zweisylbig auszusprechen sei. Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 1, Anm. 20. — In der folgenden Zeile verbessert die zweite Folioausg. den Vers unnöthiger Weise, indem sie *much* zweimal setzt. 12) *copy*, eigentlich = Muster, nach dem man sich richtet, dann = Thema, das man verarbeitet und behandelt. 13) Wenn ich allein mit ihm war, so war das der Gegenstand, über den ich sprach; und in Gesellschaft spielte ich in Blicken oder Worten oft darauf an. 14) *sleeps* im Plural bezeichnet nicht den einmaligen Schlaf, sondern den regelmässig Nacht für Nacht wiederkehrenden. 15) *light* = unstät in Gedanken, von einer Sache zur andern überspringend. 16) *their heels*, wie Heath für *her heels* der Fol. liest, bezieht sich auf *melancholy* und *despair* zugleich, während, *her* auf ein weiblich personificirtes *melancholy* zu beziehen, die männliche Personification *kinsman* nicht verstattet. — Dyce, der *her* beibehält, nimmt an, dass hinter *melancholy* ein Wort ausgefallen sei. — *her* und *their* werden in den alten Drucken beständig verwechselt. 17) Das würde Jeden, sei es Mensch oder Thier, toll machen. 18) *formal man* = ein anständiger, ordentlicher Mensch, so wie ein Mensch aussehen und sich benehmen muss. So in Antony and Cleopatra (A. 2, Sc. 5) *Thou shouldst come like a Fury crown'd with snakes,* || *Not like a formal man.* 19) Der Weggang der Aebtissin ist in der Fol. nicht verzeichnet. 20) *death* für *depth* der Fol. findet sich schon in der dritten Folioausg. und ist nicht erst von Rowe verbessert. — *sorry* = traurig, melancholisch, wird im älteren Englisch für *dismal, sorrowful* gebraucht. 21) *important* = dringlich, nachdrücklich, von

It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order;
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.
Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here;
And ill it doth beseem your holiness
To separate the husband and the wife.
Abb. Be quiet, and depart: thou shalt not have him.
[Exit.[19]
Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.
Adr. Come, go: I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise, until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.
Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Anon, I 'm sure, the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale,
The place of death and sorry execution,[20]
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.
Ang. Upon what cause?
Mer. To see a reverend Syracusian merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence.
Ang. See, where they come: we will behold his death.
Luc. Kneel to the duke before he pass the abbey.

Enter Duke, *attended; Æ*geon *bare-headed; with the Headsman and other Officers.*

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him.
Adr. Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!
Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady:
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.
Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholus, my husband, —
Whom I made lord of me, and all I had,
At your important[21] letters, — this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him,
That desperately he hurried through the street,
(With him his bondman, all as mad as he)
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, anything his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.[22]
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,[23]
He broke from those that had the guard of him,
And with his mad attendant and himself,[24]
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,[25]
Chas'd us away; till, raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them. Then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursued them;
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.
Duke. Long since thy husband serv'd me in my wars,
And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could. —
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
And bid the lady abbess come to me.
I will determine this, before I stir.[26]

Enter a Servant.[27]

Serv. O mistress, mistress! shift and save yourself.
My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row,[28] and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have sing'd off with brands of fire;
And ever as it blazed they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair.
My master preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with scissors nicks him like a fool;[29]
And, sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.
Adr. Peace, fool! thy master and his man are here,[30]
And that is false thou dost report to us.
Serv. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breath'd almost, since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To scorch[31] your face, and to disfigure you. *[Cry within.*
Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress: fly, be gone.
Duke. Come, stand by me; fear nothing. Guard with halberds!
Adr. Ah me, it is my husband! Witness you,
That he is borne about invisible:
Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here,
And now he 's there, past thought of human reason.

Enter Antipholus *of Ephesus and* Dromio *of Ephesus.*

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious duke! O! grant me justice,

Bitten und Vorstellungen. So in K. Lear (A. 4, Sc. 4) *my mourning and important tears.* — Es scheint, dass Adriana als reiche Erbin den Antipholus auf die dringende Verwendung des Herzogs, der vielleicht ihr Vormund war, geheirathet hatte. — Die zweite Folioausg. hat *impoteant*, die dritte und vierte *impotent*, woraus Rowe *all-potent* machte. 22) *to take order for* = Anstalt treffen wegen einer Sache: während ich ging, um das Unheil wieder gut zu machen, das er hier und dort in seiner Wuth angestiftet. 23) Malone vermuthete einmal *strange escape*, beruhigte sich jedoch bei der alten Lesart, welche Steevens richtig erklärt: *an escape effected by strength or violence.* 24) Der Sinn dieser nachlässigen Ausdrucksweise ist einfach: er selbst in Begleitung seines tollen Dieners. 25) Zu *madly bent on us* ist aus dem Vorigen *swords* hinzuzudenken: sie begegneten uns wieder mit gezogenen Schwertern, und, indem sie sie toll gegen uns richteten, jagten sie uns von dannen. 26) Ich will diese Sache zur Entscheidung bringen, ehe ich mich von der Stelle rühre. 27) Die Fol. hat *Enter a Messenger.* 28) *a-row* = der Reihe nach. — Vor *beaten* fehlt das Hülfsverbum *have*, als ob vorher *have broke* statt *are broke* stände. Solche Ungenauigkeiten sind bei Sh. nicht selten. 29) Dromio schneidet dem Pinch die Haare glatt vom Kopfe ab, wie man sie Narren, d. h. Verrückten, schneidet. So in The Choice of Change, conteining the Triplicitie of Divinitie, Philosophie and Poetrie (1598) *Three things used by monks, which provoke other men to laugh at their follies: First they are shaven and notched on the head like fools.* 30) *here* sagt Adriana, indem sie auf die Abtei hindeutet. 31) Antipholus wollte der Adriana das Gesicht versengen mit dem Feuerbrande, den er noch in Händen hatte. — Vgl. oben *Whose beard they have sing'd off with*

Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee[32] in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.
Æge. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio!
Ant. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there!
She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife,
That hath abused and dishonour'd me,
Even in the strength and height of injury.[33]
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.
Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.
Ant. E. This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon me,
While she with harlots[34] feasted in my house.
Duke. A grievous fault. Say, woman, didst thou so?
Adr. No, my good lord: myself, he, and my sister,
To-day did dine together. So befall my soul,
As this is false he burdens me withal.
Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your highness simple truth.
Ang. O perjur'd woman! They are both forsworn:
In this the madman justly chargeth them.
Ant. E. My liege, I am advised what I say:
Neither disturbed[35] with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash provok'd with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,[36]
Could witness it, for he was with me then;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him: in the street I met him,
And in his company that gentleman.
There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down,
That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,
Which, God he[37] knows, I saw not; for the which
He did arrest me with an officer.
I did obey, and sent my peasant[38] home
For certain ducats: he with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke[39] the officer,
To go in person with me to my house.
By the way we met
My wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates: along with them
They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-fac'd villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller,
A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking[40] wretch,
A living dead man. This pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer,
And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face,[41] as 't were, outfacing me,
Cries out, I was possess'd. Then, altogether
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,
And in a dark and dankish vault at home
There[42] left me and my man, both bound together;
Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your grace, whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames, and great indignities.
Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him,
That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.
Duke. But had he such a chain of thee, or no?
Ang. He had, my lord; and when he ran in here,
These people saw the chain about his neck.
Mer. Besides, I will be sworn, these ears of mine
Heard you confess you had the chain of him,
After you first forswore it on the mart,
And, thereupon, I drew my sword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.
Ant. E. I never came within these abbey-walls,
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me.
I never saw the chain. So help me heaven,
As[43] this is false you burden me withal.
Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach[44] is this!
I think, you all have drunk of Circe's cup.[45]
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly; —
You say, he din'd at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying. — Sirrah, what say you?
Dro. E. Sir, he din'd with her there,[46] at the Porpentine.
Cour. He did, and from my finger snatch'd that ring.
Ant. E. 'T is true, my liege; this ring I had of her.
Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?
Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.
Duke. Why, this is strange. — Go call the abbess hither. —
I think you are all mated,[47] or stark mad.
[Exit an Attendant.

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brands of fire. — Dyce adoptirt Warburton's Conjectur *scotch* = zerhacken, zerschneiden. 32) *to bestride* mit dem Accusativ = über einen im Kampfe Niedergesunkenen dahintreten, um ihn zu schützen. 33) So weit und so stark ein Unrecht, eine Kränkung überhaupt sich zufügen lässt. 34) *harlot* = liederlicher Mensch, wird im älteren Englisch öfter von Männern gebraucht, und noch in Ben Jonson's The Fox wird Volpone angeredet mit *out, harlot.* 35) *disturbed*, wie die Fol. hat, ist hier dreisylbig, und *the* mit dem anlautenden Vocal *effect* zu einer Sylbe zu verschmelzen. — Manche Hgg. lesen *disturb'd with the effect.* 36) *to be packed with* = in heimlichem bösen Einverständniss mit Jemandem sein. 37) *God* hat emphatisch das *he* nach sich: Gott, der weiss es. 38) *peasant* = Tölpel, Bauerlümmel. So hatte Adriana den Dromio schon A. 2, Sc. 1 gescholten: *Hence, prating peasant! fetch thy master home.* 39) *to bespeak* = Jemanden bereden: dann redete ich freundlich dem Gerichtsdiener zu. 40) *sharp-looking* = spitz aussehend, mit schmalem Gesicht, bezeichnet das dürre und ausgehungerte Ansehen des Pinch. 41) Pinch war so mager, dass er gleichsam *(as 't were)* gar kein Gesicht hatte. 42) *there* ist pleonastisch neben *in a dark etc.* gesetzt. Vgl. oben Anm. 37. 43) *as* ist Dyce's plausible Verbesserung für *and* der Fol., deren von den anderen Hggn. beibehaltene Interpunction *so help me heaven* mit *I never saw the chain* verbindet. 44) *impeach* = Rechtshandel. 45) Auf die Sage von der Circe spielt Sh. auch in K. Henry VI. First Part (A. 5, Sc. 3) an: *As if, with Circe, she would change my shape.* — Einer solchen Verwandlung schreibt der Herzog es zu, dass die Anwesenden sich alle in einander täuschen. 46) *with her there*, hinweisend = mit der da. 47) Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 2, Anm. 15. 48) Wortspiel zwischen *bond-*

Æge. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a word.
Haply, I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.
Duke. Speak freely, Syracusian, what thou wilt.
Æge. Is not your name, Sir, call'd Antipholus,
And is not that your bondman Dromio?
Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bondman,[48] Sir;
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords:
Now am I Dromio, and his man unbound.
Æge. I am sure you both of you remember me.
Dro. E. Ourselves we do remember, Sir, by you;
For lately we were bound, as you are now.
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, Sir?
Æge. Why look you strange on me? you know me well.
Ant. E. I never saw you in my life, till now.
Æge. O! grief hath chang'd me, since you saw me last;
And careful hours,[49] with Time's deformed hand,[50]
Have written strange defeatures[51] in my face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?
Ant. E. Neither.
Æge. Dromio, nor thou?
Dro. E. No, trust me, Sir, nor I.
Æge. I am sure thou dost.
Dro. E. Ay, Sir, but I am sure I do not; and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound[52] to believe him.
Æge. Not know my voice! O, time's extremity,
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?[53]
Though now this grained face[54] of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up,
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
All these old witnesses[55] (I cannot err)
Tell me thou art my son Antipholus.
Ant. E. I never saw my father in my life.
Æge. But seven years since, in Syracusa, boy,
Thou know'st we parted. But, perhaps, my son,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.
Ant. E. The duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witness with me that it is not so.
I ne'er saw Syracusa in my life.
Duke. I tell thee, Syracusian, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracusa.
I see, thy age and dangers[56] make thee dote.

Enter Abbess, with Antipholus *of Syracuse and* Dromio *of Syracuse.*

Abb. Most mighty duke, behold a man much wrong'd.
[All gather to see them.[57]
Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.
Duke. One of these men is Genius[58] to the other;
And so of these:[59] which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? who deciphers them?
Dro. S. I, Sir, am Dromio: command him away.
Dro. E. I, Sir, am Dromio: pray, let me stay.
Ant. S. Ægeon art thou not? or else his ghost?
Dro. S. O, my old master! who hath bound him here?
Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty. —
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man
That hadst a wife once call'd Æmilia,
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons.
O! if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Æmilia![60]
Æge. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia.
If thou art she, tell me, where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?
Abb. By men of Epidamnum, he, and I,
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up:
But, by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamnum.
What then became of them, I cannot tell;
I[61] to this fortune that you see me in.
Duke. Why, here begins his morning story[62] right.
These two Antipholus', these two so like,
And these two Dromios, one in semblance,[63] —
Besides her urging of her wrack at sea; —
These are the parents to these children,[64]

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man = Leibeigener, und = ein Mann in Banden. Manche Hgg. schreiben deshalb *bond-man* hier. 49) *careful* ist hier = *full of care:* sorgenvolle Stunden. So in K. Richard III. (A. 1, Sc. 3) *By Him that rais'd me to this careful height.* 50) *deformed* erklärt Steevens mit *deforming,* als ob Sh. ohne Weiteres ein passives Particip statt des activen habe setzen können. *Time's deformed hand* ist = die hässliche, entstellte Hand der personificirt gedachten Zeit. 51) Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 1, Anm. 24. 52) *bound* = verpflichtet, und = gebunden, gefesselt. 53) *my feeble key etc.* = den schwachen Ton, in welchem meine Stimme ihre unmelodisch klingenden Kümmernisse ausspricht. — Genau genommen gehörte *untun'd* zu *key.* 54) *grained* = geädert, genarbt von den Furchen des Alters. 55) *all these old witnesses* = alle diese Zeugen, die ihm noch in seinem Alter zu Gebote stehen, nämlich: *some memory* = ein Rest von Gedächtnisskraft, *my wasting lamps* = die Augen, deren Sehkraft schon schwindet, *my dull deaf ears* = die Ohren, die schon anfangen, stumpf und taub zu werden. — Steevens erklärt *old witnesses* weniger gut mit *experienced, accustomed ones.* 56) *dangers* = die gerichtliche Bedrängniss, die kritische Lage, in der er sich in Folge seiner Verurtheilung befindet. 57) So die Fol. — Manche Hgg. ändern willkürlich *see him.* — Unter *them* sind offenbar beide Antipholus verstanden, um welche die Anwesenden sich drängen. 58) *Genius* = der jedem Menschen beigegebene Schutzgeist oder Dämon, der, wenn er sich verkörpert, die Gestalt seines Schutzbefohlenen annimmt. 59) *so of these* ist mit Hinweisung auf die beiden Dromio gesprochen. 60) In der Fol. folgt auf diese Rede zunächst die des Herzogs bis *met together,* dann die des Aegeon, und endlich die der Aebtissin. — Capell nahm zuerst die nöthige Umstellung vor. 61) Zu *I* ist aus *became* ein entsprechendes Verbum zu ergänzen: ich gelangte zu der Lage, in der Du mich findest. 62) *his morning story* = die Geschichte, welche Aegeon mir diesen Morgen erzählt hat. — *right* = eben, gerade, adverbialisch gefasst und mit *here* zu verbinden. 63) *semblance* ist dreisylbig *(sembelance)* zu lesen, wie in Two Gentlemen of Verona (A. 1, Sc. 3) *resembleth* viersylbig *(resembeleth).* — Da die Fol. *her* und *their* öfter verwechselt (vgl. oben Anm. 16), so wäre vielleicht auch in der folgenden Zeile *their urging* und *their wrack* zu lesen. 64) Malone's Vermuthung, dass vor dieser Zeile ein Vers, etwa des Inhaltes *These circumstances all*

Which accidentally are met together.
Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first?
Ant. S. No, Sir, not I: I came from Syracuse.
Duke. Stay, stand apart: I know not which is which.
Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord.
Dro. E. And I with him.
Ant. E. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior,
Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.
Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?
Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.
Adr. And are not you my husband?
Ant. E. No; I say nay to that.
Ant. S. And so do I; yet did she call me so;
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother. — What I told you then,
I hope, I shall have leisure to make good,
If this be not a dream I see and hear.
Ang. That is the chain, Sir, which you had of me.
Ant. S. I think it be, Sir: I deny it not.
Ant. E. And you, Sir, for this chain arrested me.
Ang. I think I did, Sir: I deny it not.
Adr. I sent you money, Sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think, he brought it not.
Dro. E. No, none by me.
Ant. S. This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you,
And Dromio, my man, did bring them me.
I see, we still did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him and he for me,
And thereupon these errors are arose.[65]
Ant. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.
Duke. It shall not need: thy father hath his life.
Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.
Ant. E. There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.[66]
Abb. Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes;
And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathized one day's error[67]
Have suffer'd wrong, go keep us company,
And we shall make full satisfaction.
Thirty-three years[68] have I but gone in travail
Of you, my sons; and till this present hour
My heavy burden ne'er delivered. —
The duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,[69]
Go to a gossips' feast, and joy with me:
After so long grief such festivity![70]
Duke. With all my heart: I 'll gossip at this feast.
[Exeunt Duke, Abbess, Ægeon, Courtezan, Merchant, Angelo, *and Attendants.*
Dro. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from shipboard?
Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd?
Dro. S. Your goods, that lay at host, Sir, in the Centaur.
Ant. S. He speaks to me. — I am your master, Dromio:
Come, go with us; we 'll look to that anon.
Embrace thy brother there; rejoice with him.
[Exeunt Ant. *S.*, Ant. *E.*, Adr., *and* Luc.
Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your master's house,
That kitchen'd[71] me for you to-day at dinner:
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.
Dro. E. Methinks, you are my glass, and not my brother:
I see by you I am a sweet-faced youth.
Will you walk in to see their gossiping?
Dro. S. Not I, Sir; you are my elder.
Dro. E. That 's a question: how shall we try it?
Dro. S. We 'll draw cuts for the senior: till then, lead thou first.
Dro. E. Nay, then thus:[72]
We came into the world like brother and brother;
And now let 's go hand in hand, not one before another.
[Exeunt.

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concur to prove, ausgefallen sei, erscheint unbegründet, da *These are etc.* eben so hinweisend, mit einer Handgeberde begleitet, zu verstehen ist, wie *these two Antipholus'* und *these two Dromios:* Diese, die hier stehen, sind die Eltern jener Kinder, die da stehen. — *children* ist dreisylbig *(childeren)* zu lesen. 65) Rowe las *these errors all arose.* — Sh. gebraucht *arose* als Particip, wie er *wrote* von *to write* so gebraucht in Cymbeline (A. 3, Sc. 5) *my emperor hath wrote* und *Lucius hath wrote already.* — Staunton liest *And thereupon these Errors rare arose.* 66) Für die gute Bewirthung, die ich heute Mittag bei Euch hatte. 67) *sympathized*, als Particip, ist mit *error* zu verbinden: Ihr Alle, die Ihr durch diese gemeinschaftlich bestandenen Irrungen, die nur einen Tag gedauert haben, gelitten habt. 68) Die Fol. liest *Thirty-three years have I but gone in travail* || *Of you, my sons, and till this present hour* || *My heavy burthen are delivered.* — Theobald änderte *twenty-five years*, indem er zwei vorhergehende Zeitangaben des Aegeon zusammenstellt: (A. 1, Sc. 1) *My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,* || *At eighteen years became inquisitive* || *After his brother*, und in dieser Scene *But seven years since, in Syracusa, boy,* || *Thou know'st we parted.* — Wahrscheinlich rührt aber die Zahl der Fol. von einem Versehen Sh.'s selber her. — *ne'er delivered* ist Dyce's Emendation; Malone las *not delivered*, und Collier *undelivered;* Theobald: *nor till this present time* || *My heavy burdens are delivered.* 69) Sie bezeichnet die beiden Dromio, wie vorher Antipholus den einen bezeichnet hatte. Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 2, Anm. 10. 70) *joy* ist Heath's plausible Conjectur für *go*, das die Fol. in müssiger Wiederholung hat, und *festivity* setzt Johnson für das eben so unpassend wiederholte *nativity* der Fol. 71) *to kitchen* = in die Küche holen, für die Küche verwenden, scherzhaft gebildet nach Analogie von *to house* u. A. 72) Bei diesen Worten fasst der eine Dromio den andern bei der Hand, oder nimmt ihn unter den Arm.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Einleitung.

Shakspere's Much Ado about Nothing erschien im Jahre 1600 in einer Einzelausgabe mit folgendem Titel: Much adoe about Nothing. As it hath been sundrie times publikely acted by the right honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. Written by William Shakespeare. — London Printed by V. S. for Andrew Wise and William Apsley. 1600. — Der Text dieser Ausgabe in Quarto ist im Ganzen ziemlich correct und weicht auch nicht erheblich ab von dem daraus abgedruckten Text der Folioausgabe von 1623, in welcher das Drama als das sechste in der Reihe der Comedies abgedruckt steht, hier zuerst in Acte, wenn auch nicht in Scenen eingetheilt, und ohne ein Personenverzeichniss, welches Rowe seiner Ausgabe (1709) beifügte. — In demselben Jahre, in welchem die Quarto erschien, und zwar unter dem 23. August 1600, wurde Much Ado about Nothing zugleich mit King Henry IV. Second Part in die Register der Buchhändlergilde eingetragen, nachdem kurz vorher, laut eines Vermerks vom 4. August, in denselben Registern die Veröffentlichung des Stückes durch einen andern Verleger gehindert worden war. Eine frühere Notiz als diese hat sich bisher nicht nachweisen lassen, und das Stillschweigen, mit welchem Francis Meres in seinem Buche Palladis Tamia 1598 unter den Dramen Shakspere's dieses Drama übergeht, macht es neben den inneren Merkmalen des Styls und des Verses wahrscheinlich, dass es in der Zwischenzeit, 1598—1600, geschrieben und aufgeführt worden ist.

Der ernstere Theil des Stoffes, der Claudio's Täuschung und Hero's Ehrenkränkung enthält, war zu Shakspere's Zeit in England in verschiedenen Bearbeitungen bekannt: zunächst in der Episode von Ariodant und Genevra aus Ariosto's Orlando Furioso, welche bereits in zwei englischen Uebersetzungen, von Beverley und von Turbervile, existirte, ehe 1591 Harington das ganze Gedicht Ariost's in englischen Versen erscheinen liess. Auch ein jetzt verloren gegangenes Drama desselben Inhalts war im Jahre 1582—1583 vorhanden und damals vor der Königin Elisabeth durch die Schüler der Londoner Stiftsschule der *Merchant Tailors' Company* aufgeführt worden, wie aus folgender Notiz der von Cunningham edirten Accounts of the Revels at Court erhellt: A Historie of Ariodante and Geneuora shewed before her Matie on Shrovetuesdaie at night enacted by Mr. Mulcasters children. — Dieselbe Geschichte, nur mit veränderten Namen, hat auch Edmund Spenser in seine Faerie Queene eingeflochten. — Am nächsten der Shakspere'schen Behandlung, jedoch mit Entlehnung einiger Züge aus den andern Quellen, sei es Ariost und Spenser, oder vielleicht das vorerwähnte ältere Drama, kommt eine Novelle des Bandello, deren Ueberschrift im Original lautet: Come il Signore Timbreo di Cardona, essendo col Re Piero d'Arragona in Messina, s'innamora di Felicia Lionata: e i varii fortunevoli accidenti, che avvennero prima che per moglie la prendesse. — In welcher Weise Shakspere aus dieser Novelle, die er jedenfalls nur in ihren allgemeinsten Umrissen benutzt hat, schöpfte, ist jetzt nicht mehr nachzuweisen. Wir begnügen uns deshalb mit der kurzen Analyse, welche Skottowe von dieser Erzählung giebt:

Fenicia, the daughter of Lionato, a gentleman of Messina, is betrothed to Timbreo di Cardona. Girondo, a disappointed lover of the young lady, resolves, if possible, to prevent the marriage. He insinuates to Timbreo that his mistress is disloyal, and offers to show him a stranger scaling her chamber-window. Timbreo accepts the invitation, and witnesses the hired servant of Girondo, in the dress of a gentleman, ascending a ladder and entering the house of Lionato. Stung with rage and jealousy, Timbreo the next morning accuses his innocent mistress to her father, and rejects the alliance. Fenicia sinks into a swoon; a dangerous illness succeeds; and to stifle all reports injurious to her fame, Lionato proclaims that she is dead. Her funeral rites are performed in Messina, while in truth she lies concealed in the obscurity of a country residence.

The thought of having occasioned the death of an innocent and lovely female strikes Girondo with horror; in the agony of remorse he confesses his villany to Timbreo, and they both throw themselves on the mercy, and ask forgiveness, of the insulted family of Fenicia. On Timbreo is imposed only the penance of espousing a lady whose face he should not see previous to his marriage: instead of a new bride, whom he expected, he is presented, at the nuptial altar, with his injured and beloved Fenicia.

Ein Bruchstück der betreffenden Erzählung aus Spenser's Faerie Queene (Book II, Canto IV) möge hier folgen. Die Erzählung ist dem getäuschten Liebhaber, der dem Shakspere'schen Claudio entspricht, in den Mund gelegt:

It was my fortune, commune to that age,
To love a lady fayre of great degree,
The which was borne of noble parentage,
And set in highest seat of dignitee,
Yet seemd no lesse to love then lovd to bee:
Long I her serv'd, and found her faithfull still,
Ne ever thing could cause us disagree:
Love, that two hartes makes one, makes eke one will:
Each strove to please, and others pleasures to fulfill.

My friend, hight Philemon, I did partake
Of all my love and all my privitie;
Who gently ioyous seemed for my sake,
And gratious to that lady, as to mee;
Ne ever wight, that mote so welcome bee
As he to her, withouten blott or blame;
Ne ever thing, that she could think or see,
But unto him she would impart the same:
O wretched man, that would abuse so gentle dame!

At last such grace I found, and meanes I wrought,
That I that lady to my spouse had wonne,
Accord of friendes, consent of parents sought;
Affyaunce made, my happinesse begonne,
There wanted nought but few rites to be donne,
Which mariage make: that day too farre did seeme!
Most ioyous man, on whome the shining sunne
Did shew his face, myself I did esteeme,
And that my falser friend did no lesse ioyous deeme.

But, ere that wished day his beame disclosd,
He, either envying my toward good,
Or of himselfe to treason ill disposd,
One day unto me came in friendly mood,
And told, for secret, how he understood
That lady, whom I had to me assynd,
Had both distaind her honorable blood,
And eke the faith which she to me did bynd;
And therefore wisht me stay, till I my truth should fynd.

The gnawing anguish, and sharp gelosy,
Which his sad speach infixed in my brest,
Ranckled so sore, and festred inwardly,
That my engreeved mind could find no rest,
Till that the truth thereof I did out wrest;
And him besought, by that same sacred band
Betwixt us both, to counsell me the best:
He then with solemne oath and plighted hand
Assurd, ere long the truth to let me understand.

Ere long with like againe he boorded mee,
Saying, he now had boulted all the floure,
And that it was a groome of base degree,
Which of my love was partner paramoure:
Who used in a darksome inner bowre
Her oft to meete: which better to approve,
He promised to bring me at that howre,
When I should see that would me nearer move,
And drive me to withdraw my blind abused love.

This gracelesse man, for furtherance of his guile,
Did court the handmayd of my lady deare,
Who, glad t' embosome his affection vile,
Did all she might more pleasing to appeare.
One day, to worke her to his will more neare,
He woo'd her thus: „Pryené," (so she hight)
„What great despight does fortune to thee beare,
Thus lowly to abase thy beautie bright,
That it should not deface all others lesser light?

But if she had her least helpe to thee lent,
T' adorne thy forme according thy desart,
Their blazing pride thou wouldest soone have blent,
And staynd their prayses with thy least good part;
Ne should faire Claribell with all her art,
Tho' she thy lady be, approach thee neare;
For proofe thereof, this evening, as thou art.
Aray thyselfe in her most gorgeous geare,
That I may more delight in thy embracement deare."

The mayden proud through praise and mad through love,
Him hearkned to, and soone herselfe arayd;
The whiles to me the treachour did remove
His craftie engin: and, as he had sayd
Me leading, in a secret corner layd,
The sad spectatour of my tragedie:
Where left, he went, and his owne false part playd,
Disguised like that groome of base degree,
Whom he had feignd th' abuser of my love to bee.

Eftsoones he came unto th' appointed place,
And with him brought Pryené, rich arayd,
In Claribellaes clothes: her proper face
I not discerned in that darkesome shade,
But weend it was my love with whom he playd.
Ah God! what horrour and tormenting griefe
My hart, my handes, mine eies, and all assayd!
Me liefer were ten thousand deathës priefe
Then wounde of gealous worme, and shame of such repriefe.

I home retourning, fraught with fowle despight,
And chawing vengeaunce all the way I went,
Soone as my loathed love appeard in sight,
With wrathfull hand I slew her innocent;
That after soone I dearely did lament:
For, when the cause of that outrageous deede
Demaunded I made plaine and evident,
Her faultie handmayd, which that bale did breede,
Confest how Philemon her wrought to chaunge her weede.

Die humoristischen und komischen Partien von Much Ado about Nothing und die diesen Kreisen angehörenden Personen scheinen ganz und gar Erfindung unseres Dichters zu sein; wenigstens haben sich bisher noch keine von ihm etwa benutzten Quellen dazu nachweisen lassen.

Die alte Erzählung, welche Benedick im Sinne hat, wenn er A. 1, Sc. 1 sagt: *Like the old tale, my lord: it is not so, nor't was not so; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so,* wird von Blakeway aus seiner Erinnerung folgendermassen berichtet:

Once upon a time there was a young lady (called Lady Mary in the story), who had two brothers. One summer they all three went to a country-seat of theirs, which they had not before visited. Among the other gentry in the neighbourhood who came to see them was a Mr. Fox, a bachelor, with whom they, particularly the young lady, were much pleased. He used often to dine with them, and frequently invited Lady Mary to come and see his house. One day that her brothers were absent elsewhere, and she had nothing better to do, she determined to go thither, and accordingly set out unattended. When she arrived

at the house and knocked at the door, no one answered. At length she opened it and went in. Over the portal of the hall was written, „Be bold, be bold, but not too bold.“ She advanced: over the staircase, the same inscription. She went up: over the entrance of a gallery, the same. She proceeded: over the door of a chamber, — „Be bold, be bold, but not too bold, lest that your heart's-blood should run cold.“ She opened it—it was full of skeletons, tubs full of blood, &c. She retreated in haste. Coming down stairs she saw, out of a window, Mr. Fox advancing towards the house, with a drawn sword in one hand, while with the other he dragged along a young lady by her hair. Lady Mary had just time to slip down and hide herself under the stairs before Mr. Fox and his victim arrived at the foot of them. As he pulled the young lady up stairs she caught hold of one of the banisters with her hand, on which was a rich bracelet. Mr. Fox cut it off with his sword: the hand and bracelet fell into Lady Mary's lap, who then contrived to escape unobserved, and got home safe to her brothers' house.

After a few days Mr. Fox came to dine with them as usual (whether by invitation or of his own accord this deponent saith not). After dinner, when the guests began to amuse each other with extraordinary anecdotes, Lady Mary at length said she would relate to them a remarkable dream she had lately had. „I dreamt,“ said she, „that as you, Mr. Fox, had often invited me to your house, I would go there one morning. When I came to the house, I knocked, &c., but no one answered. When I opened the door, over the hall was written, „Be bold, be bold, but not too bold.“ But,“ said she, turning to Mr. Fox, and smiling, „It is not so, nor it was not so,“ then she pursues the rest of the story, concluding at every turn with „It is not so, nor it was not so,“ till she comes to the room full of dead bodies, when Mr. Fox took up the burden of the tale, and said, „It is not so, nor it was not so, and God forbid it should be so:“ which he continues to repeat at every subsequent turn of the dreadful story, till she came to the circumstance of his cutting off the young lady's hand, when, upon his saying as usual, „It is not so, nor it was not so, and God forbid it should be so,“ Lady Mary retorts, „But it is so, and it was so, and here the hand I have to show,“ at the same time producing the hand and bracelet from her lap: whereupon the guests drew their swords, and instantly cut Mr. Fox into a thousand pieces.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DON PEDRO, Prince of Arragon.
JOHN, his bastard Brother.
CLAUDIO, a young Lord of Florence.
BENEDICK, a young Lord of Padua.
LEONATO, Governor of Messina.
ANTONIO, his Brother.
BALTHAZAR, Servant to Don Pedro.
BORACHIO, CONRADE, } Followers of John.
DOGBERRY, VERGES, } Two Officers.
FRIAR FRANCIS.
A Sexton.
A Boy.

HERO, Daughter to Leonato.
BEATRICE, Niece to Leonato.
MARGARET, URSULA, } Gentlewomen attending on Hero.

Messengers, Watchmen, and Attendants.

SCENE, Messina.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Before LEONATO's House.

Enter LEONATO, HERO, BEATRICE, *and Others, with a Messenger.*[1]

Leon. I learn in this letter, that Don Pedro[2] of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very near by this: he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name.[3]

Leon. A victory is twice itself, when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here, that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine, called Claudio.

Mess. Much deserved on his part, and equally[4] remembered by Don Pedro. He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age,[5] doing in the figure of a lamb the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, better bettered expectation than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much, that joy could not show itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness.[6]

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness. There are no faces truer than those that are so washed: how much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping!

Beat. I pray you, is Signior Montanto[7] returned from the wars, or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, lady: there was none such in the army of any sort.[8]

Leon. What is he that you ask for, niece?

Hero. My cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. O, he is returned, and as pleasant[9] as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills[10] here in Messina, and challenged Cupid at the flight; and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt. — I pray you, how many hath he killed

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1) Q. und Fol. haben *Enter Leonato, governor of Messina, Innogen his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his niece, with a messenger.* — Die Frau des Leonato strich zuerst Theobald, hier und in einer folgenden Scene, mit Recht, da sie weder selbst redet, noch angeredet wird, noch überhaupt von ihrer Existenz im Verlaufe des Dramas eine Spur sich findet. 2) *Don Peter* in Q. und Fol. hier und in einer folgenden Rede Leonato's. Aber der Bote nennt ihn *Don Pedro*, wie der Fürst von Arragon auch bei seinem Auftreten bezeichnet wird. 3) *sort* = Rang, hier in der militärischen Hierarchie. Unter den in der Schlacht gefallenen Herren sind nur wenige, die im Heere eine bestimmte Charge hatten, und kein einziger namhafter. 4) *equally* = dem grossen Verdienst gemäss oder entsprechend, bezieht sich auf *much deserved.* 5) Er hat sich besser gehalten, mehr geleistet, als seine Jugend versprach. 6) Die Freude, damit sie nicht in ein Uebermass verfiele, musste, um ihre Zurückhaltung und Masshaltung zu zeigen, der Thränen, die sonst nur ein Abzeichen bitterer Empfindungen sind, sich bedienen. 7) *montanto*, ein technischer Fechterausdruck, = das Vorrücken, das Auslegen beim Fechten, wird hier von Beatrice scherzhaft als ein Eigenname gefasst, mit welchem sie den rauflustigen Benedick bezeichnet. 8) Vgl. oben Anm. 3. 9) *pleasant* = munter, scherzhaft. 10) *to set up bills* = einen öffentlichen Anschlag machen, Zettel anschlagen, wird auch bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen gebraucht von Preisfechtern, die in solcher Proclamation beliebige Gegner aufforderten, sich mit ihnen zu messen. — So hatte der eitle Benedick es mit Cupido selbst aufnehmen wollen, wer am besten mit dem Pfeil nach einem weiblichen Herzen schiessen könnte, aber statt des Cupido und in Cupido's Namen hatte nur Leonato's Hausnarr die Herausforderung angenommen, jedoch nicht auf den langen und scharfen Pfeil, mit dem man geradeswegs auf ein entferntes Ziel schiesst *(flight)*, sondern spöttisch nur auf den stumpfen und ungefährlichen Bolzen, mit dem man Vögel trifft, ohne sie zu verwunden *(bird-bolt)*.

and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax Signior Benedick too much; but he 'll be meet with you, [11] I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victual, and he hath holp to eat it: he is a very valiant trencher-man; he hath an excellent stomach.

Mess. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady; but what is he to a lord?

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuffed with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is so, indeed: he is no less than a stuffed man; [12] but for the stuffing, — well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You must not, Sir, mistake my niece. There is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick and her: they never meet, but there 's a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas! he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict four of his five wits [13] went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one; so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, [14] let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left to be known a reasonable creature. — Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother. [15]

Mess. Is 't possible?

Beat. Very easily possible: he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.

Mess. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books. [16]

Beat. No; an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer [17] now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O Lord! he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, [18] it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cured.

Mess. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You will never run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approached.

Enter Don Pedro, John, [19] Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar, *and Others.*

D. Pedro. Good Signior Leonato, you are come [20] to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace; for trouble being gone, comfort should remain, but when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

D. Pedro. You embrace your charge [21] too willingly. I think, this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bene. Were you in doubt, Sir, that you asked her?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

D. Pedro. You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man. — Truly, the lady fathers herself. [22] — Be happy, lady, for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick: nobody marks you.

Bene. What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible disdain should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it, as Signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence. [23]

Letztere Waffe kommt auch sonst als charakteristisch für den Narren vor; so auf dem Titelblatt eines alten Pamphlets, das Farmer citirt: *A new post — a mark exceeding necessary for all men's arrows: whether the great man's flight, the gallant's rover, the wise man's prick-shaft, the poor man's but-shaft, or the fool's bird-bolt.* 11) Er wird quitt mit Euch werden, in Euren bösen Nachreden über ihn. 12) Der Bote fasst *stuffed* = ausstaffirt, voll von Etwas, in uneigentlichem Sinne; Beatrice fasst es in eigentlichem Sinne = wattirt, ausgestopft, gleichsam um stattlicher zu erscheinen, als er ist. — Farmer erinnert daran, dass *stuffed man* auch = Hahnrei, stehe; indess ist der Witz auch ohne diese Beziehung verständlich genug. 13) *five wits* = die fünf geistigen Kräfte, entsprechend den fünf Sinnen: als solche wurden gerechnet *common wit, imagination, fancy, estimation, memory.* So in Sh.'s Sonnets (141) *But my five wits nor my five senses can || Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee.* — An dieser Stelle scheinen jedoch *five wits* die fünf Sinne zu bedeuten — eine Verwechslung, die öfter vorkommt. So in Chaucer's The Persones Tale: *Certes delites been after the appetites of the five wittis, as sight, hereing, smelling, savouring, and touching.* 14) *wit enough to keep himself warm* ist sprichwörtlich für ein höchst bescheidenes, aber doch genügendes Mass von Witz. Diesen Witz soll Benedick als ein Abzeichen tragen, um sich von seinem Pferde zu unterscheiden, das sonst eben so klug ist wie er. 15) Er hat in jedem Monat einen Andern, dem er Brüderschaft zuschwört. — Diese zugeschworene Treue heisst gleich nachher *his faith*, und er wechselt damit so oft, wie mit dem Hut, dessen nächste oder folgende Façon (*block*) die Mode gerade aufbringt. 16) *to be in one's books* = bei Jemandem gut angeschrieben sein, ein Ausdruck, der verschieden gedeutet wird: vom Testamente, von den Büchern des Wappenamts, von den Musterrollen der Soldaten oder Lehnsleute, von den Notizbüchern, in die man eintrug, was man nicht vergessen wollte. — Hier versteht Beatrice unter *books* die Bücher, in denen man studirt. 17) *squarer* = Zänker, Händelsucher. 18) Der Artikel steht vor *Benedick*, als wäre es eine ansteckende Krankheit, welche den Claudio befallen habe. 19) *John the bastard* ist die Bezeichnung in Q. und Fol. — Rowe setzte zuerst *Don John*, ein Titel, welchen Sh. nur dem Fürsten selbst zuerkennt, und der nur hier und da aus Höflichkeit, wenn es nicht ein Versehen des Dichters ist, ausnahmsweise dem Bastard beigelegt wird. 20) So die Fol.; die Q. *are you come* als Fragesatz. 21) *your charge* = die Last, die Ihr Euch aufladet. — Weniger plausibel als diese Erklärung Johnson's ist die von Douce: *the person committed to your care.* 22) Das Fräulein giebt sich selbst einen Vater, verräth durch ihre Aehnlichkeit hinlänglich,

Bene. Then is courtesy a turncoat. But it is certain, I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted; and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness to women: they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God, and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that: I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind; so some gentleman or other shall scape a predestinate scratched face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, an 't were such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

Bene. I would, my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer.[24] But keep your way o' God's name, I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick:[25] I know you of old.

D. Pedro. This is the sum of all:[26] Leonato, — Signior Claudio, and Signior Benedick, — my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him we shall stay here at the least a month, and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn. — Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

John. I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it your grace lead on?

D. Pedro. Your hand, Leonato: we will go together.

[Exeunt all but Benedick *and* Claudio.

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not; but I looked on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?

Bene. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment; or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?[27]

Claud. No; I pray thee, speak in sober judgment.

Bene. Why, i' faith, methinks she 's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair[28] praise, and too little for a great praise: only this commendation I can afford her, that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome, and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou thinkest, I am in sport: I pray thee, tell me truly how thou lik'st her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow, or do you play the flouting Jack,[29] to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?[30]

Claud. In mine eye she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there 's her cousin, an she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty, as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope, you have no intent to turn husband, have you?

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Bene. Is 't come to this, i' faith? Hath not the world one man, but he will wear his cap with suspicion?[31] Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again? Go to, i' faith; an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print[32] of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look, Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

Re-enter Don Pedro.[33]

D. Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

Bene. I would your grace would constrain me to tell.

D. Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, count Claudio: I can be secret as a dumb man, I would have you think so; but on my allegiance, — mark you this, on my allegiance: — he is in love. With who? — now that is your grace's part.[34] — Mark, how short his answer is: — with Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered.[35]

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wer ihr Vater ist, nämlich Leonato. 23) *courtesy*, das zuerst sächlich gefasst war in *itself*, wird dann nachträglich personificirt in *her presence*, nach Massgabe von *disdain*, das schon vorher weiblich personificirt und mit Beatrice identificirt war. 24) scil. *and were so good a continuer* = und hielte es so lange im Laufen aus, wie Eure Zunge. 25) *jade's trick* = schlechter Witz, zugleich in Beziehung auf das Gleichniss vom Pferde, das Benedick gebraucht hatte. Dasselbe Wortspiel hat Sh. in All 's well that ends well (A. 4, Sc. 5). 26) Mit diesen Worten theilt Don Pedro den Inhalt des Gesprächs, das er unterdess leise mit Leonato fortgesetzt hatte, seinen beiden Freunden mit. — *this*, was auf das Folgende hinweist, hat die Fol., die Q. *that*. 27) Als ein erklärter Wütherich gegen das weibliche Geschlecht, als ein erklärter Weiberfeind. 28) *fair* = schön, billig, und = blond, hell von Farbe, im Gegensatz zu *brown* = dunkelfarbig, brünett. 29) *a flouting Jack* = ein spottender Hans, Einer, der die Andern in seinen Reden zum Besten hat, indem er z. B. widersinnig behauptet, dass der blinde Cupido leicht Hasen attrapire, oder dass der nur als Gott der Schmiede bekannte Vulcan ein ausgezeichneter Zimmermann sei. — *a sad brow* = ein ernstes Aussehen, eine ernste Miene. 30) *key* = Musikschlüssel: welche Tonart muss man wählen, um in Euren Gesang mit einzustimmen? muss man ernsthaft oder scherzhaft mit Euch reden? 31) Soll es auf der Welt keinen Mann mehr geben, dessen Mütze nicht den Verdacht erregt, dass die Hörner des Hahnrei darunter stecken? — Diese Erklärung belegt Henderson mit einem Citat aus Painter's Palace of Pleasure: *All they that wear horns be pardoned to wear their caps upon their heads.* — Malone denkt bei *cap* an die Nachtmütze des Ehemanns, die gelegentlich ein Anderer aufsetzt, und citirt dazu Othello (A. 2, Sc. 1) *For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too.* 32) *print* = die Spur, die der Druck des Joches dem Nacken, der es trägt, einprägt. 33) Die alten Ausgg. lassen mit Don Pedro zugleich *John the bastard* auftreten. 34) Das ist jetzt Eurer Hoheit Rolle, zu fragen, in wen Claudio verliebt sei. — Benedick thut diese Frage im Namen Pedro's. 35) Wenn es sich so verhielte, wenn ich wirklich die Hero liebte, so wäre die Sache hiermit, mit Benedick's Erklärung,

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord: it is not so, nor 't was not so; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

D. Pedro. Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

D. Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Claud. And in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Bene. And by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke[36] mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

D. Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me: I will die in it at the stake.

D. Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic[37] in the despite of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead,[38] or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick, all women shall pardon me.[39] Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is (for the which I may go the finer),[40] I will live a bachelor.

D. Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord; not with love: prove, that ever I lose more blood with love, than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen,[41] and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the sign of blind Cupid.

D. Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.[42]

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam.[43]

D. Pedro. Well, as time shall try:
»In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.«[44]

Bene. The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and set them in my forehead;[45] and let me be vilely painted, and in such great letters as they write, »Here is good horse to hire,« let them signify under my sign, — »Here you may see Benedick the married man.«

Claud. If this should ever happen, thou wouldst be horn-mad.

D. Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice,[46] thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake[47] too then.

D. Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours.[48] In the meantime, good Signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's: commend me to him, and tell him, I will not fail him at supper; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassage; and so I commit you —

Claud. To the tuition of God: from my house, if I had it, —

D. Pedro. The sixth of July: your loving friend, Benedick.[49]

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not. The body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments,[50] and the guards are but slightly basted on neither: ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience, and so I leave you. *[Exit.*

Claud. My liege, your highness now may do me good.

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an den Tag gekommen. — Das *if this were so* greift Benedick dann in seinen folgenden Worten auf und spielt damit auf ein altes Mährchen an, das lange in Vergessenheit gerathen war und erst von Blakeway wieder nachgewiesen ist. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 192 u. 193. 36) *spoke* in der Q.; *speak* in der Fol. 37) *heretic* bezieht sich auf das vorhergehende *at the stake*, auf den Feuertod des Ketzers. — Diese Ketzerei in der Verachtung weiblicher Schönheit konnte, wie Claudio meint, Benedick nur durchführen, indem er seinem Willen oder Triebe Gewalt anthat. 38) Das Horn des Hahnrei dient als Jagdhorn, auf dem man bläst, um die Hunde auf der Jagd zurückzurufen (*to wind a recheat*). — Ebenso hängt dieses Hifthorn (*bugle*) an einem unsichtbaren Riemen, indem das Horn des Hahnrei nicht festgehängt zu werden braucht. 39) Alle Weiber sollen es mir erlassen, dass ich das thue. 40) Wortspiel zwischen *fine* = Schluss, Ende, und *the finer* = um so hübscher in der Tracht und im Aussehen, d. h. unentstellt durch ein Hahnreihorn. 41) Wenn Du mir beweisest, dass ich jemals in der Liebe mehr Blut verliere, als ich im Trinken ersetzen kann, so sollst Du mir die Augen mit der Feder eines Balladendichters ausstechen, so dass ich an einem Bordell als Hausschild in Gestalt eines blinden Cupido's dienen kann. — *ballad-maker* spielt auf den Inhalt solcher Balladen an, in denen der Tod oder das Unglück der Liebespaare eine grosse Rolle spielte. 42) *a notable argument:* so wirst Du einen hervorstechenden Stoff zur Unterhaltung abgeben. 43) Eine alte Volksbelustigung in England war es, eine Katze in eine Flasche gesteckt an einem Seile aufzuhängen und danach zu schiessen. Als solches Ziel will auch Benedick dienen, und wer ihn trifft, den soll man belobend auf die Schulter klopfen und als Adam begrüssen nach dem Namen des in englischen Balladen gefeierten Schützen Adam Bell. 44) Der Vers ist aus Kyd's Spanish Tragedy und lautet eigentlich *In time the savage bull sustains the yoke.* — Kyd selbst hat die ganze Stelle entlehnt aus Watson's Passionate Centurie of Love (1582), wo die Zeile heisst *In time the bull is brought to bear the yoke.* 45) Abermals eine Anspielung auf das Horn des Hahnrei, die noch fortgeführt wird in dem folgenden *horn-mad*, doppelsinnig = toll mit den Hörnern, wie ein wilder Stier, und = horntoll, rasend eifersüchtig, von dem betrogenen Ehemanne. Dasselbe Wortspiel in Comedy of Errors (A. 2, Sc. 1). 46) Venedig wird hier genannt als eine Stadt, die wegen ihrer vielen Gelegenheiten zu Liebesintriguen in England berühmt war. 47) *earthquake* bezieht sich auf das vorhergehende *quake*. Es lässt sich eben so gut ein Erdbeben erwarten, als dass Benedick bald vor Liebe schmachten und seinen jetzigen Uebermuth bereuen müsste. 48) *to temporize with the hours* = sich nach den Stunden richten, sich der Zeit anbequemen, mit der Zeit anderes Sinnes werden. 49) Claudio und Pedro citiren hier scherzhaft den herkömmlichen Schluss eines Briefes, den Benedick an seine künftige Geliebte schreibt. 50) *guarded with fragments* = mit Lappen verbrämt. Solche Lappen, die anderswoher entlehnt sind (s. oben Anm. 44 und diesen fingirten Schluss eines Briefes) und noch dazu nicht recht passen, nur leicht angenäht sind, nennt Benedick gleich nachher *old ends* = alte, abgerissene Stücke

D. Pedro. My love is thine to teach: teach it but how,
And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn
Any hard lesson that may do thee good.
Claud. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?
D. Pedro. No child but Hero, she 's his only heir.
Dost thou affect her, Claudio?
Claud. O! my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye,
That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand,
Than to drive liking to the name of love;
But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars.
D. Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words.
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it,
And I will break with her, and with her father,
And thou shalt have her. Was 't not to this end, [51]
That thou beganst to twist so fine a story?
Claud. How sweetly do you minister to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion! [52]
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have salv'd it with a longer treatise.
D. Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the flood?
The fairest grant is the necessity. [53]
Look, what will serve is fit: 't is once, [54] thou lovest,
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know we shall have revelling to-night:
I will assume thy part in some disguise,
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;
And in her bosom I 'll unclasp my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale:
Then, after, to her father will I break;
And, the conclusion is, she shall be thine.
In practice let us put it presently. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato *and* Antonio. [1]

Leon. How now, brother? Where is my cousin, your son? Hath he provided this music?
Ant. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you strange [2] news that you yet dreamt not of.
Leon. Are they good?
Ant. As the event stamps them; but they have a good cover; they show well outward. The prince and coint Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached [3] alley in my orchard, were thus much overheard by a man of mine: the prince discovered to Claudio that he loved my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and, if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.
Leon. Hath the fellow any wit, that told you this?
Ant. A good sharp fellow: I will send for him, and question him yourself.
Leon. No, no: we will hold it as a dream, till it appear itself; [4] but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you, and tell her of it. *[Several persons cross the stage.]* [5] Cousins, you know what you have to do. — O, I cry you mercy, friend; go you with me, and I will use your skill. — Good cousin, have a care this busy time. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Room in Leonato's House.

Enter John *and* Conrade.

Con. What the good-year, [1] my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?
John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds; [2] therefore the sadness is without limit.
Con. You should hear reason.
John. And when I have heard it, what blessing brings it?
Con. If not a present remedy, yet [3] a patient sufferance.

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oder Enden. So in K. Richard III. (A. 1, Sc. 3) *With old odd ends stol'n forth of holy writ.* 51) Die Fol. hat statt dieser beiden Verse der Q. nur einen: *And I will break with her: was 't not to this end.* 52) Ihr kennt den Liebesschmerz gleich an seinem blossen Aussehen, ohne dass man ihn Euch auseinanderzusetzen braucht, und wendet demnach das rechte Heilmittel an. 53) Die beste Gewährung ist das Bedürfniss, das Nothwendige. Als solches erscheint dem Prinzen sein Beistand in Claudio's Werbung um Hero, und diesen Beistand sagt er ihm zu. — Hayley wollte lesen *The fairest grant is to necessity.* 54) *'t is once* steht wie in Coriolanus (A. 2, Sc. 3) *once* = ein für alle Mal, kurz und gut.

1) Q. und Fol. bezeichnen den Antonio hier als *an old man, brother to Leonato.* 2) *strange* fehlt in der Fol. 3) *thick-pleached* = mit dichtverschlungenem Laube. Das Epitheton erklärt, wie der Diener die Beiden belauschen konnte, ohne dass sie ihn gewahr wurden. — Die Fol. lässt *much* vor *overheard* aus. 4) Bis es als sein Selbst, als Wirklichkeit erscheint. — *itself* ist Gegensatz zu *a dream.* 5) Diese Bühnenweisung ist erst von den spätern Hggn. hinzugefügt: sie bezieht sich auf abhängige Verwandte des Leonato *(cousins)*, denen er seine Aufträge in Bezug auf das Abendfest in seinem Hause ertheilt, zu dem auch Antonio's Sohn die Musik besorgen sollte (vgl. Anfang der Scene). — Demgemäss liest Steevens, vielleicht richtig, *Good cousins, have a care etc.* Doch kann Leonato diese letztern Worte auch an einen einzelnen dieser Vettern richten.

1) Steevens wollte *goujere* für *good-year* lesen, wie sich in Merry Wives of Windsor (A. 1, Sc. 4) findet *what, the good-jer!* (entstellt aus *goujere*) und in K. Lear (A. 5, Sc. 3) als Verwünschung vorkommt *The goujeres shall devour them, flesh and fell.* — Indess citirt Blakeway denselben Ausruf, welcher allerdings aus *goujere* verfeinert und dann missverständlich aufgefasst sein mag, so wie hier aus Roper's Life of Moore: *What the good yeare, Mr. Moore, I marvell that you will now so play the fool.* 2) Manche Hgg. fügen ein *it* zu *breeds* hinzu. 3) *yet* in der Fol.; *at least* in der Q. 4) Da Conrad unter dem Einflusse des Saturngestirnes geboren wurde, sollte er selbst melancholisch gestimmt sein und die Melancholie des John begreifen, ohne sie heilen zu wollen mit unwirksamen Mitteln. So steht, mit derselben Hindeutung auf planetarische Einflüsse, in Titus Andronicus (A. 2, Sc. 3) *Madam, though Venus govern your desires,* || *Saturn is dominator over mine.*

John. I wonder, that thou, being (as thou say'st thou art) born under Saturn,[4] goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw[5] no man in his humour.

Con. Yea; but you must not make the full show of this, till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take true[6] root, but by the fair weather that you make yourself: it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose in his grace;[7] and it better fits my blood[8] to be disdained of all, than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied but[9] I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle, and enfranchised with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage. If I had my mouth,[10] I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the meantime, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent?

John. I make all use of it, for I use it only.[11] Who comes here? What news, Borachio?

Enter Borachio.

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper: the prince, your brother, is royally entertained by Leonato, and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

John. Will it serve for any model[12] to build mischief on? What is he for a fool that betroths himself to unquietness?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

John. Who? the most exquisite Claudio?[13]

Bora. Even he.

John. A proper squire![14] And who, and who? which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on[15] Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

John. A very forward March-chick! How came you to this?

Bora. Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room,[16] comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference:[17] I whipt me[18] behind the arras, and there heard it agreed upon, that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtained her, give her to count Claudio.

John. Come, come; let us thither: this may prove food to my displeasure. That young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow: if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way. You are both sure,[19] and will assist me?

Con. To the death, my lord.

John. Let us to the great supper: their cheer is the greater, that I am subdued. 'Would the cook were of my mind! — Shall we go prove what 's to be done?

Bora. We 'll wait upon your lordship. *[Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Hall in Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Hero, Beatrice, *and Others.*[1]

Leon. Was not count John here at supper?

Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks: I never can see him, but I am heart-burned an hour after.[2]

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He were an excellent man that were made just in the midway between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the other too like my lady's eldest son,[3] evermore tattling.

Leon. Then, half Signior Benedick's tongue in count John's mouth, and half count John's melancholy in Signior Benedick's face, —

Beat. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world, — if he could get her good will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

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5) *to claw* = streicheln, schmeicheln: ich verstehe nicht, Jemandem in seiner Laune oder augenblicklichen Stimmung zu schmeicheln. 6) *true* fehlt in der Fol. — *to take true root* = ordentlich, wirklich festwurzeln. 7) *canker* = die wilde Hagerose, die ohne Cultur frei wächst, ist entgegengesetzt der schöneren cultivirten Rose, die im Garten gedeiht. 8) *blood* = die angeborne Stimmung, die aus dem Geblüte stammt. 9) Für *but* der Q. und Fol. setzen manche Hgg. willkürlich *that.* 10) *my mouth* in Beziehung auf das vorhergehende *muzzle:* wenn ich den freien Gebrauch meines Maules hätte, wenn ich keinen Maulkorb trüge. 11) Indem ich nur meinem Missvergnügen mich hingebe, mache ich allen Gebrauch davon, der sich davon machen lässt. — Die Fol. hat *I will make.* 12) *model* = der Plan oder Grundriss, nach dem sich ein Gebäude aufführen lässt. — *what is he for a fool* = was für ein Narr ist Der, wer ist der Narr, der u. s. w. — Von dieser jetzt veralteten Construction citirt Staunton verschiedene Beispiele: Peele's Edward I.: *What 's he for a man?* — Ben Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour: *What is he for a creature?* — Ram Alley: *What is he for a man? — Nothing for a man, but much for a beast.* 13) Ebenso steht in Twelfth-Night (A. 4, Sc. 2) *My most exquisite Sir Topas.* 14) *proper squire* = hübscher Junker. 15) Die Q. hat *one* für *on* der Fol. 16) Es war das Amt Borachio's, die dumpfigen Zimmer auszuräuchern, ehe sie benutzt wurden. — Anspielungen auf diese Sitte kommen bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen vor; so in Barton's Anatomy of Melancholy: *the smoke of juniper is in great request with us at Oxford, to sweeten our chambers.* 17) In ernster Unterhandlung. 18) Die Fol. lässt *me* aus. 19) Ich kann mich auf Euch Beide verlassen; Ihr seid Beide zuverlässig oder verschwiegen?

1) Auch hier lassen Q. und Fol. die Frau des Leonato auftreten: *Enter Leonato, his brother, his wife;* ebenso *and a kinsman,* wofür die späteren Hgg. *and Others* setzen. Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1, Anm. 1. 2) John sieht so sauer aus, dass sein Anblick noch eine Stunde nachher bei Beatrice ein Sodbrennen verursacht, wie solches sonst von Magensäure herrührt. 3) Wie der Erstgeborne einer gnädigen Frau, der von seiner Mutter gehätschelt wird und

Ant. In faith: she 's too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen God's sending that way, for it is said, »God sends a curst cow short horns;« but to a cow too curst he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns?

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband; for the which blessing, I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face: I had rather lie in the woollen.[4]

Leon. You may light on a husband that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is less than a man; and he that is more than a youth is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bear-ward,[5] and lead his apes into hell.

Leon. Well then, go you into hell?

Beat. No; but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say, »Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here 's no place for you maids:« so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter: for the heavens,[6] he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. [To Hero.*]* Well, niece, I trust, you will be ruled by your father.[7]

Beat. Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make courtesy, and say, »Father, as it please you:« but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another courtesy, and say, »Father, as it please me.«

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be overmastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I 'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and, truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not woo'd in good time:[8] if the prince be too important,[9] tell him, there is measure in every thing, and so dance out the answer. For hear me, Hero: wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical;[10] the wedding, mannerly modest, as a measure, full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle: I can see a church by day-light.

Leon. The revellers are entering, brother. Make good room!

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar, John,[11] Borachio, Margaret, Ursula, *and Others, masked.*

D. Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?[12]

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and especially, when I walk away.

D. Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so, when I please.

D. Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend, the lute should be like the case![13]

D. Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.[14]

Hero. Why, then your visor should be thatch'd.[15]

D. Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love. *[Takes her aside.*

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ungestört immerfort schwatzen darf, ohne zur Ruhe verwiesen zu werden. 4) Der Bart eines Mannes würde Beatricens Haut noch unangenehmer afficiren, als wenn sie in wollenen Decken ohne Linnen schlafen müsste. 5) Q. und Fol. haben die alte Orthographie *berrord*, woraus die späteren Folioausgg. *bearherd* machten. — Beatrice will in die Dienste des Bärenführers, der zugleich Affen bei sich hat, treten, sich von ihm ein Handgeld geben lassen und seine Affen in die Hölle geleiten. — *to lead his apes into hell* ist modificirt aus dem gewöhnlicheren *to lead apes in hell*, scherzhaft = als alte Jungfer sterben. So in dem Pseudo-Sh.'schen London Prodigal: *women dying maids lead apes in hell.* 6) *for the heavens* ist eine Betheuerung, die vielleicht richtiger *'fore the heavens* geschrieben wird. — Manche Hgg. verwischen diesen Sinn der Phrase und interpungiren, im Widerspruch mit Q. und Fol.: *away to Saint Peter for the heavens; he shows me etc.* 7) d. h. in der Wahl Eures Gatten. — In der folgenden Rede lässt die Fol. *father* vor *as it please you* aus. 8) *in good time* = zu guter Stunde, und = in richtigem Zeitmass, letzteres in Bezug auf die Musik, die zu dem bevorstehenden Maskenfest spielt. — Ein ähnliches Wortspiel ist gleich nachher *measure* = Mass, und = Menuet, zugleich = die Melodie zum Tanze. 9) *important* = angelegentlich, dringlich in Bitten und Werbungen. 10) Der schottische Hopser in seiner wilden Hitze und närrischen Ausgelassenheit *(fantastical)* wird mit dem leidenschaftlichen Benehmen eines verliebten Freiers verglichen; die Menuet in ihrer altväterischen, vornehmen Haltung mit der Hochzeit, bei der es sittig und ehrbar hergeht; endlich die Gaillarde, welche immer schneller getanzt wird, mit der Reue über die Vermählung, die mit immer schnelleren Schritten in's Grab stolpert. — Zwischen *cinque-pace* (gleichsam *sink-a-pace*) und *sink into his grave* beabsichtigte Sh. ein Wortspiel, das Collier's alter Corrector noch stärker hervorhebt, indem er ändert *till he sink a pace into his grave.* 11) Q. und Fol. haben *and Balthazar, or dumb John.* — Dieses *dumb* hält Malone für verdruckt aus *Don*, obgleich sonst nur ausnahmsweise *Don John* vorkommt. Nach Reed's Ansicht sollte die charakteristische Schweigsamkeit John's damit bezeichnet werden. Wahrscheinlicher ist es, dass ein Comma hinter *dumb* fehlt und die Bühnenweisung also sagen will, dass statt des Balthasar auch eine stumme Person auftreten könne. Damit wäre auch das sonst unbegreifliche *or* gerettet. — Die Fol. fügt noch hinzu *Maskers with a drum.* 12) *friend* = Liebhaber, Verehrer. 13) *favour* = Miene, Gesichtszüge. — Das Gesicht unter der Maske wird verglichen mit einer Laute in einem Futteral; Hero hofft also, dass Pedro's Gesicht schöner sei als die Maske, die er trägt. — *God defend* = Gott verhüte. 14) *Jove* in der Q.; *love* in der Fol. 15) Eine Anspie-

Balth. Well, I would you did like me.
Marg. So would not I, for your own sake; for I have many ill qualities.
Balth. Which is one?
Marg. I say my prayers aloud.
Balth. I love you the better: the hearers may cry amen.
Marg. God match me with a good dancer!
Balth. Amen.
Marg. And God keep him out of my sight, when the dance is done! — Answer, clerk. [16]
Balth. No more words: the clerk is answered.
Urs. I know you well enough: you are Signior Antonio.
Ant. At a word, I am not.
Urs. I know you by the waggling of your head.
Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.
Urs. You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man. Here 's his dry hand [17] up and down: you are he, you are he.
Ant. At a word, I am not.
Urs. Come, come: do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? Can virtue hide itself? Go to, mum, you are he: graces will appear, and there 's an end.
Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so? [18]
Bene. No, you shall pardon me.
Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?
Bene. Not now.
Beat. That I was disdainful, and that I had my good wit out of the »Hundred Merry Tales«. [19] — Well, this was Signior Benedick that said so.
Bene. What 's he?
Beat. I am sure, you know him well enough.
Bene. Not I, believe me.
Beat. Did he never make you laugh?
Bene. I pray you, what is he?
Beat. Why, he is the prince's jester: a very dull fool, only his gift is in devising impossible slanders: [20] none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villany, for be both pleases men, and angers them, and then they laugh at him and beat him. I am sure, he is in the fleet: I would he had boarded me! [21]
Bene. When I know the gentleman, I 'll tell him what you say.
Beat. Do, do: he 'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure, not marked, or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there 's a partridge wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. *[Music within.]* We must follow the leaders.
Bene. In every good thing.
Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

[Dance. Then exeunt all but John, Borachio, *and* Claudio.

John. Sure, my brother is amorous on [22] Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it. The ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.
Bora. And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing. [23]
John. Are not you Signior Benedick?
Claud. You know me well: I am he.
John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamoured on Hero. I pray you, dissuade him from her; she is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.
Claud. How know you he loves her?
John. I heard him swear his affection.
Bora. So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.
John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[Exeunt John *and* Borachio.

Claud. Thus answer I in name of Benedick,
But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.
'T is certain so: — the prince wooes for himself.
Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore, all hearts in love use [24] their own tongues;
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent; for beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood. [25]

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lung auf das Strohdach des ländlich bescheidenen Hauses des Philemon, bei dem Jupiter in herablassender Weise Gast war. — So in As you like it (A. 3, Sc. 3) *O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatched house!* — Blakeway bemerkte richtig, dass Sh. hier zwei vierzehnsylbige Verse eingeflochten hat, welche der Reim *Jove—love* verknüpft. — In diesem Versmass war Golding's englische Uebersetzung des Ovid abgefasst, aus welcher Sh. wahrscheinlich die Sage von Philemon und Baucis kannte. Dort heisst es von dem Hause dieses alten Paars: *The roof thereof was thatched all with straw and fennish reed.* 16) Sie redet ihn scherzhaft als Küster an, der zu dem Gebete des Pfarrers Amen zu sagen hat. — So in K. Richard II. (A. 4, Sc. 1) *God save the king! — Will no man say amen? || Am I both priest and clerk?* — Q. und Fol. theilen nur die folgende Rede und das vorhergehende *Amen* dem Balthasar zu; die drei früheren aber dem Benedick, als ob Balthasar sich in dessen Gespräch mit Margarethe einmische. Der bessern Uebereinstimmung wegen, und da Benedick gleich nachher mit der Beatrice beschäftigt ist, theilte Dyce nach Tieck's Vorgange auch die drei früheren Reden: *Well, I would — — Which is one? — — I love you the better — —* dem Balthasar zu. 17) Wie eine feuchte Hand auf ein lebhaftes, leidenschaftliches Temperament hindeutet, so eine trockne Hand auf das Gegentheil. 18) Der maskirte Benedick hat der Beatrice erzählt, Jemand habe nachtheilig von ihr gesprochen und sie für *disdainful* erklärt. Beatrice will den Namen dieses Jemandes wissen. 19) So hiess eine allbekannte Anekdotensammlung, von der sich, so verbreitet sie auch zu Sh.'s Zeit sein mochte, nur ein Bruchstück erhalten hat. — Aus dieser Sammlung soll Beatrice den Witz schöpfen, den sie in ihrer Unterhaltung zeigt. — Die A Hundred Mery Talys, lückenhaft wie das einzige erhaltene Exemplar diese Sammlung darbietet, sind jetzt von Hazlitt herausgegeben in Shakespeare Jest-Books — London 1864. 20) *impossible slanders* = unsinnige Verläumdungen, deren Unwahrheit zu Tage lag: Benedick sagte den Leuten Dinge nach, die unmöglich oder undenkbar waren. 21) Sie vergleicht die gegenwärtige Ballgesellschaft einem Flottengeschwader, wo ein Schiff das andere entert. So wünscht sie, dass der auf diesem Maskenball anwesende Benedick sie anreden möchte, und Benedick erwiedert ihr, wenn er den betreffenden Herrn unter seiner Maske erkenne, so wolle er ihn benachrichtigen. 22) Die Construction ist dieselbe wie gleich nachher *enamoured on Hero.* 23) An seiner Haltung, an der Art, wie er sich trägt. 24) *use* ist

This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I mistrusted not. Farewell, therefore, Hero!

Re-enter BENEDICK.

Bene. Count Claudio?
Claud. Yea, the same.
Bene. Come, will you go with me?
Claud. Whither?
Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business, count.[26] What fashion will you wear the garland of? About your neck, like an usurer's chain,[27] or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.
Claud. I wish him joy of her.
Bene. Why, that 's spoken like an honest drover: so they sell bullocks.[28] But did you think, the prince would have served you thus?
Claud. I pray you, leave me.
Bene. Ho! now you strike like the blind man: 't was the boy that stole your meat, and you 'll beat the post.
Claud. If it will not be, I 'll leave you.[29] *[Exit.*
Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep into sedges. — But, that my lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool! — Ha! it may be, I go under that title, because I am merry. — Yea; but so I am apt to do myself wrong: I am not so reputed: it is the base, though bitter disposition[30] of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out.[31] Well, I 'll be revenged as I may.

Re-enter Don PEDRO.

D. Pedro. Now, Signior, where 's the count? Did you see him?
Bene. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of Lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren.[32] I told him, and, I think, I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady;[33] and I offered him my company to a willow-tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.
D. Pedro. To be whipped! What 's his fault?
Bene. The flat transgression of a school-boy; who, being overjoy'd with finding a birds' nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.
D. Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.
Bene. Yet it had not been amiss, the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself, and the rod he might have bestow'd on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his birds' nest.
D. Pedro. I will but teach them[34] to sing, and restore them to the owner.
Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.
D. Pedro. The lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you: the gentleman, that danced with her, told her she is much wronged by you.
Bene. O! she misused me past the endurance of a block: an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answered her: my very visor began to assume life, and scold with her. She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester; that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance,[35] upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poniards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her; she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed:[36] she would have made Hercules have turned spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her; you shall find her the infernal Até[37] in good apparel. I would to God, some scholar would conjure her,[38] for, certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell, as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

Enter CLAUDIO, BEATRICE, HERO, *and* LEONATO.

D. Pedro. Look, here she comes.
Bene. Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes, that you can devise to send me on: I will fetch you a toothpicker[39] now from the farthest inch of Asia;

Conjunctiv = sie mögen oder sollen gebrauchen. 25) Die Treue der Freundschaft hält dem Zauber der Schönheit gegenüber, die als eine Hexe gedacht wird, nicht Stand, sondern zerschmilzt, so dass nur die verliebte Leidenschaft des Blutes übrig bleibt. 26) *count* in der Fol.; die Q. hat *county*, was Sh. häufig für *count* gebraucht. — Von dem nächsten Weidenbaum soll Claudio den Kranz pflücken, den er als Symbol eines unglücklich Liebenden zu tragen hat. So in K. Henry VI. Third Part (A. 3, Sc. 3) *I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.* 27) Eine schwere goldene Kette, wie reiche Londoner Bürger, die durch Wucher reich geworden waren, sie um den Hals zu tragen pflegten. 28) So sagt ein ehrlicher Viehhändler, wenn er einen Handel abgeschlossen und Dem, der ihm Ochsen abgekauft, Glück zu seinem Kaufe wünscht. 29) Wenn es nicht geschieht, wie ich Euch aufgefordert, d. h. wenn Ihr mich nicht verlassen wollt, so verlasse ich Euch. 30) Johnson's Aenderung *the base, the bitter disposition* ist überflüssig: Benedick räumt die Bitterkeit, die zum Ziele treffende Schärfe von Beatricens Wesen ein, erklärt jedoch dieses Wesen für niedrig und gemein. — Q. und Fol. schliessen *though bitter* in Parenthese ein. 31) Was sie selbst sich ausdenkt, dass ich des Prinzen Spassmacher sei, das, sagt sie, erkläre die Welt von mir. 32) Die einsame Lage eines verfallenen Wächterhäuschens in einem Gehege macht einen so melancholischen Eindruck, wie der verliebte Claudio, da er der Einsamkeit nachhängt. 33) *this young lady* = die bewusste junge Dame, das Fräulein, das wir im Sinne haben. — An eine Anwesenheit der Hero auf der Bühne ist bei *this* nicht zu denken. — Die Fol. hat *will* für *good-will* der Q. und lässt weiterhin *up* vor *a rod* aus. 34) *them* bezieht sich auf *birds* in *birds' nest.* 35) Mit solcher unglaublichen, undenkbaren Behendigkeit; *impossible* = was kaum möglich erscheint. Vgl. oben Anm. 20. — So in Twelfth-Night (A. 3, Sc. 2) *there is no Christian can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness.* — Warburton las *impassable* und Johnson *importable.* 36) Mit Allem, was Adam vor dem Sündenfall als Erbtheil besass. 37) Die aus der Hölle stammende Göttin der Rache und Zwietracht hat Sh. auch in Julius Caesar (A. 3, Sc. 1) *With Até by his side, come hot from hell.* Ihr gleicht die Beatrice, nur dass sie besser costümirt ist. 38) Ein Gelehrter, der als solcher der Geisterbeschwörungen kundig ist, sollte die Beatrice zurückbannen in die Hölle, wohin sie gehört. 39) Der Zahnstocher kommt auch sonst als eine unenglische Mode

bring you the length of prester John's foot;[40] fetch you a hair of the Great Cham's beard; do you any embassage to the Pigmies, rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy. You have no employment for me?

D. Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, Sir, here 's a dish I love not: I cannot endure my Lady Tongue.[41] *[Exit.*

D. Pedro. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of Signior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me awhile; and I gave him use[42] for it, a double heart for his single one: marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say I have lost it.

D. Pedro. You have put him down, lady; you have put him down.[43]

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

D. Pedro. Why, how now, count? wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my lord.

D. Pedro. How then? sick?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil, count, civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.[44]

D. Pedro. I' faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true;[45] though, I 'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won; I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained; name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace say amen to it!

Beat. Speak, count, 't is your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much. — Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you, and dote upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let him not speak neither.

D. Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool,[46] it keeps on the windy side of care. — My cousin tells him in his ear, that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good Lord, for alliance![47] — Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sun-burnt.[48] I may sit in a corner, and cry heigh-ho for a husband!

D. Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting.[49] Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

D. Pedro. Will you have me, lady?

Beat. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days: your grace is too costly to wear every day. — But, I beseech your grace, pardon me; I was born to speak all mirth, and no matter.

D. Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born.[50] — Cousins,[51] God give you joy!

Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle. — By your grace's pardon. *[Exit.*

D. Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

Leon. There 's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: she is never sad, but when she sleeps; and not ever sad then, for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamed of unhappiness,[52] and waked herself with laughing.

D. Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon. O! by no means, she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

D. Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leon. O Lord! my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

D. Pedro. Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

Claud. To-morrow, my lord. Time goes on crutches, till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just sevennight; and a time too brief too, to have all things answer my mind.[53]

D. Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing;[54] but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us. I will, in the interim, undertake

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vor, die die Reisenden vom Auslande mit heimbrachten. 40) Priester Johann, der fabelhafte Beherrscher eines Reiches im Orient, dem sich Niemand nahen durfte. Um so kühner war Benedick's Unternehmen, das Mass von dessen Fuss zu nehmen oder dem Grosskhan der Tartarei ein Barthaar auszuraufen. 41) So die Q.; die Fol. *this lady Tongue.* 42) *use* = Zinsen. — In derselben Zeile hat die Fol. *for a single one.* 43) *to put down* = niederstrecken, zu Boden strecken, gebraucht Pedro in uneigentlichem Sinne, Beatrice aber in eigentlichem, mit frivolem Nebensinn. 44) *civil* = ehrbar, erinnert an *Sevil orange* = die Sevilla-Pomeranze. — Das Wortspiel scheint sprichwörtlich gewesen zu sein und kommt schon in einem Pamphlet von Nashe (1592) vor: *For the order of my life, it is as civil as an orange. — of that jealous complexion* = das Gelb als Farbe der Eifersucht und der Orange. — So die Q.; die Fol. hat *of a jealous complexion.* — Staunton und die Cambridge Edd. streichen das Comma zwischen *civil* und *count.* 45) Beatrice deutet die Miene und Farbe Claudio's so richtig, als handelte es sich um ein Wappen und dessen Deutung. 46) So heisst das Herz auch scherzhaft in Love's Labour's Lost (A. 2, Sc. 1) *Is the fool sick?* 47) Ein komischer Stossseufzer, den Beatrice zum Himmel sendet, als ob sie nach einer ehelichen Verbindung schmachte. 48) *to go to the world* eigentlich = sich der Welt widmen, im Gegensatz zu dem beschaulichen Klosterleben, dann = heirathen. — Mit *sun-burnt* = von der Sonne verbrannt, bezeichnet Beatrice scherzhaft ihren dunkeln Teint, ihre Hässlichkeit, welche die Freier abschrecke. So in Troilus and Cressida (A. 1, Sc. 3) *The Grecian dames are sun-burnt, and not worth || The splinter of a lance.* 49) Pedro fasst *to get* = besorgen, verschaffen; Beatrice missversteht es geflissentlich = erzeugen. 50) So erwiedert in All 's well that ends well (A. 1, Sc. 1) Helena auf Parolles' Versprechen, ihrer gedenken zu wollen: *Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.* 51) Als *cousins* redet sie Claudio und Hero an. 52) *unhappiness* = böse Dinge, Schelmerei. 53) Die Zeit ist auch zu kurz, um Alles für die Hochzeit

one of Hercules' labours, which is, to bring Signior Benedick and the lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection,[55] the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

Claud. And I, my lord.

D. Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

D. Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know. Thus far can I praise him: he is of a noble strain,[56] of approved valour, and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick; — and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach,[57] he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer: his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Another Room in Leonato's House.

Enter John *and* Borachio.

John. It is so: the count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.

John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me: I am sick in displeasure to him, and whatsoever comes athwart his affection ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Bora. Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

John. Show me briefly how.

Bora. I think, I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero.

John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window.

John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother: spare not to tell him, that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated stale,[1] such a one as Hero.

John. What proof shall I make of that?

Bora. Proof enough to misuse[2] the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato. Look you for any other issue?

John. Only to despite them, I will endeavour anything.

Bora. Go then; find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the count Claudio alone: tell them, that you know that Hero loves me; intend[3] a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio (as in love of your brother's honour, who hath made this match, and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a maid), that you have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them instances, which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber-window, hear me call Margaret Hero; hear Margaret term me Claudio;[4] and bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding: for in the meantime I will so fashion the matter, that Hero shall be absent, and there shall appear such seeming truth[5] of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be call'd assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.[6]

John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice. Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Bora. Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Leonato's Garden.

Enter Benedick.

Bene. Boy!

Enter a Boy.

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book; bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, Sir.

Bene. I know that; but I would have thee hence, and here again. *[Exit Boy.]* I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love: and such a man is Claudio. I have known, when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe:[1] I have known, when he would have walked ten mile afoot to see a good armour;

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so in Ordnung zu haben, wie es meinen Wünschen entspricht. 54) *breathing* = Pause. 55) *a mountain of affection* scherzhaft = ein Haufen von Zuneigung, ungeheuer viel Liebe. So in Comedy of Errors (A. 4, Sc. 4) *the mountain of mad flesh.* 56) *strain* = Stamm, Stammesart. 57) *queasy stomach* = ein Magen, der nicht leicht Etwas verträgt, bezeichnet hier Benedick's schwer zu befriedigenden Geschmack überhaupt.

1) *stale* = Köder, eine gemeine Weibsperson, die Jeden anlockt. 2) *to misuse* = täuschen, zum Besten haben. 3) *to intend* = vorgeben, als Zweck angeben. — Zwei Zeilen vorher hat die Fol. *on* für *Don* der Q. 4) Theobald wollte für *Claudio*, das in Q. und Fol. steht, *Borachio* lesen, weil Borachio und nicht Claudio den geheimen Liebhaber der angeblichen Hero vorstellen sollte. Malone meint, dass Hero nach einer geheimen Verabredung den Borachio als Claudio anreden solle, um etwaige Lauscher über die Person zu täuschen. — Sollte jedoch Theobald Recht haben, so rührte die Verwechslung der beiden Namen jedenfalls von Sh. selbst her und *Claudio* stand schon so in der Handschrift. 5) *truth* in der Q.; *truths* in der Fol. 6) Der blosse Argwohn, in Bezug auf Hero's Untreue, wird schon für eine Gewissheit gelten, und alle Vorbereitungen zur Hochzeit werden vereitelt werden.

and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet.[2] He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man, and a soldier; and now is he turn'd orthographer:[3] his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn, but love may transform me to an oyster; but I 'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well; but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that 's certain; wise, or I 'll none; virtuous, or I 'll never cheapen her; fair, or I 'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel;[4] of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God.[5] Ha! the prince and Monsieur Love![6] I will hide me in the arbour. *[Withdraws.*

Enter Don PEDRO, LEONATO, *and* CLAUDIO, *followed by* BALTHAZAR *and Musicians.*[7]

D. Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music?
Claud. Yea, my good lord. How still the evening is,
As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!
D. Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?
Claud. O, very well, my lord: the music ended,
We 'll fit the kid-fox[8] with a penny-worth.
D. Pedro. Come, Balthazar, we 'll hear that song again.
Balth. O! good my lord, tax[9] not so bad a voice
To slander music any more than once.
D. Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency,
To put a strange face on his own perfection.[10] —
I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.
Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing;
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit
To her he thinks not worthy; yet he wooes,
Yet will he swear he loves.

D. Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come:
Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.
Balth. Note this before my notes;
There 's not a note of mine that 's worth the noting.
D. Pedro. Why, these are very crotchets that he speaks;
Note, notes, forsooth, and noting![11] *[Music.*
Bene. [Aside.] Now, divine air! now is his soul ravish'd! — Is it not strange, that sheeps' guts should hale souls out of men's bodies? — Well, a horn for my money, when all 's done.[12]
Balth. [Sings.]

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore;
To one thing constant never.
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.[13]

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so, &c.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a good song.
Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.
D. Pedro. Ha? no, no; faith, thou singest well enough for a shift.
Bene. [Aside.] An he had been a dog that should have howled thus, they would have hang'd him; and I pray God, his bad voice bode no mischief! I had as lief have heard the night-raven,[14] come what plague could have come after it.
D. Pedro. Yea, marry; dost thou hear, Balthazar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music, for to-morrow

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1) *drum* und *fife*, kriegerische Instrumente, stehen im Gegensatz zu *tabor* und *pipe*, Instrumente, die zum Tanze oder zu Serenaden ertönen. 2) Er denkt, indem er schlaflos im Bette liegt, über den Schnitt nach, den er seinem neuen Wammse geben will, um darin seiner Geliebten zu gefallen. 3) *orthographer*, wie Rowe das *orthography* der Q. und Fol. emendirt, bezieht sich hier mehr auf die peinliche Sorgfalt in der Wahl gesuchter Ausdrücke im Reden, als auf deren Rechtschreibung. Von der richtigen Aussprache und nicht von der Schreibung wird *orthography* auch in Love's Labour's Lost (A. 5, Sc. 1) gebraucht: *such rackers of orthography, as to speak dout, fine, when he should say doubt.* 4) Wortspiele mit *noble* = edel, und = Rosenobel, eine Münze, und *angel* = Engel, und = eine englische Goldmünze, kommen auch sonst bei Sh. vor. 5) Die Commentatoren finden hier eine Anspielung auf die damalige Damenmode, das Haar zu färben oder falsches Haar zu tragen. Vielleicht ist aber der Sinn nur: wenn meine künftige Geliebte alle diese erwähnten Vorzüge besitzt, so soll mir die Farbe ihres Haares gleichgültig sein. 6) So heisst der verliebte Orlando in As you like it (A. 3, Sc. 2) *good Signior Love*, und nennt dafür den melancholischen Jaques: *good Monsieur Melancholy.* 7) Die Q. hat *Enter Prince, Leonato, Claudio, musick*, und dann nach Claudio's zweiter Rede noch einmal *Enter Balthazar with musick.* — Die Fol. hat nur die eine Bühnenweisung *Enter Prince, Leonato, Claudio, and Jack Wilson*, d. h. Wilson, ein auch sonst als Sänger erwähnter Schauspieler, spielte auf dem Sh.'schen Theater die Rolle des Balthasar. — Die richtige Bühnenweisung rührt von Dyce her; die meisten Hgg. lassen Balthasar mit den Musikanten erst später auftreten. 8) Für *kid-fox* = junger Fuchs, las Warburton *hid fox.* 9) *to tax* = Jemandem Etwas auflegen, ihm zumuthen. — Sh. verwechselt *to tax* und *to task* auch sonst. 10) Es ist stets ein Zeichen oder Zeugniss des Ausgezeichneten, dass es seinen eigenen Vorzügen ein sprödes, zurückhaltendes Aussehen giebt, dass es zögert, damit hervorzutreten. 11) *noting*, in Beziehung auf das von Balthasar gebrauchte Wort, emendirt Theobald das *nothing* der Q. und Fol. — Dasselbe Wortspiel in Romeo and Juliet (A. 4, Sc. 5) *Do you note me? — An you* re *us, and* fa *us, you note us.* Ebendaselbst auch das Wortspiel mit *crotchet* = Viertelnote, und = Grille: *I will carry no crotchets.* 12) Benedick will für sein Geld lieber ein Horn blasen hören, als solchen sentimentalen Gesang. 13) Ein sinnloser Refrain zu verschiedenen Liedern, der auch in Hamlet (A. 4, Sc. 5) und in K. Lear (A. 3, Sc. 4) vorkommt. Hier bezeichnet es eine lustige Melodie. — In der folgenden Strophe liest die Fol. *The fraud of men were ever so.* 14) Das Geschrei des Raben kündet ein kommendes Unheil an; so auch

night we would have it at the lady Hero's chamber-window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord.

D. Pedro. Do so: farewell. *[Exeunt* Balthazar *and Musicians.]* Come hither, Leonato: what was it you told me of to-day? that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick?

Claud. O, ay. — *[Aside to* Pedro.*]* Stalk on, stalk on;[15] the fowl sits. — I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful, that she should so dote on Signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhor.

Bene. [Aside.] Is 't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it, but that she loves him with an enraged affection: it is past the infinite of thought.[16]

D. Pedro. May be, she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. 'Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit! There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion, as she discovers it.

D. Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shows she?

Claud. [Aside.] Bait the hook well: this fish will bite.

Leon. What effects, my lord? She will sit you, — you heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

D. Pedro. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

Bene. [Aside.] I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, sure, hide himself[17] in such reverence.

Claud. [Aside.] He hath ta'en the infection: hold it up.

D. Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon. No, and swears she never will: that 's her torment.

Claud. 'T is true, indeed; so your daughter says: »Shall I,« says she, »that have so oft encountered him with scorn, write to him that I love him?«

Leon. This says she, now, when she is beginning to write to him; for she 'll be up twenty times a night, and there will she sit in her smock, till she have writ a sheet of paper. — My daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. O! — when she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet?[18] —

Claud. That.

Leon. O! she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence;[19] railed at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her: — »I measure him,« says she, »by my own spirit; for I should flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should.«

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses;[20] — »O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!«

Leon. She doth indeed: my daughter says so; and the ecstacy hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometimes afeard she will do a desperate outrage to herself. It is very true.

D. Pedro. It were good, that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end? He would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

D. Pedro. An he should, it were an alms to hang him.[21] She 's an excellent sweet lady, and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

D. Pedro. In every thing, but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O! my lord, wisdom and blood[22] combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

D. Pedro. I would, she had bestowed this dotage on me; I would have daff'd[23] all other respects, and made her half myself. I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what a' will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. Hero thinks surely, she will die; for she says, she will die if he love her not, and she will die ere she make her love known, and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

D. Pedro. She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 't is very possible he 'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible[24] spirit.

Claud. He is a very proper[25] man.

D. Pedro. He hath, indeed, a good outward happiness.[26]

Claud. Before God, and in my mind, very wise.

D. Pedro. He doth, indeed, show some sparks that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

D. Pedro. As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most Christian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, he must necessarily keep peace: if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

Balthasar's Gesang. 15) *to stalk on* = leise vorwärts schreiten, um einen Vogel, der sich niedergelassen hat, zu belauern. — Unter dem Vogel ist hier der lauschende Benedick verstanden. 16) *infinite of thought* = Unendlichkeit der Gedanken, Grenzenlosigkeit der Gedanken. — So steht das substantivische *infinite* in Two Gentlemen of Verona (A. 2, Sc. 7) *instances of infinite of love.* 17) *knavery* ist männlich personificirt gefasst, was manche Hgg. verkannten und *itself* für *himself* setzten. 18) *sheet* = Bogen Papier, und = Bettlaken. 19) In tausend Stücke, jedes so gross wie ein Halbpfennig. 20) In ihrer leidenschaftlichen Aufregung wechselt sie mit Gebeten und Verwünschungen ab. — Die folgenden Worte beziehen sich dann nur auf *prays*, nicht auf *curses*. 21) Ihn aufzuhängen, wäre ein so verdienstliches Werk wie Almosenspende. 22) Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 1, Anm. 25. 23) *to daff* für *to doff*, oder *do off* = abthun, beseitigen. 24) *contemptible* = zur Verachtung geneigt, auf Andere verächtlich herabsehend. — So in Drayton's Polyolbion: *The mad tumultuous world contemptibly forsook || And to his quiet cell by Crowland him betook.* 25) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 3, Anm. 14. 26) *happiness* =

D. Pedro. And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large [27] jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece. Shall we go seek [28] Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord: let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leon. Nay, that 's impossible: she may wear her heart out first.

D. Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter: let it cool the while. I love Benedick well, and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy to have so good a lady. [29]

Leon. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claud. *[Aside.]* If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

D. Pedro. *[Aside.]* Let there be the same net spread for her; and that must your daughter and her gentlewoman [30] carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter: that 's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb-show. [31] Let us send her to call him in to dinner.

[Exeunt Don Pedro, Claudio, *and* Leonato.

Bene. *[Advancing from the arbour.]* This can be no trick: the conference was sadly borne. [32] — They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady: it seems, her affections have their full bent. [33] Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured: [34] they say, I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say, too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection. — I did never think to marry. — I must not seem proud. — Happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say, the lady is fair: 't is a truth, I can bear them witness; and virtuous: 't is so, I cannot reprove it; and wise, but for loving me. By my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage; but doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No; the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married. — Here comes Beatrice. By this day, she 's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me: if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure then in the message?

Beat. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal. — You have no stomach, Signior: fare you well. *[Exit.*

Bene. Ha! »Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner;« — there 's a double meaning in that. »I took no more pains for those thanks, than you took pains to thank me;« — that 's as much as to say, any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks. — If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture. *[Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Leonato's Garden.

Enter Hero, Margaret, *and* Ursula.

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee to the parlour;
There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice
Proposing [1] with the prince and Claudio:
Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula [2]
Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her; say, that thou overheardst us,
And bid her steal into the pleached [3] bower,
Where honey-suckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter; like favourites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it. — There will she hide her,
To listen our propose. [4] This is thy office;
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I 'll make her come, I warrant you, presently. *[Exit.*

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk must only be of Benedick:
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit.
My talk to thee must be, how Benedick
Is sick in love with Beatrice: of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow [5] made,
That only wounds by hearsay.

Enter Beatrice, *behind.*

Now begin;
For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

Urs. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait:
So angle we for Beatrice; who even now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture.
Fear you not my part of the dialogue. [6]

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glückliche Begabung, hier von dem Aeussern Benedick's. 27) *large* = weitgehend, frei im Reden. 28) *seek* in der Q.; *see* in der Fol. 29) So die Fol.; in der Q. fehlt *to have*. 30) So die Fol.; die Q. hat *gentlewomen* im Plural. 31) Das wird recht eigentlich eine Pantomime sein. — *dumb-show*, insofern die beiden Schauspieler sich nicht gegenseitig aussprechen und also nur ein stummes Spiel entwickeln. 32) Das Gespräch wurde ernsthaft geführt. 33) *bent* = Spannung, zunächst von der Bogensehne. — Die Fol. hat *the full bent*. 34) *to censure* = beurtheilen: ich höre, was man von mir denkt und voraussetzt, in Bezug auf mein Benehmen gegen Beatrice.

1) *to propose* = ein Gespräch führen. Ebenso ist weiterhin das substantivische *propose* = Gespräch, Gesprächsthema. So kommt in Hamlet (A. 2, Sc. 2) *proposer* = der Vortragende, Redner, vor. 2) Die Q. hat hier und in der vorhergehenden Bühnenweisung *Ursley*, die Fol. *Ursula*. 3) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 2, Anm. 3. 4) So die Q.; die Fol. liest *purpose*. 5) Der Pfeil, den der kleine Cupido schlau verfertigt hat, verwundet schon allein *(only)*

Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it. —
No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful;
I know, her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock.[7]
Urs. But are you sure
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?
Hero. So says the prince, and my new-trothed lord.
Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it, Madam?
Hero. They did entreat me to acquaint her of it;
But I persuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick,
To wish him[8] wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.
Urs. Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman
Deserve as full[9] as fortunate a bed,
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?
Hero. O god of love! I know, he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man;
But nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice:
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising[10] what they look on; and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak.[11] She cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endeared.
Urs. Sure, I think so;
And therefore, certainly, it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.
Hero. Why, you speak truth. I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
But she would spell him backward:[12] if fair-fac'd,
She would swear the gentleman should be her sister;[13]
If black, why, nature, drawing of an antick,
Made a foul blot;[14] if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an agate very vilely cut;[15]
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;
If silent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out,
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.
Urs. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.
Hero. No; not[16] to be so odd, and from all fashions,
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable.
But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,
She would mock me into air: O! she would laugh me
Out of myself, press me to death with wit.[17]
Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly:
It were a better death than die[18] with mocks,
Which is as bad as die with tickling.[19]
Urs. Yet tell her of it: hear what she will say.
Hero. No; rather I will go to Benedick,
And counsel him to fight against his passion.
And, truly, I 'll devise some honest slanders[20]
To stain my cousin with. One doth not know,
How much an ill word may empoison liking.
Urs. O! do not do your cousin such a wrong.
She cannot be so much without true judgment
(Having so swift and excellent a wit,
As she is priz'd to have), as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as Signior Benedick.
Hero. He is the only[21] man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.
Urs. I pray you, be not angry with me, Madam,
Speaking my fancy: Signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing, argument,[22] and valour,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.
Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.
Urs. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it. —
When are you married, Madam?
Hero. Why, every day; — to-morrow. Come, go in:
I 'll show thee some attires, and have thy counsel,
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.[23]
Urs. *[Aside.]* She 's lim'd,[24] I warrant you: we have caught her, Madam.
Hero. *[Aside.]* If it prove so, then loving goes by haps:
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.
[Exeunt Hero *and* Ursula.
Beat. *[Advancing.]* What fire is in mine ears?[25] Can this be true?

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durch das Gerede, das man hört, ohne dass es zu einer wirklichen Wunde käme. 6) Seid unbesorgt wegen meines Antheils an dem verabredeten Zwiegespräch. 7) *haggard of the rock* = der weibliche wilde Falke, der für sich allein auf Felsen nistet. In Latham's Book of Falconry heisst es von ihm: *she keeps in subjection the most part of all the fowl that fly, insomuch that the tassel gentle, her natural and chiefest companion, dares not come near that coast where she uses, nor sit by the place where she standeth. Such is the greatness of her spirit, she will not admit of any society, until such time as nature worketh.* 8) *to wish* = Jemandem Etwas anempfehlen, Jemandem Etwas als Wunsch ausdrücken. 9) *full* ist dem Sinne nach mit *fortunate* zu verbinden: ein so reichbeglücktes Ehebett, wie nur je Beatrice es haben wird. — So *full-fortun'd Cæsar* in Antony and Cleopatra (A. 4, Sc. 13). 10) *to misprise* = geringschätzen, verkehrt schätzen. 11) Dass alles Andere geistig schwach erscheint im Verhältniss zu ihr und ihrem Geiste. 12) *to spell backward* eigentlich = ein Wort von rückwärts buchstabiren, dann = das Gegentheil von dem, was er ist, aus Jemandem herausdeuten. 13) Insofern ein so feiner, weisser Teint unmännlich ist und eher für ein Weib geeignet erscheint. 14) Ein dunkelfarbiger Mann, im Gegensatze zu dem vorhergehenden *fair-fac'd*, wird von Beatrice in komischer Hyperbel umgedeutet zu einem Dintenfleck, den die Natur aus Versehen machte, da sie das Bild eines Narren zeichnen wollte. 15) Ein Mann von kleiner Statur heisst ein schlecht aus einem Agatstein geschnitztes Figürchen. So sagt in K. Henry IV. Second Part (A. 1, Sc. 2) Falstaff von seinem zwerghaften Pagen: *I was never manned with an agate till now.* 16) M. Mason wollte lesen *nor to be odd.* — Das *not* steht pleonastisch neben dem folgenden *cannot.* — *from all fashions* = fern von, oder abweichend von aller Haltung und Manier. 17) Malone findet hier eine Anspielung auf eine alte englische Tortur, wobei den hartnäckig schweigenden Angeklagten ein so schweres Gewicht auf den Magen gelegt wurde, dass sie erlagen. 18) Die Fol. hat *to die* für *than die* der Q. 19) *tickling* ist dreisylbig *(tickeling)* zu lesen. 20) *honest slanders* = Verläumdungen, die in redlicher Absicht verbreitet werden. 21) *only* = einzig, unvergleichlich. 22) *argument* = Raisonnement, Redegabe. 23) Ebenso sagt Juliet in Romeo and Juliet (A. 4, Sc. 2) von ihrem Hochzeitsstaat: *such needful ornaments,‖As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow.* 24) So die Q. Das Bild ist von einem Vogel, der an der für ihn gestellten Leimstange festklebt. —

Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of such.[26]
And, Benedick, love on: I will requite thee,
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand.[27]
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band;
For others say thou dost deserve, and I
Believe it better than reportingly. *[Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, *and* Leonato.

D. Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then go I[1] toward Arragon.

Claud. I 'll bring you thither, my lord, if you 'll vouchsafe me.

D. Pedro. Nay; that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage, as to show a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth: he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bowstring, and the little hangman[2] dare not shoot at him. He hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.[3]

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So say I: methinks, you are sadder.

Claud. I hope he be in love.

D. Pedro. Hang him, truant! there 's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd with love. If he be sad, he wants money.

Bene. I have the tooth-ache.

D. Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it!

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.[4]

D. Pedro. What! sigh for the tooth-ache?

Leon. Where is but a humour, or a worm?[5]

Bene. Well, every one can[6] master a grief, but he that has it.

Claud. Yet say I, he is in love.

D. Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy[7] that he hath to strange disguises; as, to be a Dutchman to-day, a Frenchman to-morrow,[8] or in the shape of two countries at once, as a German from the waist downward, all slops, and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet. Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy,[9] as you would have it appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs. He brushes his hat o' mornings; what should that bode?

D. Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him, and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.[10]

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

D. Pedro. Nay, he rubs himself with civet: can you smell[11] him out by that?

Claud. That 's as much as to say, the sweet youth 's in love.

D. Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face?

D. Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit, which is now crept into a lutestring, and now governed by stops.[12]

D. Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him. Conclude, conclude, he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

Die Fol. liest *she 's ta'en.* 25) Reed citirt dazu aus Holland's Uebersetzung des Plinius, die Sh. kannte, Folgendes: *Moreover is not this an opinion generally received, that when our ears do glow and tingle, some there be that in our absence do talk of us?* 26) *such* bezieht sich auf *contempt* und *maiden pride:* Hohn und jungfräulicher Stolz haben keinen Ruhm hinter sich oder in ihrem Gefolge. 27) Es ist an einen wilden Falken zu denken, der so zahm wird, dass er auf die Hand des Falkoniers niedersteigt. Vgl. oben Anm. 7.

1) So Q. und Fol. — Manche Hgg. setzen mit den späteren Folioausgg. dafür *I go.* 2) *hangman,* das zu Sh.'s Zeit von jeder Art von Hinrichtung und Tödtung, nicht bloss vom Hängen gebraucht wird, heisst Cupido, der mit seinen Pfeilen die Herzen trifft, auch in Sidney's Arcadia: *Millions of years this old drivel Cupid lives — — Till now at length that Jove him office gives — — In this our world our hangman for to be || Of all those fools that will have all they see.* — Indess steht *hangman* auch sonst als Schimpfwort = Schurke, und so vielleicht auch hier. 3) Steevens citirt dazu das Sprichwort *As the fool thinketh, || So the bell clinketh.* 4) Auf Benedick's *Hang it!* das er als Verwünschung ausstösst, sagt Claudio, der das Wort im eigentlichen Sinne fasst, er müsse den Zahn erst hängen, d. h. einen Faden um ihn schlingen, und dann erst herausziehen. — Zugleich liegt darin eine Anspielung auf die Stufenfolge der Execution, wie in K. John (A. 2, Sc. 2) *hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd. — it* bezieht sich auf *tooth* in *tooth-ache.* 5) Das Zahnweh rührt doch nur von einem Flusse her oder von einem Wurme, der in dem kranken Zahne sitzt. 6) *can* ist Pope's Emendation für *cannot* der alten Ausgg. 7) *fancy* = Liebe, und = grillenhafte Neigung zu Etwas, wie Benedick sie zu ausländischen Trachten, in die er sich verkleidet, haben soll. 8) Die folgenden Worte bis *no doublet* fehlen in der Fol. — *slops* = weitbauschige Beinkleider, kommen sonst in Romeo and Juliet (A. 2, Sc. 4) als französische Mode vor. — Die spanische Mode, ohne Wamms, nur mit enganliegendem Obergewande einherzugehen, wird bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen oft erwähnt unter dem spanischen Namen *in cuerpo.* 9) *fool for fancy* = Narr aus Liebe, ist Gegensatz zu *fancy to this foolery.* 10) Um sich ein schmachtendes oder jugendliches Ansehn zu geben, lässt Benedick sich sein Barthaar abrasiren, und dieses dient bereits zur Füllung von Federbällen. So in einem Pamphlet von Nashe (1591): *they may sell their hair by the pound to stuff tennis-balls.* 11) *to smell out* doppelsinnig = Jemanden riechen, der sich mit Bisam eingerieben hat, und = wittern, merken, wie es um ihn steht, dass er nämlich verliebt ist. — Eben so doppelsinnig ist in Claudio's Antwort *sweet* = wohlriechend, und = süss, hold. 12) Statt dass er früher über Alles scherzte und witzelte, singt er jetzt Liebeslieder zur Laute und achtet auf die Griffe, mit denen dieses Saiteninstrument regiert wird. — In Pedro's nächster Rede hat die Fol. nur einmal *conclude.* 13) Seine schlechten

D. Pedro. That would I know too: I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions;[13] and, in despite of all, dies for him.

D. Pedro. She shall be buried with her face upwards.[14]

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ache. — Old Signior, walk aside with me: I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses[15] must not hear. *[Exeunt* BENEDICK *and* LEONATO.

D. Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'T is even so. Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice, and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

Enter JOHN.

John. My lord and brother, God save you.

D. Pedro. Good den,[16] brother.

John. If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

D. Pedro. In private?

John. If it please you; yet count Claudio may hear, for what I would speak of concerns him.

D. Pedro. What 's the matter?

John. [To CLAUD.*]* Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?

D. Pedro. You know, he does.

John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you, discover it.

John. You may think, I love you not: let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I think, he holds you well, and in dearness of heart hath holp to effect your ensuing marriage; surely, suit ill spent, and labour ill bestowed!

D. Pedro. Why, what 's the matter?

John. I came hither to tell you; and circumstances shortened (for she has been too long a talking of),[17] the lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who? Hero?

John. Even she: Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.[18]

Claud. Disloyal?

John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say, she were worse: think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it.[19] Wonder not till further warrant: go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window entered, even the night before her wedding-day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so?

D. Pedro. I will not think it.

John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know. If you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see anything to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow: in the congregation,[20] where I should wed, there will I shame her.

D. Pedro. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

John. I will disparage her no further, till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till midnight,[21] and let the issue show itself.

D. Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting!

John. O plague right well prevented! So will you say, when you have seen the sequel. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Street.

Enter DOGBERRY *and* VERGES,[1] *with the Watch.*

Dogb. Are you good men and true?[2]

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation,[3] body and soul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge,[4] neighbour Dogberry.

Dogb. First, who think you the most desartless[5] man to be constable?

1. Watch. Hugh Oatcake, Sir, or George Seacoal, for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal. God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature.

2. Watch. Both which, master constable, —

Dogb. You have: I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour,[6] Sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge. You shall comprehend

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Eigenschaften oder Beschaffenheiten. 14) Der Prinz fasst das *dies*, das Claudio im uneigentlichen Sinn gebraucht = sie ist sterblich in ihn verliebt, wörtlich und fügt deshalb scherzhaft und zweideutig hinzu: Sie soll begraben werden mit ihrem Gesichte aufwärts, oder, wie Steevens erklärt: *She shall be buried in her lover's arms.* 15) *hobby-horse* eigentlich = Steckenpferd, dann = der noch ein Steckenpferd gebraucht, also Narren oder Kinder. 16) *good den* = guten Abend, aus *good e'en* für *good even.* 17) Je länger man schon von Hero und ihrer Untreue gesprochen hat, um so eher kann ich die Details derselben kurz fassen. 18) Hero gehört nicht Euch allein, sondern Jedem an. 19) Besinnt Euch auf eine schlimmere Bezeichnung für Hero, als *disloyal*, und ich will sie ihr beilegen. 20) *congregation* = die in der Kirche versammelte Gemeinde. 21) *midnight* in der Q.; *night* in der Fol.

1) Q. und Fol. haben *Enter Dogberry and his Compartner.* 2) *good men and true* = respectable und ehrbare Leute, die statutengemässe Bezeichnung Derer, die zu bürgerlichen Aemtern, wie hier zu Constablern, sich qualificirten. 3) Nach Art der englischen Clowns gebrauchen Dogberry und Verges Ausdrücke, die ihnen nicht geläufig sind, in verkehrtem Sinne; so hier *salvation* für *damnation*, und gleich darauf *allegiance* für das Gegentheil. 4) *charge* = Bestallung, in ihrem Constableramt. 5) Er will *desertful* sagen, wie er bald nachher *senseless* für *sensible* sagt. 6) *favour* = Aussehen, Miene, in Bezug auf das vorhergehende *well-favoured* = von guter Miene, gut aussehend. 7) *comprehend* für *apprehend*, und *vagrom* für *vagrant.* 8) *tolerable* für *into-*

all vagrom[7] men: you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

2. *Watch.* How, if a' will not stand?

Dogb. Why, then take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects. — You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and talk is most tolerable,[8] and not to be endured.

2. *Watch.* We will rather sleep than talk: we know what belongs to a watch.

Dogb. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman, for I cannot see how sleeping should offend; only, have a care that your bills[9] be not stolen. Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those[10] that are drunk get them to bed.

2. *Watch.* How, if they will not?

Dogb. Why, then let them alone till they are sober: if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for.

2. *Watch.* Well, Sir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man;[11] and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

2. *Watch.* If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dogb. Truly, by your office you may; but, I think, they that touch pitch will be defiled. The most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him show himself what he is, and steal[12] out of your company.

Verg. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

2. *Watch.* How, if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?

Dogb. Why, then depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when he[13] bleats.

Verg. 'T is very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are to present the prince's own person: if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verg. Nay, by 'r lady, that, I think, a' cannot.

Dogb. Five shillings to one on 't, with any man that knows the statues,[14] he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing; for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verg. By 'r lady, I think, it be so.

Dogb. Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me. Keep your fellows' counsels and your own,[15] and good night. Come, neighbour.

2. *Watch.* Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dogb. One word more, honest neighbours. I pray you, watch about Signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night. Adieu, be vigitant,[16] I beseech you.

[Exeunt Dogberry *and* Verges.

Enter Borachio *and* Conrade.

Bora. What! Conrade!

Watch. [Aside.] Peace! stir not.

Bora. Conrade, I say!

Con. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mass, and my elbow itched; I thought, there would a scab follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answer for that; and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close then under this penthouse, for it drizzles rain, and I will, like a true drunkard,[17] utter all to thee.

Watch. [Aside.] Some treason, masters; yet stand close.

Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

Con. Is it possible that any villany should be so dear?

Bora. Thou shouldst rather ask, if it were possible any villany[18] should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shows thou art unconfirmed.[19] Thou knowest, that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean, the fashion.

Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush! I may as well say, the fool 's the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief[20] this fashion is?

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lerable. 9) Die Nachtwache war mit Hellebarden bewaffnet. 10) *those* in der Q.; *them* in der Fol. 11) *true man* = ehrlicher Mann, der gewöhnliche Gegensatz zu *thief* = Dieb. 12) Wortspiele mit *to steal* = stehlen, und = sich wegschleichen, sind bei Sh. häufig. 13) Für *he* der Q. und Fol. setzen die spätern Folioausgg. *it.* 14) *statues* in der Fol. für *statutes*, was Dogberry im Sinne hat und was die Q. mit Verwischung dieses scherzhaften Missverständnisses liest. — Wie Steevens vermuthet, soll hier und im Vorhergehenden eine Londoner Polizeiverordnung, betitelt The Statutes of the Streets (1595), persiflirt werden. 15) Diese Worte kommen in dem Eide vor, den ein Geschworner der grossen Jury zu leisten hat. 16) *vigitant* für *vigilant* in Q. und Fol. — Die Folioausg. von 1632 hat *vigilant*, was die frühern Hgg. beibehielten. 17) Wie ein Trunkenbold im Rausch die Wahrheit sagt und nichts verschweigt. — Steevens vermuthet in diesen Worten eine Anspielung auf die Bedeutung des spanischen *borracho* = trunken. 18) *villany*, in Verbindung mit *rich*, ist die Schurkerei des John, während vorher *villany*, in Verbindung mit *dear*, die Schurkerei des Borachio ist, die derselbe sich so theuer bezahlen lässt. 19) *unconfirmed* = unbefestigt, noch nicht fest und sicher in solchen Angelegenheiten. 20) *deformed thief* ist in Borachio's Sinn, eigentlich ein Dieb, der hässlich und entstellt ist, insofern er Andere entstellt, indem die wechselnde Mode ihren Verehrern immer neue, seltsame und geschmacklose Kleidung aufnöthigt. So in Comedy of Errors (A. 5, Sc. 1) *Time's deformed hand.* — Der lauschende Wächter hält das ihm unbekannte Wort für

Watch. *[Aside.]* I know that Deformed; a' has been a vile thief this seven year; a' goes up and down like a gentleman. I remember his name.

Bora. Didst thou not hear somebody?

Con. No: 't was the vane on the house.

Bora. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily a' turns about all the hot bloods between fourteen and five-and-thirty? sometime, fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy painting;[21] sometime, like god Bel's priests in the old church-window; sometime, like the shaven Hercules[22] in the smirched worm-eaten tapestry, where his codpiece seems as massy as his club?

Con. All this I see, and I see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man. But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bora. Not so neither; but know, that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero: she leans me out at her mistress' chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night, — I tell this tale vilely: — I should first tell thee, how the prince, Claudio, and my master, planted, and placed, and possessed[23] by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.[24]

Con. And thought they Margaret was Hero?

Bora. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil, my master, knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villany, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw over night, and send her home again without a husband.

1. Watch. We charge you in the prince's name, stand.

2. Watch. Call up the right master constable. We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery,[25] that ever was known in the commonwealth.

1. Watch. And one Deformed is one of them: I know him, a' wears a lock.[26]

Con. Masters, masters!

2. Watch. You 'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Con. Masters,[27] —

1. Watch. Never speak: we charge you, let us obey[28] you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.[29]

Con. A commodity in question,[30] I warrant you. Come, we 'll obey you. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Hero, Margaret, *and* Ursula.

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

Urs. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well. *[Exit.*

Marg. Troth, I think, your other rebato[1] were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I 'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth 's not so good; and I warrant, your cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin 's a fool, and thou art another. I 'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire within[2] excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown 's a most rare fashion, i' faith. I saw the duchess of Milan's gown, that they praise so.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they say.

Marg. By my troth 's but a night-gown in respect of yours: cloth o' gold, and cuts, and laced with silver, set with pearls down sleeves, side sleeves,[3] and skirts round, underborne with a bluish tinsel; but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on 't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy!

Marg. 'T will be heavier soon by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?

Marg. Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable[4] without marriage? I think, you would have

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den Eigennamen eines ihm von Ansehn bekannten und längst verdächtigen Menschen. 21) *reechy painting* = ein von Rauch schmutzig gewordenes Bild. — Er denkt an ein altes Kirchenbild, das den Zug der Kinder Israel's durch's rothe Meer und der Pharaonischen Krieger hinterdrein darstellt. — Ebenso gleich darauf an ein Glasgemälde, das die biblische Geschichte vom Bel zu Babel darstellt. 22) *the shaven Hercules* ist, nach Steevens' Deutung, Hercules im Dienst der Omphale. — Anspielungen auf Wandtapeten, die mit mythologischen oder biblischen Bildern bemalt waren, kommen öfter bei Sh. vor. 23) *possessed* doppelsinnig = von einer Sache benachrichtigt oder überzeugt, und = besessen, wie von einem Teufel. In letzterer Beziehung sagt Borachio gleich nachher *the devil, my master.* 24) *amiable encounter* = zärtliches, verliebtes Rendez-vous. 25) Für *lechery* will er *treachery* sagen. 26) d. h. *a love-lock* = eine Haarlocke, die, mit einer Bandschleife verziert, hinterm Ohre lang herabhing, eine Mode, über die auch Sh.'s Zeitgenossen sich lustig machen. 27) Q. und Fol. verbinden die folgenden Worte des Wächters noch mit *Masters* und legen Alles dem Conrad in den Mund. — Die richtige Abtheilung rührt von Theobald her. 28) *obey* sagt er missverständlich für das Gegentheil *charge* oder *command.* 29) *to take up* = auf Credit eine Waare (*commodity*) aufnehmen, und = verhaften, einstecken; *bill* = Schuldschein, Rechnung, und = Hellebarde, die Waffe dieser Nachtwächter. 30) *question* = gerichtliche Untersuchung, Verhör.

1) *rebato* = gesteifter Halskragen. Für *rebato*, wie Q. und Fol. nach der herkömmlichen Orthographie der Zeit schreiben, setzen die Hgg. meistens *rabato.* 2) Der neue Kopfputz da drinnen, in Eurem Zimmer, würde Euch noch besser stehen, wenn Euer Haar, in Uebereinstimmung damit, um eine Schattirung, um einen Gedanken dunkler wäre. — Steevens deutet *the hair* auf das falsche Haar, aus dem der Kopfputz bestehe. 3) Steevens streicht das von manchen Hggn. nach *pearls* gesetzte Comma, wodurch *side sleeves* = lange herabhängende Aermel, als Apposition und nähere Bestimmung zu dem vorhergehenden *sleeves* erscheint: das Kleid war die Aermel herunter mit Perlen besetzt, und diese Aermel hingen lang herab. 4) *honourable* = ehrenvoll, und = Titel eines vornehmen Mannes, wie Claudio. — Eben so doppelsinnig stehen, wie oft bei Sh., die Adjectiva *heavy* = schwer von

me say, saving your reverence, — a husband: an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I 'll offend nobody. Is there any harm in — the heavier for a husband? None, I think, an it be the right husband, and the right wife; otherwise 't is light, and not heavy: ask my lady Beatrice else; here she comes.

Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, sweet Hero.

Hero. Why, how now? do you speak in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap us into »Light o' love«;[5] that goes without a burden: do you sing it, and I 'll dance it.

Beat. Yea, »Light o' love,« with your heels! — then, if your husband have stables enough, you 'll see he shall lack no barns.[6]

Marg. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.[7]

Beat. 'T is almost five o'clock, cousin: 't is time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill. — Heigh-ho!

Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?[8]

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Marg. Well, an you be not turned Turk,[9] there 's no more sailing by the star.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?[10]

Marg. Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire!

Hero. These gloves the count sent me, they are an excellent perfume.[11]

Beat. I am stuffed, cousin, I cannot smell.

Marg. A maid, and stuffed![12] there 's goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O, God help me! God help me! how long have you profess'd apprehension?[13]

Marg. Ever since you left it. Doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap. — By my troth, I am sick.

Marg. Get you some of this distilled Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart: it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prick'st her with a thistle.[14]

Beat. Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some moral[15] in this Benedictus.

Marg. Moral? no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love: nay, by 'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; nor indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love. Yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man:[16] he swore he would never marry; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging: and how you may be converted, I know not, but, methinks, you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Marg. Not a false gallop.

Re-enter Ursula.

Urs. Madam, withdraw:[17] the prince, the count, Signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Another Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato, *with* Dogberry *and* Verges.[1]

Leon. What would you with me, honest neighbour?

Dogb. Marry, Sir, I would have some confidence with you, that decerns[2] you nearly.

Gewicht, und = schwermüthig, so wie *light* = leicht von Gewicht, und = leichtfertig. 5) Eine muntere Tanzmelodie, die als etwas leichtfertig auch in Two Gentlemen of Verona (A. 1, Sc. 2) erwähnt wird. Ebenso fasst Beatrice in ihrer Antwort den Sinn von *Light o' love* auf. 6) Wortspiel zwischen *barn* = Scheune, und = Kind. 7) *to scorn with the heels* = Etwas mit den Fersen verächtlich von sich weisen. So in Merchant of Venice (A. 2, Sc. 2) *scorn running with thy heels.* Hier zugleich anknüpfend an das vorhergehende *with your heels* in Bezug auf *Light o' love.* 8) Margarethe fasst *exceeding ill* = sich krankhaft nach Etwas sehnend, wie *sick for* in diesem Sinne häufig vorkommt, und nennt scherzhaft dreierlei Dinge, nach denen Beatrice sich möglicherweise sehne. Alle diese drei fangen mit dem Buchstaben *h* an, der, *ache* ausgesprochen, so klingt, wie *ache* = Schmerz, in Sh.'s Zeit ausgesprochen wurde. 9) *to turn Turk* = von seinem Glauben abfallen, wie Beatrice ihren Männerhass bisher gleichsam als einen Glaubensartikel hegte und jetzt ihm abgesagt hat. Wenn diese Beobachtung täuscht, so kann der Schiffer sich auch nicht mehr auf den Stand des Sterns verlassen, nach dessen Richtschnur er segelt. 10) *trow* = traun! 11) Parfümirte Handschuhe kommen als ein Modeartikel öfter vor, so in Winter's Tale (A. 4, Sc. 3) *Gloves, as sweet as damask roses.* 12) *stuffed* = verstopft in der Nase, verschnupft, und = vollgemacht, schwanger. 13) *apprehension* = Witz, schnelle Auffassungsgabe, wie Margarethe sie an den Tag legt, da sie Beatrice's Worte aufgreift und deutet. 14) *Carduus Benedictus* = heilsame Distel. Damit prickelt Margarethe die Beatrice, insofern der Name dieses Heilmittels zugleich an eine Distel und an Benedick erinnert. — Cogan in seinem Haven of Health (1589) sagt von diesem Heilmittel: *This herb may worthily be call'd Benedictus, or Omnimorbia, that is, a salve for every sore, not known to physicians of old time, but lately revealed by the special providence of Almighty God.* 15) *moral* = Nutzanwendung, die sich aus einer Fabel oder Geschichte ergiebt, zugleich = der tiefere, allegorische Sinn, der in einem Worte liegt. 16) Jetzt ist er ein Mensch, wie die Andern auch, d. h. für Liebe empfänglich. In demselben Sinne zur Bezeichnung dieses gewöhnlichen, natürlichen Zustandes sind auch die folgenden Worte *he eats his meat without grudging* zu fassen, und, in Bezug auf Beatrice dann, *you look with your eyes etc.* = Ihr habt vor andern Frauen nichts voraus, seht ebenso aus den Augen, wie die andern. 17) d. h. zieht Euch in Eure Kammer zurück, um Euch zur Hochzeit anzukleiden.

1) *Enter Leonato, and the Constable, and the Headborough* in Q. und Fol. 2) Er sagt *confidence* für *conference,* und *decerns* für *concerns.* 3) *off the matter* = was nicht zur Sache gehört, was vom Gegen-

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for, you see, it is a busy time with me.

Dogb. Marry, this it is, Sir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, Sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dogb. Goodman Verges, Sir, speaks a little off the matter:[3] an old man, Sir, and his wits are not so blunt,[4] as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.[5]

Verg. Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honester than I.

Dogb. Comparisons are odorous: palabras, neighbour Verges.[6]

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogb. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers;[7] but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousness on me? ha!

Dogb. Yea, an 't were a thousand pound[8] more than 't is; for I hear as good exclamation on your worship, as of any man in the city, and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verg. Marry, Sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Dogb. A good old man, Sir; he will be talking: as they say, when the age is in, the wit is out. God help us! it is a world to see![9] — Well said, i' faith, neighbour Verges: — well, God 's a good man: an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind.[10] — An honest soul, i' faith, Sir: by my troth he is, as ever broke bread; but, God is to be worshipped: all men are not alike; alas, good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

Dogb. Gifts that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Dogb. One word, Sir. Our watch, Sir, have, indeed, comprehended two aspicious[11] persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination yourself, and bring it me: I am now in great haste, as may appear unto you.[12]

Dogb. It shall be suffigance.[13]

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go. Fare you well.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. I 'll wait upon them: I am ready.

[Exeunt Leonato *and Messenger.*

Dogb. Go, good partner, go; get you to Francis Seacoal;[14] bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol: we are now to examination these men.[15]

Verg. And we must do it wisely.

Dogb. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here 's that[16] shall drive some of them to a *non-com:*[17] only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication,[18] and meet me at the gaol. *[Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

The Inside of a Church.

Enter Don Pedro, John, Leonato, *Friar* Francis, Claudio, Benedick, Hero, Beatrice, *etc.*

Leon. Come, friar Francis, be brief: only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Fri. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

Claud. No.

Leon. To be married to her; friar, you come to marry her.[1]

Fri. Lady, you come hither to be married to this count?

Hero. I do.

Fri. If either of you know any inward impediment, why you should not be conjoined,[2] I charge you on your souls to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my lord.

Fri. Know you any, count?

Leon. I dare make his answer; none.

Claud. O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not knowing what they do![3]

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stande fern liegt. — Q. und Fol. haben *of the matter*, was auch Rowe noch beibehielt. 4) *blunt* für das Gegentheil, etwa *sharp*. 5) Dieser sprichwörtliche Ausdruck kommt schon vor Sh. vor. 6) *odorous* für *odious*, und *palabras* für spanisch *pocas palabras* = wenig Worte, fasst Euch kurz, eine Redensart, deren man sich damals in England mehrfach bedient zu haben scheint, und die auch in Taming of the Shrew (Induction Sc. 1) sich entstellt findet: *paucas pallabris*. 7) Er will sagen *the duke's poor officers*, wie in Measure for Measure (A. 2, Sc. 1) *if it please your honour, I am the poor duke's constable.* — Dogberry fasst *tedious* im Sinne von *gracious*. 8) *pound* in der Q.; *times* in der Fol. 9) *it is a world to see*, eine häufig wiederkehrende Phrase, die Holt White richtiger mit *it is worth seeing*, als Steevens mit *it is wonderful to see* erklärt. So steht in Barret's Alvearie *it is a world to hear* für das lateinische *Audire est operae pretium.* — Auch das folgende *God 's a good man* ist sprichwörtlich von einer genügsamen, zufriedenen Lebensanschauung. 10) Unter demjenigen der beiden Reiter auf demselben Pferde, der hinten sitzt, versteht Dogberry seinen Amtsgenossen; er selbst sitzt vorn auf dem Pferde. 11) *comprehended* für *apprehended*, und *aspicious* für *suspicious*. 12) So die Fol.; die Q. hat *as it may appear unto you*. 13) *suffigance* für *sufficient*. 14) In A. 3, Sc. 3 wurde George Seacoal unter den bestallten Constablern erwähnt. — Nach den Cambridge Edd. sind zwei verschiedene Persönlichkeiten darunter verstanden, da der Stadtschreiber und Küster nicht wohl den untergeordneten Posten eines Constablers versehen konnte. 15) So mit charakteristischem Sprachfehler die Q.; die Fol. hat *to examine those men.* 16) Manche Hgg. fügen zur Erklärung die Bühnenweisung ein: *touching his forehead.* 17) *non-com*, herkömmlich abgekürzt aus dem lateinischen *non compos mentis* = von Sinnen, sagt Dogberry für *non-plus: to drive to a non-plus* = Jemanden in die Enge treiben. 18) Er meint *examination.*

1) Leonato kann sich Claudio's *No* nur so erklären, dass Claudio das Wort *to marry* = verheirathen, der Mönch aber es = heirathen, fasst. 2) Diese Worte sind aus dem zu Sh.'s Zeit gebräuchlichen englischen Trauungs-

Bene. How now! Interjections? Why then, some be of laughing, as, ah! ha! he![4]
Claud. Stand thee by, friar.[5] — Father, by your leave:
Will you with free and unconstrained soul
Give me this maid, your daughter?
Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me.
Claud. And what have I to give you back, whose worth
May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?
D. Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.
Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness. —
There, Leonato, take her back again:
Give not this rotten orange to your friend;
She 's but the sign and semblance of her honour. —
Behold, how like a maid she blushes here:
O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
Comes not that blood,[6] as modest evidence,
To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,
All you that see her, that she were a maid,
By these exterior shows? But she is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious[7] bed;
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.
Leon. What do you mean, my lord?
Claud. Not to be married,[8]
Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton.
Leon. Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof,[9]
Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity, —
Claud. I know what you would say: if I have known her,[10]
You 'll say, she did embrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the 'forehand sin:
No, Leonato,
I never tempted her with word too large;[11]
But, as a brother to his sister, showed
Bashful sincerity, and comely love.
Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?
Claud. Out on thee, seeming![12] I will write against it:
You seem to me as Dian in her orb,
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals
That rage in savage sensuality.
Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?[13]
Claud. Sweet prince, why speak not you?
D. Pedro. What should I speak?
I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common stale.
Leon. Are these things spoken,[14] or do I but dream?
John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.
Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.[15]
Hero. True![16] O God!
Claud. Leonato, stand I here?
Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?
Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?
Leon. All this is so; but what of this, my lord?
Claud. Let me but move one question to your daughter,
And, by that fatherly and kindly[17] power
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.
Leon. I charge thee do so,[18] as thou art my child.
Hero. O God, defend me! how am I beset! —
What kind of catechising call you this?
Claud. To make you answer truly to your name.
Hero. Is it not Hero?[19] Who can blot that name
With any just reproach?
Claud. Marry, that can Hero:
Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.
What man was he talk'd with you yesternight
Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.
Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.
D. Pedro. Why, then are you no maiden. — Leonato,
I am sorry you must hear: upon mine honour,
Myself, my brother, and this grieved count,
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal[20] villain,
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.
John. Fie, fie: they are not to be nam'd, my lord,
Not to be spoke of;
There is not chastity enough in language,
Without offence to utter them. Thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.[21]
Claud. O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been placed
About thy thoughts, and counsels of thy heart!
But, fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,

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formular. 3) *not knowing what they do* fehlt in der Fol. 4) Ein Citat aus der kleinen englischen Schulgrammatik, wie vor Sh. Lyly es in seinem Endymion scherzhaft gebraucht hatte: *An interjection, whereof some are of mourning, as eho! vah!* 5) Tritt bei Seite, Mönch. 6) *that blood* ist hinweisend = das Blut, das jetzt in Hero's Wange steigt und ein Schamerröthen bedeuten soll. 7) *luxurious* = wollüstig, geil. 8) Claudio fasst *to mean*, das Leonato = was wollt Ihr damit sagen? gebraucht, vielmehr = beabsichtigen: *I mean not to be married.* 9) *proof* bezieht sich auf das vorhergehende *approved* = bewährt, erprobt: wenn Ihr in der Erprobung, die Ihr selbst mit Hero angestellt habt, u. s. w. 10) *to know* = erkennen, in geschlechtlichem Sinn. 11) Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 3, Anm. 27. 12) So Q. und Fol. — *seeming* ist die in Hero personificirte Heuchelei, welche Claudio anredet, wie in Winter's Tale (A. 4, Sc. 3) die Perdita als *enchantment*, und in K. John (A. 3, Sc. 4) die Constanze als *fair affliction* angeredet wird. — Die meisten Hgg. ändern mit Pope *Out on thy seeming*, und Knight *Out on the seeming!* 13) *wide* = weit vom Ziel, in der Irre, verkehrt. So in Troilus and Cressida (A. 3, Sc. 1) *No, no; no such matter, you are wide.* — Die folgende Rede theilen die Hgg. mit Q. und Fol. dem Leonato zu; Dyce, nach Tieck's Vorschlag, giebt sie passender dem Claudio. 14) Wird das wirklich gesprochen, was ich da zu hören glaube, oder ist es nur ein Traum? 15) *nuptial* gebraucht Sh. gewöhnlich im Singular. 16) Hero's Ausruf bezieht sich auf John's Worte *these things are true.* 17) *kindly* = natürlich, auf die Bande der Blutsverwandtschaft begründet. 18) Die Fol. lässt *so* aus. 19) scil. *Is not my name Hero?* So antwortet sie auf Claudio's Worte, dass dieses Verhör sie dazu bringen sollte, ihrem wahren Namen gemäss zu antworten. 20) *liberal* = frech in Reden, ohne Zurückhaltung. 21) Es thut mir leid um Dein sehr schlechtes Verhalten. — *much* steht vor *misgovernment*, als ob das Wort aus einem Adjectiv und Substantiv zusammengesetzt sei, wie *ill government* oder *bad government.* 22) Aeusserlich rein und innerlich ruchlos. Vgl. oben Anm. 12. 23) Auf Claudio's Auge soll

Thou pure impiety, and impious purity![22]
For thee I 'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids shall conjecture[23] hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.[24]
Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?
[HERO *swoons.*
Beat. Why, how now, cousin! wherefore sink you down?
John. Come, let us go. These things, come thus to light,
Smother her spirits up.
[*Exeunt Don* PEDRO, JOHN, *and* CLAUDIO.
Bene. How doth the lady?
Beat. Dead, I think: — help, uncle! —
Hero! why, Hero! — Uncle! — Signior Benedick! — Friar!
Leon. O fate! take not away thy heavy hand:
Death is the fairest cover for her shame,
That may be wish'd for.
Beat. How now, cousin Hero?
Fri. Have comfort, lady.
Leon. Dost thou look up?
Fri. Yea; wherefore should she not?
Leon. Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood? —
Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes;
For did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
Myself would, on the rearward[25] of reproaches,
Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?[26]
O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not with charitable hand
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates;
Who smirched[27] thus, and mir'd with infamy,
I might have said, »No part of it is mine,
This shame derives itself from unknown loins«?
But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,[28]
And mine that I was proud on; mine so much,
That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her; why, she — O! she is fallen
Into a pit of ink,[29] that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again,
And salt too little, which may season give
To her foul-tainted flesh!
Bene. Sir, Sir, be patient.
For my part, I am so attir'd in wonder,
I know not what to say.
Beat. O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!
Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?
Beat. No, truly, not; although, until last night,
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.
Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is stronger made,
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!
Would the two princes lie? and Claudio lie,
Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
Wash'd it with tears?[30] Hence from her, let her die.
Fri. Hear me a little;
For I have only been silent so long,
And given way unto this course of fortune,
By noting of the lady: I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions
To start[31] into her face; a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness beat[32] away those blushes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors[33] that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth. — Call me a fool;
Trust not my reading, nor my observation,[34]
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenour of my book; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error.[35]
Leon. Friar, it cannot be.
Thou seest, that all the grace that she hath left,
Is, that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury: she not denies it.
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse
That which appears in proper nakedness?
Fri. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?
Hero. They know that do accuse me, I know none.

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fernerhin der Argwohn thronen, dass er bei jeder Schönheit, die er zu Gesicht bekommt, böse Gedanken hegt, ihr Böses zutraut. — *conjecture* = argwöhnische Vermuthung, gebraucht Sh. auch so in Winter's Tale (A. 2, Sc. 1) *their familiarity,* || *Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture.* 24) Die Schönheit soll dem Claudio fortan niemals wieder als lieblich oder als mit guten Gaben ausgestattet erscheinen. 25) Das *rereward* der Q. entstellt die Fol. durch einen Druckfehler zu *reward:* hinter den Vorwürfen her, mit denen ich Dich jetzt überhäufe, würde ich Dich umbringen. — *on the rearward* steht in demselben übertragenen Sinne, wie vorher *behind the back* (vgl. A. 3, Sc. 1, Anm. 26). 26) Klagte ich jemals, dass ich nur ein Kind hätte, und schalt deshalb auf die sparsame Ordnung oder Fügung der Natur, die mir nur das eine Kind gab? — So heisst es in K. Richard III. (A. 1, Sc. 2) von dem jungen Prinzen Eduard: *Fram'd in the prodigality of nature.* 27) *smirched* in der Q.; *smeared* in der Fol.: wenn dieses Bettlerkind dann so mit Schande befleckt und in den Koth gezogen wäre, so hätte ich sagen können: Es ist kein Theil von mir. 28) scil. *mine that I lov'd, mine that I prais'd,* wie gleich darauf *mine that I was proud on.* 29) *ink* wird zu Sh.'s Zeit auch in edlen Gleichnissen gebraucht; es bezeichnet hier die schwarze Befleckung, mit der Hero sich verunstaltet hat. Diese Befleckung ist so gross, dass das Meer nicht Tropfen genug hat, um die Hero wieder rein zu waschen, und nicht Salz genug, um ihr arg beflecktes Fleisch vor Fäulniss zu bewahren. — Mit *foul-tainted* vergleicht Dyce *foul-defiled blood* in Sh.'s Lucrece. 30) Claudio, als er von Hero's sittlichem Schmutz oder Flecken sprach, suchte diesen gleichsam durch seine Thränen abzuwaschen. 31) So Q. und Fol. — Die meisten Hgg. streichen *to* und setzen *start* in die vorhergehende Zeile. 32) Für *beat* der Q. lesen viele Hgg. mit der Fol. *bear.* 33) Dasselbe Bild von dem Feuer, in welchem die Ketzer ihre Irrthümer verbrannt sehen, findet sich in Romeo and Juliet (A. 1, Sc. 2) ebenfalls auf das Auge angewendet: *Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars.* 34) *observation* setzte Dyce mit Recht für *observations* der Q. und Fol., da sich der folgende Relativsatz auf dieses Wort bezieht: meine Beobachtung verbürgt mit dem Siegel der Erfahrung den Inhalt dessen, was ich aus meinen Büchern gelernt habe. — *book* ist dasselbe, was ebenvorher *reading* hiess. 35) *some biting error* ist der Schlangenbiss einer irrigen Verläumdung, von dem getroffen die Hero schuldlos daliegt.

If I know more of any man alive,
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy! — O my father!
Prove you that any man with me convers'd
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.
Fri. There is some strange misprision in the princes.
Bene. Two of them have the very bent of honour;[36]
And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice[37] of it lives in John the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villanies.[38]
Leon. I know not. If they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her honour,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,[39]
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life[40] reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awak'd in such a kind,
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.
Fri. Pause awhile,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead;[41]
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it, that she is dead indeed:
Maintain a mourning ostentation;[42]
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.
Leon. What shall become of this? what will this do?
Fri. Marry, this, well carried, shall on her behalf
Change slander to remorse; that is some good:
But not for that dream I on this strange course,
But on this travail look for greater birth.[43]
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pitied and excus'd
Of every hearer; for it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it, but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack[44] the value; then we find
The virtue, that possession would not show us,
Whiles it was ours. — So will it fare with Claudio:
When he shall hear she died upon his words,[45]
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination,[46]
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving, delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she liv'd indeed: — then shall he mourn,
(If ever love had interest in his liver)[47]
And wish he had not so accused her;
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.[48]
But if all aim but this[49] be levell'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy:
And, if it sort not well, you may conceal her,
As best befits her wounded reputation,
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.
Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you:
And though, you know, my inwardness[50] and love
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly and justly, as your soul
Should with your body.
Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.[51]
Fri. 'T is well consented: presently away,
For to strange sores strangely they strain the cure.[52] —
Come, lady, die to live: this wedding-day,
Perhaps, is but prolong'd: have patience, and endure.
[Exeunt Friar, HERO, *and* LEONATO.
Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?
Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.
Bene. I will not desire that.
Beat. You have no reason; I do it freely.
Bene. Surely, I do believe your fair cousin is wronged.
Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me that would right her!
Bene. Is there any way to show such friendship?
Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.
Bene. May a man do it?
Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.
Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as you. Is not that strange?
Beat. As strange as the thing I know not. It were as

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36) Zwei von ihnen spannen den Ehrbegriff so weit an, wie sich derselbe überhaupt spannen lässt. Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 3, Anm. 33. 37) *practice* = hinterlistiger Anschlag. 38) *in frame of villanies* = darin, dass er Schurkenstreiche sich ausdenkt und ausführt. 39) *invention* = das Vermögen, Pläne zu entwerfen oder Auskunftsmittel zu ersinnen, entspricht dem folgenden *policy of mind.* 40) *bad life* = ein unglückliches Leben, ein Leben voll Missgeschick. 41) Q. und Fol. lesen diese Zeile missverständlich *Your daughter here the princess (left for dead).* — Theobald setzte das Richtige. 42) *a mourning ostentation* = eine Darlegung von äusserlicher Trauer. 43) Ich erwarte von diesen Geburtswehen eine bedeutendere Geburt, einen grösseren Erfolg, als bloss die Verwandlung der Verläumdung in Reue und Mitleid *(remorse).* 44) *to rack* = anspannen, ausdehnen: wenn ein Gut verloren ist und vermisst wird, dann schätzen wir dessen Werth in seiner vollen Ausdehnung. 45) In Folge seiner Worte, unmittelbar nachdem er so geredet hatte. 46) So wird Hero's Bild, wie sie lebendig war, sich hold in die Phantasie schleichen, mit der er sich beschäftigt, der er nachhängt. 47) Die Leber ist bei Sh. der Sitz der Leidenschaft, also hier: wenn er jemals leidenschaftlicher Liebe fähig war. 48) *in likelihood* = in Schlüssen oder Voraussetzungen der Wahrscheinlichkeit. 49) *but this* weist auf das Folgende hin: wenn auch jede andere Berechnung falsch sein sollte, ausser dieser einen, so wird doch jedenfalls die Annahme von dem Tode des Fräuleins die erstaunliche Kunde von ihrer Schmach ersticken. 50) *inwardness* = Vertraulichkeit, Intimität. — So in Measure for Measure (A 3, Sc. 2) *Sir, I was an inward of his.* 51) In der Fluth des Jammers, in welcher Leonato treibt, ergreift er begierig auch den dünnsten Rettungsfaden, der ihm zugeworfen wird. 52) Zwischen *strange, strangely* und *strain* ist ein Gleichklang beabsichtigt. Für auffallende Uebel wendet man auch in auf-

possible for me to say, I loved nothing so well as you; but believe me not, and yet I lie not: I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing. — I am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

Beat. Do not swear by it,[53] and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it, that you love me; and I will make him eat it, that says I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no sauce that can be devised to it. I protest, I love thee.

Beat. Why then, God forgive me!

Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have stayed me in a happy hour: I was about to protest, I loved you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do anything for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny it.[54] Farewell.

Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here.[55] — There is no love in you. — Nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. Beatrice, —

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We 'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be-friends with me, than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain,[56] that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman? — O, that I were a man! — What! bear her in hand until they come to take hands,[57] and then with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour, — O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice, —

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window! — a proper saying.

Bene. Nay, but, Beatrice, —

Beat. Sweet Hero! — she is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone.

Bene. Beat —[58]

Beat. Princes, and counties! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count, count-confect;[59] a sweet gallant, surely! O, that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies,[60] valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too:[61] he is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lie, and swears it. — I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee.

Beat. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your soul the count Claudio hath wronged Hero?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought, or a soul.

Bene. Enough! I am engaged, I will challenge him. I will kiss your hand, and so I leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account. As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin: I must say she is dead; and so, farewell. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Prison.

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, *and Sexton, in gowns; and the Watch, with* CONRADE *and* BORACHIO.[1]

Dogb. Is our whole dissembly[2] appeared?

Verg. O! a stool and a cushion for the sexton.

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Dogb. Marry, that am I and my partner.[3]

Verg. Nay, that 's certain: we have the exhibition to examine.[4]

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before master constable.

Dogb. Yea, marry, let them come before me. — What is your name, friend?

Bora. Borachio.

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fallender Weise gewaltsame Heilmittel an. 53) *by it* fehlt in der Q. — *eat it* bezieht Beatrice darauf, dass Benedick den Eid, den er geleistet, dann gleich widerrufen werde; wie *to eat one's words* = seine Worte zurücknehmen. — Benedick versteht *to eat* von seinem Schwerte, das er Dem zu kosten geben will, der seine Liebe zur Beatrice bezweifelt. 54) Der Nachdruck liegt auf *me*: Ihr tödtet mich, wenn Ihr es mir abschlagt, den Claudio zu tödten. — *it* fehlt in der Fol. 55) Ich bin dahin, bin für Euch verloren, wenn ich auch körperlich noch hier bin. 56) *in the height* gehört zu *a villain* = ein Schurke in höchstem Grade. So in K. Henry VIII. (A. 1, Sc. 2) *He 's traitor to the height.* — *to approve* = erweisen. 57) Wortspiel zwischen *to bear in hand* = hinhalten, täuschen, und *to take hands* = sich die Hände reichen zur Vermählung. 58) *Beatrice* will er sagen, und wird mitten in dem Worte unterbrochen. — Q. und Fol. lesen *Beat?* woraus die spätern Folioausgg. *But* machten. 59) *count-confect* = Graf aus Zuckerzeug, nennt sie ironisch, wie gleich nachher *sweet gallant*, den Claudio. — So die Q.; die Fol. liest *a goodly count-confect.* 60) Die Männlichkeit ist zu lauter Verbeugungen und Höflichkeitsdemonstrationen geworden. 61) Steevens bezieht *trim ones* auf *men*, Malone auf *tongue*, wofür Heath *tongues* setzen wollte. — Steevens' Erklärung scheint die natürlichere: selbst schmucke Männer sind ganz zur Zunge geworden, können nur schwatzen, oder auch: sie erscheinen der Welt als schmucke Männer, nachdem sie ganz Zunge geworden sind.

1) In Q. und Fol. *Enter the Constables, Borachio, and the town-clerk in gowns.* — Vor den Reden steht jedoch richtig *Sexton* statt des *town-clerk*. Dogberry's Reden werden in der Scene mit *Kemp*, einmal verdruckt als *Keeper*, bezeichnet, ebenso Verges' Reden mit *Cowley*. Beides sind Namen von Mitgliedern der Sh.'schen Schauspielergesellschaft, welche diese Rollen spielten. Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 3, Anm. 7. — Das *in gowns* bezeichnet den richterlichen Charakter, in dem die Genannten zu fungiren haben. 2) Er meint *assembly*. 3) Dogberry fasst *malefactors* = Untersuchungsrichter oder Ankläger. — Diese Rede Dogberry's wird in Q. und Fol. einem Andrew zugetheilt. Andrew war eine scherzhafte Benennung des Schauspielers Kemp. Vgl. Anm. 1 dieser Scene. 4) d. h. *to exhibit the examination.* 5) *I am a gentleman* versetzt Conrad auf die Anrede *sirrah*, mit der man einen Niedrigergestellten anredet. 6) Das Folgende bis *before such villains* fehlt in der Fol., da es von der Theatercensur als

Dogb. Pray, write down Borachio. — Yours, sirrah?
Con. I am a gentleman,[5] Sir, and my name is Conrade.
Dogb. Write down master gentleman Conrade. — Masters, do you serve God?[6]
Con., Bora. Yea, Sir, we hope.
Dogb. Write down, that they hope they serve God: — and write God first; for God defend but God should go before such villains! — Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves, and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?
Con. Marry, Sir, we say we are none.
Dogb. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him. — Come you hither, sirrah; a word in your ear, Sir: I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.
Bora. Sir, I say to you, we are none.
Dogb. Well, stand aside. — 'Fore God, they are both in a tale.[7] Have you writ down, that they are none?
Sexton. Master constable, you go not the way to examine: you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.
Dogb. Yea, marry, that 's the eftest[8] way. — Let the watch come forth. — Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men.
1. Watch. This man said, Sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.
Dogb. Write down — prince John a villain. — Why, this is flat perjury,[9] to call a prince's brother villain.
Bora. Master constable, —
Dogb. Pray thee, fellow, peace: I do not like thy look, I promise thee.
Sexton. What heard you him say else?
2. Watch. Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John, for accusing the lady Hero wrongfully.
Dogb. Flat burglary as ever was committed.
Verg. Yea, by the mass, that it is.
Sexton. What else, fellow?
1. Watch. And that count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.
Dogb. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption[10] for this.
Sexton. What else?
2. Watch. This is all.
Sexton. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away: Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and, upon the grief of this, suddenly died. Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's: I will go before, and show him their examination. *[Exit.*

Dogb. Come, let them be opinioned.[11]
Verg. Let them be in the hands —
Con. Off, coxcomb!
Dogb. God 's my life! where 's the sexton? let him write down the prince's officer, coxcomb. — Come, bind them. — Thou naughty varlet!
Con. Away! you are an ass; you are an ass.
Dogb. Dost thou not suspect[12] my place? Dost thou not suspect my years? — O, that he were here to write me down an ass! — but, masters, remember, that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass. — No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any[13] in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him. Bring him away. O, that I had been writ down an ass! *[Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Before Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato *and* Antonio.

Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself;
And 't is not wisdom thus to second grief
Against yourself.
Leon. I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve. Give not me counsel;
Nor let no comforter[1] delight mine ear,
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine:
Bring me a father that so lov'd his child,
Whose joy of her[2] is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience;
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it answer every strain for strain;[3]
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form:
If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard,
And — sorrow, wag![4] — cry hem, when he should groan;

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blasphemisch gestrichen war. — In Dogberry's folgender Rede müsste dem Sinne nach *proved* und *thought* umgestellt werden. 7) Sie sagen Beide dasselbe aus. 8) *eftest* leitet Boswell von dem veralteten *eft* = *soon* her und erklärt es mit *quickest*. Da sich solch eine Superlativform aber sonst nirgendwo findet, so ist Steevens' Vermuthung plausibler, dass Dogberry *eftest* aus *deftest* entstellt. — *deft* = passend, geschickt. 9) Er meint *treason* für *perjury*, wie bald nachher *burglary* für *conspiracy* steht. 10) *redemption* für *damnation*. 11) Er meint *pinioned*. — Die folgenden beiden Reden, in eine so zusammengezogen: *Let them be in the hands of Coxcomb*, theilte die Q. dem Verges (Cowley), die Fol. dem Sexton zu. — Die meisten Hgg. vertheilen mit Warburton die Reden so: Verg. *Let them be in the hands* —. Con. *Off, coxcomb*, während Theobald die ganze Rede *Let — — coxcomb* dem Conrad zutheilte. — Staunton setzt, nach einer Conjectur Malone's: Verg. *Let them be in the hands of — —* Con. *Coxcomb!* — Collier's alter Corrector setzt: Sex. *Let them be bound.* — Bor. *Hands off, coxcomb.* 12) *suspect* für *respect*, wie bald nachher *piety* für *impiety*. — Die vorige Rede theilen Q. und Fol. irrthümlich dem Verges zu, indem sie *Couley* davor setzen. 13) So die Fol.; die Q. *as any is in Messina.*

1) So die Q.; die Fol. *comfort*, dem die spätern Folioausgg. *else* hinzufügten, um den Vers zu vervollständigen. 2) *her* bezieht sich auf *child*, da damit nur eine Tochter gemeint sein kann: ein Vater, der sein Kind so liebte, wie ich meine Tochter. 3) Und lasse sein Weh dem meinigen Zug für Zug entsprechen. 4) Der Vers lautet

Patch grief with proverbs;[5] make misfortune drunk
With candle-wasters:[6] bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no such man; for, brother, men
Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage,[7]
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ache with air, and agony with words.
No, no; 't is all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow,
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral,[8] when he shall endure
The like himself. Therefore give me no counsel:
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.[9]

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace! I will be flesh and blood;
For there was never yet philosopher,
That could endure the tooth-ache patiently,
However they have writ the style of gods,[10]
And made a push at chance and sufferance.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself;
Make those that do offend you suffer too.

Leon. There thou speak'st reason: nay, I will do so.
My soul doth tell me Hero is belied;
And that shall Claudio know; so shall the prince,
And all of them, that thus dishonour her.

Enter Don Pedro *and* Claudio.

Ant. Here comes the prince and Claudio hastily.

D. Pedro. Good den, good den.

Claud. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you, my lords, —

D. Pedro. We have some haste, Leonato.

Leon. Some haste, my lord! — well, fare you well, my lord: —
Are you so hasty now? — well, all is one.

D. Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.

Ant. If he could right himself with quarrelling,[11]
Some of us would lie low.

Claud. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Marry, thou dost wrong me; thou, dissembler thou. —
Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword;
I fear thee not.

Claud. Marry, beshrew my hand,
If it should give your age such cause of fear.
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.[12]

Leon. Tush, tush, man! never fleer and jest at me:
I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool,
As, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do,
Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,[13]
Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by,
And with grey hairs, and bruise of many days,[14]
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.
I say, thou hast belied mine innocent child:
Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,
And she lies buried with her ancestors,
O! in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villany.

Claud. My villany?

Leon. Thine, Claudio; thine, I say.

D. Pedro. You say not right, old man.

Leon. My lord, my lord,
I 'll prove it on his body, if he dare,
Despite his nice fence,[15] and his active practice,
His May of youth, and bloom of lustihood.

Claud. Away! I will not have to do with you.

Leon. Canst thou so daff[16] me? Thou hast kill'd my child:
If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed:
But that 's no matter; let him kill one first; —
Win me and wear me;[17] — let him answer me. —
Come, follow me, boy! come, sir boy, come, follow me.

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in Q. und Fol. *And sorrow, wagge, crie (cry) hem, when he should grone.* — Nachdem die Hgg. sich vergeblich in einer ganzen Reihe von Aenderungen versucht haben, von denen die plausibelsten die von Johnson *Cry — sorrow, wag! and hem when he should groan*, und die von Heath *And sorrowing cry hem, when he etc.* sein mögen, erscheint es am sichersten, den alten Text beizubehalten, mit der Interpunction von Dyce, welche *sorrow, wag!* = Schmerz, trolle Dich! packe Dich! als Parenthese fasst, und *cry hem* = Hm! sagen, verbindet. So in As you like it (A. 1, Sc. 3) Rosalind. — *these burs are in my heart.* — Celia. *Hem them away.* — Rosalind. *I would try, if I could cry hem, and have him.* — Mit diesem *hem* erleichtert man sich das Herz. — Staunton und die Cambridge Edd. adoptiren Capell's Lesart *Bid sorrow wag, cry hem, etc.* 5) Der sein Leid flickt oder nothdürftig curirt, indem er Gemeinplätze und Sprichwörter dagegen anführt. 6) *candle-wasters* erklärt Steevens mit *those who sit up all night to drink;* Whalley erklärt es für synonym mit *book-worm*, wie Ben Jonson das Wort in Cynthia's Revels gebraucht, also: sein Unglück betäuben durch die Unterhaltung mit Buchgelehrten. Steevens' Deutung, welche *drunk* im eigentlichen Sinne fasst: sein Leid mit Zechgenossen vertrinken, scheint die natürlichere. 7) Aber wenn sie das Leid selber kosten, so verkehrt sich in eignen Schmerz ihr guter Rath, der vorher der masslosen Leidenschaft des Grams eine vorschriftsmässige Arznei geben, ihr eine Arznei regelrecht vorschreiben wollte. 8) *to be moral* = Moral predigen, Sittenlehren ertheilen. 9) *advertisement* = Mahnung, Lehre. 10) Die Philosophen zeigten sich in ihren Werken so erhaben über alles Erdenleid, als ob sie Götter wären, und fertigten das ihnen zustossende Leiden verächtlich mit einem Pfui! ab. — *push*, eine andere Form für die jetzige Interjection *pish!* steht hier substantivisch. — Pope änderte ohne Noth *pish* für *push*. — *chance and sufferance* ist das Leid, welches der Wechsel des Geschicks dem Menschen zu tragen auferlegt. 11) Pedro fasst *to quarrel* = zanken, hadern mit Worten; Antonio fasst es = Händel suchen, sich duelliren. 12) Ich hatte mit meiner Hand nichts vor, als ich sie an's Schwert legte. 13) Lass es Dir auf den Kopf zu sagen, lass es Dir gerade in's Gesicht sagen. 14) Wie sehr auch ein langes Leben mich mitgenommen, meine Kräfte gebrochen haben mag. 15) *nice fence* = auserlesene, feine Fechtkunst. — *active practice* = gewandte Uebung im Fechten. 16) Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 3, Anm. 23. 17) Sprichwörtlich in dem Sinn, dass man erst nach dem Siege sich des Sieges rühmen darf, dass man die Beute dem Feind erst abgewinnen und dann sie tragen muss. 18) *foining fence* = Stossfechten. — Aus solchen Fechterkünsten, auf die Claudio sich Etwas zu Gute thun mag, will Antonio

Sir boy, I 'll whip you from your foining fence;[18]
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.
Leon. Brother, —
Ant. Content yourself. God knows, I lov'd my niece;
And she is dead; slander'd to death by villains,
That dare as well answer a man, indeed,
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue.[19]
Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops! —
Leon. Brother Antony, —
Ant. Hold you content. What, man! I know them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple:
Scambling,[20] outfacing, fashion-mong'ring[21] boys,
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave and slander,
Go antickly, and show outward hideousness,[22]
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst;
And this is all!
Leon. But, brother Antony, —
Ant. Come, 't is no matter:
Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.
D. Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience.[23]
My heart is sorry for your daughter's death;
But, on my honour, she was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.
Leon. My lord, my lord! —
D. Pedro. I will not hear you.
Leon. No?
Come, brother, away. — I will be heard. —
Ant. And shall, or some of us will smart for it.
[Exeunt LEONATO *and* ANTONIO.

Enter BENEDICK.

D. Pedro. See, see: here comes the man we went to seek.
Claud. Now, Signior, what news?
Bene. Good day, my lord.
D. Pedro. Welcome, Signior: you are almost come to part almost a fray.[24]
Claud. We had like to have had our two noses snapped off with two old men without teeth.
D. Pedro. Leonato and his brother. What think'st thou? Had we fought, I doubt we should have been too young for them.
Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true valour. I came to seek you both.
Claud. We have been up and down to seek thee; for we are high-proof melancholy,[25] and would fain have it beaten away. Wilt thou use thy wit?
Bene. It is in my scabbard; shall I draw it?
D. Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?
Claud. Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit.[26] — I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels; draw to pleasure us.
D. Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale. — Art thou sick, or angry?
Claud. What! courage, man! What though care killed a cat,[27] thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.
Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career,[28] an you charge it against me. — I pray you, choose another subject.
Claud. Nay, then give him another staff: this last was broke cross.
D. Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more. I think he be angry indeed.
Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.[29]
Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?
Claud. God bless me from a challenge!
Bene. You are a villain. — I jest not. — I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare. — Do me right,[30] or I will protest your cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.
Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.
D. Pedro. What, a feast? a feast?
Claud. I' faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calf's-head and a capon, the which if I do not carve most curiously,[31] say my knife 's naught. — Shall I not find a woodcock too?
Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well: it goes easily.
D. Pedro. I 'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit the other day. I said, thou hadst a fine wit. »True,« said she, »a fine little one.« »No,« said I, »a great wit.« »Right,« says she, »a great gross one.« »Nay,« said I, »a good wit.« »Just,« said she, »it hurts nobody.« »Nay,« said I, »the gentleman is wise.« »Certain,« said she, »a wise gentleman.«[32] »Nay,« said I, »he hath the

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verächtlich ihn herauspeitschen. 19) Schurken, die so wenig einem tüchtigen Manne Rede zu stehen wagen, wie ich eine Schlange bei ihrer giftigen Zunge packen mag. 20) *scambling* = wirr, unstät in seinem Thun und Treiben. 21) *fashion-mong'ring* = geckenhaft, modesüchtig, ändern schon die spätern Folioausgg. das *fashion-monging* der Q. und Fol. — So in Romeo and Juliet (A. 2, Sc. 4) *these strange flies, these fashion-mongers.* 22) Sie tragen sich närrisch und zeigen äusserlich ein abschreckendes Wesen, um sich Respect zu verschaffen. 23) Wir wollen Euch nicht aufreizen oder aufstören aus der Geduld, in der Ihr bis jetzt verharrt. 24) Steevens wollte das zweite *almost* streichen, das sich auf *a fray* bezieht, wie das erste *almost* auf *come:* es ist nicht völlig zu einem Handgemenge gekommen, wie Benedick nicht völlig zu rechter Zeit erschienen ist. 25) *high-proof melancholy* = in hohem Grade melancholisch. — Das adjectivische *melancholy* ist als Substantiv zu dem folgenden *have it beaten away* zu suppliren. 26) Wortspiel zwischen *by thy side* und *beside.* — Doppelsinnig steht dann *to draw* = den Degen ziehen, und = den Violinbogen führen, wie die Musikanten zum Tanze. 27) Ein Sprichwort, das auch in Ben Jonson's Every Man in his Humour erwähnt wird: *care 'll kill a cat.* 28) Benedick gebraucht das Bild von einem Turnier und Lanzenreiten, das Claudio im Folgenden fortsetzt, wenn er Benedick's verfehlte Replik mit einem quer zerbrochenen Lanzenschaft vergleicht. 29) *to turn the girdle* = den Gürtel so drehen, dass die Schnalle, die gewöhnlich vorn sitzt, hinten zu sitzen kommt, ist so viel wie sich zum Streit rüsten, sich zu einem Ringkampf fertig machen. 30) Leistet meiner Herausforderung Genüge, steht mir im Zweikampfe. 31) Claudio versteckt vor dem Prinzen Benedick's Herausforderung hinter einer Einladung zum Essen, die er von ihm erhalten, und führt anzüglich als die Hauptgerichte einen Kalbskopf und einen Kapaunen an. Mit dem kunstvollen Zerlegen eines Kapaunen deutet er hin auf die Geschicklichkeit, mit der er den Herausforderer im Duell zurichten wird. Figürlich wird derselbe Ausdruck auch sonst von Sh. gebraucht; so in Love's Labour's Lost (A. 4, Sc. 1) von dem Oeffnen eines Briefes: *you can carve; break up this capon.* — Mit derselben Anzüglichkeit spricht er

tongues.« [33] »That I believe,« said she, »for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning: there 's a double tongue; there 's two tongues.« Thus did she, an hour together, transshape thy particular virtues; yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy.

Claud. For the which she wept heartily, and said she cared not.

D. Pedro. Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly. The old man's daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all; and moreover, God saw him when he was hid in the garden. [34]

D. Pedro. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head? [35]

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, »Here dwells Benedick the married man!«

Bene. Fare you well, boy: you know my mind. I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour: you break jests as braggarts do their blades, [36] which, God be thanked, hurt not. — My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you: I must discontinue your company. Your brother, the bastard, is fled from Messina: you have, among you, killed a sweet and innocent lady. For my lord Lackbeard [37] there, he and I shall meet; and till then, peace be with him. [*Exit.*

D. Pedro. He is in earnest.

Claud. In most profound earnest; and, I 'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

D. Pedro. And hath challenged thee?

Claud. Most sincerely.

D. Pedro. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, [38] and leaves off his wit!

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape; but then is an ape a doctor to such a man. [39]

D. Pedro. But, soft you; let me be: [40] pluck up, my heart, and be sad! Did he not say, my brother was fled?

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, *and the Watch, with* CONRADE *and* BORACHIO.

Dogb. Come you, Sir: if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons [41] in her balance. Nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite [42] once, you must be looked to.

D. Pedro. How now! two of my brother's men bound? Borachio one?

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my lord!

D. Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Dogb. Marry, Sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; [43] sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

D. Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what 's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

Claud. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there 's one meaning well suited. [44]

D. Pedro. Who have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? [45] this learned constable is too cunning to be understood. What 's your offence?

Bora. Sweet prince, let me go no further to mine answer: [46] do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light; who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man, how Don John your brother incensed me to slander the lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments; how you disgraced her, when you should marry [47] her. My

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gleich nachher von *woodcock* = Schnepfe, und = Einfaltspinsel. 32) Johnson vermuthet, dass *a wise gentleman* ironisch so viel wie *silly fellow* bedeutet habe, oder dass zu schreiben sei *a wise gentle man* = ein Mann, der wohlweislich sanft ist, der sich viel bieten lässt. 33) *to have the tongues* = die gangbaren fremden Sprachen verstehen, wie in Two Gentlemen of Verona (A. 4, Sc. 1) *Have you the tongues?* bildet hier ein Wortspiel mit *double tongue* = Doppelzüngigkeit. 34) Hindeutung auf die Scene, wo Benedick das Gespräch des Prinzen und Claudio's über Beatrice's Liebe zu ihm belauscht hat; zugleich eine Anspielung auf die biblische Erzählung von Adam's Verstecken nach dem Sündenfall. 35) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1, Anm. 44 u. 45. — In derselben Rede hatte Benedick auch die Unterschrift für sein Bild angegeben: *Here you may see Benedick the married man.* 36) Vor *blades* ist genau genommen nicht dasselbe Verbum *to break* zu suppliren, da dieses nur zu *jests* passt, sondern ein anderes = handhaben, schwingen. 37) *Lack-beard* = Ohnebart. So hat Sh. ebenfalls substantivisch und persönlich *lack-love* in Midsummer-Night's Dream (A. 2, Sc. 3) und *lack-brain* in K. Henry IV. First Part (A. 2, Sc. 3). 38) Dass ein Mann nur in Wamms und Hose ohne den zum Ausgange erforderlichen Mantel einhergeht, soll nach Warburton ihn lächerlich, als Verliebten, erscheinen lassen; nach Malone soll es die Bereitschaft zu dem Duell andeuten, das sich nur in Wamms und Hose ausfechten liess. — Plausibler als diese gesuchten Erklärungen scheint die von Steevens: Welch ein Narr ist der Mensch, wenn er sich ankleidet, aber nicht auch zugleich seinen Verstand anlegt, sondern dieses Stück zu Hause lässt. 39) Ein solcher händellustiger, thörichter Mann erscheint dann so gross, wie ein Riese im Verhältniss zu einem kleinen Affen erscheint; dafür ist aber der Affe ihm an Verstand so überlegen, dass der Affe im Verhältniss zu ihm als ein Gelehrter erscheint. 40) *let me be* = lass mich gewähren, sagt Pedro, indem er das Gespräch abbricht, da er die Leute kommen sieht, die ihn als Richter in Anspruch nehmen wollen. In demselben Sinne ermahnt er sich zum Ernste mit den folgenden Worten. — *let me be* verändern die spätern Folioausgg. in *let me see.* — Malone [vermuthete *let me pluck up my heart*, las aber mit Capell *let be; pluck up, my heart etc.* 41) Ritson vermuthet hier ein Wortspiel zwischen *reasons* und *raisins*, zwei Wörter, die damals ähnlicher gelautet haben müssen, als jetzt. So in K. Henry IV. First Part (A. 2, Sc. 4) *if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion.* 42) Dogberry scheint *cursing* für *cursed*, und *hypocrite* = Verläumder, zu gebrauchen. 43) *secondarily* für *secondly*, und *slanders* für *slanderers.* 44) Ein einziger Sinn schön mit Kleidern ausstaffirt, geht auf die Art, wie der Prinz, nach Dogberry's Vorgange, denselben Gedanken abwechselnd in verschiedene Worte kleidet. 45) Dass man Euch so zu Eurer Verantwortung vor Gericht gebunden hat. 46) Zieht mich hier auf der Stelle zur Verantwortung. 47) Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 1, Anm. 1. — So ist auch hier *to marry* = verheirathen, wenn die ganze Rede, wie

villany they have upon record, which I had rather seal with my death, than repeat over to my shame. The lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

D. Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poison whiles he utter'd it.

D. Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to this?

Bora. Yea; and paid me richly for the practice of it.

D. Pedro. He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery. — And fled he is upon this villany.

Claud. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear
In the rare semblance that I loved it first.

Dogb. Come, bring away the plaintiffs: by this time our sexton hath reformed [48] Signior Leonato of the matter. And, masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass. [49]

Verg. Here, here comes master Signior Leonato, and the sexton too.

Re-enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, *and the Sexton.*

Leon. Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes,
That when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him. Which of these is he?

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leon. Art thou [50] the slave, that with thy breath hast kill'd
Mine innocent child?

Bora. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not so, villain; thou beliest thyself:
Here stand a pair of honourable men,
A third is fled, that had a hand in it. —
I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death:
Record it with your high and worthy deeds.
'T was bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge yourself;
Impose [51] me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin: yet sinn'd I not,
But in mistaking.

D. Pedro. By my soul, nor I;
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he 'll enjoin me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live;
That were impossible: but, I pray you both,
Possess [52] the people in Messina here,
How innocent she died; and, if your love
Can labour aught in sad invention, [53]
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,
And sing it to her bones: sing it to-night. —
To-morrow morning come you to my house,
And since you could not be my son-in-law,
Be yet my nephew. My brother hath a daughter,
Almost the copy of my child that 's dead,
And she alone is heir to both of us:
Give her the right you should have given her cousin,
And so dies my revenge.

Claud. O noble Sir,
Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me.
I do embrace your offer; and dispose
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leon. To-morrow then I will expect your coming;
To-night I take my leave. — This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who, I believe, was pack'd [54] in all this wrong,
Hir'd to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my soul, she was not;
Nor knew not what she did, when she spoke to me;
But always hath been just and virtuous,
In anything that I do know by her.

Dogb. Moreover, Sir, which, indeed, is not under white and black, [55] this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me ass: I beseech you, let it be remembered in his punishment. And also, the watch heard them talk of one Deformed: they say, he wears a key in his ear, and a lock [56] hanging by it, and borrows money in God's name; the which he hath used so long, and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake. [57] Pray you, examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

Dogb. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth, and I praise God for you.

Leon. There 's for thy pains.

Dogb. God save the foundation! [58]

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

Dogb. I leave an arrant knave with your worship; which I beseech your worship to correct yourself for the example of others. God keep your worship; I wish your worship well: God restore you to health. I humbly give you leave to depart, and if a merry meeting may be wished, God prohibit [59] it! — Come, neighbour.

[Exeunt DOGBERRY, VERGES, *and Watch.*

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

Ant. Farewell, my lords: we look for you to-morrow.

D. Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I 'll mourn with Hero.

[Exeunt Don PEDRO *and* CLAUDIO.

Leon. Bring you these fellows on. We 'll talk with Margaret,
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd [60] fellow.

[Exeunt.

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der Anfang derselben, an den Prinzen gerichtet ist; und = heirathen, wenn Borachio sich von dem Prinzen an Claudio wendet. 48) *plaintiffs* missverständlich = Angeklagte; *reformed* für *informed.* 49) Vgl. den Schluss von A. 4, Sc. 2. — *specify* für *testify.* 50) So die Q.; die Fol. setzt *thou* zweimal. 51) *to impose*, eigentlich = Jemandem als Strafe Etwas auferlegen, wird hier construirt, wie = Jemanden zu Etwas verurtheilen, mit dem Accusativ der Person und *to* der Sache. Aehnlich steht *enjoin'd penitents* in All 's well that ends well (A. 3, Sc. 5), und in Pedro's nächster Rede *enjoin me to.* 52) Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 3, Anm. 23. 53) Wenn Eure Liebe Euch veranlassen kann, in melancholischer Dichtkunst Etwas zu leisten. — *invention* = dichterische Schöpfung, hat Sh. auch in der Widmung seines Venus and Adonis: *the first heir of my invention.* 54) *pack'd*, in Q. und Fol. *packt*, = zu einem Complot gehörig, von *to pack* = complotiren, einen Anschlag zusammen stiften. 55) Dogberry will sagen: obwohl es nicht schwarz auf weiss dasteht. 56) Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 3, Anm. 26. — Dogberry hat *lock* missverständlich = Schloss, mit einem dazu gehörigen Schlüssel, aufgefasst. 57) Steevens citirt dazu den biblischen Spruch aus den Sprichwörtern Salomonis, an den Sh. gedacht haben mag: *He that giveth unto the poor, lendeth unto the Lord.* 58) Gott erhalte die Stiftung! — der gewöhnliche Segenswunsch der Almosenempfänger aus milden Stiftungen, welchen Dogberry hier missverständlich gebraucht, da Leonato ihm Geld giebt. 59) Auch

SCENE II.

LEONATO's Garden.

Enter BENEDICK *and* MARGARET, *meeting.*

Bene. Pray thee, sweet Mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

Marg. Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Bene. In so high a style,[1] Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

Marg. To have no man come over me? why, shall I always keep below stairs?[2]

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth; it catches.

Marg. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit, Margaret; it will not hurt a woman: and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice. I give thee the bucklers.[3]

Marg. Give us the swords, we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you use them,[4] Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who, I think, hath legs.

Bene. And therefore will come. [*Exit* MARG.

[Singing.] *The god of love,*
That sits above,
And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deserve,[5] —

I mean, in singing; but in loving, Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of panders, and a whole book full of these quondam carpet-mongers,[6] whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self in love. Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme; I have tried: I can find out no rhyme to »lady« but »baby«, an innocent rhyme; for »scorn«, »horn,« a hard rhyme; for »school«, »fool,« a babbling[7] rhyme, — very ominous endings. No, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.[8] —

Enter BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I called thee?

Beat. Yea, Signior; and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O, stay but till then!

Beat. »Then« is spoken; fare you well now: — and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came;[9] which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

Beat. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unkissed.

Bene. Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit. But, I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge,[10] and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together; which maintained so politic a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

Bene. Suffer love! a good epithet. I do suffer love, indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart, I think. Alas, poor heart! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confession: there 's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

Bene. An old, an old instance,[11] Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbours. If a man do not erect, in this age, his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument, than the bell rings, and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Question:[12] — why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum: therefore is it most expedient for the wise (if Don Worm,[13] his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary), to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as

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hier meint Dogberry das Gegentheil: Gott führe es herbei. 60) *lewd* erklärt Steevens mit *ignorant*, Collier mit *wicked*. Vielleicht ist es = gemein, roh.

1) Wortspiel zwischen *style* und *stile* = Steige, Steg. — Eben so zweideutig steht *to come over it* = es übertreffen, und = darüber kommen, in frivolem Sinne. 2) Steevens vermuthete *keep men below stairs*. — Vielleicht beabsichtigte Sh. aber einen Gegensatz zwischen *man* und *stairs*. 3) *to give the bucklers* = den Zweikampf aufgeben, sich ergeben, indem man den Schild dem Sieger übergiebt. — Margarethe verlangt dann in frivolem Sinne die Angriffswaffe, nicht die Vertheidigungswaffe, von dem Sieger. 4) *them* bezieht sich auf *bucklers*, in deren Mitte der hervorstehende spitze Knopf des Schildes mit einer Schraube festgemacht werden muss. — Der Nebensinn ist ebenfalls frivol, wie in der vorhergehenden Rede. 5) Der Anfang eines verloren gegangenen alten Liedes von W. Elderton, nach Steevens' Angabe. 6) *carpet-monger* = der sich auf Teppichen in Damenzimmern herumtreibt, Damenheld. Der gewöhnlichere Ausdruck bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen ist *carpet-knight*, das Cotgrave in seinem Wörterbuch erklärt: *one that ever loves to be in women's chambers*. 7) *babbling* = faselnd, dummes Zeug schwatzend, bezieht sich auf *fool*, wie *innocent* auf *baby*, und *hard* auf *horn*: das Hahnreihorn, das die Stirn hart macht, wie in Winter's Tale (A. 1, Sc. 2) *hardening of my brows* in diesem Sinne vorkommt. 8) *festival terms* = erlesene Phrasen, wie man sie für Festtage gebraucht, da sie für die Wochentage zu fein sind. — Die Fol. hat *for* für *nor* der Q. 9) Die Pope'sche Ergänzung *came for* ist überflüssig, wenn man annimmt, dass eigentlich *with* zu suppliren wäre, was nach Sh.'scher Construction wegfallen durfte, da *with* schon vorangegangen war: *let me go with that I came*. 10) Claudio lässt meine Herausforderung über sich ergehen, fällt ihr anheim. 11) Der Spruch Beatricens, dass kein weiser Mensch sich selbst lobe, mochte in der guten alten Zeit gegolten haben, wo die Nachbarn ihn lobten, er das Selbstlob also sparen konnte. Jetzt aber muss Jeder schon bei Lebzeiten für seinen Nachruhm und seine Verewigung durch ein Grabmal sorgen. 12) Das ist die Frage, auf welche die Antwort so lautet: die Wittwe weint eine Stunde mit lautem Klagegeschrei, und dann noch eine Viertelstunde still für sich. 13) *worm* = Wurm im Gewissen, der nagende Gewissensbiss, ist hier scherzhaft männlich

I am to myself. So much for praising myself, who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy. And now tell me, how doth your cousin?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend. There will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle. Yonder 's old coil [14] at home: it is proved, my lady Hero hath been falsely accused, the prince and Claudio mightily abused; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone. Will you come presently?

Beat. Will you go hear this news, Signior?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes; and, moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle's. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Inside of a Church.

Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, *and Attendants, with music and tapers.*

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato?

Atten. It is, my lord.

Claud. [Reads from a scroll.] [1]

Done to death [2] *by slanderous tongues*
Was the Hero that here lies:
Death, in guerdon [3] *of her wrongs,*
Gives her fame which never dies.
So the life, that died with shame,
Lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praising her when I am dumb. [4] —
Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

SONG.

Pardon, goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight; [5]
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, assist our moan;
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily:
Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered, [6]
Heavily, heavily.

Claud. Now, unto thy bones good night!
Yearly will I do this rite. [7]

D. Pedro. Good morrow, masters: put your torches out.
The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.
Thanks to you all, and leave us: fare you well.

Claud. Good morrow, masters: each his several way.

D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds;
And then to Leonato's we will go.

Claud. And Hymen now with luckier issue speed 's, [8]
Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe! *[Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in LEONATO's House.

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, MARGARET, [1]
BEATRICE, URSULA, *Friar* FRANCIS, *and* HERO.

Fri. Did I not tell you she was innocent?

Leon. So are the prince and Claudio, who accus'd her
Upon the error that you heard debated:
But Margaret was in some fault for this,
Although against her will, as it appears
In the true course of all the question.

Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

Bene. And so am I, being else by faith [2] enforc'd
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves,
And, when I send for you, come hither mask'd:
The prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour
To visit me. *[Exeunt Ladies.]* — You know your office, brother:
You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give [3] her to young Claudio.

Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.

Bene. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.

Fri. To do what, Signior?

Bene. To bind me, or undo [4] me; one of them. —
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good Signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

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personificirt und demgemäss titulirt, wie in Hamlet (A. 5, Sc. 1) der wirkliche Wurm weiblich: *my lady Worm.* 14) *old coil* = reichlich viel Wirrwarr, mehr als genug Tumult. — Dyce citirt aus Cotgrave's Wörterbuch *to keep an old coile or horrible stirre.*

1) Q. und Fol. setzen dafür *Epitaph* und ignoriren, dass Claudio die folgenden Verse liest, ehe er sie an dem Grabe aufhängt. 2) *to do to death* = tödten. 3) *guerdon* = Vergeltung. 4) *dumb* in der Fol., *dead* in der Q. — Diese beiden Zeilen werden meistens cursiv gedruckt, als ob sie zu der Grabschrift gehörten, während es doch die Worte sind, die Claudio spricht, während er das Geschriebene am Grabe aufhängt. 5) *knight* wird auch sonst von Frauen gesagt, die sich dem Dienste einer Gottheit, namentlich der Diana, gewidmet haben, und dem Orden derselben angehören; so in All 's well that ends well (A. 1, Sc. 3) *Diana no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight surprised, without rescue.* 6) Boswell erklärt: *till death be spoken of*, und Knight fasst *to utter* = *to expel.* — Vielleicht ist *death* nicht Nominativ, sondern mit der Präposition *till* zu verbinden: bis zum Tode werde es laut, d. h. der Refrain der Klage, *Heavily, heavily.* — Die Fol. hat *Heavenly, heavenly*, aber vorher wie die Q. *heavily.* 7) Q. und Fol. ertheilen diese Worte einem *Lord* zu, demselben, den sie auch vorher *It is, my lord* antworten lassen. Das Richtige sah Rowe. — Für *rite* setzen die alten Ausgg. *right*, was auch Rowe noch beibehielt. 8) *speed 's* d. h. *speed us*, im Conjunctiv als Wunsch, liest Thirlby für das indicativische *speeds*, das hier wenig passen will.

1) Manche Hgg. lassen die *Margaret* fort, obwohl Q. und Fol. sie ausdrücklich unter den auftretenden Personen nennen. 2) Durch das der Beatrice geleistete Gelübde. 3) *to give* für *to give away* = die Braut dem Bräutigam übergeben, was nach der englischen Trauungssitte Sache des nächsten männlichen Blutsverwandten ist. 4) *to undo* doppelsinnig = lösen, im Gegensatze zu *to bind* = ehelich verbinden, und = vernichten, unglücklich

Leon. That eye my daughter lent her: 't is most true.
Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.
Leon. The sight whereof,[5] I think, you had from me,
From Claudio, and the prince. But what 's your will?
Bene. Your answer, Sir, is enigmatical:
But, for my will, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
In the state[6] of honourable marriage: —
In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.
Leon. My heart is with your liking.
Fri. And my help.
Here come the prince and Claudio.[7]

Enter Don Pedro *and* Claudio, *with Attendants.*

D. Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.[8]
Leon. Good morrow, prince; good morrow, Claudio:
We here attend you. Are you yet determin'd
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?
Claud. I 'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiop.[9]
Leon. Call her forth, brother: here 's the friar ready.
[Exit Antonio.
D. Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick. Why, what 's the matter,
That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness?
Claud. I think, he thinks upon the savage bull.[10] —
Tush! fear not, man, we 'll tip thy horns with gold,
And all Europa shall rejoice at thee,
As once Europa did at lusty Jove,
When he would play the noble beast in love.
Bene. Bull Jove, Sir, had an amiable low:
And some such strange bull leap'd your father's cow,
And got a calf in that same noble feat,
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

Re-enter Antonio, *with the Ladies masked.*

Claud. For this I owe you, here come other reckonings.[11]
Which is the lady I must seize upon?
Ant. This same is she, and I do give you her.[12]
Claud. Why, then she 's mine. — Sweet, let me see your face.
Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take her hand
Before this friar, and swear to marry her.
Claud. Give me your hand before this holy friar:
I am your husband, if you like of me.
Hero. And when I liv'd, I was your other wife:[13]
[Unmasking.
And when you lov'd, you were my other husband.
Claud. Another Hero?
Hero. Nothing certainer.
One Hero died defil'd;[14] but I do live,
And, surely as I live, I am a maid.
D. Pedro. The former Hero! Hero that is dead!
Leon. She died, my lord, but whiles her slander liv'd.[15]
Fri. All this amazement can I qualify:
When after that the holy rites are ended,
I 'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:
Meantime, let wonder seem familiar,[16]
And to the chapel let us presently.
Bene. Soft and fair, friar. — Which is Beatrice?
Beat. I answer to that name. *[Unmasking.]* What is your will?
Bene. Do not you love me?
Beat. Why, no; no more than reason.
Bene. Why, then, your uncle, and the prince, and Claudio, have been deceived: they swore you did.[17]
Beat. Do not you love me?
Bene. Troth, no; no more than reason.
Beat. Why, then my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula,
Are much deceiv'd; for they did swear you did.
Bene. They swore that you were almost sick for me.
Beat. They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me.
Bene. 'T is no such[18] matter. — Then, you do not love me?
Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompense.
Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.
Claud. And I 'll be sworn upon 't, that he loves her;
For here 's a paper, written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,[19]
Fashion'd to Beatrice.
Hero. And here 's another,
Writ in my cousin's hand, stol'n from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick.
Bene. A miracle! here 's our own hands[20] against our hearts. — Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.
Beat. I would not deny you;[21] — but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion, and, partly, to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.
Bene. Peace! I will stop your mouth.[22]
D. Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick, the married man?[23]

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machen. 5) Den Blick, mit dem Euer Auge sie liebevoll ansieht, erhieltet Ihr durch mein, Claudio's und des Prinzen Zuthun. — Auf diese ihm unverständlichen Worte bezieht sich Benedick's Antwort *Your answer, Sir, is enigmatical.* 6) So Q. und Fol., wo also *in the* als eine Sylbe und *marriage* dreisylbig zu lesen ist. Manche Hgg. verkennen das und setzen *estate* für *state.* 7) Diese Zeile fehlt in der Fol. 8) *assembly* ist viersylbig *(assembely)* zu lesen. 9) *Ethiop* = Mohrin, eine gewöhnliche Bezeichnung weiblicher Hässlichkeit bei Sh. 10) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1, Anm. 44 und A. 5, Sc. 1, Anm. 35. — Anspielungen auf den Mythus von dem aus Liebe zur Europa in einen Stier verwandelten Zeus kehren bei Sh. öfter wieder, hier mit dem Wortspiel zwischen *Europa* = als Welttheil, und *Europa* = die Geliebte des Zeus, die Tochter Agenor's. 11) Für diesen Spott will ich Euch die Antwort schuldig bleiben, will ich Euch später bezahlen, denn hier kommen noch andere Rechnungen, die ich abzumachen habe. 12) Diesen Vers, den Q. und Fol. dem Leonato beilegen, gab Theobald dem Antonio, in Uebereinstimmung mit dem, was vorher verabredet war. Vgl. oben Anm. 3. 13) *your other wife* = Eure frühere, erste Frau. — In demselben Sinne steht *my other husband* = mein erster Gatte. 14) *defil'd*, das zufällig in der Fol. ausgefallen, steht im Gegensatze zu *a maid*, wie *I do live* zu *died.* 15) Sie war nur so lange todt, als die üble Nachrede von ihr lebte: als diese Verläumdung verschwunden war, lebte sie wieder. 16) Nehmt das, was Euch als ein Wunder erscheint, vorläufig bis auf weitere Erklärung als etwas Gewöhnliches, Altbekanntes hin. 17) Die Q. druckt diese Rede Benedick's als Prosa, wie er auch sonst in Prosa redet. — Die meisten Hgg. machen Verse daraus, indem sie mit Hanmer setzen *for they swore you did.* 18) *such* fehlt in der Fol. 19) Ein lahmes, schlecht gebautes Sonett, das lediglich aus seinem eigenen Gehirn stammt. 20) *hand* = Handschrift, und = Hand. 21) Ich möchte Euch keinen Korb geben, aber ich gebe nur nach, weil man mir so stark zugeredet hat, Euch zu nehmen. 22) Diese

Bene. I 'll tell thee what, prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour. Dost thou think, I care for a satire, or an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten with brains, a' shall wear nothing handsome about him. In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me for what [24] I have said against it, for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion. — For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but, in that [25] thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin.

Claud. I had well hoped, thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled thee out of thy single [26] life, to make thee a double-dealer; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends. — Let 's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives' heels.

Leon. We 'll have dancing afterward.

Bene. First, of my word; therefore play, music! — Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife: there is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn. [27]

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight,
And brought with armed men back to Messina.

Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow: I 'll devise thee brave punishments for him. — Strike up, pipers.

[Dance. Exeunt.

Worte, welche Q. und Fol. dem Leonato zuschreiben, gab zuerst Theobald dem Benedick und fügte zur Erklärung die Bühnenweisung *Kissing her* hinzu. 23) Er bezieht sich auf das, was Benedick früher gesagt (A. 1, Sc. 1) *let them signify under my sign: „Here you may see Benedick the married man.“* 24) *what* fehlt in der Fol. 25) *in that* = insofern als. 26) *single life* = einzelnes Leben, und = Junggesellenstand, im Gegensatze zu *double-dealer* = zweideutiger Mensch, und = der doppelt verfährt. 27) Ein Stab, dessen Griff aus Horn besteht, wie ihn alte Leute trugen. So heisst es in Chaucer's Canterbury Tales von einem Mönch: *His felaw had a staf tipped with horn.* Zugleich ist hier *staff* das Abzeichen der Würde des Fürsten, und in *horn* liegt die überall wiederkehrende Anspielung auf das Horn des Hahnrei.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Einleitung.

Die erste Ausgabe, welche wir von diesem Lustspiel besitzen, erschien im Jahre 1598 mit folgendem Titelblatt: A Pleasant Conceited Comedie called, Loues labors lost. As it was presented before her Highnes this last Christmas. Newly corrected and augmented By W. Shakespere. Imprinted at London by W. W. for Cuthbert Burby. 1598. — Der Verleger Burby übertrug, nach einer Notiz in den Registern der Buchhändlergilde, sein Verlagsrecht im Jahr 1606 auf einen andern Buchhändler, Ling, der eine neue Ausgabe wenigstens beabsichtigt haben muss, ohne dass sich jedoch eine solche bisher hat entdecken lassen. Aus der erwähnten Ausgabe in Quarto (Q.) ist der Text in die Gesammtausgabe der Shakspere'schen Dramen in Folio vom Jahre 1623 (Fol.) übergegangen, mit allen, ziemlich zahlreichen, Druckfehlern und mit manchen, verhältnissmässig geringfügigen Abweichungen, die sich theils als bessere, theils als schlechtere Lesarten des Originaltextes herausstellen. In der Folioausgabe steht das Drama Loues Labour's lost*) als das siebente in der Reihe der Comedies, in Acte, aber nicht in Scenen eingetheilt, und ohne ein Personenverzeichniss, welches zuerst Rowe seiner Ausgabe im Jahre 1709 beigab.

Bestimmte chronologische Notizen über dieses Lustspiel reichen, so weit sie auf uns gekommen sind, nicht über das Jahr 1598, in welchem die Quartausgabe erschien, zurück, denn selbst das auf dem Titelblatt derselben angegebene *this last Christmas*, wo das Stück vor der Königin Elisabeth zur Aufführung gelangt sein sollte, ist, nach Collier's Berechnung, Weihnachten 1598, da das Jahr damals erst mit dem 25. März endete. In demselben Jahre erwähnt auch Francis Meres in seiner Palladis Tamia unter den damals bekannten Lustspielen unseres Dichters auch his Love Labours lost; und ein Gedicht, das ebenfalls 1598 erschien, Alba, the Months Minde of a Melancholy Lover by R. T. Gentleman (wie Collier vermuthet, Robert Tofte) enthält folgende Strophen, die sich auf unser Drama beziehen:

Love's Labour Lost I once did see, a play
Y-cleped so, so called to my paine;
Which I to heare to my small joy did stay,
Giving attendance to my froward dame:
My misgiving mind presaging to me ill,
Yet I was drawn to see it 'gainst my will.

Each actor plaid in cunning wise his part,
But chiefly those entrapt in Cupid's snare;
Yet all was fained, 't was not from the hart,
They seeme to grieve, but yet they felt no care:
'T was I that griefe indeed did beare in brest,
The others did but make a show in jest.

Das *I once did see* in dem ersten Verse lässt sich nicht wohl so auffassen, als sei Love's Labour's Lost erst kurz vorher zum ersten Mal dargestellt worden; und in der That weisen, in Ermangelung bestimmter Daten, alle innern Gründe des Styls und des Verses, das Vorwalten der Knittelverse und der gereimten Vierzeilen, die leichte Schürzung der Intrigue und die skizzenhafte Charakteristik, deutlich genug auf eine Jugendarbeit Shakspere's hin, deren Abfassung nicht weit von Two Gentlemen of Verona und von Comedy of Errors abliegen kann, wenn auch diese beiden Lustspiele dem Love's Labour's Lost, dem sie in formeller Virtuosität nachstehen, vorangegangen sein mögen. — Der Eindruck einer Jugendarbeit, den das Ganze macht, wird auch nicht verwischt durch die etwaigen Verbesserungen und Zuthaten, welche der Dichter, nach der Angabe des Titelblattes der Quarto, seinem Drama später zugewandt haben soll; wie Collier vermuthet, eben zum Behuf jener Aufführung bei Hofe, deren das Titelblatt zugleich Erwähnung thut. Es kämen dann auf Rechnung dieser Aenderungen einige Discrepanzen, die sich in dem Text gegen den Schluss des Dramas in den Reden Biron's und der Rosaline, nach der Meinung einiger Kritiker auch in einer frühern Rede Biron's gegen den Schluss des vierten Actes bemerklich machen, und die sich daraus erklären liessen, dass aus Versehen zwei Bearbeitungen derselben Stelle, eine frühere und eine spätere, neben einander abgedruckt sind. So viel sich sehen lässt, scheinen im Ganzen und Grossen diese Aenderungen, auf welche sich das *Newly corrected and augmented* des Titelblattes der Quartausgabe bezieht, nicht sehr tiefgreifend gewesen zu sein. Vielleicht mag es sich mit dieser Titelangabe auch verhalten, wie bei den spätern Quartoeditionen von Shakspere's King Richard III., welche sich sämmtlich auf dem Titel für *Newly augmented* ausgeben, obwohl die Zusätze von der Hand des Dichters sich nicht in ihnen finden, sondern erst in der nachfolgenden Folioausgabe von 1623. — Dass sich das Lustspiel längere Zeit auf der Shakspere'schen Bühne erhielt und populär blieb, dafür spricht das Titelblatt einer späteren, aus der Folioausgabe abgedruckten Quarto von 1631, welches so lautet: Loues Labours lost. A wittie and pleasant comedie, As it was acted by his Maiesties Seruants at the Blacke-Friers and the Globe. Written by William Shakespeare. London by W. S. for John Smethwicke. 1631.

*) Nach M. Mason's Meinung sollte der Titel lauten Love's Labours Lost; indess spricht die Orthographie der Fol. für die herkömmliche Schreibart, wo *Labour's* als *Labour is*, nicht als das pluralische *Labours* zu verstehen ist.

Eine Novelle oder ein Drama, aus welchem Shakspere den Stoff zu seinem Love's Labour's Lost hätte schöpfen können, ist bisher nicht nachgewiesen worden, und es hat den Anschein, als ob unserm Dichter selbst die Erfindung eines Lustspiels angehöre, bei welchem es ihm offenbar mehr auf Charakteristik und Witz, als auf eine fein angelegte und durchgeführte Intrigue ankommen konnte. Zur Ausstattung der Charaktere mochte er immerhin manche Details aus den Seltsamkeiten und Thorheiten individueller wirklicher Figuren entlehnen, obgleich er auch da eher ganze Kategorien als einzelne Persönlichkeiten im Auge gehabt haben mag. Dass er aber, wie manche Commentatoren annehmen, bestimmte Zeitgenossen, z. B. den italienischen Sprachmeister John Florio unter der Maske des Holofernes, förmlich habe portraitiren und persifliren wollen, entspricht so wenig der sonstigen Art unseres Dichters, wie den überlieferten Thatsachen. Shakspere wollte, wie er den Holofernes auch wiederholt in dem Drama als *the Pedant* schlechthin bezeichnet, und den Armado ebenso als *the Braggart*, ein Bild von einem Pedanten im Allgemeinen und ebenso von einem Grossprahler in seiner Eigenthümlichkeit aufstellen, ohne dass er dabei zwei bestimmte Figuren aus dem Kreise seiner Bekanntschaft in sein Drama hinüberzunehmen nöthig hatte. Eher lassen sich manche Zeitanspielungen auf gewisse Personen und Dinge ausserhalb der Charakteristik seiner auftretenden Figuren in dem Drama nachweisen.

Die Ballade King Cophetua and the Beggar-maid, welche Shakspere wiederholt in Love's Labour's Lost erwähnt, findet sich in Richard Johnson's Crown Garland of Golden Roses (1612) und lautet nach dem Abdruck derselben in Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry folgendermassen:

I read that once in Affrica
A princely wight did raine,
Who had to name Cophetua,
As poets they did faine:
From natures lawes he did decline,
For sure he was not of my mind,
He cared not for women-kinde,
But did them all disdaine.
But, marke, what hapned on a day,
As he out of his window lay,
He saw a beggar all in gray;
The which did cause his paine.

The blinded boy, that shootes so trim,
From heaven downe did hie;
He drew a dart and shot at him,
In place where he did lye:
Which soone did pierse him to the quicke,
And when he felt the arrow pricke,
Which in his tender heart did sticke,
He looketh as he would dye.
What sudden chance is this, quoth he,
That I to love must subject be,
Which never thereto would agree,
But still did it defie?

Then from the window he did come,
And laid him on his bed,
A thousand heapes of care did runne
Within his troubled head:
For now he meanes to crave her love,
And now he seekes which way to proove
How he his fancie might remoove,
And not this beggar wed.
But Cupid had him so in snare,
That this poor beggar must prepare
A salve to cure him of his care,
Or els he would be dead.

And, as he musing thus did lye,
He thought for to devise
How he might have her companye,
That so did 'maze his eyes.
In thee, quoth he, doth rest my life;
For surely thou shalt be my wife,
Or else this hand with bloody knife
The Gods shall sure suffice.
Then from his bed he soon arose,
And to his pallace gate he goes;
Full little then this begger knowes
When she the king espies.

The Gods preserve your majesty,
The beggers all gan cry:
Vouchsafe to give your charity
Our childrens food to buy.
The king to them his pursse did cast,
And they to part it made great haste;
This silly woman was the last
That after them did hye.
The king he cal'd her back againe,
And unto her he gave his chaine;
And said, With us you shal remaine
Till such time as we dye:

For thou, quoth he, shalt be my wife,
And honoured for my queene;
With thee I meane to lead my life,
As shortly shall be seene:
Our wedding shall appointed be,
And every thing in its degree:
Come on, quoth he, and follow me,
Thou shalt go shift thee cleane.
What is thy name, faire maid? quoth he.
Penelophon, O king, quoth she:
With that she made a lowe courtsèy;
A trim one as I weene.

Thus hand in hand along they walke
Unto the king's pallàce:
The king with courteous comly talke
This begger doth imbrace:
The begger blusheth scarlet red,
And straight againe as pale as lead,
But not a word at all she said,
She was in such amaze.
At last she spake with trembling voyce,
And said, O king, I doe rejoyce
That you wil take me for your choyce,
And my degree's so base.

And when the wedding day was come,
The king commanded strait
The noblemen both all and some
Upon the queene to wait.
And she behaved herself that day,
As if she had never walkt the way:
She had forgot her gown of gray,
Which she did weare of late.
The proverbe old is come to passe,
The priest, when he begins his masse,
Forgets that ever clerke he was;
He knowth not his estate.

Here you may read, Cophetua,
Though long time fancie-fed,
Compelled by the blinded boy
The begger for to wed:
He that did lovers lookes disdaine,
To do the same was glad and faine,
Or else he would himselfe have slaine,
In storie, as we read.
Disdaine no whit, O lady deere,
But pitty now thy servant heere,
Least that it hap to thee this yeare,
As to that king it did.

And thus they led a quiet life
During their princely raigne;
And in a tombe were buried both,
As writers sheweth plaine.
The lords they tooke it grievously,
The ladies tooke it heavily,
The commons cryed pitiously,
Their death to them was paine,
Their fame did sound so passingly
That it did pierce the starry sky,
And throughout all the world did flye
To every princes realme.

Auf den phantastischen Narren, den man Monarcho nannte, und den Shakspere in A. 4, Sc. 1 namhaft macht, findet sich in einer Sammlung poetischer Grabschriften von Thomas Churchyard (1580) folgende charakteristische:

The Phantastical Monarch's Epitaph.

Though Dant be dead, and Maro lies in grave,
And Petrarch's sprite be mounted past our view,
Yet do some live, that poets' humours have,
To keep old course with veins of verses new:
Whose pens are prest to paint our people plain,
That else asleep in silence should remain:
Come, poor old man that bare the Monarch's name,
Thine Epitaph shall here set forth thy fame.

Thy climbing mind aspir'd beyond the stars;
Thy lofty style no earthly title bore;
Thy wits would seem to see through peace and wars,
Thy taunting tongue was pleasant, sharp and sore,
And though thy pride and pomp was somewhat vain,
The Monarch had a deep-discoursing brain:
Alone with friend he could of wonders treat,
In public place pronounce his sentence great.

No match for fools, if wisemen were in place,
No mate at meal to sit with common sort:
Both grave of looks and father-like of face,
Of judgment quick, of comely form and port;
Most bent to words on high and solemn days,
Of diet fine, and dainty divers ways:
And well dispos'd, if Prince did pleasure take
At any mirth that he, poor man, could make.

On gallant robes his greatest glory stood,
Yet garments bare could never daunt his mind;
He fear'd no state, nor car'd for worldly good,
Held each thing light as feathers in the wind.
And still he said: the strong thrusts weak to wall;
When sword bore sway, the Monarch should have all;
The man of might at length shall Monarch be,
And greatest strength shall make the feeble flee.

When strangers came in presence anywhere,
Strange was the talk the Monarch utter'd then;
He had a voice could thunder through the ear,
And speak much like a merry Christmas man,
But, sure, small mirth his matter harped on.
His form of life who lists to look upon,
Did shew some wit, though folly fed his will:
The man is dead, yet Monarchs liveth still.

Die Anekdote, aus welcher Shakspere nach Steevens' irriger Ansicht in A. 3, Sc. 1 den Witz Costard's über *guerdon* und *remuneration* geschöpft haben soll, lautet in dem 1598 zuerst gedruckten Pamphlet A Health to the gentlemanly Profession of Serving-men by J. M. folgendermassen: *There was, sayth he, a man (but of what estate, degree or calling, I will not name, least thereby I might incur displeasure of any), that comming to his friend's house, who was a gentleman of good reckoning, and being there kindly entertayned and well used, as well of his friend, the gentleman, as of his servants; one of the said servants, doing him some extraordinary pleasure during his abode there, at his departure he comes unto the said servant, and saith unto him: Hold thee, here is a remuneration for thy pains, which the servant receiving gave him utterly for it, besides his pains, thanks, for it was but a three-farthings-piece; and I hold thanks for the same a small price, howsoever the market goes. Now, another coming to the said gentleman's house, it was the fore-said servant's good hap to be near him at his going away, who, calling the servant unto him, said: Hold thee, here is a guerdon for thy deserts. Now the servant paid no dearer for the guerdon than for the remuneration, though the guerdon was XI. d. farthing better, for it was a shilling, and the other but a three-farthings.*

Ueber das *dancing horse*, von dem in A. 1, Sc. 2 Moth spricht, mögen hier noch einige zeitgenössische Notizen und Citate zusammengestellt werden. In einer Epigrammensammlung von Thomas Bastard (1598) findet sich u. A. folgendes, betitelt Of Bankes's Horse:

Bankes hath a horse of wondrous qualitie,
For he can fight, and pisse, and dance, and lie,
And finde your purse and tell what coyne ye have:
But Bankes who taught your horse to smell a knave.

Bischof Morton erzählt: *Which bringeth me into my remembrance a storie which Banks told me at Frankeford, from his own experience in France among the Capuchins by whom he was brought into suspition of magicke, because of the strange feats which his horse Morocco plaied (as I take it) at Orleance; where he to redeem his credit, promised to manifest to the world that his horse was nothing lesse than a divell. To this end he commanded his horse to seek out one in the preasse of the people, who had a crucifixe on his hat; which done, he bad him kneele down unto it; and not this only, but also to rise up againe and to kisse it. And now, gentlemen, quoth he, I think my horse hath acquitted both me and himself; and so his adversaries rested satisfied: conceiving as it might seeme that the divell had no power to come to the*

crosse. — Ferner in Sir Walter Raleigh's History of the World: *If Banks had lived in older times, he would have shamed all the inchanters in the world; for whosoever was most famous among them, could never master, or instruct any beast as he did his horse.* — Auf die Sage, dass Banks sammt seinem Pferde am Ende in Rom als Zauberer verbrannt worden sei, deutet Ben Jonson in seinem Epigramm On the famous voyage hin:

But 'mongst the Tiberts, who do you think there was?
Old Banks, the juggler, our Pythagoras,
Grave tutor to the learned horse, both which,
Being, beyond sea, both burned for one witch,
Their spirits transmigrated to a cat.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FERDINAND, King of Navarre.
BIRON, }
LONGAVILLE, } Lords attending on the King.
DUMAINE, }
BOYET. } Lords attending on the Princess
MERCADE, } of France.
DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, a fantastical Spaniard.
SIR NATHANIEL, a Curate.
HOLOFERNES, a Schoolmaster.
DULL, a Constable.
COSTARD, a Clown.
MOTH, Page to Armado.
A Forester.

PRINCESS OF FRANCE.
ROSALINE, }
MARIA, } Ladies attending on the Princess.
KATHARINE, }
JAQUENETTA, a Country Wench.

Officers and Others, Attendants on the King and Princess.

SCENE, Navarre.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Navarre. A Park, with a Palace in it.

Enter the KING, BIRON,[1] LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAINE.

King. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,
And then[2] grace us in the disgrace of death,
When, spite of cormorant devouring[3] time,
The endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour, which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.[4]
Therefore, brave conquerors! — for so you are,
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires, —
Our late edict[5] shall strongly stand in force:
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;
Our court shall be a little academe,[6]
Still and contemplative in living art.
You three, Biron, Dumaine, and Longaville,
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,
My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes
That are recorded in this schedule here:
Your oaths are pass'd, and now subscribe your names,
That his own hand may strike his honour down,
That violates the smallest branch herein.[7]
If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oaths,[8] and keep it too.

Long. I am resolv'd: 't is but a three years' fast.
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:
Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankerout[9] the wits.

Dum. My loving lord, Dumaine is mortified.[10]
The grosser manner of these world's delights[11]
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves:
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die,
With all these living[12] in philosophy.

Biron. I can but say their protestation over;
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
That is, to live and study here three years.
But there are other strict observances;
As, not to see a woman in that term,
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there:[13]
And, one day in a week to touch no food,
And but one meal on every day beside;

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1) So steht zuerst in der zweiten Folioausg. der Name, der in Q. und Fol. *Berowne* und *Beroune* lautet und in A. 4, Sc. 3 einen Reim auf *moon* bildet. 2) *then* bezieht sich auf das nachfolgende *when*. 3) Vielleicht ist *cormorant-devouring* als Compositum zu fassen: schlingend wie ein Rabe. 4) Und uns die Unsterblichkeit sichern, uns verewigen wird. 5) *edict* betont Sh. bald auf der ersten, bald auf der zweiten Sylbe. 6) *academe*, wofür manche Hgg. mit den spätern Folioausgg. *academy* setzen, kommt noch zweimal in diesem Drama und häufig bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen vor. — In Q. und Fol. steht *Achademe*. 7) Wer den geringsten Theil dieser beschworenen Statuten verletzt, der schlägt mit eigener Hand, mit der er seinen Namen darunter gesetzt hat, gleichsam seine Ehre zu Boden. 8) *oaths* im Plural, weil von den Eidschwüren Mehrerer die Rede ist, wollte Steevens in *oath* umändern, um es mit dem folgenden *it* in Einklang zu bringen. — *it* bezieht sich auf den ganzen vorhergehenden Satz: haltet es, wenn Ihr unterschrieben habt. — Die späteren Folioausgg. setzen *keep them too*. 9) So die Fol., die *bankerout* dreisylbig liest. Die Q. hat *bancrout quite*. — Staunton citirt aus Clark's Proverbs English and Latin (1630) dieses Verspaar so: *Fat paunches make lean pates, and grosser bits || Enrich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits*. Demnach wäre *bankrupt* als Verbum, nicht als Adjectiv, zu fassen. 10) *mortified* = kasteiet, der Welt abgestorben, erhält seine nähere Erklärung in den folgenden Versen. 11) *world's delights* wird als ein Wort betrachtet und hat daher *these* vor sich, obgleich dem Sinne nach *the delights of this world* zu verstehen ist. 12) *living* ist dem *die* entgegengesetzt, und *with all these* bezieht sich auf *love, wealth, pomp:* in der Philosophie habe ich die Liebe, den Reichthum und Prunk, denen ich in der Wirklichkeit abgestorben bin. 13) Nicht verzeichnet in den Statuten, die sie unterschreiben sollen. 14) Ich pflegte bisher die ganze Nacht über

The which, I hope, is not enrolled there:
And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,
And not be seen to wink of all the day,
(When I was wont to think no harm all night,[14]
And make a dark night too of half the day) —
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there.
O! these are barren tasks, too hard to keep,
Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep.[15]

King. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.

Biron. Let me say no, my liege, an if you please.
I only swore to study with your grace,
And stay here in your court for three years' space.

Long. You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.

Biron. By yea and nay, Sir, then I swore in jest. —
What is the end of study? let me know.

King. Why, that to know which else we should not know.

Biron. Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense?

King. Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.

Biron. Come on then, I will swear to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know;
As thus, — to study where I well may dine,
When I to feast[16] expressly am forbid;
Or study where to meet some mistress fine,
When mistresses from common sense are hid;
Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,[17]
Study to break it, and not break my troth.
If study's gain be thus,[18] and this be so,
Study knows that which yet it doth not know.
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no.

King. These be the stops that hinder study quite,
And train our intellects to vain delight.

Biron. Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain:
As, painfully to pore upon a book,
To seek the light of truth; while truth the while
Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look.[19]
Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile:
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
Study me[20] how to please the eye indeed,
By fixing it upon a fairer eye;
Who[21] dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,
And give him light that it was blinded by.
Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks:
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority[22] from others' books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights,
Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.
Too much to know is to know nought but fame;
And every godfather can give a name.[23]

King. How well he 's read, to reason against reading!

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding![24]

Long. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.

Biron. The spring is near, when green geese are a breeding.

Dum. How follows that?

Biron. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

Biron. Something then in rhyme.[25]

King. Biron is like an envious sneaping[26] frost,
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

Biron. Well, say I am: why should proud summer boast,
Before the birds have any cause to sing?
Why should I joy in an[27] abortive birth?
At Christmas I no more desire a rose,
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows;[28]
But like of each thing[29] that in season grows.
So you, to study now it is too late,
Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.[30]

King. Well, sit[31] you out: go home, Biron: adieu!

Biron. No, my good lord; I have sworn to stay with you:
And, though I have for barbarism spoke more,
Than for that angel knowledge you can say,
Yet confident I 'll keep what I have swore,[32]
And bide the penance of each three years' day.
Give me the paper: let me read the same;
And to the strict'st decrees I 'll write my name.

---

nichts Böses zu denken, d. h. ich pflegte ruhig zu schlafen die ganze Nacht und dachte nichts Arges dabei. 15) scil. *these tasks, not to see ladies, to study, to fast, not to sleep.* 16) *feast* ist Theobald's Emendation für *fast* der Q. und Fol. 17) Ein Eid, der zu schwer zu halten ist. 18) Für *thus* las Pope *this.* 19) *his* bezieht sich, genau genommen, auf kein bestimmtes Wort: das Auge Dessen, der über einem Buche brütet. — *truth* steht im Gegensatz zu *falsely* = trügerisch. 20) *me* ist ein ethischer Dativ, der nur zur Verstärkung des Imperativs *study* dient. 21) *to dazzle* = geblendet sein. — *who* bezieht sich auf *the eye* und auf *it*: wenn Euer Auge geblendet ist, indem Ihr es auf ein schöneres Auge richtet, so soll jenes schönere Auge ihm als Hüter oder Leiter *(his heed)* dienen und Eurem Auge das Licht geben, von dem es, Euer Auge, zuvor geblendet war. 22) *base authority* = werthlose Citate aus fremden Büchern, die man zur eigenen Rechtfertigung anführt. 23) Wer zu viel weiss, der weiss nur das, was auf leerem Wortschall, leerem Gerede beruht, wie jeder Gevatter Namen ertheilen kann. 24) Er hat einen guten Weg eingeschlagen, um Andere zu verhindern, weiter zu kommen. 25) *rhyme* und *reason* stehen häufig zusammengestellt oder als Gegensätze. 26) Ein tückischer, beissender Frost. — Diese Rede theilen manche Hgg. ohne Grund dem Longaville zu, im Widerspruch mit Q. und Fol. 27) So emendirt Pope das *any* der alten Ausgg., das wahrscheinlich aus der vorhergehenden Zeile in diese gerathen war. 28) *May's new-fangled shows* ist der neumodische Putz und Aufzug, in welchem der Mai erscheint; Alles, was er Buntes und Neues wachsen lässt. — Steevens deutet das Wort, ziemlich unwahrscheinlich, auf die *May-games*, die althergebrachten Lustbarkeiten und Spiele, mit denen das Volk den Anfang des Mai begrüsste. — Für *shows* wollte Theobald *earth* lesen, um einen Reim auf *abortive birth* zu gewinnen. Sidney Walker vermuthete *mirth* dafür. 29) Ich bin mit jedem Dinge zufrieden, das zu seiner Zeit wächst. — *to like of* = an Etwas Gefallen finden. 30) So die Q. — Die Fol. hat *That were to climb o'er the house to unlock the gate.* — So Ihr, wenn Ihr jetzt, da es zu spät ist, studirt, klettert über das Haus u. s. w. 31) *to sit out*, vom Kartenspiel = eine Partie nicht mitspielen, sondern nur zusehen, wie die Andern spielen: bleibe Du weg von unserm Spiel, unserer Genossenschaft. — Für das *sit* der Q. hat die Fol. *fit.* 32) *swore*, was der Reim verlangt, haben schon die spätern Folioausgg. für *sworn* der Q. und Fol.

King. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!
Biron. *[Reads.]* Item, »That no woman shall come within a mile of my court.« — Hath this been proclaim'd?
Long. Four days ago.
Biron. Let 's see the penalty. *[Reads.]* »On pain of losing her tongue.« — Who devis'd this penalty?
Long. Marry, that did I.
Biron. Sweet lord, and why?
Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.
Biron. A dangerous law against gentility![33]
[Reads.] Item, »If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court can[34] possibly devise.« —
This article, my liege, yourself must break;
For, well you know, here comes in embassy
The French king's daughter with yourself to speak, —
A maid of grace, and complete majesty, —
About surrender-up[35] of Aquitain
To her decrepit, sick, and bed-rid father:
Therefore, this article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes the admired princess hither.
King. What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.
Biron. So study evermore is overshot:[36]
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should;
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'T is won, as towns with fire; so won, so lost.
King. We must of force dispense with this decree:
She must lie here on mere necessity.[37]
Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn
Three thousand times within this three years' space;
For every man with his affects is born,
Not by might master'd,[38] but by special grace.
If I break faith, this word shall speak[39] for me,
I am forsworn on mere necessity. —
So to the laws at large I write my name; *[Subscribes.*
And he that breaks them in the least degree,
Stands in attainder of eternal shame.
Suggestions are to others as to me;[40]
But, I believe, although I seem so loath,
I am the last that will last[41] keep his oath.
But is there no quick recreation[42] granted?
King. Ay, that there is. Our court, you know, is haunted
With a refined traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain;
One, whom[43] the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish like enchanting harmony;
A man of complements,[44] whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:
This child of fancy, that Armado hight,[45]
For interim to our studies, shall relate
In high-born words the worth of many a knight
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.[46]
How you delight,[47] my lords, I know not, I;
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.
Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new[48] words, fashion's own knight.
Long. Costard, the swain, and he shall be our sport;
And so to study, three years is but short.

Enter DULL,[49] *with a letter, and* COSTARD.

Dull. Which is the duke's own person?
Biron. This, fellow. What wouldst?
Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his

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33) *gentility* = Freundlichkeit, Artigkeit, ist die Lesart der Fol.; die Q. hat *gentletie*, eine Art scherzhaften Reims auf *penalty*. — Diese Rede theilte zuerst Theobald mit Recht dem Biron zu. Die alten Ausgg. verbinden sie mit Longaville's vorhergehenden Worten und lassen Biron erst von *This article, my liege etc.* an reden. — *dangerous* ist nicht so sehr = gefährlich, als = rechtlich wirksam, wie *danger* häufig = Bereich des Gesetzes, Wirkungskreis des Gesetzes, ist. 34) So die Q.; die Fol. *shall*. 35) Das substantivische *surrender-up* statt des gewöhnlichen *surrender* ist nach Analogie des verbalen *to surrender up* gebildet. 36) So schiesst das Studium immer über sein Ziel hinaus. — *to be overshot* für *to overshoot one's self*. 37) Die Prinzessin muss aus reiner Nothwendigkeit hier logiren, muss nothgedrungen hier beherbergt werden. 38) *master'd by might* ist Apposition zu *affects* = Regungen, Leidenschaften, die man nicht mit Gewalt bemeistert, sondern durch besondere Gnade oder höhere Begünstigung. 39) Die Fol. hat *break* für das *speak* der Q. 40) Ich bin denselben Verführungen, den Eid zu brechen, ausgesetzt, wie die Uebrigen. 41) Das eine *last* verstärkt das andere, wie bei Sh. eine Negation die andere: ich werde den Eid bis zu allerletzt, von Allen am längsten, halten. 42) *quick recreation* = muntere, oder improvisirte Ergötzlichkeit, um uns zu erholen von unsern Studien. 43) Die alten Ausgg. haben *who*. 44) *complements* sind die Fertigkeiten oder Eigenschaften, die zu einem gebildeten Mann, einem feinen Cavalier gehören und die ihn deshalb berechtigen, in allen Fragen, welche feine Lebensart betreffen, als Schiedsrichter aufzutreten und zu entscheiden, wer Recht und wer Unrecht hat. — *mutiny* = Streit im Staat, innerlicher Streit. 45) *child of fancy* heisst Armado, weil er ganz phantastischer Art ist. — *hight*, das Präteritum und Participium von *to hight* = heissen, genannt werden, ein veraltetes Verbum, das Sh. nur in komisch affectirtem Sinne gebraucht; so in Midsummer-Night's Dream (A. 5, Sc. 1) *This grisly beast, which Lion hight by name*. 46) *lost in the world's debate* bezieht Warburton auf die Kreuzzüge, in denen die spanischen Ritter, die fabelhaften Helden der alten Ritterbücher, umkamen; Johnson deutet es allgemein von dem Treiben der Welt, in welchem diese Ritter oder die Kunde von ihnen verloren gingen. Die erstere Erklärung, wenn auch vielleicht von Warburton zu speciell gefasst, scheint plausibler als die zweite. 47) *delight* ist mit dem Folgenden zu verbinden: Inwiefern es Euch ergötzt, ihn lügen zu hören, weiss ich nicht, aber ich bekenne, ich höre ihn gerne lügen und will mich seiner statt meiner Hofmusik bedienen, ich will ihm lieber zuhören als meiner Capelle. — Anders erklärt Douce, aber wenig wahrscheinlich: *I will make a minstrel of him*. 48) *fire-new*, von einer Münze, die eben aus der Ofengluth kommt, eben geprägt ist. So in Twelfth-Night (A. 3, Sc. 2) *some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint*. 49) In Q. und Fol. *Enter a Constable*. Ebenso wird Costard nachher vor seinen Reden als *Clown* bezeichnet. — Als *duke* = Fürst, bezeichnet auch nachher (A. 2, Sc. 1) die Prinzessin den König von Navarra: *this virtuous duke*, wie hier Dull: *Which is the duke's own person?* 50) *tharborough* in der Fol., *farborough* in der Q.,

grace's tharborough:[50] but I would see his own person in flesh and blood.

Biron. This is he.

Dull. Signior Arm — Arm — commends you.[51] There 's villany abroad: this letter will tell you more.

Cost. Sir, the contempts[52] thereof are as touching me.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

Biron. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

Long. A high hope for a low heaven:[53] God grant us patience!

Biron. To hear, or forbear laughing?[54]

Long. To hear meekly, Sir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both.

Biron. Well, Sir, be it as the style[55] shall give us cause to climb in the merriness.

Cost. The matter is to me, Sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.[56]

Biron. In what manner?

Cost. In manner and form following, Sir; all those three: I was seen with her in the manor-house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is in manner and form following. Now, Sir, for the manner, — it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman; for the form, — in some form.

Biron. For the following, Sir?

Cost. As it shall follow in my correction; and God defend the right!

King. Will you hear this letter with attention?

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

Cost. Such is the simplicity[57] of man to hearken after the flesh.

King. *[Reads.]* »Great deputy, the welkin's vicegerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's God, and body's fostering patron,« —

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet.

King. »So it is,« —

Cost. It may be so; but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so,[58] —

King. Peace!

Cost. — be[59] to me, and every man that dares not fight.

King. No words!

Cost. — of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

King. »So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humour to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time when? About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper. So much for the time when. Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walked upon: it is ycleped[60] thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-coloured ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest. But to the place where; — it standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted[61] garden: there did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth,«[62] —

Cost. Me.

King. — »that unletter'd small-knowing soul,« —

Cost. Me.

King. — »that shallow vassal,« —

Cost. Still me.

King. — »which, as I remember, hight[63] Costard,« —

Cost. O! me.

King. — »sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with[64] — with — O! with — but with this I passion to say wherewith,« —

Cost. With a wench.

King. — »with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I (as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment,[65] by thy sweet grace's officer, Antony Dull, a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.«

Dull. Me, an 't shall please you: I am Antony Dull.

King. »For Jaquenetta (so is the weaker vessel called), which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain, I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury;[66] and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all complements of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.«

Biron. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

King. Ay, the best for the worst. — But, sirrah, what say you to this?

Cost. Sir, I confess the wench.

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entstellt aus *thirdborough* = Constabler. — Für *reprehend* will er *represent* sagen. 51) scil. *commends him* oder *himself to you.* — Er bringt den Namen *Armado* nur verstümmelt heraus. 52) scil. *the contents.* 53) Die Hoffnung auf erhabene Worte in Armado's Briefe, oder eigentlich die gehofften Worte selbst sind so hochfliegend, dass sie an den Himmel, der für sie zu niedrig ist, anstossen. — Die meisten Hgg. setzen für das *heaven* der Q. und Fol. mit Theobald *having:* eine hohe Hoffnung auf ein niedriges Besitzthum. — Steevens erklärt *heaven* mit Bezug auf die verschiedenen Himmel, also eine hohe Hoffnung auf einen Himmel niedern Ranges. 54) *laughing* ist Capell's, durch Longaville's Antwort gerechtfertigte Emendation für *hearing* der alten Ausgg. 55) Wortspiel zwischen *style* = Styl, und *stile* = Steige in der Hecke, um von einem eingehegten Felde in das andere zu kommen. 56) Wortspiel zwischen *manner* = Art und Weise, und *to be taken with the manner* = auf der That ertappt werden, eigentlich mit dem gestohlenen Gut in der Hand. Daran schliesst sich noch ein Wortspiel mehr mit *manor-house* = Herrenhaus; ebenso mit *form* = Form, und = Bank. 57) Für *simplicity* will er *duplicity* sagen = Lust an Zweideutigkeiten. 58) Manche Hgg. setzen mit Hanmer *but so, so* = nur so leidlich. 59) scil. *peace be to me* = Friede sei mit mir. 60) *ycleped*, das veraltete, hier affectirt gebrauchte Particip von *to clepe* = *to call.* 61) *curious-knotted* = mit sinnreich verschlungenen Gartenanlagen versehen. — *knots* sind die einzelnen Gartenpartien, mit ihren symmetrischen Wegen und Pflanzungen. 62) Jener niedrige Knirps, mit dem Du Deinen Spass treibst. — *minnow*, eigentlich = Elritze, bezeichnet verächtlich die Kleinheit, wie in Coriolanus (A. 3, Sc. 1) der Tribun Sicinius *Triton of the minnows* heisst. 63) Vgl. oben Anm. 45. 64) Theobald setzte *with* für das *which* der Q. und Fol. 65) *meed of punishment* = die gebührende Strafe. 66) Eine Anspielung auf das biblische *the vessel of wrath.* 67) Gegensatz zwischen *to hear* = Etwas hören, und *to mark* = sich

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Cost. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it. [67]

King. It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment, to be taken with a wench.

Cost. I was taken with none, Sir: I was taken with a damosel. [68]

King. Well, it was proclaimed damosel.

Cost. This was no damosel neither, Sir: she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied too, for it was proclaimed virgin.

Cost. If it were, I deny her virginity: I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not serve your turn, Sir.

Cost. This maid will serve my turn, Sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence: you shall fast a week with bran and water.

Cost. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And Don Armado shall be your keeper. —
My lord Biron, see him deliver'd o'er:
And go we, lords, to put in practice that
Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

[Exeunt King, Longaville, *and* Dumaine.

Biron. I 'll lay my head to any good man's hat, [69]
These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn. —
Sirrah, come on.

Cost. I suffer for the truth, Sir: for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore, welcome the sour cup of prosperity! [70] Affliction may one day smile again, and till then, sit thee down, [71] sorrow! *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Armado's House in the Park.

Enter Armado *and* Moth. [1]

Arm. Boy, what sign is it, when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great sign, Sir, that he will look sad.

Arm. Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp. [2]

Moth. No, no; O Lord! Sir, no.

Arm. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal? [3]

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, [4] my tough senior.

Arm. Why tough senior? why tough senior?

Moth. Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Arm. Pretty, and apt.

Moth. How mean you, Sir? I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little pretty, because little. Wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master?

Arm. In thy condign praise.

Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

Arm. What, that an eel is ingenious? [5]

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do say, thou art quick in answers. Thou heatest my blood.

Moth. I am answered, Sir.

Arm. I love not to be crossed.

Moth. [Aside.] He speaks the mere contrary: crosses [6] love not him.

Arm. I have promised to study three years with the duke. [7]

Moth. You may do it in an hour, Sir.

Arm. Impossible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning: it fitteth the spirit of a tapster. [8]

Moth. You are a gentleman, and a gamester, Sir.

Arm. I confess both: they are both the varnish of a complete man.

Moth. Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the base vulgar do call three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, Sir, is this such a piece of study? Now, here is three studied, ere you 'll thrice wink; and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you. [9]

Arm. A most fine figure!

Moth. [Aside.] To prove you a cypher. [10]

Arm. I will hereupon confess I am in love; and, as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base

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Etwas merken. 68) So die Fol. Die Q. hat das gewöhnlichere *damsel*, hier und im Folgenden. 69) Ich will meinen Kopf verwetten gegen den Hut irgend eines Ehrenmannes, dass diese Eide u. s. w. 70) Für *prosperity* meint er *adversity*, und ebenso für *affliction* das Gegentheil, etwa *benediction*. 71) So die Q.; die Fol. *and until then, sit down.*

1) In den alten Ausgg. steht vor Armado's Reden meistens *Brag.* (d. h. *Braggart*) und vor Moth's Reden *Boy.* 2) *imp* = Schössling, Sprössling, dann affectirt = Sohn, Knabe. 3) *juvenal* in gesuchter Redeweise = junger Mensch. So in K. Henry IV. Second Part (A. 1, Sc. 2) *the juvenal, the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledged.* 4) *the working* bezieht sich auf *sadness* und *melancholy* = die Wirkung beider. — Wie die Orthographie der alten Ausgg. *senior* und *signior* beständig verwechselt, so steht auch hier *signeur* in der Fol., *signeor* in der Q. 5) So die Q.; die Fol. *ingenuous*, wie sie meistens für *ingenious* schreibt. 6) Wortspiel zwischen *cross* = eine Münze, mit einem Kreuz als Gepräge, und *to cross* = Jemandem in den Weg treten. So ähnlich in As you like it (A. 2, Sc. 4) *yet I should bear no cross, if I did bear you; for I think you have no money in your purse.* 7) d. h. mit dem König von Navarra. Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1, Anm. 49. 8) So in Troilus and Cressida (A. 1, Sc. 2) *a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.* 9) Eine Anspielung auf das Pferd eines gewissen Bankes, das in jener Zeit unter dem Namen Marocco wegen seiner Geschicklichkeit im Tanzen, Rechnen und andern Künsten viel Aufsehen erregte. Sir Kenelm Digby erzählt u. A. davon: *that his horse would restore a glove to the due owner, after the master had whispered the man's name in his ear, would tell the just number of pence in any piece of silver coin, newly showed him by his master.*

wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take desire[11] prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new-devised courtesy. I think scorn to sigh: methinks, I should outswear Cupid.[12] Comfort me, boy. What great men have been in love?

Moth. Hercules, master.

Arm. Most sweet Hercules! — More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Samson, master: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage,[13] for he carried the town-gates on his back, like a porter, and he was in love.

Arm. O well-knit Samson! strong-jointed Samson! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was Samson's love, my dear Moth?

Moth. A woman, master.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion.

Moth. Of the sea-water green, Sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read, Sir; and the best of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers;[14] but to have a love of that colour, methinks, Samson had small reason for it. He, surely, affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was so, Sir, for she had a green wit.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Moth. Most maculate[15] thoughts, master, are masked under such colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty, and pathetical!

Moth. If she be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known;
For blushing[16] cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale-white shown:
Then, if she fear, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know;
For still her cheeks possess the same,
Which native she doth owe.[17]
A dangerous rhyme, master; against the reason of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?[18]

Moth. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since; but I think, now 't is not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing, nor the tune.

Arm. I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression[19] by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I took in the park with the rational hind[20] Costard: she deserves well.

Moth. [Aside.] To be whipped; and yet a better love than my master.

Arm. Sing, boy: my spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that 's great marvel, loving a light wench.

Arm. I say, sing.

Moth. Forbear till this company be past.

Enter Dull, Costard, *and* Jaquenetta.[21]

Dull. Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe: and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance,[22] but a' must fast three days a week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park; she is allowed for the day-woman.[23] Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing. — Maid.[24]

Jaq. Man.

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That 's hereby.[25]

Arm. I know where it is situate.

Jaq. Lord, how wise you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face?[26]

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so farewell.

Jaq. Fair weather after you!

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away.[27]

[Exeunt Dull *and* Jaquenetta.

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences, ere thou be pardoned.

Cost. Well, Sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Vgl. Einleitung pag. 231 u. 232. 10) Armado fasst *figure* = Redefigur, Moth fasst es = Zahl, im Gegensatz zu *cypher* = Null. 11) *desire* wird hier männlich personificirt, daher *ranson him*. 12) Ich sollte, statt sentimental vor Liebe zu seufzen, so grimmig fluchen und schwören, dass Cupido davor die Flucht ergriffe. 13) *carriage* = Benehmen, Haltung, und = Tragkraft. Dasselbe Wortspiel in Romeo and Juliet (A. 1, Sc. 4) *Making them women of good carriage.* — Auch in *porter* steckt vielleicht ein Wortspiel = Thürhüter, und = Träger. 14) Grün ist die Lieblingstracht der Verliebten. 15) So die Q.; die Fol. *immaculate.* 16) *blushing* verbessert die zweite Folioausg. von 1632 das *blush-in* der Q. und der Fol. 17) Dieselben Farben herrschen auf ihrer Wange, welche sie als angeboren von Natur besitzt. — *the same* scil. *white and red* als Plural ist Subject, *her cheeks* Object. 18) Armado meint die altenglische Ballade von dem afrikanischen Könige Cophetua, der die Bettlerin Penelophon oder, wie Sh. sie nennt, Zenelophon heirathete. — Andere Anspielungen auf diese Ballade hat Sh. A. 4, Sc. 1, in K. Henry IV. Second Part (A. 5, Sc. 3), und in Romeo and Juliet (A. 2, Sc. 1). Vgl. Einleitung pag. 230 u. 231. 19) *digression* = Abschweifung, Abweichung von dem rechten Wege. So in Sh.'s Lucrece: *Then my digression is so vile, so base,* || *That it will live engraven in my face.* 20) Tyrwhitt vermuthete *irrational hind.* — Indess verbindet Armado in seiner affectirten Sprache das Epitheton *rational* = vernunftbegabt, statt mit der Bezeichnung eines Thieres, wie es stehen sollte, mit *hind* = Bauerlümmel, dem er als solchem eigentlich die Vernunft abspricht. 21) Die Fol. *Enter Clown, Constable, and Wench.* Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1, Anm. 49. 22) Er sagt *penance* für *pleasure* oder ein ähnliches Wort. 23) Sie ist zum Milchmädchen bestimmt. — So ist noch in Schottland *a dairy-maid* = *a day.* 24) Die folgenden Reden Jaquenetta's bezeichnet die Fol. auch mit *Maid.* 25) Jaquenetta versteht *hereby* = je nachdem, Armado = nahebei. 26) So die Q.; die Fol. *With what face?* — Es ist in Jaquenetta's Munde eine blosse impertinente Antwort, wie ihre Reden vorher und nachher, ohne eine be-

Cost. I am more bound to you than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain: shut him up.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave: away!

Cost. Let me not be pent up, Sir: I will fast, being loose.

Moth. No, Sir; that were fast and loose:[28] thou shalt to prison.

Cost. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation[29] that I have seen, some shall see —

Moth. What shall some see?

Cost. Nay, nothing, Master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent[30] in their words; and therefore I will say nothing: I thank God I have as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet. *[Exeunt* Moth *and* Costard.

Arm. I do affect[31] the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn (which is a great argument of falsehood), if I love. And how can that be true love, which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar;[32] Love is a devil: there is no evil angel but Love. Yet was Samson so tempted, and he had an excellent strength: yet was Solomon so seduced, and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier.[33] The first and second cause[34] will not serve my turn; the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not: his disgrace is to be called boy, but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your manager[35] is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me some extemporal[36] god of rhyme, for, I am sure, I shall turn sonneter.[37] Devise, wit; write, pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio. *[Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Another Part of the Park. A Pavilion and Tents at a distance.

Enter the Princess *of France,* Rosaline, Maria, Katharine, Boyet, *Lords, and other Attendants.*

Boyet. Now, Madam, summon up your dearest[1] spirits:
Consider whom the king your father sends,
To whom he sends, and what 's his embassy:
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchless Navarre;[2] the plea of no less weight
Than Aquitain, a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As nature was in making graces dear,[3]
When she did starve the general world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good Lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues.[4]
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth,
Than you much willing to be counted wise
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.[5]
But now to task the tasker. — Good Boyet,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
Till painful study shall outwear three years,
No woman may approach his silent court:
Therefore to us seemeth it[6] a needful course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,

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stimmte nachweisliche Beziehung. 27) Diese Rede theilen die alten Ausgg. irrig dem Clown zu; Theobald machte die Aenderung. 28) *fast and loose* = veränderlich, unzuverlässig. Zugleich ein Wortspiel zwischen *to fast* = fasten, und *fast* = fest, eingesperrt. 29) Für *desolation* meint er ein Wort wie *exultation* oder *jubilation.* 30) *too* fehlt in der Fol. — Auch statt *silent* meint Costard das Gegentheil: zu laut, zu wortreich. — Für das folgende *patience* will er *impatience* sagen. 31) *to affect* = Etwas in Affection nehmen, lieben. 32) *familiar* = Hausgeist, ein Spiritus familiaris. 33) Wenn selbst die Keule des Hercules nichts gegen Cupido's Pfeil vermag, so ist der Kampf noch viel ungleicher für die spanische Klinge des Armado. 34) Die erste und zweite Ursache, derentwegen ein Duell stattfinden kann, nach den Regeln, welche für solche Ehrenhändel in Büchern der Zeit aufgestellt waren. Diese Modethorheit, mit Citation derselben ausländischen Kunstausdrücke, persiflirt Sh. auch in Romeo and Juliet (A. 2, Sc. 4) *a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause. Ah, the immortal passado!* — So ist auch *duello* hier = die schriftlich dargelegte Lehre vom Duell, wie in Twelfth-Night (A. 3, Sc. 4) *he cannot by the duello avoid it.* 35) *your manager* bezieht sich auf *rapier* und *drum* = Derjenige, der Euch sonst zu handhaben pflegte. 36) *extemporal* = aus dem Stegreif dichtend, improvisirend. 37) *sonneter* = Sonettendichter, verbessert Capell das *sonnet* der alten Ausgg., wofür die meisten Hgg. mit Hanmer das moderne *sonneteer* setzen. Grant White liest *turn sonnets.* — Mit solchen Liebesgedichten will Armado ganze Foliobände anfüllen.

1) *dearest spirits* = sind die innigsten, kostbarsten Lebensgeister. 2) *Navarre* = der König von Navarra. 3) scil. *as nature was prodigal in making graces dear:* die Natur vertheuerte allen Liebreiz, indem sie ihn Euch allein verlieh und der übrigen Welt vorenthielt. 4) Die Schönheit wird gekauft oder taxirt nach dem Urtheil des Auges Desjenigen der sie erwerben will, wird aber nicht losgeschlagen, 'zum Verkauf ausgeboten nach der gemeinen Ausbietung der Zunge der Händler. — Johnson fasst hier *chapman* = *seller;* es ist aber = Käufer und Verkäufer, in der ältern Sprache. 5) scil. *in the praise of my wit.* 6) Viele Hgg. lesen mit unstatthafter Verkürzung *seem'th* einsylbig; Q. und Fol. haben *to 's,* anstatt *to us,* das allerdings sich eher zu einer Sylbe verschmelzen lässt. 7) Indem wir auf Eure Tüchtigkeit vertrauen, indem Euer Werth uns zuversichtlich macht. 8) *craving* gehört zu *business.* 9) So die Fol.; die Q. *humble visage.* — Malone änderte ohne Noth *humbly-visag'd.* 10) *loving* = freundlich gesinnt, anhänglich, eine Anrede, die an Untergebene gerichtet wird. So in K. John (A. 2, Sc. 1) *my loving subjects.* — Zwei Zeilen weiter haben die alten Ausgg. *Longaville* ohne *Lord,* das die Cambridge Edd. mit Capell davor einfügen. 11) *heir* gebraucht Sh. öfter für *heiress.* 12) *solemnized* ist hier ausnahmsweise auf der zweiten Sylbe betont. So auch in Gascoigne's Jocasta: *And sithence did solemnize eke the same.* 13) Ein Mann von hervorragenden Gaben, von ausgezeichneten Eigenschaften. — Für *parts* der

Bold of your worthiness,[7] we single you
As our best-moving fair solicitor.
Tell him, the daughter of the king of France,
On serious business, craving[8] quick despatch,
Importunes personal conference with his grace.
Haste, signify so much; while we attend,
Like humble-visag'd[9] suitors, his high will.
Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I go.
Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so. —
[Exit Boyet.
Who are the votaries, my loving[10] lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?
1. Lord. Longaville is one.
Prin. Know you the man?
Mar. I know him, Madam: at a marriage-feast,
Between Lord Perigort and the beauteous heir[11]
Of Jaques Falconbridge, solemnized[12]
In Normandy, saw I this Longaville.
A man of sovereign parts[13] he is esteem'd;
Well fitted in the arts,[14] glorious in arms:
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,
If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil,
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;[15]
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills
It should none spare that come within his power.
Prin. Some merry mocking lord, belike; is 't so?
Mar. They say so most that most his humours know.
Prin. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?
Kath. The young Dumaine, a well-accomplish'd youth,
Of all that virtue love for virtue lov'd:
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill,
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though he[16] had no wit.
I saw him at the duke Alençon's once;
And much too little of that good I saw
Is my report to his great worthiness.[17]
Ros. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him: if[18] I have heard a truth,
Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal.
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,[19]
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.
Prin. God bless my ladies! are they all in love,
That every one her own[20] hath garnished
With such bedecking ornaments of praise?
Lord. Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter Boyet.

Prin. Now, what admittance, lord?
Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach;
And he and his competitors in oath[21]
Were all address'd[22] to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt,
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes here to besiege his court,
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled[23] house.
Here comes Navarre. *[The Ladies mask.*

Enter King, Longaville, Dumaine, Biron, *and Attendants.*

King. Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.
Prin. Fair, I give you back again; and welcome I have not yet: the roof of this court[24] is too high to be yours, and welcome to the wide fields[25] too base to be mine.
King. You shall be welcome, Madam, to my court.
Prin. I will be welcome then. Conduct me thither.
King. Hear me, dear lady: I have sworn an oath.
Prin. Our Lady[26] help my lord! he 'll be forsworn.
King. Not for the world, fair Madam, by my will.
Prin. Why, will shall break it; will, and nothing else.
King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.[27]
Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where[28] now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
I hear, your grace hath sworn out house-keeping:
'T is deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,
And sin to break it.[29]
But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold:
To teach a teacher[30] ill beseemeth me.
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,
And suddenly resolve me in my suit. *[Gives a paper.*
King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.
Prin. You will the sooner that I were away,
For you 'll prove perjur'd, if you make me stay.
Biron. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?
Ros. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?[31]

Fol. hat die Q. *peerelse*, vielleicht aus *peerless* verdruckt. 14) *the* vor *arts* fügte erst die zweite Folioausg. ein: wohlausgestattet in den freien Künsten und Wissenschaften. — *the arts* sind die *artes liberales*, wie in Twelfth-Night (A. 1, Sc. 3) *O, had I but followed the arts!* 15) *sharp wit* = scharfer Witz, steht im Gegensatz zu *blunt will* = grober, rücksichtsloser Wille oder Trieb, zugleich steht *sharp* = spitz, dem *blunt* = stumpf, gegenüber. — *to match with* = mit Etwas paaren. 16) So die Q.; die Fol. *she*. 17) Mein Bericht von dem Guten, was ich an ihm sah, ist viel zu gering im Verhältniss zu seinem grossen Werth. 18) So die Q.; die Fol. hat *as* für *if*. 19) Selbst alte Leute, die sonst nur erhabene und ernste Dinge hören mögen, werden zu jugendlichem Muthwillen gestimmt und lauschen den Erzählungen Biron's. 20) scil. *her own love*. 21) *competitor* = Genosse, Verbündeter. — *competitors in oath* ist als ein Wort zu fassen und synonym mit dem vorhergehenden *vow-fellows* = Eidgenossen. 22) *addressed* = gerüstet, bereit. 23) So die Fol.; die Q. *unpeeled*. 24) Sie versteht darunter den Himmel, der sich über ihnen wölbt. 25) So Q. und Fol. Manche Hgg. lesen willkürlich *wild fields*. 26) Mit *Our Lady* = Unsere liebe Frau, erwiedert die Prinzessin scherzhaft die Anrede *dear lady* und fügt eben so scherzhaft antithetisch *my lord* hinzu. 27) *what it is* bezieht sich auf *I have sworn an oath*. 28) *where* für *whereas*. 29) Wenn Ihr verschworen habt, Haus zu halten, den gastfreien Wirth zu spielen, so ist es nach meiner Ansicht eine eben so schlimme Sünde, diesen Eid zu halten, wie es nach Eurer Ansicht eine ist, ihn zu brechen. 30) *to teach a teacher* = Jemanden zu belehren, der eher mich belehren könnte. So sagte die Prinzessin vorher zu Boyet *to task a tasker*. 31) Die Q. theilt diese Rede und die folgenden der Katharine zu, die Fol. passender der Rosaline. 32) Dass ich so rasch mit der Antwort bei der Hand bin, rührt von Euch her. —

Biron. I know you did.
Ros. How needless was it then
To ask the question!
Biron. You must not be so quick.
Ros. 'T is 'long of you,[32] that spur me with such questions.
Biron. Your wit 's too hot, it speeds too fast, 't will tire.
Ros. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.
Biron. What time o' day?
Ros. The hour that fools should ask.
Biron. Now fair befall your mask![33]
Ros. Fair fall the face it covers!
Biron. And send you many lovers!
Ros. Amen, so you be none.
Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.
King. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;
Being but the one half of an entire sum,
Disbursed by my father in his wars.
But say, that he, or we, (as neither have)
Receiv'd that sum, yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which,
One part of Aquitain is bound to us,
Although not valued to the money's worth.
If then the king your father will restore
But that one half which is unsatisfied,
We will give up our right in Aquitain,
And hold fair friendship with his majesty.
But that, it seems, he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid
A hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,
On payment[34] of a hundred thousand crowns,
To have his title live in Aquitain;
Which we much rather had depart withal,[35]
And have the money by our father lent,
Than Aquitain, so gelded[36] as it is.
Dear princess, were not his requests so far
From reason's yielding, your fair self should make
A yielding, 'gainst some reason, in my breast,[37]
And go well satisfied to France again.
Prin. You do the king my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so unseeming[38] to confess receipt
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.
King. I do protest, I never heard of it;
And if[39] you prove it, I 'll repay it back,
Or yield up Aquitain.
Prin. We arrest your word.
Boyet, you can produce acquittances
For such a sum, from special officers
Of Charles his father.
King. Satisfy me so.
Boyet. So please your grace, the packet is not come,
Where that and other specialities are bound:
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.
King. It shall suffice me: at which interview,
All liberal reason I will yield unto.[40]
Meantime, receive such welcome at my hand,
As honour, without breach of honour, may
Make tender of to thy true worthiness.
You may not come, fair princess, in[41] my gates;
But here without you shall be so receiv'd,
As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart,
Though so denied fair[42] harbour in my house.
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell:
To-morrow shall we[43] visit you again.
Prin. Sweet health and fair desires consort your grace!
King. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place!
[Exeunt KING *and his Train.*
Biron. Lady, I will commend you to mine own heart.
Ros. 'Pray you, do my commendations;[44] I would be glad to see it.
Biron. I would you heard it groan.
Ros. Is the fool[45] sick?
Biron. Sick at the heart.
Ros. Alack! let it blood.
Biron. Would that do it good?

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quick ist = rasch, und = schnippisch. 33) Da Rosaline wie die übrigen Damen maskirt ist, kann Biron nur ihrer Maske, nicht ihrem Angesicht, das er nicht sieht, alles Schöne wünschen. 34) *on payment* verbesserte Theobald das *one payment* der Q. und Fol. Der König von Frankreich verlangt von Navarra die Zahlung von hunderttausend Kronen, verlangt aber nicht, womit Navarra eher zufrieden wäre, vermittelst der Zahlung einer gleichen Summe, sein Anrecht auf Aquitanien zu behaupten. — Hunter wies in Monstrelet's französischer Chronik eine hierher gehörige historische Notiz nach, welche Sh. oder vielmehr der Verfasser der von Sh. muthmasslich benutzten, verloren gegangenen Novelle gekannt haben muss. Die Stelle lautet in der Uebersetzung von Johnes so: *Charles King of Navarre came to Paris to wait on the King. He negotiated so successfully with the King and Privy Counsel that he obtained a gift of the castle of Nemours with some of its dependent castle-wicks, which territory was made a duchy. He instantly did homage for it, and at the same time surrendered to the King the castle of Cherburgh, the county of Evreux, and all other lordships he possessed within the kingdom of France, renouncing all claims or profits in them to the King and to his successors, on condition that with the duchy of Nemours the King of France engaged to pay him two hundred thousand golden crowns of the coin of the King our Lord.* — Hunter bemerkt dazu, dass der König von Navarra, dem der französische König 200,000 Goldkronen zu zahlen gelobte, im Jahre 1425 starb. 35) *to depart with* = Etwas fahren lassen. 36) *to geld*, eigentlich = verschneiden, gebraucht Sh. auch sonst wie hier = verstümmeln, schmälern in seinem Umfange, von einem Landstrich; so in K. Henry IV. First Part (A. 3, Sc. 1) *Gelding the opposed continent as much || As on the other side it takes from you.* 37) *make a yielding* ist mit *in my breast* zu verbinden. 38) *to unseem* = durch den Anschein oder das Ansehen leugnen, nach Analogie von *to unspeak, to unswear* u. a. gebildet: indem Ihr Euch das Ansehen gebet, als bekenntet Ihr Euch nicht zu dem Empfange dessen, was so gewissenhaft Euch ausgezahlt wurde. 39) *and if* ist vielleicht auch hier = *an if* zu lesen. 40) So die Q.; die Fol. *would I yield unto.* 41) So die Fol.; die Q. *within.* 42) So die Q.; die Fol. *farther.* 43) So die Q.; die Fol. *we shall.* 44) Rosaline spielt mit dem Worte *commend* = empfehlen, das Biron gebraucht hatte: Richtet meine Empfehlungen an Euer Herz aus und sagt ihm, dass ich es gern einmal sähe. 45) *fool* = Närrchen, ein scherzhafter Liebkosungsausdruck, hier auf des Biron's Herz angewandt. — Die Fol. hat *soul* für *fool* der Q. 46) *my physic* = meine Arzneikunde, so viel ich von der Arznei verstehe. — Das *ay* bildet

Ros. My physic[46] says, ay.
Biron. Will you prick 't with your eye?
Ros. *No point,*[47] with my knife.
Biron. Now, God save thy life!
Ros. And yours from long living!
Biron. I cannot stay thanksgiving. *[Retiring.*
Dum. Sir, I pray you, a word. What lady is that same?
Boyet. The heir of Alençon, Rosaline her name.
Dum. A gallant lady. Monsieur, fare you well. *[Exit.*
Long. I beseech you a word. What is she in the white?
Boyet. A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light.
Long. Perchance, light in the light.[48] I desire her name.
Boyet. She hath but one for herself; to desire that, were a shame.
Long. Pray you, Sir, whose daughter?
Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.
Long. God's blessing on your beard!
Boyet. Good Sir, be not offended.
She is an heir of Falconbridge.
Long. Nay, my choler is ended.
She is a most sweet lady.
Boyet. Not unlike, Sir; that may be.[49] *[Exit* Long.
Biron. What 's her name in the cap?
Boyet. Katharine, by good hap.
Biron. Is she wedded, or no?
Boyet. To her will,[50] Sir, or so.
Biron. O! you are welcome, Sir. Adieu.
Boyet. Farewell to me, Sir, and welcome to you.
[Exit Biron. — *Ladies unmask.*
Mar. That last is Biron, the merry mad-cap lord:
Not a word with him but a jest.
Boyet. And every jest but a word.
Prin. It was well done of you to take him at his word.
Boyet. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to board.
Mar. Two hot sheeps, marry!
Boyet. And wherefore not ships?[51]
No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.
Mar. You sheep, and I pasture: shall that finish the jest?
Boyet. So you grant pasture for me.
[Offering to kiss her.
Mar. Not so, gentle beast.
My lips are no common, though several they be.[52]
Boyet. Belonging to whom?
Mar. To my fortunes and me.
Prin. Good wits will be jangling; but, gentles, agree.
This civil war of wits were much better used
On Navarre and his book-men, for here 't is abused.
Boyet. If my observation (which very seldom lies),
By the heart's still rhetoric, disclosed with eyes,[53]
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.
Prin. With what?
Boyet. With that which we lovers entitle, affected.[54]
Prin. Your reason?
Boyet. Why, all his behaviours[55] did make their retire
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:
His heart, like an agate,[56] with your print impressed,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed:
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,[57]
Did stumble with haste in his eyesight to be;
All senses to that sense[58] did make their repair,
To feel only looking on fairest of fair.
Methought, all his senses were lock'd in his eye,
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;
Who, tend'ring their own worth, from where[59] they were glass'd,
Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd.
His face's own margent did cote such amazes,[60]
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes.
I 'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,
An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.
Prin. Come to our pavilion: Boyet is dispos'd.[61]
Boyet. But to speak that in words, which his eye hath disclos'd.
I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue, which I know will not lie.
Ros. Thou art an old love-monger,[62] and speak'st skilfully.
Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of him.
Ros. Then was Venus like her mother, for her father is but grim.

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dann ein Wortspiel mit *eye*. 47) Wortspiel zwischen *no point*, einem modischen, halb aus dem Französischen entlehnten Verneinungsausdruck = durchaus nicht, und *point* = Spitze. 48) Vielleicht leichtfertig, wenn sie bei Licht, genau betrachtet wird. — Wortspiele mit *light* in seinen verschiedenen Bedeutungen sind die gewöhnlichsten bei Sh. 49) *may be* bildet einen ungenauen Reim auf *lady*. — In Boyet's folgender Rede liest Dyce *Rosaline, by good hap*, und demgemäss oben *The heir of Alençon, Katharine her name*. Indess war dieses Fehlgreifen der beiden Frager, welche durch die Masken irregeleitet wurden, vielleicht Absicht des Dichters. 50) *wedded to her will* = eigensinnig. 51) *sheep* und *ship* bilden auch in Two Gentlemen of Verona (A. 1, Sc. 1) und in Comedy of Errors (A. 4, Sc. 1) ein Wortspiel, das die damalige Aussprache deutlicher gemacht haben muss, als die jetzige. 52) Wortspiel zwischen *several* = getrennt, aus verschiedenen Theilen bestehend, wie Ober- und Unterlippe, und *several* = eingehegtes Land, Privatbesitz, im Gegensatz zu *common* = Gemeindeland. Maria wehrt sich gegen Boyet's Küsse und sagt, abgesehen von dem Wortspiel: Meine Lippen darf nicht Jeder küssen, wenn auch vielleicht ein gewisser Einzelner. Auf den letzten Theil des Satzes bezieht sich Boyet's nächste Frage. — *several* in der angeführten Bedeutung findet sich in Sir John Oldcastle: *Of late he 's broke into a several* || *Which doth belong to me, and there he spoils* || *Both corn and pasture.* 53) Die stumme Beredsamkeit des Herzens, in den Augen enthüllt, welche sich dem Boyet an dem Benehmen des Königs von Navarra verrathen hat. 54) Angesteckt von dem, was wir Kenner der Liebe verliebt nennen. — Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 2, Anm. 31. 55) *behaviour* = Geberde, Bewegung. — Die Fol. hat *do* für *did* der Q. 56) Sh. dachte an Agatsteine, in Ringe gefasst, auf denen eine menschliche Figur eingegraben ist. 57) Die Zunge war ungeduldig oder verdriesslich darüber, dass sie nur sprechen konnte, nicht auch sehen, wie das Auge. 58) *that sense* bezieht sich auf *eyesight*. — Alle andern Sinne zogen sich in den Gesichtssinn zurück und empfanden nur, äusserten ihre Thätigkeit nur, indem sie auf die Schönste der Schönen blickten. 59) So die Q.; die Fol. *from whence*. — In der folgenden Zeile hat die Fol. *point out* für *point you*. 60) Das Bild ist entlehnt von den Randbemerkungen der Bücher, welche zur Erklärung des Textes dienen. — Für *to cote* = notiren, in der Fol. *coate*, setzen die Hgg. meistens *quote*. 61) Die Prinzessin fasst *disposed* = sinnlich aufgeregt, aufgelegt

Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches?
Mar. No.
Boyet. What then, do you see?
Ros. Ay, our way to be gone.
Boyet. You are too hard for me. *[Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Another Part of the Same.

Enter ARMADO *and* MOTH.[1]

Arm. Warble, child: make passionate my sense of hearing.
Moth. [Singing.] *Concolinel* —
Arm. Sweet air! — Go, tenderness of years: take this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him festinately[2] hither; I must employ him in a letter to my love.
Moth. Master, will you win your love with a French brawl?[3]
Arm. How meanest thou? brawling in French?
Moth. No, my complete master; but to jig off[4] a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet,[5] humour it with turning up your eyelids,[6] sigh a note, and sing a note; sometime through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love; sometime through the nose, as if you snuffed up love by smelling love; with your hat, penthouse-like, o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms crossed on your thin belly-doublet,[7] like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting;[8] and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away. These are complements, these are humours,[9] these betray nice wenches, that would be betrayed without these, and make them men of note, (do you note me?)[10] that most are affected to these.
Arm. How hast thou purchased this experience?
Moth. By my penny[11] of observation.
Arm. But O, — but O, —
Moth. — the hobby-horse is forgot.[12]
Arm. Callest thou my love hobby-horse?
Moth. No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love, perhaps, a hackney.[13] But have you forgot your love?
Arm. Almost I had.
Moth. Negligent student! learn her by heart.
Arm. By heart, and in heart, boy.
Moth. And out of heart, master: all those three I will prove.
Arm. What wilt thou prove?
Moth. A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant: by heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her; in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.
Arm. I am all these three.
Moth. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.
Arm. Fetch hither the swain: he must carry me a letter.
Moth. A message well sympathized:[14] a horse to be ambassador for an ass.
Arm. Ha, ha! what sayest thou?
Moth. Marry, Sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited. But I go.
Arm. The way is but short. Away!

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zur Kurzweil, in welchem Sinne *disposed* für sich allein stehend häufig bei Beaumont und Fletcher vorkommt. Boyet aber fasst *disposed* in gewöhnlichem Sinne und ergänzt es mit *to speak in words.* — Die meisten Hgg. setzen hinter *dispos'd* einen Gedankenstrich. 62) *love-monger* = Kuppler.

1) Die Fol. hat *Enter Braggart and Boy* und gleich darunter *Song.* — Aber Moth singt erst auf Armado's Aufforderung irgend ein in das Belieben der Schauspieler gestelltes Lied, das im Text ausgelassen und durch das sinnlose *Concolinel* bezeichnet wird. 2) *festinately* = schleunig, eilig. Sh. hat das affectirte Wort auch in K. Lear (A. 3, Sc. 7) *advise the duke, where you are going, to a most festinate preparation.* 3) *French brawl* = ein lebhafter Ringtanz, der mit seiner Ausgelassenheit den Puritanern vielen Anstoss gab. Den Namen erklärt Massinger's The Picture: *'T is a French brawl, an apish imitation || Of what you really perform in battle.* — Armado versteht dafür = Händel anfangen auf Französisch. — Die Fol. lässt *master* zu Anfang der Rede aus. 4) *to jig off* = leicht hinwerfen, in hüpfender Sangweise, hier von der Melodie gebraucht. 5) *to canary* = leicht tanzen, ein Verbum gebildet von dem substantivischen *canary* = ein munterer, leichtfüssiger Tanz, der von den Kanarischen Inseln eingeführt sein soll, und der auch in All's well that ends well (A. 2, Sc. 1) erwähnt wird: *and make you dance canary with spritely fire and motion.* — *your feet* in der Q., *the feet* in der Fol. 6) So die Q.; die Fol. *eye.* 7) So die Fol.; die Q. *thin belly's doublet.* — *thin* bezieht sich auf das abgetragene Wamms des Spaniers. — Staunton bezieht, in Uebereinstimmung mit dem Folgenden *like a rabbit on a spit*, das Adjectiv *thin* auf *belly*, nicht auf *doublet*, und schreibt daher *on your thin-belly doublet*, wie schon Capell schrieb. 8) Sh. muss irgend ein altes Porträit im Sinne gehabt haben, das einen Mann mit den Händen in der Tasche darstellte. 9) Zu *complements* vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1, Anm. 44. — *humours* ist ein Modeausdruck der Zeit, der das Streben nach Originalität und Sonderbarkeit in Erscheinung und Haltung bezeichnet. 10) Und macht Die zu Leuten, von denen man Notiz nimmt, die am meisten damit sich zu schaffen machen. — Der Page spielt mit dem Worte *note.* — *do you note me?* ist Capell's plausible Emendation für das *do you note, men?* der alten Ausgg. 11) So verbesserte Hanmer das *penne* der Q. und Fol., woraus die spätern Folioausgg. *pen* gemacht haben. — *penny* wurde, in Verbindung mit dem Possessiv genommen, sprichwörtlich geradezu für *money* gebraucht, wie Staunton nachweist. — *penne*, die Lesart der Q. und Fol., findet sich, demselben Kritiker zufolge, häufig für *penny* geschrieben. 12) Moth ergänzt die Seufzer Armado's mit dem Refrain eines Liedes, der das Verschwinden der stereotypen Figur des Steckenpferdes aus den festlichen Aufzügen des ersten Maitags beklagt. Der Vers kommt sprichwörtlich bei vielen alten Schriftstellern vor, und auch in Hamlet (A. 3, Sc. 2) *For, O! for, O! the hobby-horse is forgot.* 13) Gegensatz zwischen *colt* = ein Füllen, ein junges, unzugerittenes Pferd, und *hackney* = ein abgerittener Miethsgaul, zugleich = gemeines Weibsbild. 14) Eine Sendung, die in schöner Uebereinstimmung ist mit dem Sender. — Armado versteht Moth's Rede nur halb, und dieser deutet sie deshalb nachher willkürlich um, als wenn er unter dem *ass* nicht seinen Herrn, sondern den

Moth. As swift as lead, Sir.
Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?
Moth. *Minime*, honest master; or rather, master, no.
Arm. I say, lead is slow.
Moth. You are too swift,[15] Sir, to say so:
Is that lead slow which is fir'd from a gun?
Arm. Sweet smoke of rhetoric!
He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that 's he: —
I shoot thee at the swain.
Moth. Thump then, and I flee. *[Exit.*
Arm. A most acute juvenal; voluble and free of grace!
By thy favour, sweet welkin;[16] I must sigh in thy face:
Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.
My herald is return'd.

Re-enter MOTH *with* COSTARD.

Moth. A wonder, master! here 's a Costard broken in a shin.[17]
Arm. Some enigma, some riddle: come, — thy *l'envoy;* — begin.
Cost. No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy!* no salve in the mail,[18] Sir. O, Sir, plantain, a plain plantain! no *l'envoy*, no *l'envoy:* no salve, Sir, but a plantain.
Arm. By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly thought, my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling: O, pardon me, my stars! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for *l'envoy*, and the word *l'envoy* for a salve?
Moth. Do the wise think them other? is not *l'envoy* a salve?[19]
Arm. No, page: it is an epilogue, or discourse, to make plain
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been sain.[20]
I will example it:
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.
There 's the moral. Now the *l'envoy.*
Moth. I will add the *l'envoy.* Say the moral again.
Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.
Moth. Until the goose came out of door,
And stay'd the odds by adding four.
Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my *l'envoy.*
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.
Arm. Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.
Moth. A good *l'envoy*, ending in the goose. Would you desire more?
Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose, that 's flat. —
Sir, your penny-worth is good, an your goose be fat. —
To sell a bargain well, is as cunning as fast and loose:[21]
Let me see, a fat *l'envoy;* ay, that 's a fat goose.
Arm. Come hither, come hither. How did this argument begin?
Moth. By saying that a Costard was broken in a shin.
Then call'd you for the *l'envoy.*
Cost. True, and I for a plantain: thus came your argument in;
Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the goose that you bought,
And he ended the market.[22]
Arm. But tell me; how was there a Costard broken in a shin?
Moth. I will tell you sensibly.
Cost. Thou hast no feeling[23] of it, Moth: I will speak that *l'envoy.*
I, Costard, running out, that was safely within,
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.
Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.
Cost. Till there be more matter[24] in the shin.
Arm. Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise thee.
Cost. O! marry me to one Frances?[25] — I smell some *l'envoy*, some goose in this.
Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean, setting thee at liberty, enfreedoming thy person: thou wert immured, restrained, captivated, bound.
Cost. True, true, and now you will be my purgation, and let me loose.
Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance;

Clown verstanden hätte. 15) *swift* = voreilig im Reden, schnell mit der Antwort bei der Hand, zugleich als Gegensatz von *slow*. 16) *welkin* = Firmament, Himmel. — Dass Seufzer zu Nebel werden und so die Luft trüben, kommt öfter bei Sh. vor. — In der vorigen Zeile behalten die Cambridge Edd. die Lesart der Q. *volable* für *voluble* der Fol. 17) Wortspiel zwischen *Costard*, dem Namen des Clown, der sich am Schienbein verletzt hat und jetzt hinkend auftritt, und *costard* = Schädel. — Dass ein Schädel sich das Schienbein zerstossen kann, ist für Armado ein Räthsel, dessen Auflösung er begehrt. — *l'envoy* ist der altfranzösische Kunstausdruck für den Schluss eines Gedichts, der die Dedication oder Sendung an irgend Jemanden enthielt, und wurde schon früh in die englische Terminologie eingeführt. 18) Q. und Fol. haben *in thee male.* — *male* ist *mail* = Beutel, Sack. — Costard hält *enigma* und *l'envoy* für zwei Arzneien, nach denen Armado rufe, um sie bei Costard's Wunde anzuwenden, und verbittet sich diese wie überhaupt jede Salbe, die im Beutel, etwa eines Quacksalbers oder Barbiers, stecke. — Tyrwhitt las *in them all.* 19) Armado versteht *salve* = Salbe, Moth das lateinische *salve* = sei gegrüsst, das in dem *l'envoy* ausgedrückt wird. 20) Alte Participialform von *to say*, hier affectirt und als Reim gebraucht. — Die folgenden neun Zeilen bis *by adding four* finden sich nur in der Q. — *by adding four* ist ungenau: indem sie eins hinzufügt, so dass es vier werden. 21) *fast and loose*, ein Taschenspielerkunststück, wobei dem Einen das, was er fest in der Hand zu halten glaubt, von dem Andern wegescamotirt wird. — Sh. spielt darauf an in Antony and Cleopatra (A. 4, Sc. 10) *Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,* || *Beguil'd me.* 22) Steevens citirt dazu aus Ray's Sprichwörtersammlung *Three women and a goose make a market.* 23) Moth fasst *sensibly* = verständlich, Costard = empfindlich, in Bezug auf den Schmerz seiner Wunde, den Moth nicht fühlen kann. 24) Das Wortspiel zwischen *matter* = Stoff, Gegenstand, und = Materie, Eiter, findet sich auch in Troilus and Cressida (A. 2, Sc. 1) *then would come some matter from him.* 25) Costard versteht für *enfranchise* gleichsam *one Frances* und giebt diesem Worte die Deutung *marry to Frances.* — Zugleich erinnert ihn der Name an *malady of France* = die venerische Krankheit, die in familiärer Sprache auch *the goose* hiess. — Ein zweites Wortspiel bringt Knight hier herein, indem er liest: *Marry, Costard, I will enfranchise thee* für *Sirrah Costard etc.* 26) *significant* = Zeichen, Andeutung, hier affectirt = Brief.

and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this: bear this significant[26] to the country maid Jaquenetta. There is remuneration; for the best ward of mine honour is rewarding my dependents. Moth, follow. *[Exit.*

Moth. Like the sequel,[27] I. — Signior Costard, adieu.

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incony Jew![28] — *[Exit* Moth.

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O! that 's the Latin word for three farthings: three farthings, remuneration. — »What 's the price of this inkle? a penny: — No, I 'll give you a remuneration:« why, it carries it. — Remuneration! — why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

Enter Biron.

Biron. O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

Cost. Pray you, Sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Biron. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marry, Sir, half-penny farthing.[29]

Biron. O! why then, three-farthing-worth of silk.

Cost. I thank your worship. God be wi' you.

Biron. O, stay, slave! I must employ thee:
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

Cost. When would you have it done, Sir?

Biron. O! this afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it, Sir. Fare you well.

Biron. O! thou knowest not what it is.

Cost. I shall know, Sir, when I have done it.

Biron. Why, villain, thou must know first.

Cost. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

Biron. It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, it is but this: —
The princess comes to hunt here in the park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady;
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,
And Rosaline they call her: ask for her,
And to her white hand see thou do commend
This seal'd-up counsel.[30] There 's thy guerdon: go.
[Gives him money.

Cost. Gardon. — O! sweet gardon![31] better than remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better. Most sweet gardon! — I will do it, Sir, in print.[32] — Gardon — remuneration! *[Exit.*

Biron. O! — And I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip;
A very beadle to a humorous sigh;
A critic, nay, a night-watch constable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,[33]
Than whom no mortal so magnificent!
This wimpled,[34] whining, purblind, wayward boy;
This senior-junior,[35] giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid,
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malecontents,
Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,[36]
Sole imperator, and great general
Of trotting paritors:[37] (O my little heart!)[38]
And I to be a corporal of his field,
And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop![39]
What! I love! I sue! I seek a wife![40]
A woman, that is like a German clock,[41]
Still a repairing, ever out of frame,
And never going aright, being a watch,[42]

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27) Anspielung auf den Verfolg einer Erzählung in mehreren Abtheilungen, der in alten Geschichtsbüchern so bezeichnet wurde: *Here followeth the sequel of such a story, or adventure.* 28) *incony* = fein, artig, ein Epitheton, das bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen häufig ist; so in Marlowe's Jew of Malta: *While I in thy incony lap do tumble.* — Für *Jew*, das der Reim hier sichert, will Costard eigentlich *jewel* sagen, wie dieselbe spasshafte Verwechselung in Midsummer-Night's Dream (A. 3, Sc. 1) steht: *Most brisky juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew.* 29) *farthing* ist der vierte Theil eines Penny, also ist *half-penny farthing = three farthing.* — *silk* = Seidenband, das Allgemeine für *carnation ribbon* = hochrothes Band. 30) Dieses versiegelte Geheimniss, d. h. der Liebesbrief Biron's an Rosaline. 31) *guerdon* = Lohn. — Costard, der dieses affectirte Wort nicht versteht und *gardon* ausspricht, hält das für die Bezeichnung der Summe, die Biron ihm gegeben hat, wie *remuneration* für die Bezeichnung der geringeren Summe, welche er von Armado erhielt. — Nach Steevens' Angabe sollte Sh. diesen Witz entlehnt haben aus einem Pamphlet von J. M., betitelt A Health to the gentlemanly Profession of Serving-men, das 1578 erschienen sein sollte. Aber die Schrift erschien erst, wie Collier nachweist, 1598. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 231. 32) *in print* = buchstäblich, genau. So in Two Gentlemen of Verona (A. 2, Sc. 1) *All this I speak in print, for in print I found it.* 33) Biron hat den Knaben Cupido bisher so tyrannisirt, wie ein Schulmeister, der hochtrabender auftritt, als irgend ein anderer Sterblicher, seine Schulknaben. 34) *wimpled* = mit einem Schleier oder einer Binde versehen, geht auf Cupido's verbundene Augen. 35) Das Widerspruchsvolle in dem Wesen der Liebe wird in der widerspruchsvollen Charakteristik Cupido's hier angedeutet. — *senior-junior* = zugleich ein alter Mann und ein junger; *giant-dwarf* = zugleich ein Riese und ein Zwerg. — *senior-junior* ist eine zuerst von Theobald erwähnte glückliche Emendation; Q. und Fol. lesen *this signior Junios giant dwarf.* — *Dan* = *Master*, ein ehrwürdiger Titel, der dem knabenhaften Cupido eigentlich nicht zukommt, also ein neuer Widerspruch. 36) *plackets* und *codpieces* werden hier als die unterscheidenden Kleidungsstücke der Frauen und der Männer erwähnt und deuten zugleich auf die Theile, welche speciell der Herrschaft Cupido's unterworfen sind. 37) *paritor* oder *apparitor* = ein geistlicher Gerichtsdiener, dessen Amt es war, Diejenigen zur gerichtlichen Verantwortung zu laden, welche sich ein von Cupido eingegebenes Vergehen hatten zu Schulden kommen lassen. 38) Biron bejammert seine Schwäche und Kleinmüthigkeit, die ihn so hat sinken lassen, dass er jetzt Cupido's Adjutant *(corporal of the field)* geworden ist. 39) *like a tumbler's hoop* ist mit *his colours* zu verbinden: Biron, der Cupido's bunte Farben als Zeichen seines Dienstes trägt, nimmt sich darin aus wie der Reif eines Gauklers, der auch mit bunten Bändern umwickelt ist, damit man gleich erkenne, wem er angehöre. 40) Viele Hgg. lesen zur Verbesserung des Verses mit Hanmer *what? I! I love.* 41) Die Uhren, welche in jener Zeit meistens aus Deutschland eingeführt wurden, werden wegen ihres complicirten, stets der Reparatur bedürftigen Mechanismus auch bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen erwähnt; so in Webster's Drama Westward Hoe: *No German clock, no mathematical engine whatsoever requires so much reparation.* 42) Wortspiel zwischen

But being watch'd that it may still go right!
Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worst of all;
And, among three, to love the worst of all;
A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,[43]
With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes;
Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,[44]
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard;
And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague
That Cupid will impose for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and groan:[45]
Some men must love my lady, and some Joan.[46] *[Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Another Part of the Same.

Enter the PRINCESS, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, *Lords, Attendants, and a Forester.*

Prin. Was that the king, that spurr'd his horse so hard
Against the steep uprising of the hill?
Boyet. I know not; but I think, it was not he.
Prin. Whoe'er he was, he show'd a mounting mind.
Well, lords, to-day we shall have our despatch;
On Saturday we will return to France. —
Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush,
That we must stand and play the murderer in?[1]
For. Hereby, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A stand where you may make the fairest shoot.
Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,
And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoot.
For. Pardon me, Madam, for I meant not so.
Prin. What, what? first praise me, and again say, no?
O short-liv'd pride! Not fair? alack for woe!
For. Yes, Madam, fair.
Prin. Nay, never paint me now:[2]
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glass, take this for telling true.
[Giving him money.
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.
For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.
Prin. See, see! my beauty will be sav'd by merit.
O heresy in fair,[3] fit for these days!
A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise. —
But come, the bow: — now mercy goes to kill,
And shooting well is then accounted ill.
Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:
Not wounding, pity would not let me do 't;[4]
If wounding, then it was to show my skill,
That more for praise than purpose meant to kill.
And, out of question, so it is sometimes:
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes,
When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart;
As I for praise alone now seek to spill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.[5]
Boyet. Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty[6]
Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords?
Prin. Only for praise; and praise we may afford
To any lady that subdues a lord.

Enter COSTARD.

Prin. Here comes a member of the commonwealth.[7]
Cost. God dig-you-den[8] all. Pray you, which is the head lady?
Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.
Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?
Prin. The thickest, and the tallest.
Cost. The thickest, and the tallest? it is so; truth is truth.
An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,
One o' these maids' girdles for your waist should be fit.
Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest here.
Prin. What 's your will, Sir? what 's your will?
Cost. I have a letter from Monsieur Biron to one Lady Rosaline.
Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter! he 's a good friend of mine.
Stand aside, good bearer. — Boyet, you can carve;
Break up this capon.[9]
Boyet. I am bound to serve. —
This letter is mistook; it importeth none here:
It is writ to Jaquenetta.
Prin. We will read it, I swear.
Break the neck of the wax,[10] and every one give ear.

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watch = Uhr, und *to watch* = auf Etwas achten. 43) *whitely* = die blasse Gesichtsfarbe, und *velvet brow* = die sammetweiche Stirn, soll das Verzärtelte und Verwöhnte der Rosaline andeuten, wodurch ihr Sieg über Biron für ihn um so schmählicher wird. — Die Q. und Fol. haben *whitley*, und die Cambridge Edd. setzen *wightly* dafür, das sie mit *nimble* erklären. 44) *to do the deed* im obscönen Sinn = es thun. — Dass Biron seufzen muss um Eine, die sonst nicht eben spröde ist, beklagt er noch besonders. 45) *and*, das in Q. und Fol. fehlt, fügt die zweite Folioausg. hinzu. 46) *my lady* = die vornehme Dame, und *Joan* = irgend ein gewöhnliches Mädchen, das diesen familiären Namen hat, stehen im Gegensatz.

1) Das Gebüsch, in welchem die Prinzessin dem Wilde auflauern soll. 2) Wenn der Förster die Prinzessin jetzt wider sein besseres Wissen schön nennen wollte, so wäre das gleichsam eine falsche Schminke, deren er sich nicht bedienen soll. — Wegen seiner Wahrheitsliebe nennt sie dann den Förster *good my glass* = ihren Spiegel, der ihr Gesicht zeigt, wie es wirklich ist. 3) *fair* = Schönheit, concret und abstract gefasst. Der Förster begeht eine Ketzerei, indem er die Prinzessin wider seine Ueberzeugung für schön erklärt, bloss weil sie ihm Geld giebt. 4) Wenn ich das Wild nicht treffe, will ich sagen, ich hätte es aus Mitleid nicht getroffen. 5) scil. *to which my heart means no ill.* 6) *self-sovereignty* = Selbstherrschaft, Herrschaft aus eigener Machtvollkommenheit. — Vielleicht ist aber *self* = *same* und demgemäss von *sovereignty* zu trennen, wie in K. Richard II. (A. 1, Sc. 2) *that self mould that fashion'd thee.* 7) Unter *commonwealth* versteht die Prinzessin ironisch den besondern Staat, den der König mit seinen Genossen auf seine strengen Statuten begründet hat, und dessen Mitglieder auch Armado und der Clown sein sollten. 8) Corrumpirt aus *God give you good even.* — Costard versteht unter *head lady* = *chief lady*, die Prinzessin; die Prinzessin versteht darunter scherzhaft = die Dame mit einem Kopfe. 9) *to carve* und namentlich *to carve a capon* galt für eine wesentliche Eigenschaft eines feinen Cavaliers

Boyet. [Reads.] »By heaven, that thou art fair, is most infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth itself, that thou art lovely. More fairer than fair, beautiful[11] than beauteous, truer than truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroical vassal! The magnanimous and most illustrate[12] king Cophetua set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Zenelophon,[13] and he it was that might rightly say, *veni, vidi, vici;* which to anatomize in the vulgar[14] (O base and obscure vulgar!), *videlicet,* he came, saw, and overcame: he came, one; saw,[15] two; overcame, three. Who came? the king; why did he come? to see; why did he see? to overcome. To whom came he? to the beggar; what saw he? the beggar; who overcame he? the beggar. The conclusion is victory: on whose side? the king's. The captive is enriched: on whose side? the beggar's. The catastrophe is a nuptial:[16] on whose side? the king's? — no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the king, for so stands the comparison; thou the beggar, for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may. Shall I enforce thy love? I could. Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; for titles? titles; for thyself? me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.

Thine, in the dearest design of industry,
DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.«

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar
'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey;
Submissive fall[17] his princely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play.
But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

Prin. What plume of feathers is he that indited this letter?
What vane? what weathercock? did you ever hear better?

Boyet. I am much deceiv'd, but I remember the style.

Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it erewhile.[18]

Boyet. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court;
A phantasm, a Monarcho,[19] and one that makes sport
To the prince, and his book-mates.

Prin. Thou, fellow, a word.
Who gave thee this letter?

Cost. I told you; my lord.

Prin. To whom shouldst thou give it?

Cost. From my lord to my lady.

Prin. From which lord to which lady?

Cost. From my lord Biron, a good master of mine,
To a lady of France, that he call'd Rosaline.

Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter. — Come, lords, away. —
Here, sweet, put up this: 't will be thine another day.[20]
[Exeunt PRINCESS *and Train.*

Boyet. Who is the suitor? who is the suitor?[21]

Ros. Shall I teach you to know?

Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Ros. Why, she that bears the bow.
Finely put off!

Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns;[22] but if thou marry,
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.
Finely put on!

Ros. Well then, I am the shooter.

Boyet. And who is your deer?[23]

Ros. If we choose by the horns, yourself: come not near.
Finely put on, indeed! —

Mar. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow.

Boyet. But she herself is hit lower. Have I hit her now?

Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when king Pepin of France[24] was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when queen Guinever of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Ros. *Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,*
Thou canst not hit it, my good man.
Boyet. *An I cannot, cannot, cannot,*
An I cannot, another can.
[Exeunt Ros. *and* KATH.

Cost. By my troth, most pleasant: how both did fit it!

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wie Boyet. — *to break up* = aufschneiden, und = aufbrechen. — Unter *capon* versteht die Prinzessin hier Biron's Liebesbrief, statt dessen der Clown den andern von Armado an Jaquenetta hergiebt. 10) *to break the neck of the wax* = dem Siegel den Hals brechen, scherzhaft = das Siegel erbrechen. 11) Das *more*, das vor *fairer* pleonastisch steht, ist zu *beautiful* zu ergänzen. 12) *illustrate* = erlaucht, wahrscheinlich für *illustrated*, hier in affectirtem Sinne gebraucht. 13) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 2, Anm. 18. 14) Um das in der Vulgärsprache, d. h. auf Englisch, zu zerlegen, zu erklären. Q. und Fol. haben *annothanize* für *anatomize*. 15) Q. und Fol. haben für *saw* beide Male *see*. Das erste *see* corrigirten schon die späteren Folioausgg., das zweite Rowe. 16) *nuptial* gebraucht Sh. häufig als Singular. 17) *fall* ist Imperativ: *fall submissively before his princely feet.* — Diese sechs Verse, welche manche Hgg. als eine Nachschrift zu Armado's Briefe betrachten, scheinen eher eine poetische Persiflage, welche Boyet über das Verhältniss des Armado zur Jaquenetta anstellt. 18) Boyet meint, er habe schon früher Etwas in demselben Styl gelesen; die Prinzessin versteht ihn scherzhaft, er erinnere sich dessen, was er eben erst gelesen habe. — Zugleich kehrt, wie *to go o'er* = Etwas übersehen, und = Etwas durchlesen, zeigt, das Wortspiel zwischen *style* und *stile* hier wieder (vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1, Anm. 55). — *erewhile* = kürzlich, eben erst. 19) Anspielung auf einen öffentlichen Charakter der Zeit, einen phantastischen, prahlerischen Engländer, der den Italiener spielte und den man *Monarcho* oder *Monarch* nannte, weil er sich einbildete, Herr der ganzen Welt zu sein. Weitere Notizen von ihm, die zu seiner Charakteristik beitragen, vgl. Einleitung pag. 231. — *phantasm* (*phantasime* in Q. und Fol.) = ein Wesen, das ganz aus Einbildung besteht, scheint Sh. hier für *fantastic* zu gebrauchen. 20) Rosaline soll vorläufig sich mit Armado's Brief begnügen; der rechte, von Biron, wird ihr ein andermal zu Theil werden. 21) Q. und Fol. setzen *shooter*, dessen Aussprache zu Sh.'s Zeit der von *suitor* sehr ähnlich gelautet haben muss, da ein Wortspiel zwischen beiden hier beabsichtigt ist. 22) Wortspiel zwischen *horns* = gehörnte Thiere, Rehe u. s. w., und *horns* = Hörner des Hahnrei, die in dem Jahr, wo Rosaline sich verheirathet, nicht missrathen, vielmehr reichlich wachsen werden. — Zugleich ist ein Gegensatz zwischen *put off* = abgefertigt, und *put on* = angeheftet. 23) *deer* = Reh, in Bezug auf *shooter; dear* = Liebster, in Bezug auf *suitor*.

Mar. A mark marvellous well shot, for they both did hit it.[25]
Boyet. A mark! O! mark but that mark: a mark, says my lady.
Let the mark have a prick in 't[26] to mete at, if it may be.
Mar. Wide o' the bow-hand:[27] i' faith, your hand is out.
Cost. Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he 'll ne'er hit the clout.
Boyet. An if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.
Cost. Then will she get the upshot by cleaving the pin.[28]
Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily;[29] your lips grow foul.
Cost. She 's too hard for you at pricks, Sir: challenge her to bowl.
Boyet. I fear too much rubbing.[30] Good night, my good owl. *[Exeunt* Boyet *and* Maria.
Cost. By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown!
Lord, Lord! how the ladies and I have put him down!
O' my truth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar wit!
When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely,[31] as it were, so fit.
Armado o' the one side,[32] — O, a most dainty man!
To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan!
To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly a' will swear![33] —
And his page o' t' other side, that handful of wit!
Ah, heavens, it is a most pathetical nit!
Sola, sola! *[Shouting within.*
[Exit Costard.

SCENE II.

The Same.

Enter Holofernes, *Sir* Nathaniel, *and* Dull.

Nath. Very reverend sport, truly: and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

Hol. The deer was, as you know, *sanguis,* — in blood;[1] ripe as the pomewater,[2] who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *coelo,* — the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab, on the face of *terra,* — the soil, the land, the earth.
Nath. Truly, Master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least: but, Sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.[3]
Hol. Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo.*
Dull. 'T was not a *haud credo,* 't was a pricket.
Hol. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, *in via,* in way of explication; *facere,* as it were, replication, or, rather, *ostentare,* to show, as it were, his inclination, — after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or, ratherest,[4] unconfirmed fashion, — to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.
Dull. I said, the deer was not a *haud credo:* 't was a pricket.
Hol. Twice-sod simplicity, *bis coctus!* —
O, thou monster ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!
Nath. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book;
he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts;
And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be
(Which we of taste and feeling are)[5] for those parts that do fructify in us more than he;[6]
For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool,
So,[7] were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school:
But, *omne bene,* say I; being of an old father's mind,
Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.
Dull. You two are book-men: can you tell by your wit,

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24) Diesen alten Frankenkönig erwähnt Sh. auch sonst, um etwas Längstvergangenes, Längstbegrabenes zu bezeichnen. So in All's well that ends well (A. 2, Sc. 1) *whose simple touch is powerful to araise king Pepin;* und in K. Henry VIII. (A. 1, Sc. 3) *Their very noses had been counsellors || To Pepin or Chlotarius.* — Diese Hinweisung überbietet Boyet dann mit der Citation der fabelhaften Königin Genevra von Britannien, Gemahlin des Königs Arthur. 25) *it,* das der Reim und Sinn fordert, fehlt in Q. und Fol. — *Canst thou hit it?* wird öfter als Bezeichnung einer bekannten Tanzmelodie bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen erwähnt. 26) *prick* = der Pflock in der Schiessscheibe, woran man misst, wie nahe der Schuss dem weissen Mittelpunkt der Scheibe *(clout)* gekommen. Zugleich mit einer frivolen Nebenbedeutung. 27) *bow-hand* = die den Bogen spannende Hand, daher *wide o' the bow-hand* = weit nach links. 28) *the pin* verbessert die zweite Folioausg. den Druckfehler der Q. und Fol. *the is in,* eine Wiederholung des Schlusses der vorigen Zeile. — *to cleave the pin* = den Pflock spalten, der das Weisse in der Mitte der Zielscheibe festhielt, also mitten in's Weisse treffen. Wieder mit obscönem Nebensinn. 29) *greasily* = schmutzig. 30) *to rub,* vom Kegelspiel, wenn die Kugel irgendwo anstösst und nicht das Ziel erreicht. 31) Mit *vulgar* und *obscenely* will Costard gerade das Gegentheil sagen. 32) Die Q. hat *Armatho ath toothen side,* die Fol. *Armathor ath to the side.* — Vielleicht wollte Sh. den Clown *o' th' other side* sagen lassen. — Staunton vermuthet, dass die Verse von *O, my truth, most sweet jests etc.* bis zu *pathetical nit* nur durch ein Versehen an diese Stelle gerathen seien, und eigentlich zu Costard's Lobrede auf den Pagen (A. 3, Sc. 1) *My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incony Jew!* gehören. 33) Dyce vermuthet, dass eine Zeile hier ausgefallen sei, die auf *swear* gereimt habe.

1) *in blood* = muthig, aufgeregt. Derselbe Jagdausdruck steht in K. Henry VI. First Part (A. 4, Sc. 2) *If we be English deer, be then in blood.* — Manche Hgg. stellen willkürlich um *in sanguis, — blood.* 2) *pomewater* = Königsapfel. 3) Diese und die folgenden technischen Benennungen für Wild in verschiedenen Altersstufen finden ihre Erklärung in dem Drama The Return from Parnassus (1606): *Now, Sir, a buck is the first year a fawn; the second year, a pricket; the third year, a sorrell; the fourth year, a soar; the fifth year, a buck of the first head; the sixth year, a complete buck.* 4) *ratherest* ist eine von Holofernes auf eigene Hand gebildete Superlativform; die alte, zu Sh.'s Zeit schon veraltete, lautet *rathest.* 5) *which* bezieht sich auf *thankful:* wie wir, Leute von Geschmack und Empfindung, dankbar sind. — *of* fügte Tyrwhitt vor *taste* ein. 6) scil. *than in him. — he,* hier des Reims wegen gesetzt, steht jedoch auch anderswo als absolutes Pronomen

What was a month old at Cain's birth, that 's not five weeks old as yet?

Hol. Dictynna,[8] goodman Dull; Dictynna, goodman Dull.

Dull. What is Dictynna?

Nath. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old when Adam was no more;
And raught[9] not to five weeks, when he came to five-score.
The allusion holds in the exchange.[10]

Dull. 'T is true indeed: the collusion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say, the pollusion holds in the exchange, for the moon is never but a month old; and I say beside, that 't was a pricket that the princess kill'd.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to humour the ignorant, I have[11] call'd the deer the princess kill'd, a pricket.

Nath. *Perge*, good Master Holofernes, *perge;* so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

Hol. I will something affect the letter;[12] for it argues facility.

The preyful[13] *princess pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket;*
Some say, a sore; but not a sore, till now made sore[14] *with shooting.*
The dogs did yell; put L to sore, then sorel jumps from thicket;
Or pricket sore, or else sorel; the people fall a hooting.
If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores; O sore L!
Of one sore I an hundred make, by adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.[15]

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater*,[16] and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion. But the gift is good in those in[17] whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you, and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutored by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. *Mehercle!* if their sons be ingenious, they shall want no instruction; if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them.[18] But, *vir sapit qui pauca loquitur.* A soul feminine saluteth us.

Enter Jaquenetta *and* Costard.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, master person.

Hol. Master person, — *quasi* pers-on.[19] An if one should be pierced, which is the one?

Cost. Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hogshead.[20]

Hol. Of piercing a hogshead! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 't is pretty; it is well.

Jaq. Good master person, be so good as read me this letter. It was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armado: I beseech you, read it.

Hol. *Fauste, precor gelidâ quando pecus omne sub umbrâ Ruminat,*[21] and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice:

— Venetia, Venetia,
Chi non ti vede, non ti pretia.[22]

Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! who understandeth thee not, loves thee not. — *Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa.*[23] — Under

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für *him.* 7) scil. *so would it ill become a patch, to see him in a school, if he were set on learning.* — In dem vorigen Verse liegt der Nachdruck auf *me.* — In dem folgenden Verse ist mit *an old father* ein alter Kirchenvater gemeint. 8) Die alten Ausgg. haben hier *Dictisima* und in der folgenden Rede *Dictima.* Vielleicht sollte Dull das Wort wirklich verkehrt aussprechen. 9) *raught*, ein von Sh. auch sonst gebrauchtes Präteritum und Participium von *to reach.* 10) Die Anspielung verliert nichts dadurch, dass ich Adam für Cain setze. 11) *I have*, das in Q. und Fol. fehlt, fügte zuerst Rowe hinzu. 12) *to affect the letter* = den Buchstaben in Obacht nehmen, auf die Wiederholung desselben Buchstabens zu Anfang des Worts Gewicht legen. — Solche Alliteration soll Holofernes' Leichtigkeit im Versemachen darthun. 13) Für *preyful* = beutereich, beutevoll, ein von Holofernes gebildetes affectirtes Wort, das in Q. und Fol. sich findet, setzen die meisten Hgg. mit der Folioausg. von 1632 *praiseful.* 14) Wortspiel zwischen *sore* = vierjähriger Rehbock (vgl. oben Anm. 3), und = wund. Aus *sore* wird dann *sorel* = dreijähriger Rehbock, durch das in *yell* steckende *ell (l)* und durch Hinzufügung des *L*, der römischen Ziffer für 50, oder zweier *LL* = 100, in Uebereinstimmung mit der alten Orthographie *sorell.* — Zur Verdeutlichung des Wortspiels setzte Warburton am Ende des fünften Verses *O sore l* für *O sorell* der alten Ausgg. 15) Wortspiel zwischen *talent* = Talent, und *talon* = Klaue, Kralle, das zu Sh.'s Zeit häufig auch *talent* geschrieben wurde. So in Twelfth-Night (A. 1, Sc. 5) *those that are fools, let them use their talents.* — Zugleich besteht ein Wortspiel mit *to claw* = sich krauen, sich schmeicheln. 16) *pia mater* = feine Hirnhaut, wird als Sitz des Ingeniums auch erwähnt in Twelfth-Night (A. 1, Sc. 5) und in Troilus and Cressida (A. 2, Sc. 1). Die Fol. hat *primater.* 17) *in* fehlt in der Q. 18) *capable* = leicht auffassend, empfänglich, und *to put it to* = Einem Etwas beibringen, Beides mit obscönem Nebensinn. 19) *person*, alt für *parson*, hier als Wortspiel mit *pierce one*, das in älterer Aussprache dem *perce on* näher kam. 20) *hogshead* = Oxhoft, und *hog's head* = Schweinskopf. 21) Der Anfang der lateinischen Eklogen des Dichters Baptista Spagnolus aus Mantua aus dem 15. Jahrhundert — damals ein in Schulen vielgelesenes Buch, das nach diesem Anfangsverse citirt wurde. — Diese Rede, welche in Q. und Fol. der Pfarrer spricht, theilte zuerst Theobald mit Recht dem Holofernes zu. Auch die zunächst folgenden Reden sind in den alten Ausgg. verkehrt vertheilt. 22) Ein italienisches Sprichwort, das Sh. vielleicht aus Florio's Second Fruits (1591) kannte, woselbst es in obiger Fassung und Orthographie steht. — Die Q. und Fol. haben ganz entstellt: *Venchie, vencha, que non te vnde, que non te perreche.* — In der zweitfolgenden Zeile lässt die Fol. *loves thee not* aus. 23) Holofernes, der, während der Pfarrer mit der Lectüre des Briefes beschäftigt ist, erst seine Sprachkenntnisse in lateinischen und italienischen Citaten gezeigt hat, beweist

pardon, Sir, what are the contents? or, rather, as Horace says in his — What, my soul, verses?

Nath. Ay, Sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse: *lege, domine.*[24]

Nath. *If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?*
Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed!
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;
Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bowed.
Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,
Where all those pleasures live, that art would comprehend:
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice.
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend;
All ignorant that soul, that sees thee without wonder;
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire.
Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is music, and sweet fire.
Celestial as thou art, O! pardon love this wrong,[25]
That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue!

Hol. You find not the apostrophes,[26] and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified; but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, *caret.* Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? *Imitari* is nothing, so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse his rider.[27] But, damosella, virgin, was this directed to you?

Jaq. Ay, Sir, from one Monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.[28]

Hol. I will overglance the superscript. »To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous lady Rosaline.« I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing[29] to the person written unto: »Your ladyship's in all desired employment, Biron.« Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent[30] of the stranger queen's, which, accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried. — Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king; it may concern much. Stay not thy compliment,[31] I forgive thy duty; adieu.

Jaq. Good Costard, go with me. — Sir, God save your life!

Cost. Have with thee, my girl.

[Exeunt Cost. *and* Jaq.

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father[32] saith, —

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father; I do fear colourable colours. But, to return to the verses: did they please you, Sir Nathaniel?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where if before repast[33] it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto;* where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention. I beseech your society.

Nath. And thank you too; for society (saith the text) is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it. — *[To* Dull.*]* Sir, I do invite you too: you shall not say me nay: *pauca verba.* Away! the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Part of the Same.

Enter Biron, *with a paper.*

Biron. The king he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself: they have pitch'd a toil; I am toiling in a pitch, — pitch that defiles.[1] Defile! a foul word. Well, sit thee down, sorrow![2] for so, they say, the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool. Well proved, wit! By the Lord,

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jetzt sein Gesangstalent, indem er die Tonleiter singt. 24) Das folgende Gedicht findet sich mit einigen Abweichungen in der von Jaggard (1599) unter Sh.'s Namen herausgegebenen Gedichtsammlung The Passionate Pilgrim. 25) Verzeihe der Liebe das Unrecht, das sie begeht, da sie den Preis des Himmels mit solcher irdischen Zunge singt. — Die meisten Hgg. fassen *love* als Vocativ. Im Passionate Pilgrim lauten die Schlussverse: *Celestial as thou art, O! do not love that wrong,* || *To sing the heavens' praise with such an earthly tongue.* 26) Die Fol. hat *apostrophas,* vielleicht der pedantischen Redeweise des Holofernes gemäss, und in der nächsten Zeile *cangenet.* 27) Die Hgg. verstehen '*tired horse* = aufgeputztes Pferd, und finden darin eine Anspielung auf Bankes' dressirtes Kunstpferd (vgl. A. 1, Sc. 2, Anm. 9). — Vielleicht ist ohne solche Anspielung *tired* = abgemattet, durch Dressur so abgearbeitet, dass das Pferd thut, was der Reiter will. — Das Vorhergehende lautet in Q. und Fol. ganz sinnlos *the ierkes of inuention imitarie is nothing.* Theobald stellte den Sinn wieder her. 28) Sh. übersah hier, dass Jaquenetta den Brief Biron's an Rosaline für einen Brief Armado's an sie selber hielt. Eben so seltsam ist die Bezeichnung Biron's als eines der Hofherren der Prinzessin von Frankreich, die hier ungenau als Königin bezeichnet wird. — Dass Biron der Schreiber ist, scheint Holofernes auch erst aus der Ueberschrift als etwas ganz Neues zu entdecken. 29) *writing* setzte Rowe für das *written* der Q. und Fol., das Holofernes vielleicht in seinem eigenthümlichen Style für *having written* gebraucht. 30) *sequent* = *follower,* ein affectirtes Wort des pedantischen Holofernes. 31) Halte Dich hier nicht mit Abschiedscomplimenten auf; sie sind eine Pflicht, die ich Dir erlasse. 32) Der Pfarrer will wieder einen Kirchenvater citiren (vgl. oben Anm. 7). — Mit solchen Citaten will der Pfarrer, wie Holofernes argwöhnt, nur den verdächtigen Handel, dem sie eben auf die Spur gekommen sind, beschönigen. 33) So die Q.; die Fol. *being repast.*

1) Wortspiel zwischen *to pitch* = aufstellen, und *pitch* = Pech, so wie zwischen *toil* = Jagdnetz, und *to toil* = sich abarbeiten. Bei *pitch* denkt Biron zugleich an die Augen der Rosaline, die er (A. 3, Sc. 1) bezeichnet hatte *With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes.* — Das Sprichwort *Pitch defiles* hat Sh. auch in K. Henry IV. First Part (A. 2, Sc. 4). 2) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1, Anm. 71. — Die alten Ausgg. haben hier *set* für *sit.*

this love is as mad as Ajax:[3] it kills sheep; it kills me, I a sheep. Well proved again o' my side! I will not love; if I do, hang me: i' faith, I will not. O! but her eye, — by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her! yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love, and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already: the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in.[4] Here comes one with a paper: God give him grace to groan![5]

[Gets up into a tree.

Enter the KING, *with a paper.*

King. Ay me!

Biron. [Aside.] Shot, by heaven! — Proceed, sweet Cupid: thou hast thump'd him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap. — In faith, secrets! —

King. [Reads.] *So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not*
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eyebeams, when their fresh rays have smote
The night of dew[6] *that on my cheeks down flows:*
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;
Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep:
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee,
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will show:
But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
O queen of queens, how far dost thou excel,
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.

How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper. Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here?

[Steps aside.

Enter LONGAVILLE, *with a paper.*

[Aside.] What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.

Biron. [Aside.] Now, in thy likeness, one more fool appear![7]

Long. Ay me! I am forsworn.

Biron. [Aside.] Why, he comes in like a perjure, wearing papers.[8]

King. [Aside.] In love, I hope: sweet fellowship in shame!

Biron. [Aside.] One drunkard loves another of the name.

Long. Am I the first that have been perjur'd so?

Biron. [Aside.] I could put thee in comfort: not by two that I know.[9]
Thou mak'st the triumviry, the corner-cap of society,[10]
The shape of love's Tyburn, that hangs up simplicity.

Long. I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move.
O sweet Maria, empress of my love!
These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

Biron. [Aside.] O! rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose:
Disfigure not his slop.[11]

Long. This same shall go. —
[He reads the sonnet.[12]
Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace, being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:
Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
Exhal'st this vapour-vow; in thee it is:
If broken, then it is no fault of mine,
If by me broke. What fool is not so wise,
To lose an oath, to win a paradise?

Biron. [Aside.] This is the liver-vein,[13] which makes flesh a deity;

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3) Auf den Mythus von Ajax spielt Sh. an in K. Henry VI. Second Part (A. 5, Sc. 1) *And now, like Ajax Telamonius, || On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury.* 4) Wenn der König, Dumaine und Longaville auch verliebt wären, damit wir alle vier unser Gelübde brächen. 5) Gebe Gott ihm die Gnade, dass er auch verliebt sei, auch Liebesseufzer ausstosse. — Für die folgende moderne Bühnenweisung haben die alten Ausgg. nur *He stands aside.* 6) Dyce ändert dafür *the dew of night.* Aber nach der poetischen Auffassung sind die Thränen, welche der König Nachts vergiesst, selbst eine thauerfüllte Nacht, die vor den Sonnenstrahlen, den Augen der Prinzessin, Morgens entweicht. Der Relativsatz bezieht sich dann auf *dew* allein, das in *night of dew* steckt. — Ebenso stellt Dyce in den Schlussversen *dost thou* in *thou dost* um, da eine Verbindung mit dem letzten Verse auch sehr wohl bei der alten Wortstellung statthaft ist. — Die meisten Hgg. setzen hinter *excel* ein Ausrufungszeichen. 7) Biron ahmt scherzhaft den Ton der Geisterbeschwörer nach, die einem Geist vorschreiben, in welcher Gestalt er zu erscheinen habe. So in Romeo and Juliet (A. 2, Sc. 1) *That in thy likeness thou appear to us.* — So soll Longaville, als ein Narr mehr zu den vorhandenen zwei Narren, in seiner eigenen Gestalt erscheinen. 8) *perjure*, eine ältere Form für *perjurer*. Die Strafe des Meineids bestand darin, dass der Meineidige Papiere vor der Brust tragen musste, welche das Bekenntniss seines Verbrechens enthielten. So in Leicester's Commonwealth: *the gentlemen were all taken and cast into prison, and afterwards were set down to Ludlow there to wear papers of perjury.* — Den folgenden Vers theilte zuerst Pope richtig dem König zu; in Q. und Fol. spricht ihn Longaville. 9) scil. *thou art not the first by two etc.:* es sind ausser Dir schon zwei Meineidige da. 10) Biron denkt dabei zuerst an das römische Triumvirat, das die höchste Spitze der damaligen Gesellschaft bildete, und dann an den aus drei Querhölzern bestehenden Galgen. — An solchem Galgen Amor's wollen die Drei die Unschuld, die sie durch ihren Meineid verloren haben, aufhängen. — *triumviry* setzt zuerst Rowe für *triumphery* der Q. und Fol. 11) *slop* = weite Hose, Pumphose, ist Theobald's Emendation für das *shop* der alten Ausgg. — *guards* = Besatz, Galonirung. — Für *shop* der alten Ausgg. liest Staunton nach einer handschriftlichen Verbesserung in einem Exemplar der Fol. *shape.* 12) Diese Bühnenweisung ist aus Q. und Fol. — Das folgende Sonett ist ebenfalls mit geringen Abweichungen in Jaggard's Passionate Pilgrim abgedruckt (vgl. A. 4, Sc. 2, Anm. 24). 13) *liver-vein* = verliebte, dichterische Ader, insofern die Leber als Sitz der verliebten Leidenschaften galt.

A green goose,[14] a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend! we are much out o' the way.

Enter DUMAINE, *with a paper.*

Long. By whom shall I send this? — Company! stay.
[Steps aside.

Biron. [Aside.] All hid, all hid; an old infant play.[15]
Like a demi-god here sit I in the sky,[16]
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.
More sacks to the mill! O heavens! I have my wish:
Dumaine transform'd: four woodcocks in a dish![17]
Dum. O most divine Kate!
Biron. [Aside.] O most profane[18] coxcomb!
Dum. By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye!
Biron. [Aside.] By earth, she is but corporal;[19] there you lie.
Dum. Her amber hairs for foul have amber coted.[20]
Biron. [Aside.] An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.
Dum. As upright as the cedar.
Biron. [Aside.] Stoop, I say:
Her shoulder is with child.[21]
Dum. As fair as day.
Biron. [Aside.] Ay, as some days; but then no sun must shine.
Dum. O, that I had my wish!
Long. [Aside.] And I had mine!
King. [Aside.] And I[22] mine too, good Lord!
Biron. [Aside.] Amen, so I had mine. Is not that a good word?
Dum. I would forget her; but a fever she
Reigns in my blood,[23] and will remember'd be.
Biron. [Aside.] A fever in your blood? why, then incision
Would let her out in saucers: sweet misprision!
Dum. Once more I 'll read the ode that I have writ.
Biron. [Aside.] Once more I 'll mark how love can vary wit.
Dum. *On a day, alack the day!*
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom, passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan[24] *passage find;*
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;
Air, 'would I might triumph so!
But alack! my hand is sworn,
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:[25]
Vow, alack! for youth unmeet,
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee;
Thou for whom Jove would swear[26]
Juno but an Ethiop[27] *were;*
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.
This will I send, and something else more plain,
That shall express my true love's fasting pain.[28]
O, 'would the king, Biron, and Longaville,
Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note;[29]
For none offend, where all alike do dote.
Long. [Advancing.] Dumaine, thy love is far from charity,
That in love's grief desir'st society:
You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
To be o'erheard, and taken napping so.
King. [Advancing.] Come, Sir, you blush;[30] as his your case is such;
You chide at him, offending twice as much:
You do not love Maria; Longaville
Did never sonnet for her sake compile,
Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart
His loving bosom, to keep down his heart.
I have been closely shrouded in this bush.
And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush.
I heard your guilty rhymes, observ'd your fashion,
Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion:
Ay me! says one; O Jove! the other cries;
One, her hairs[31] were gold, crystal the other's eyes:
[To LONG.*]* You would for paradise break faith and troth;

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14) Ein unreifes, einfältiges Mädchen. 15) Das Kinderspiel, wo Alle sich verstecken und Einer sie sucht. — Auf ein anderes Kinderspiel deutet Biron nachher hin: *More sacks to the mill!* 16) *in the sky* ist mit *like a demi-god* zu verbinden. Biron denkt an irgend eine griechische Gottheit, welche so in eine Wolke gehüllt die Sterblichen in ihrem Thun und Treiben belauscht. 17) *woodcock*, ein Vogel, der sich leicht fangen lässt, wird häufig übertragen von einem Thoren gesagt, der sich hat betreffen lassen, wie hier gleichsam vier Schnepfen in einer Schüssel liegen: d. h. der König und seine drei Eidgenossen. 18) *profane* = lästerlich in Reden, weil Dumaine, der die Katharine als *divine* bezeichnet, damit eine Gotteslästerung begeht. 19) *but* ist Theobald's Emendation für *not* der alten Ausgg., welche die beiden Wörter manchmal verwechseln. Capell wollte *not* beibehalten und *corporal* als Vocativ für eine scherzhafte Anrede an Dumaine betrachten. — *corporal* ist Sh.'s Wort für *corporeal.* 20) Ihr ambrafarbiges Haar ist so vollkommen, dass es den Ambra selber neben sich als schmutzig und hässlich bezeichnet oder erscheinen lässt. — Ueber *coted*, wofür die meisten Hgg. *quoted* lesen, vgl. A. 2, Sc. 1, Anm. 60. 21) Die eine Schulter ist höher als die andere und so dick ausgewachsen, als ob sie schwanger wäre. 22) *I* fehlt in Q. und Fol. 23) So in Hamlet (A. 4, Sc. 3) *For like the hectic in my blood he rages.* 24) *'gan*, Theobald's Emendation für *can* der Q. und der Fol., wird bestätigt durch den Abdruck des Gedichts in Jaggard's Passionate Pilgrim und in England's Helicon (1600), woselbst auch richtiger zwei Zeilen weiter *wish'd* für das *wish* von Q. und Fol. steht. 25) *thorn* verbesserte Rowe das *throne* der alten Ausgg., in Uebereinstimmung mit dem Abdruck in England's Helicon. 26) Manche Hgg. fügen zur Vervollständigung des Verses *even* vor *Jove* ein; doch steht der Vers ebenso in Passionate Pilgrim und in England's Helicon. 27) *an Ethiop* = eine Mohrin, eine gewöhnliche Bezeichnung weiblicher Hässlichkeit bei Sh. 28) *fasting pain* = der Schmerz der Entbehrung, der Enthaltung vom Genusse. — Capell las *lasting* für *fasting.* 29) Den Makel eines Eidbrüchigen. 30) *you blush* ist gesagt in Bezug auf das vorhergehende *I should blush.* Die weitere Construction ist *your case is such as his case.* 31) Malone erklärt: *the hairs of one of the ladies were of the colour of gold, and the eyes of the other as crystal.* Vielleicht aber ist zu *one* aus dem Vorhergehenden *says* oder *cries*

[To Dumaine.*]* And Jove for your love would infringe an oath.
What will Biron say, when that he shall hear
Faith[32] infringed, which such zeal did swear?
How will he scorn! how will he spend his wit!
How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it!
For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.[33]
Biron. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy. —
[Descends from the tree.[34]
Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me:
Good heart! what grace hast thou, thus to reprove
These worms for loving, that art most in love?
Your eyes do make no coaches;[35] in your tears
There is no certain princess that appears:
You 'll not be perjur'd, 't is a hateful thing:
Tush! none but minstrels like of sonneting.[36]
But are you not asham'd? nay, are you not,
All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot?[37]
You found his moth; the king your moth[38] did see;
But I a beam do find in each of three.
O! what a scene of foolery have I seen,
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen![39]
O me! with what strict patience have I sat,
To see a king transformed to a gnat![40]
To see great Hercules whipping a gig,
And profound Solomon tuning[41] a jig,
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
And critic[42] Timon laugh at idle toys!
Where lies thy grief? O! tell me, good Dumaine:
And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?
And where my liege's? all about the breast; —
A candle,[43] ho!
King. Too bitter is thy jest.
Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?
Biron. Not you to me, but I betray'd by you:[44]
I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin
To break the vow I am engaged in;
I am betray'd, by keeping company
With men like you, men of inconstancy.[45]
When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?
Or groan for Joan?[46] or spend a minute's time
In pruning me?[47] When shall you hear that I
Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
A leg, a limb? —
King. Soft! Whither away so fast?[48]
A true man, or a thief, that gallops so?
Biron. I post from love; good lover, let me go.

Enter Jaquenetta *and* Costard.

Jaq. God bless the king!
King. What present[49] hast thou there?
Cost. Some certain treason.
King. What makes treason here?
Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, Sir.
King. If it mar nothing neither,
The treason and you go in peace away together.
Jaq. I beseech your grace, let this letter be read:
Our person misdoubts it; it was treason, he said.
King. Biron, read it over. [Biron *reads the letter.*
Where hadst thou it?
Jaq. Of Costard.
King. Where hadst thou it?
Cost. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.
King. How now! what is in you? why dost thou tear it?
Biron. A toy, my liege, a toy: your grace needs not fear it.
Long. It did move him to passion, and therefore let 's hear it.
Dum. [Picking up the pieces.] It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.
Biron. [To Costard.*]* Ah, you whoreson loggerhead! you were born to do me shame. —
Guilty, my lord, guilty! I confess, I confess.
King. What?

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zu suppliren: der Eine sagt, ihr Haar sei Gold, und die Augen der Andern, von denen der Andere spricht, waren Krystall. 32) Manche Hgg. lesen mit der zweiten Folioausg. *a faith.* — Vielleicht wäre *faiths* zu schreiben und zweisylbig *(faithes)* auszusprechen, wie in K. Henry VI. Third Part (A. 2, Sc. 5) *months* einmal *monthes* zu sprechen ist. 33) *by me* = in Bezug auf mich. 34) Diese Bühnenweisung ist modern. Vgl. oben Anm. 5. 35) Biron spielt an auf einen Vers in dem Sonett des Königs *No drop but as a coach doth carry thee. — coaches* verbesserte Rowe das *couches* der alten Ausgg. 36) Liebesgedichte machen ist eine Arbeit, an der nur Bänkelsänger oder Dichter von Profession für Geld ihr Gefallen finden können. 37) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1, Anm. 36. 38) *moth* = Atom, Splitter im Auge, im Gegensatz zu *beam* = Balken, ist hier wie anderswo Sh.'s Wort, an dessen Stelle die Hgg. das moderne *mote* setzen. 39) *teen* = Schmerz, Leid. 40) Diese Vergleichung bezieht sich wohl nicht auf die winzige Gestalt des Thieres, im Gegensatz zu der Grösse und Majestät des Königs, welche durch dessen Verliebtheit verdunkelt wird, als vielmehr auf das beständige Gesumme der Mücke, mit welcher die eben so nichtssagenden gereimten Liebesklagen des Königs verglichen werden. — Staunton vermuthet *quat* = verächtlicher Mensch, Lump. 41) So die Fol.; die Q., der die meisten Hgg. folgen, liest *to tune.* 42) *critic* = Tadler, Schmähsüchtiger. 43) So die Q.; die Fol. *candle,* ein Druckfehler, den sogar Rowe noch beibehielt. 44) Die meisten Hgg. haben mit den alten Ausgg. *by me* und *to you.* Die Umstellung, auf deren Nothwendigkeit schon M. Mason hinwies, nahm zuerst Dyce vor. 45) Dieser Vers lautet in Q. und Fol., offenbar verstümmelt: *With men like men, of inconstancy.* — Die zweite Folioausg. fügte vor *inconstancy,* wie es scheint, auf's Gerathewohl, ein triviales *strange* ein. — Die meisten Hgg. lesen mit M. Mason *With moon-like men, of strange inconstancy.* — Der obige Text ist der von Dyce nach einer sinnreichen und plausiblen Conjectur von Sidney Walker adoptirte. 46) *groan* und *Joan* bilden geflissentlich einen Reim. Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 1, Anm. 46. — Die Cambridge Edd. lesen *groan for love,* nach einem Exemplar der Q., im Besitze des Herzogs von Devonshire. Sonst hat die Q. *Ione,* und die Fol. *Ioane.* 47) *to prune one's self* = sich putzen, wie ein Vogel mit dem Schnabel sein Gefieder putzt. 48) Biron unterbricht sich mitten in seiner Strafrede und eilt davon, da er Costard kommen sieht, in dem er, als in dem Ueberbringer seines Briefes an die Rosaline, den Verräther seiner Liebe wittert. — *true man* = ehrlicher Mann, ist der gewöhnliche Gegensatz zu *thief.* 49) Unter *present* versteht der König scherzhaft die Jaquenetta, Costard in seiner Antwort den Brief, den er mit dem ihm unverständlichen Worte des Pfarrers als *treason* bezeichnet. Gleich darauf versteht Costard *to make* in dem Sinne von = betragen, kosten, und der König gebraucht dann den

Biron. That you three fools lack'd me, fool, to make up the mess;[50]
He, he, and you, and you, my liege, and I,[51]
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.
O! dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.
Dum. Now the number is even.
Biron. True, true; we are four. —
Will these turtles be gone?
King. Hence, Sirs; away!
Cost. Walk aside the true folk,[52] and let the traitors stay. *[Exeunt* COSTARD *and* JAQUENETTA.
Biron. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O! let us embrace.
As true we are, as flesh and blood can be:
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face;
Young blood doth not obey an old decree:[53]
We cannot cross the cause why we are[54] born;
Therefore, of all hands must we be forsworn.
King. What, did these rent lines show some love of thine?
Biron. Did they? quoth you. Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,
That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,
Bows not his vassal head, and, stricken blind,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?[55]
What peremptory, eagle-sighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majesty?
King. What zeal, what fury hath inspir'd thee now?
My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon,
She an attending star, scarce seen a light.
Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron.
O! but for my love, day would turn to night.[56]
Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty
Do meet, as at a fair,[57] in her fair cheek;
Where several worthies make one dignity,
Where nothing wants that want itself doth seek.
Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues, —
Fie, painted rhetoric! O! she needs it not:
To things of sale a seller's praise belongs;[58]
She passes praise; then praise too short doth blot.
A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,[59]
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.
O! 't is the sun, that maketh all things shine!
King. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.
Biron. Is ebony like her? O wood[60] divine!
A wife of such wood were felicity.
O! who can give an oath? where is a book?[61]
That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack,
If that she learn not of her eye to look:
No face is fair, that is not full so black.
King. O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the scowl of night;[62]
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.
Biron. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.
O! if in black my lady's brows be deck'd,
It mourns, that painting, and usurping hair,
Should ravish doters with a false aspect;[63]
And therefore is she born to make black fair.
Her favour turns the fashion of the days;
For native blood is counted painting now,
And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,
Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.
Dum. To look like her are chimney-sweepers black.
Long. And since her time are colliers counted bright.
King. And Ethiops of their sweet complexion crack.
Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.
Biron. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,
For fear their colours should be wash'd away.
King. 'T were good, yours did; for, Sir, to tell you plain,
I 'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.
Biron. I 'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday here.
King. No devil will fright thee then[64] so much as she.
Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.
Long. *[Showing his shoe.]* Look, here 's thy love: my foot and her face see.
Biron. O! if the streets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread.
Dum. O vile! then, as she goes, what upward lies
The street should see, as she walk'd overhead.[65]
King. But what of this? Are we not all in love?

Gegensatz, der bei Sh. sehr oft sich wiederholt, von *to make* und *to mar*. 50) *mess* = ein Speisevorrath für vorzugsweise vier Tischgenossen, daher eine Gesellschaft oder Sippschaft von Mehreren, namentlich von vier Personen. 51) So Q. und Fol. Manche Hgg. lassen das erste *and you*, das Biron an einen der drei Höflinge richtet, weg. 52) Als *the true folk* redet Costard, der die eben vorhergehenden Bekenntnisse Biron's wörtlich genommen hatte, sich selbst und Jaquenetta an. — Zu *traitors* scil. *treason* vgl. Anm. 49 oben. 53) *old decree* = eine Satzung, die vom Alter herrührt oder die für das Alter berechnet ist. — In der vorigen Zeile liest die Fol. *heaven will show*. 54) So die Fol.; die Q. *were*. 55) Eine Anspielung auf die Sonnenanbeter unter den Wilden, welche beim Aufgang der Sonne ihre Andacht verrichten. Eine gleiche Verehrung nimmt auch Rosaline für sich in Anspruch, da ihr Anblick die Anbeter ebenso blendet, wie die Sonne. 56) Der Nachdruck liegt auf *my*: Wenn meine Geliebte nicht wäre und nicht wie eine Sonne am Himmel leuchtete, so würde der Tag zur Nacht werden. 57) Wortspiel zwischen *fair* = Jahrmarkt, Verkehrsplatz, und *fair* = schön. — Der Plural *do meet* steht wegen des Plurals *of all complexions*. 58) So in Sh.'s Sonnets (21) *I will not praise, that purpose not to sell*. 59) Ein Klausner, der hundert Jahre lang abgenutzt, verschlissen wurde. 60) *wood* verbesserte Theobald das *word* der Q. und Fol. 61) Biron sieht sich nach Jemandem um, der qualificirt ist, ihm einen Eid abzunehmen, und nach einer Bibel, auf die er solchen Eid leisten kann. — So in K. Henry IV. First Part (A. 2, Sc. 4) *I 'll be sworn upon all the books in England*. 62) *scowl* ist Warburton's Conjectur für *school* der Q. und Fol. Andere lesen *stole of night*, was Theobald vorschlug. — Dyce dachte an *soil* (in alter Orthographie *soyle*). — Im Gegensatz zu solchem Schwarz, das die Farbe der Hölle ist, steht dann *beauty's crest* = der Gipfel oder der Helmschmuck der Schönheit, die höchste Schönheit, welche hell glänzen muss wie der Himmel. 63) Anspielung auf die Sitte, dass Damen ihrem dunkeln Teint eine helle Schminke gaben und falsches blondes Haar trugen. Ueber solchen Betrug trauert gleichsam in der Farbe der Trauer, in Schwarz, die brünette Rosaline. — Q. und Fol. lassen hinter *painting* das *and* weg, das die vierte Folioausg. supplirt. — Die zweite Folioausg. hat *an usurping hair*. 64) *then* geht auf *doomsday* = am Tage des jüngsten Gerichts, wo Rosaline schwärzer aussehen wird, als

Biron. O! nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn.
King. Then leave this chat: and, good Biron, now prove
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.
Dum. Ay, marry, there; some flattery for this evil.
Long. O! some authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, some quillets,[66] how to cheat the devil.
Dum. Some salve for perjury.
Biron. O! 't is more than need. —
Have at you then, affection's men-at-arms:[67]
Consider, what you first did swear unto, —
To fast, — to study, — and to see no woman:
Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.
Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young,
And abstinence engenders maladies.
And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,
In that each of you have[68] forsworn his book,
Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look?[69]
For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of study's excellence,
Without the beauty of a woman's face?
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They are the ground, the books, the academes,[70]
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.
Why, universal plodding prisons up[71]
The nimble spirits in the arteries,
As motion, and long-during action, tires
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,[72]
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes,
And study too, the causer of your vow;[73]
For where is any author in the world,
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,
And where we are, our learning likewise is:
Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,[74]
Do we not likewise see our learning there?
O! we have made a vow to study, lords,
And in that vow we have forsworn our books:
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
In leaden contemplation have found out
Such fiery numbers,[75] as the prompting eyes
Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with?
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain,[76]
And therefore, finding barren practisers,
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil;
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain,
But, with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power,[77]
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye;
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd:[78]
Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails:
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste.
For valour, is not Love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?[79]
Subtle as Sphinx; as sweet, and musical,
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
And, when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Make[80] heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs;
O! then his lines would ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.[81]
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world;

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alle Teufel, welche die Verdammten in die Hölle schleppen. 65) Wenn die Pflastersteine auf der Strasse aus lauter Augen beständen, so würde die Strasse indiscreter Weise die höher gelegenen Reize der Rosaline, welche der Anstand verhüllt, von unten anschauen. 66) *quillets* = Advocatenkniffe, um den Teufel zu prellen, dessen Beute sie sonst wegen ihres Wortbruches werden. 67) Passt denn auf, Ihr bewaffneten Krieger der Liebe. 68) So Q. und Fol. mit Sh.'scher Construction, welche *have* auf den Plural *of you*, das folgende *his* wieder auf den Singular *each* bezieht. 69) Dyce streicht nach Capell's Vorgange die folgenden sechs Verse bis inclusive *Promethean fire*, weil theilweise dieselben Gedanken nachher, ähnlich ausgedrückt, noch einmal wiederkehren. Biron resümirt emphatisch die Punkte, die er in seinem Vortrag beweisen wollte, nachdem er sie bewiesen hat. — Vgl. Einleitung pag. 229. — Staunton äussert sich über diesen Punkt folgendermassen: *In the present speech as in that of Rosaline* (vgl. A. 5, Sc. 2, Anm. 171) *we appear to have got both the first sketch and the completed form of the poet's intention, which makes it extremely probable that the 4to 1598 was composed from his own Ms. There can be little doubt that the passage beginning as above* (For when would you, my lord, or you, or you), *and the one lower down commencing* For where is any author in the world, *are a portion of the original draught of Biron's address, and were meant by the author to be erased after he corrected and enlarged the play.* 70) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1, Anm. 6. 71) *prisons* verbessert Theobald das *poisons* der Q. und Fol. — Warburton bemerkt dazu: *In the old system of physic they gave the same office to the arteries as is now given to the nerves.* 72) Was nun das betrifft, dass Ihr nicht das Angesicht eines Weibes sehen wollt, so habt Ihr darin u. s. w. 73) Capell und Dyce lassen die folgenden acht Zeilen bis inclusive *our books* wiederum aus. Vgl. Anm. 69. 74) Q. und Fol. lassen auf diesen Vers eine unmetrische und für den Sinn überflüssige Halbzeile *With ourselves* folgen, die offenbar aus Versehen hier in den Text gekommen ist. 75) *such fiery numbers* sind die verliebten Verse, welche sie vorher, Einer vom Andern belauscht, vorgelesen hatten. 76) Andere leidenschaftlose Künste und Wissenschaften behaupten das Gehirn als ihren Sitz, den sie nicht verlassen. 77) *power* ist in dieser Zeile jedes körperliche Organ, und in der folgenden dessen Vermögen oder Thätigkeit. 78) Die Commentatoren streiten darüber, ob das argwöhnische Ohr des Diebes gemeint sei oder das Ohr Desjenigen, der den Diebstahl argwöhnt. Die erstere Erklärung, welche *theft* personificirt = *thief* fasst, scheint die natürlichere zu sein. 79) *Hesperides* soll Sh., nach der Meinung der Ausleger, für den Namen der Hesperidengärten gehalten haben. Wahrscheinlich verstand er die Insel der Hesperiden selbst darunter. So in Pericles (A. 1, Sc. 1) *Before thee stands this fair Hesperides.* 80) So Q. und Fol., weil der Plural *gods* eben vorherging. Vgl. oben Anm. 68. — Wenn Amor spricht, so fallen alle Götter in seinen Gesang ein und wiegen damit den Himmel in süsse Träume.

Else none at all in aught proves excellent.
Then, fools you were these women to forswear,
Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love,
Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men,[82]
Or for men's sake, the authors[83] of these women,
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men,
Let us once lose our oaths, to find ourselves,
Or else we lose ourselves, to keep our oaths.
It is religion to be thus forsworn;
For charity itself fulfils the law;
And who can sever love from charity?

King. Saint Cupid,[84] then! and, soldiers, to the field!

Biron. Advance your standards, and upon them,[85] lords!
Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advis'd,
In conflict that you get the sun of them.[86]

Long. Now to plain-dealing: lay these glozes by.
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?

King. And win them too: therefore, let us devise
Some entertainment for them in their tents.

Biron. First, from the park let us conduct them thither;
Then, homeward, every man attach the hand
Of his fair mistress. In the afternoon
We will with some strange pastime solace them,
Such as the shortness of the time can shape;
For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,
Forerun fair Love, strewing her way[87] with flowers.

King. Away, away! no time shall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

Biron. *Allons! Allons!* — Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn;
And justice always whirls in equal measure:
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn;
If so, our copper buys no better treasure.[88] *[Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Another Part of the Same.

Enter HOLOFERNES, *Sir* NATHANIEL, *and* DULL.

Hol. *Satis quod sufficit.*[1]

Nath. I praise God for you, Sir: your reasons[2] at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection,[3] audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this *quondam* day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. *Novi hominem tanquam te:* his humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed,[4] his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical.[5] He is too picked,[6] too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate,[7] as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.
[Draws out his table-book.

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasms,[8] such insociable and point-device[9] companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak dout, fine, when he should say doubt;[10] det, when he should pronounce debt, — d, e, b, t, not d, e, t; he clepeth a calf, caulf; half, haulf; neighbour *vocatur* nebour; neigh abbreviated ne. This is abhominable (which he would call abominable), it insinuateth me of insanie:[11] *ne intelligis, domine?* to make frantic, lunatic.

Nath. *Laus Deo, bone intelligo.*

Hol. *Bone?* — *bone* for *bene*: *Priscian* a little scratch'd;[12] 't will serve.

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81) Warburton strich die folgenden fünf Verse. Vgl. oben Anm. 69 und 73. 82) *that is pleasing to all men* erklärt Malone mit Recht. 83) *authors* verbesserte Johnson das *author* der alten Ausgg. 84) *Saint Cupid* ist das vom Könige gegebene Schlachtgeschrei für den beginnenden Liebeskrieg, scherzhaft gebildet nach *Saint George*, dem Schlachtgeschrei der Engländer, und *Saint Denis*, dem Schlachtruf der Franzosen. 85) *upon them* = auf die Feinde los, drauf! obgleich kein Substantiv vorhergeht, auf das sich *them* beziehen liesse. 86) Das Bild von der Schlacht wird fortgesetzt: sie sollen sorgen, dass ihnen im Kampf mit den Damen nicht die Sonne in's Gesicht scheine und sie blende. Zugleich liegt, wie Longaville's nächste Rede zeigt, ein frivoles Wortspiel zwischen *sun* und *son* vor, wie auch *upon them, down with them* als Zweideutigkeiten zu fassen sind. 87) *Love* personificirt Sh. auch hier weiblich = Liebesgöttin. 88) Wie wer Unkraut säet, nur Unkraut erntet und kein Korn, so werden wir mit unserm Meineid auch keine guten Früchte ernten, sondern leichtfertige Mädchen, die uns eine Strafe werden. — Für werthlose Münze *(copper)*, wie wir sie zahlen, für unsere eigene Werthlosigkeit, lässt sich eben nichts Besseres kaufen.

1) Holofernes citirt diesen Spruch in Beziehung auf das so eben bei einem Freunde eingenommene Mittagsessen. — Holofernes heisst in dieser Scene in Q. und Fol. einfach *the Pedant*, Nathaniel ebenso *the Curate*. 2) *reason* = Gespräch, Unterhaltung. 3) *affection* = Affectation. — *audacious* = voll Selbstvertrauen, in gutem Sinn unbefangen. — *opinion* = Dünkel, vorgefasste Meinung. 4) *tongue filed* erklärt Douce richtig mit *polished language*. 5) *thrasonical* = grosssprecherisch. Dasselbe Epitheton in As you like it (A. 5, Sc. 2) *Cæsar's thrasonical brag of — „I came, saw, and overcame."* 6) *picked* = gesucht, geziert. So in K. John (A. 1, Sc. 1) *my picked man of countries*. 7) *peregrinate* = ausländisch, in der Fremde verkehrend; ein affectirtes Wort, das als solches den Beifall des Nathaniel findet und als willkommener Fund von ihm begierig in sein Notizenbuch eingezeichnet wird. 8) Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 1, Anm. 19. 9) *point-device* = pedantisch, raffinirt in Benehmen und Haltung. So in As you like it (A. 3, Sc. 2) *you are rather point-device in your accoutrements*. 10) d. h. er spricht aus Affectation das Wort *doubt* aus, als sei kein *b* darin, das Holofernes mit hören lässt. So will Holofernes auch das *l* in *calf*, das *gh* in *neighbour* mit ausgesprochen wissen, sowie das *h* in *abhominable*, wie das Wort zu Sh.'s Zeit gewöhnlich, einer falschen Etymologie gemäss, geschrieben wurde. 11) *insanie* emendirt Theobald das *infamie* der alten Ausgg. — Dieses Wort erklärt Holofernes dann mit *to make frantic, lunatic*. — Dyce vermuthet für *insanie* das lateinische Verbum *insanire*, und demgemäss für *to make frantic* auch *to wax frantic*. 12) Der lateinische Grammatiker Priscian erhält eine kleine Schramme, wenn man *bone* für *bene* sagt. — Die Stelle, welche Theobald wieder hergestellt hat, lautet in den alten Ausgg. ganz sinnlos

Enter Armado, Moth, *and* Costard.

Nath. *Videsne quis venit?*
Hol. *Video, et gaudeo.*
Arm. *[To* Moth.*]* Chirrah!
Hol. *Quare* chirrah, not sirrah?
Arm. Men of peace, well-encounter'd.
Hol. Most military Sir, salutation.
Moth. They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.
Cost. O! they have lived long on the alms-basket of words.[13] I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus:*[14] thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.[15]
Moth. Peace! the peal begins.
Arm. *[To* Hol.*]* Monsieur, are you not letter'd?
Moth. Yes, yes, he teaches boys the horn-book.[16] — What is a, b, spelt backward with the horn on his head?
Hol. Ba, *pueritia,* with a horn added.
Moth. Ba! most silly sheep, with a horn. — You hear his learning.
Hol. *Quis, quis,* thou consonant?[17]
Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.
Hol. I will repeat them; — a, e, i.
Moth. The sheep: the other two concludes it; — o, u.
Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterranean, a sweet touch, a quick venew[18] of wit! snip, snap, quick and home: it rejoiceth my intellect; true wit!
Moth. Offer'd by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.[19]
Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?
Moth. Horns.
Hol. Thou disputest like an infant: go, whip thy gig.
Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy[20] *circum circa.* A gig of a cuckold's horn!
Cost. An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread. Hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master,[21] thou half-penny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O! an the heavens were so pleased, that thou wert but my bastard, what a joyful father wouldst thou make me! Go to; thou hast it *ad dunghill,* at the fingers' ends, as they say.
Hol. O! I smell false Latin; dunghill for *unguem.*
Arm. Arts-man, *præambula:* we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house[22] on the top of the mountain?
Hol. Or *mons,* the hill.
Arm. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.
Hol. I do, sans question.[23]
Arm. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the princess at her pavilion in the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.
Hol. The posterior of the day, most generous Sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well cull'd, chose;[24] sweet and apt, I do assure you, Sir; I do assure.
Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman, and my familiar, I do assure you, very good friend. — For what is inward[25] between us, let it pass; — I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy,[26] — I beseech thee, apparel thy head; — and among other importunate[27] and most serious designs, — and of great import indeed, too, — but let that pass; — for I must tell thee, it will please his grace (by the world) sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder, and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement,[28] with my mustachio: but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable: some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world: but let that pass. — The very all of all is, — but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy, — that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antick, or fire-work. Now, understanding that the curate

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Bone boon for boon prescian, a little scratcht, 't wil serue. 13) Den Gebrauch der vielen Fremdwörter bei Holofernes, Nathaniel und Armado erklärt sich Moth aus einem kürzlich gegebenen Festmahl, wo statt der Gerichte verschiedene Sprachen servirt wurden, davon sie die Brocken stahlen; Costard aber meint, sie hätten schon lange von dem Almosenkorbe gelebt, in welchen man den Abfall der Speisen für die Armen that, nur dass dieser Abhub hier in blossen ausgesuchten Wörtern bestand. 14) Dieses lateinische Wort wird auch bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen als das längste scherzhaft erwähnt. 15) *flap-dragon* = irgend ein brennbarer und brennender Stoff, den man mit dem Wein zugleich verschluckte, ein Kunststück, auf das oft angespielt wird. So sagt Falstaff von Poins in K. Henry IV. Second Part (A. 2, Sc. 4) *he drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons;* und in Winter's Tale ist (A. 3, Sc. 3) ein daraus gebildetes Verbum: *to see how the sea flap-dragoned it.* 16) Armado fasst *letter'd* = wissenschaftlich gebildet; Moth fasst es = in den Buchstaben bewandert, und verbindet es mit *horn-book* = A-B-C-Buch, Fibel, an das er dann das Wortspiel mit *horn* und *ba! with a horn* = Schaf, knüpft. 17) Holofernes fragt seinerseits, was Moth für ein Wort meine, da er die Umschreibung nicht erräth, und Moth erwiedert darauf, dass Holofernes selbst das Schaf sei; ein Wortspiel zwischen *i,* dem dritten Vocal, und *I* = ich, sowie zwischen *u,* dem fünften Vocal, und *you* = Ihr. — *the third of the vowels* emendirte Theobald das *the last of the vowels* der Q. und Fol. 18) *venew* = Fechterstoss. 19) Wortspiel mit *wittol,* in alter Orthographie auch *wittold* = Hahnrei. 20) *your infamy* = Eure Schmach als Hahnrei. — *circum circa* setzte Theobald für das sinnlose *unum cita* der alten Ausgg. 21) Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 1, Anm. 31. 22) *charg-house* in Q. und Fol. — Was Armado darunter versteht, lässt sich kaum errathen, vielleicht = ein ihm vom Staat anvertrautes Haus. 23) *sans question,* affectirt = ohne Frage, gewiss. 24) Mit *chose* erklärt Holofernes das *cull'd.* — Die zweite Folioausg. ändert ohne Noth *choice* für *chose.* 25) *inward* = intim, vertraulich. So in Kyd's Spanish Tragedy: *since I grew inward with revenge.* 26) *remember thy courtesy* = behalte Deine Höflichkeit im Sinne, zeige sie mir nicht thatsächlich, indem Du mit unbedecktem Haupte vor mir stehst, ist eine höfliche affectirte Ermahnung an Holofernes, nicht länger barhaupt vor ihm zu stehen. So in Ben Jonson's Every Man in his Humour: *Pray you, remember your court'sy; nay, pray you, be cover'd.* — Malone schlug vor *remember not thy courtesy* zu lesen. — Der ganze Satz von *I do beseech* bis *thy head* ist parenthetisch. 27) So die Fol.; die Q. *important.* Beide Ausdrücke sind synonym, = dringlich. 28) *excrement* gebraucht Sh. auch in weniger affectirter Sprache als hier = Bart,

and your sweet self are good at such eruptions,[29] and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the nine Worthies.[30] — Sir Nathaniel,[31] as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by our assistance, — at[32] the king's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman, — before the princess, I say, none so fit as to present the nine Worthies.

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

Hol. Joshua, yourself; myself, or[33] this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabæus; this swain (because of his great limb or joint) shall pass Pompey the Great;[34] the page, Hercules.

Arm. Pardon, Sir; error: he is not quantity enough for that Worthy's thumb: he is not so big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minority: his *enter* and *exit* shall be strangling a snake;[35] and I will have an apology for that purpose.

Moth. An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry, »Well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake!« that is the way to make an offence gracious,[36] though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the Worthies? —

Hol. I will play three myself.

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge[37] not, an antick. I beseech you, follow.

Hol. *Via!*[38] — Goodman Dull, thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, Sir.

Hol. *Allons!* we will employ thee.

Dull. I 'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play On the tabor to the Worthies, and let them dance the hay.[39]

Hol. Most dull, honest Dull. To our sport, away! *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Same. Before the Princess's Pavilion.

Enter the Princess, Katharine, Rosaline, *and* Maria.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in:
A lady wall'd about with diamonds![1] —
Look you, what I have from the loving king.

Ros. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Prin. Nothing but this? yes; as much love in rhyme,
As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,
Writ on both sides the leaf, margin and all,
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.[2]

Ros. That was the way to make his godhead wax;[3]
For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.[4]

Ros. You 'll ne'er be friends with him: he kill'd your sister.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy;
And so she died: had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might have been a grandam ere she died;
And so may you, for a light heart lives long.

Ros. What 's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word?

Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark.[5]

Ros. We need more light to find your meaning out.

Kath. You 'll mar the light by taking it in snuff;
Therefore, I 'll darkly end the argument.

Ros. Look, what you do, you do it still i' the dark.

Kath. So do not you, for you are a light wench.

Ros. Indeed, I weigh not you, and therefore light.

Kath. You weigh me not? — O! that 's you care not for me.

Ros. Great reason; for, past cure is still past care.[6]

Prin. Well bandied both; a set[7] of wit well play'd.
But, Rosaline, you have a favour too:
Who sent it? and what is it?

Ros. I would you knew:
An if my face were but as fair as yours,

Haar, eigentlich = Auswuchs. 29) *eruptions*, das mit *sudden breaking out* erklärt wird, sind Improvisationen. 30) *the nine Worthies* = die neun Recken oder Würdenträger, welche in städtischen Festaufzügen zu figuriren pflegten und aus drei christlichen, drei jüdischen und drei heidnischen Helden bestanden. 31) Q. und Fol. haben *Sir Holofernes*. 32) *at* fügte erst die zweite Folioausg. hinzu. 33) *or* setzte Steevens für *and* der Q. und Fol. — Vielleicht ist aber hinter *myself* der Name irgend eines Recken, den Holofernes darstellen will, ausgefallen oder *myself* selbst zu streichen, da Holofernes erst nachher sagt, dass er drei Recken darstellen will. 34) Dieser Bauer soll als Pompejus einherschreiten. — Steevens vermuthete, dass *pass for Pompey* zu lesen sei. 35) Anspielung auf die Schlangen, die Hercules schon in der Wiege erwürgte. 36) Wortspiel zwischen *gracious* = angenehm, beliebt, von dem Anstoss, den das Publicum an der Kleinheit des Hercules nehmen könnte, und *grace* = Gabe, Grazie. 37) *to fadge* = sich fügen, sich passen. 38) *via!* = wohlan! frisch daran! — Manche Hgg. verbinden diesen Ausruf, der an alle Anwesende gerichtet ist, mit dem folgenden *goodman Dull*. 39) *hay* = ein Rundtanz, aus Frankreich eingeführt. — Den dreifachen Reim *play — hay — away* ignoriren die meisten Hgg.

1) Unter *a lady etc.* versteht die Prinzessin sich selbst und den Diamantenschmuck, den ihr der König gesandt hat. 2) Der König hatte das Papier mit seinen Versen so ganz vollgeschrieben, dass er das Siegel auf keine leere Stelle, sondern auf den Namen Cupido's, der in dem Gedichte vorkam, drücken musste. 3) Wortspiel zwischen *wax* = Siegelwachs, und *to wax* = wachsen. — *his godhead* ist der scherzhafte Ehrentitel Amor's, nach Analogie von *his majesty etc.* 4) *unhappy* = ungerathen, bösartig. — *gallows* = Galgenschwengel. 5) An das Wortspiel zwischen *light* in seinen verschiedenen Bedeutungen, = Licht, = leicht, und = leichtfertig, das bei Sh. überall wiederkehrt, knüpft sich hier ein anderes mit *dark* = dunkel, und = dunkelfarbig vom Teint, sowie ein drittes mit *snuff* = Lichtschnuppe, und = Verstimmung. — *to take in snuff* = Etwas übel aufnehmen. 6) Q. und Fol. haben *past care is still past cure*, was Theobald, dem auch sonst vorkommenden Sprichwort gemäss, umänderte. 7) *a set* = ein einmaliges Ballspiel. So in K. Henry V. (A. 1, Sc. 2) *play a set, || Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.* 8) *numbering* = Zählung, ein Wortspiel mit *numbers true* = richtig

My favour were as great: be witness this.
Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron.
The numbers true; and, were the numbering[8] too,
I were the fairest goddess on the ground:
I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.
O! he hath drawn my picture in his letter.
Prin. Anything like?
Ros. Much in the letters,[9] nothing in the praise.
Prin. Beauteous as ink: a good conclusion.
Kath. Fair[10] as a text B in a copy-book.
Ros. 'Ware pencils! ho![11] let me not die your debtor,
My red dominical, my golden letter:
O, that your face were not so full of O's![12]
Prin. A pox of that jest! and I beshrew all shrows!
But, Katharine, what was sent to you from fair Dumaine?[13]
Kath. Madam, this glove.
Prin. Did he not send you twain?
Kath. Yes, Madam; and, moreover,
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover:
A huge translation of hypocrisy,
Vilely compil'd, profound simplicity.[14]
Mar. This, and these pearls to me sent Longaville:
The letter is too long by half a mile.
Prin. I think no less. Dost thou not wish in heart,
The chain were longer, and the letter short?
Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.
Prin. We are wise girls to mock our lovers so.
Ros. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.
That same Biron I 'll torture ere I go.
O! that I knew he were but in by the week![15]
How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek,
And wait the season, and observe the times,
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes,
And shape his service wholly to my hests,[16]
And make him proud to make me proud that jests![17]
So portent-like[18] would I o'ersway his state,
That he should be my fool, and I his fate.
Prin. None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school,
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.
Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such excess,
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.[19]
Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is[20] in his face.
Boyet. O! I am stabb'd with laughter. Where 's her grace?
Prin. Thy news, Boyet?
Boyet. Prepare, Madam, prepare!
Arm, wenches, arm! encounters mounted are
Against your peace. Love doth approach disguis'd,
Armed in arguments: you 'll be surpris'd.
Muster your wits; stand in your own defence;
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.
Prin. Saint Denis to Saint Cupid![21] What are they,
That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.
Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore,
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour,
When, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd rest,
Toward that shade I might behold addrest[22]
The king and his companions: warily
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And overheard what you shall overhear;
That by and by disguis'd they will be here.
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassage:
Action, and accent, did they teach him there;
»Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear:«
And ever and anon they made a doubt,
Presence majestical would put him out;[23]
»For,« quoth the king, »an angel shalt thou see;
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.«
The boy replied, »An angel is not evil;
I should have fear'd her, had she been a devil.«
With that all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on the shoulder,
Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.
One rubb'd his elbow, thus,[24] and fleer'd, and swore,

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gemessene Verse, findet seine Erklärung in dem folgenden *twenty thousand fairs.* 9) Rosalinens Bild ist ähnlich in den Buchstaben des Gedichts, d. h. sie ist so schwarz, wie die Buchstaben, aber unähnlich in dem Lobe, das sie nicht verdient. 10) *fair* = blond, hellfarbig, schön, steht hier ironisch, da das *B* in dem Vorschriftenbuch so schwarz ist, wie die übrigen Buchstaben. 11) Q. und Fol. haben *Ware pensals. How?* — Rosaline warnt die Katharine vor den Pinseln, mit denen man zur Vergeltung ihr Bild malen könnte, und vergleicht dann ihr blondes, helles Gesicht mit den rothen oder goldenen Buchstaben, mit welchen die Sonntage im Kalender bezeichnet sind. 12) *O* eigentlich = ein kreisförmiger Fleck, hier eine Anspielung auf die Pockennarben, die Katharine im Gesicht hat. Darauf bezieht sich *a pox*, ein gewöhnliches Verwünschungswort. — *not so* fehlt in der Fol. 13) Von diesen beiden Zeilen ertheilen die meisten Hgg. nach Theobald's Vorgange die erste der Katharine zu. 14) *profound simplicity* = eine Einfalt, die sich das Ansehen von Tiefsinn giebt. 15) Wüsste ich nur, dass ich ihn auf acht Tage in Dienst und Lohn hätte! — *to be in by the week* kommt in diesem figürlichen Sinne = für eine Zeit gefesselt, dienstbar sein, auch sonst vor. 16) Q. und Fol. haben unmetrisch und reimlos *wholly to my device*, wofür die zweite Folioausg. setzte *all to my behests.* — *hests* für *behests* ist Dyce's Emendation. 17) Ich würde ihn darauf stolz machen, dass er mich stolz und spröde macht, da ich nur spotte über ihn. — Die zweite Folioausg. hat *with jests* für *that jests.* 18) *portent-like* emendirt Hanmer das *perttaunt like* der Q. und *pertaunt like* der Fol. 19) Das jugendliche Blut lodert nicht so unmässig, wie die Ehrbarkeit, wenn sie einmal zur Ausgelassenheit abfällt. — *wantonness* emendirt die zweite Folioausg. das *wantons be* der Q. und Fol. 20) *is* fehlt in der Fol. 21) *Saint Denis* = St. Dionys, der Schutzheilige Frankreichs, ist das Schlachtgeschrei der französischen Damen gegen *Saint Cupid.* Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 3, Anm. 84. — Das Geschütz der angreifenden Feinde betrachtet die Prinzessin als blossen Hauch, blosse Worte *(breath).* 22) *addrest toward that shade* = in der Richtung auf dieses schattige Plätzchen hin, darauf zugehend. 23) Sie befürchteten immer wieder, dass die Erscheinung der Majestät, d. h. der Prinzessin, ihn aus der Fassung, aus dem Concept bringen würde. 24) *to rub the elbow* = sich den Ellbogen reiben, als ein Zeichen von innerlichem Behagen; so in K. Henry IV. First Part (A. 5, Sc. 1) *poor discontents,* || *Which gape,*

A better speech was never spoke before;
Another, with his finger and his thumb,
Cry'd »*Via!* we will do 't, come what will come;«
The third he caper'd, and cried, »All goes well;«
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
With that, they all did tumble on the ground,
With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
That in this spleen ridiculous[25] appears,
To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.
Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit us?
Boyet. They do, they do; and are apparell'd thus, —
Like Muscovites, or Russians:[26] as I guess,
Their purpose is, to parle, to court, and dance;
And every one his love-feat[27] will advance
Unto his several mistress; which they 'll know
By favours several which they did bestow.
Prin. And will they so? the gallants shall be task'd;
For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd,
And not a man of them shall have the grace,
Despite of suit, to see a lady's face. —
Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear,
And then the king will court thee for his dear:
Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine,
So shall Biron take me for Rosaline. —
And change you favours,[28] too; so shall your loves
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.
Ros. Come on then: wear the favours most in sight.
Kath. But in this changing what is your intent?
Prin. The effect of my intent is, to cross theirs:
They do it but in mocking merriment;[29]
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their several counsels they unbosom shall
To loves mistook; and so be mock'd withal,
Upon the next occasion that we meet,
With visages display'd, to talk and greet.
Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to 't?
Prin. No; to the death, we will not move a foot:
Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace;
But, while 't is spoke, each turn away her face.[30]
Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's[31] heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.
Prin. Therefore I do it; and, I make no doubt,
The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.[32]
There 's no such sport, as sport by sport o'erthrown;
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own:
So shall we stay, mocking intended game,
And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.
[Trumpets sound within.
Boyet. The trumpet sounds: be mask'd, the maskers come.
[The Ladies mask.

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, *and* Dumaine, *in Russian habits, and masked;* Moth, *Musicians, and Attendants.*[33]

Moth. »All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!«
Boyet. Beauties no richer than rich taffata.[34]
Moth. »A holy parcel of the fairest dames,
[The Ladies turn their backs to him.[35]
That ever turn'd their — backs — to mortal views!«
Biron. »Their eyes,« villain, »their eyes.«
Moth. »That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views!
Out« —
Boyet. True; »out,«[36] indeed.
Moth. »Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe
Not to behold« —
Biron. »Once to behold,« rogue.
Moth. »Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes,
— with your sun-beamed eyes« —
Boyet. They will not answer to that epithet;[37]
You were best call it daughter-beamed eyes.
Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.
Biron. Is this your perfectness? be gone, you rogue.
Ros. What would these strangers? know their minds, Boyet.
If they do speak our language, 't is our will
That some plain man recount their purposes.
Know what they would.

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and rub the elbow, at the news || *Of hurlyburly innovation.* 25) *ridiculous spleen* = Ausbruch einer lächerlichen Stimmung, Lachkrampf, ist dem *passion's solemn tears* = schwermüthige Thränen eines tiefen Affects. entgegengesetzt. — *appears* ist das von *tears* abhängige Verbum, das im Singular steht, weil das Subject im Plural erst später folgt. — Beachtenswerth ist Staunton's Conjectur *folly's passion, solemn tears.* 26) Ritson citirt aus Hall's Chronik ein Beispiel solcher Verkleidung, die einmal am Hofe Heinrich's VIII. stattfand: *At a banquet made for the foreign ambassadors in the parliament-chamber at Westminster came the lord Henry, Earl of Wiltshire, and the lord Fitzwater, in two long gowns of yellow satin traversed with white satin, and in every bend of white was a bend of crimosine satin after the fashion of Russia or Russland, with furred hats of grey on their heads, either of them having an hatchet in their hands, and boots with pikes turned up.* — Staunton und Dyce verbinden *as I guess* mit dem Vorhergehenden. Sidney Walker vermuthet, dass hinter *apparell'd thus* eine Zeile ausgefallen sei. 27) *love-feat* = Heldenthat in der Liebe, in Uebereinstimmung mit dem schon vorher durchgeführten Bilde, das die Galanterie des Königs und der Höflinge mit einem kriegerischen Angriffe vergleicht. — *love-suit*, eine Conjectur Sidney Walker's, ist wahrscheinlich entlehnt aus dem bald folgenden *despite of suit.* 28) Katharine und Maria sollen auch mit den Liebeszeichen wechseln, die sie von ihren Verehrern erhalten haben. — Die Fol. hat *your favours.* — *your loves* = Eure Liebhaber. 29) So die Fol.; die Q. *in mockery, merriment.* 30) *her face* verbessert die zweite Folioausg. das *his face* der Q. und Fol. 31) *speaker's* in der Q.; die Fol. hat *keeper's.* Es ist Moth gemeint, der für die Maskerade den einstudirten Prolog zu sprechen hat, wie bei solchen improvisirten Maskenzügen auch sonst ein solcher Prolog zur Empfehlung und Erklärung erschien. So in Timon of Athens (A. 1, Sc. 2). 32) *to be out* = aus der Rolle fallen, zugleich im Gegensatz von *out* = draussen, und *in* = drinnen. — *ne'er* setzte die zweite Folioausg. für *e'er (ere)* der alten Ausgg. Vielleicht schrieb aber Sh. selbst *e'er*, da er bei negativen Begriffen wie *no doubt* leicht in der Construction sich verwirrt. 33) Die Bühnenweisung ist modern; die alte lautet *Enter Blackmoors with music, the Boy with a speech, and the rest of the Lords disguised.* 34) Anspielung auf die Masken von Taffet, das Einzige, was man von der Schönheit der Damen sehen kann. — Theobald theilte mit Recht diese Rede dem Boyet zu, welche in Q. und Fol. Biron spricht. 35) Die Bühnenweisung ist schon in den alten Ausgg. 36) *out* = aus dem Concept, in Boyet's Sinn. 37) Boyet versteht *son* für *sun*, ein bei Sh. stets wiederkehrendes Wortspiel. Vgl.

Boyet. What would you with the princess?
Biron. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.
Ros. What would they, say they?
Boyet. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.
Ros. Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.
Boyet. She says, you have it, and you may be gone.
King. Say to her, we have measur'd many miles,
To tread a measure with her on this grass.[38]
Boyet. They say, that they have measur'd many a mile,
To tread a measure with you on this grass.
Ros. It is not so. Ask them how many inches
Is in one mile: if they have measur'd many,
The measure then of one is easily told.
Boyet. If, to come hither, you have measur'd miles,
And many miles, the princess bids you tell,
How many inches do fill up one mile.
Biron. Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.
Boyet. She hears herself.
Ros. How many weary steps,
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?
Biron. We number nothing that we spend for you:
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without accompt.
Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,
That we, like savages, may worship it.[39]
Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.
King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do!
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine
(Those clouds removed) upon our watery eyne.[40]
Ros. O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;
Thou now request'st[41] but moonshine in the water.
King. Then, in our measure vouchsafe but one change.[42]
Thou bidd'st me beg; this begging is not strange.
Ros. Play, music, then! nay, you must do it soon.
[Music plays.
Not yet; — no dance: — thus change I like the moon.
King. Will you not dance? How come you thus estranged?[43]
Ros. You took the moon at full, but now she 's changed.
King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.[44]
Yet music plays: vouchsafe some motion to it.
Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.
King. But your legs should do it.
Ros. Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,
We 'll not be nice: take hands: — we will not dance.
King. Why take we hands then?
Ros. Only to part friends. —
Court'sy,[45] sweet hearts; and so the measure ends.
King. More measure of this measure: be not nice.[46]
Ros. We can afford no more at such a price.
King. Prize you yourselves? What buys your company?
Ros. Your absence only.
King. That can never be.
Ros. Then cannot we be bought; and so adieu.
Twice to your visor, and half once to you!
King. If you deny to dance, let 's hold more chat.
Ros. In private then.[47]
King. I am best pleas'd with that.
[They converse apart.
Biron. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.
Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar: there are three.
Biron. Nay then, two treys,[48] (an if you grow so nice)
Metheglin, wort, and malmsey. — Well run, dice!
There 's half a dozen sweets.
Prin. Seventh sweet, adieu.
Since you can cog, I 'll play no more with you.
Biron. One word in secret.
Prin. Let it not be sweet.
Biron. Thou griev'st my gall.
Prin. Gall? bitter.
Biron. Therefore meet.
[They converse apart.
Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?
Mar. Name it.
Dum. Fair lady, —
Mar. Say you so? Fair lord, —
Take that for your fair lady.
Dum. Please it you,
As much in private, and I 'll bid adieu.
[They converse apart.
Kath. What, was your visor made without a tongue?
Long. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.
Kath. O, for your reason! quickly, Sir; I long.
Long. You have a double tongue within your mask,
And would afford my speechless visor half.[49]
Kath. Veal,[50] quoth the Dutchman. — Is not veal a calf?
Long. A calf, fair lady?
Kath. No, a fair lord calf.

A. 4, Sc. 3, Anm. 86. 38) *to measure* = durchmessen, zurücklegen, und *measure* = ein feierlicher Hoftanz, Menuet, sowie = Mass. Dasselbe Wortspiel kommt nachher noch einmal vor. 39) Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 3, Anm. 55. 40) *eyne*, die alte Pluralform von *eye*, gebraucht Sh. auch sonst des Reimes wegen. — Die Augen der verliebten Herren richten sich so nach dem Antlitz der Prinzessin und ihrer Damen, wie das Wasser des Meers sich nach dem Monde, der von Sternen umgeben ist, richtet; deshalb *watery eyne*. — Unter *stars* sind die übrigen Damen, unter *clouds* ihre Masken verstanden. 41) Q. und Fol. *requests*, wie Sh. auch sonst wohl in der zweiten Person des Singular *s* für *st* setzt, um eine consonantische Härte zu vermeiden. 42) *one change* = eine Tanztour in der Menuet, die wir vorhatten. — Die alten Ausgg. lesen *do but vouchsafe*. 43) Wie werdet Ihr plötzlich so spröde, so zurückhaltend? 44) Anspielung auf den Mann im Monde. So in Midsummer-Night's Dream (A. 5, Sc. 1) *This lantern doth the horned moon present; || Myself the man i' the moon do seem to be.* — Die folgende Zeile ertheilen die alten Ausgg. irrig der Rosaline zu. 45) *court'sy* = verneigt Euch, sagt Rosaline, welche die Prinzessin vorstellt, zu ihren Gefährtinnen, weil solche Verneigung zum Schluss des Tanzes erfolgte. 46) *nice* = übertrieben gewissenhaft, peinlich, zimperlich. 47) d. h. Rosaline will allein und vertraulich mit ihrem Cavalier reden, nicht Alle zusammen, wie bisher. 48) *trey* = Drei im Würfelspiel, von dem das Bild entlehnt ist. Biron will gegen die Drei, welche die Prinzessin geworfen, Drei werfen und macht seinerseits drei süsse Wörter namhaft. — *wort* = Gerstensaft, junges Bier. — Solch ein Würfelspiel mit Worten bezeichnet die Prinzessin dann als ein Falschspielen mit den Würfeln *(cog)*. 49) scil. *one tongue*. — *to have a double tongue* = doppelzüngig sein, und = zwei Zungen haben. 50) Wortspiel zwischen *veal* = *well* in der Aussprache der Fremden, namentlich der Hol-

Long. Let 's part the word.
Kath. No, I 'll not be your half:
Take all, and wean it:[51] it may prove an ox.
Long. Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks.
Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.
Kath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.
Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.
Kath. Bleat softly then: the butcher hears you cry.
[They converse apart.
Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge invisible,
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen;
Above the sense of sense, so sensible
Seemeth their conference;[52] their conceits have wings
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.
Ros. Not one word more, my maids: break off, break off.
Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!
King. Farewell, mad wenches: you have simple wits.
[Exeunt King, *Lords*, Moth, *Music, and Attendants.*
Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovites.[53] —
Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?
Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puff'd out.
Ros. Well-liking[54] wits they have; gross, gross; fat, fat.
Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout![55]
Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night,
Or ever, but in visors, show their faces?
This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.
Ros. O! they were all in lamentable cases![56]
The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.[57]
Prin. Biron did swear himself out of all suit.
Mar. Dumaine was at my service, and his sword:
No point,[58] quoth I: my servant straight was mute.
Kath. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart;
And trow you, what he call'd me?
Prin. Qualm, perhaps.
Kath. Yes, in good faith.
Prin. Go, sickness as thou art!
Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps.[59]
But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.
Prin. And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me.
Kath. And Longaville was for my service born.
Mar. Dumaine is mine, as sure as bark on tree.
Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear.
Immediately they will again be here
In their own shapes; for it can never be,
They will digest this harsh indignity.
Prin. Will they return?
Boyet. They will, they will, God knows;
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:
Therefore, change favours; and, when they repair,
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.
Prin. How blow? how blow? speak to be understood.
Boyet. Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in their bud:
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,
Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.[60]
Prin. Avaunt, perplexity![61] What shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to woo?
Ros. Good Madam, if by me you 'll be advis'd,
Let 's mock them still, as well known, as disguis'd.
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguis'd like Muscovites, in shapeless gear;[62]
And wonder, what they were, and to what end
Their shallow shows, and prologue vilely penn'd,
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.
Boyet. Ladies, withdraw; the gallants are at hand.
Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run over land.
[Exeunt Prin., Ros., Kath. *and* Mar.

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, *and* Dumaine, *in their proper habits.*

King. Fair Sir, God save you! Where is the princess?
Boyet. Gone to her tent. Please it your majesty,
Command me any service to her thither?[63]
King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.
Boyet. I will; and so will she, I know, my lord. *[Exit.*
Biron. This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons peas,
And utters it again when God doth please.[64]
He is wit's pedlar, and retails his wares
At wakes, and wassails,[65] meetings, markets, fairs;
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it[66] with such show.
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve:
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve.
He can carve[67] too, and lisp: why, this is he,
That kiss'd away his hand[68] in courtesy;
This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,

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länder, und *veal* = Kalb. 51) Entwöhnt das Kalb von der Kuh und zieht es gross zum Ochsen. Daran schliesst sich dann das Wortspiel mit den Hörnern des Ochsen und des Hahnrei. 52) *sensible* = scharfsinnig, und = empfindlich. Die Unterhaltung der Damen ist so scharf, dass jeder Sinn dahinter zurückbleibt. 53) Q. und Fol. setzen hier *Muscovits*, als Reim auf *wits*. 54) *well-liking* = von gutem, gedeihlichem Aussehen, wohlgenährt. 55) Ein Witz, der ärmlich genug war, wenn er auch von einem König ausging. — *kingly-poor* hält Staunton durch eine Buchstabenversetzung entstanden aus *poor-lyking* oder *poor-liking* = von ärmlichem Ansehen. Rosaline hatte eben vorher von *well-liking wits* gesprochen. 56) *O!* fügte die zweite Folioausg. hinzu. 57) Der König war dem Weinen nahe, weil ihm kein gutes Wort, kein Bonmot einfiel. — In diesem Sinn kommt *for* = *for want of* öfter bei Sh. vor. 58) Dasselbe Wortspiel wie vorher. Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 1, Anm. 47. 59) *statute-caps* = wollene Mützen, welche nach einem Edict *(statute)* der Königin Elisabeth die Londoner Bürger an Sonn- und Festtagen tragen sollten. Der Sinn ist also: Selbst simple Bürgersleute haben mehr Witz als unsere adligen Bewerber. 60) Die Damen ohne Maske, wenn ihre holde rosige Farbenmischung auf ihren Wangen sich zeigt, sind Engel, welche das Gewölk, das sie verhüllt hatte, niedersenken, oder sie sind entfaltete Rosen. 61) Als personificirte *perplexity* redet die Prinzessin den Boyet an, weil er mit seinen Reden sie in Verlegenheit bringt oder sie nicht daraus zu befreien weiss. 62) *shapeless gear* = ungefüges Costüm, ist die moskowitische Tracht, in der sie erschienen. 63) *thither* fehlt in der Fol. 64) Steevens citirt dazu als sprichwörtlich: *Children pick up words, as pigeons peas,* || *And utter them again as God shall please.* — Für *pecks* der Q., die ältere Form, hat die Fol. *picks*, und für *God* der Q. die Fol. *Jove*. 65) *wassail* = festliches Gelage, Zechgelage. 66) So vorher in dieser Scene *And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.* 67) Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 1, Anm. 9. 68) So die Fol.; die Q. stellt

That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms: nay, he can sing
A mean most meanly,[69] and, in ushering,
Mend him who can:[70] the ladies call him, sweet;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet.
This is the flower that smiles on every one,
To show his teeth as white as whales-bone;[71]
And consciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due[72] of honey-tongued Boyet.
King. A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,
That put Armado's page out of his part!

Enter the PRINCESS, *ushered by* BOYET; ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, *and Attendants.*

Biron. See where it comes! — Behaviour, what wert thou,
Till this man[73] show'd thee? and what art thou now?
King. All hail, sweet Madam, and fair time of day!
Prin. Fair, in all hail,[74] is foul, as I conceive.
King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.
Prin. Then wish me better: I will give you leave.
King. We came to visit you, and purpose now
To lead you to our court: vouchsafe it then.
Prin. This field shall hold me, and so hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delights[75] in perjur'd men.
King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke;
The virtue of your eye must break my oath.
Prin. You nickname virtue; vice you should have spoke;
For virtue's[76] office never breaks men's troth.
Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure
As the unsullied lily, I protest,
A world of torments though I should endure,
I would not yield to be your house's guest;
So much I hate a breaking cause to be
Of heavenly oaths,[77] vow'd with integrity.
King. O! you have liv'd in desolation here,
Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.
Prin. Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear:
We have had pastimes here, and pleasant game.
A mess[78] of Russians left us but of late.
King. How, Madam? Russians?
Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord;
Trim gallants, full of courtship, and of state.
Ros. Madam, speak true. — It is not so, my lord:
My lady (to the manner of the days)[79]
In courtesy gives undeserving praise.
We four, indeed, confronted were with four
In Russian habit: here they stay'd an hour,
And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bless us with one happy word.[80]
I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.
Biron. This jest is dry to me. — Fair,[81] gentle sweet,
Your wit makes wise things foolish: when we greet,
With eyes best seeing, heaven's fiery eye,
By light we lose light: your capacity
Is of that nature, that to your huge store[82]
Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.
Ros. This proves you wise and rich, for in my eye, —
Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.
Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,[83]
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.
Biron. O! I am yours, and all that I possess.
Ros. All the fool mine?
Biron. I cannot give you less.
Ros. Which of the visors was it that you wore?
Biron. Where? when? what visor? why demand you this?
Ros. There, then, that visor; that superfluous case,
That hid the worse, and show'd the better face.
King. We are descried: they 'll mock us now downright.
Dum. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.
Prin. Amaz'd, my lord? Why looks your highness sad?
Ros. Help! hold his brows! he 'll swoond.[84] Why look you pale? —
Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.[85]
Biron. Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.
Can any face of brass hold longer out? —
Here stand I, lady; dart thy skill at me;
Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout;
Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;
Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;
And I will wish thee never more to dance,
Nor never more in Russian habit wait.[86]
O! never will I trust to speeches penn'd,
Nor to the motion of a school-boy's tongue;
Nor never come in visor to my friend;[87]
Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song;
Taffata phrases, silken terms precise,
Three-pil'd hyperboles, spruce affectation,[88]

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away und *his hand* um. 69) Wortspiel zwischen *mean* = Tenorstimme, und *meanly.* 70) In der Art, wie er den Ceremonienmeister spielt, kann es Niemand besser machen. 71) *whales-bone* entweder = Elfenbein, das man fälschlich für ein Product des Wallfisches hielt, oder = Knochen, d. h. Zahn, vom Wallross, dient auch bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen als Vergleichung der Weisse, und zwar wird es wie hier dreisylbig gelesen. So bei Surrey: *I might perceive a wolf, as white as whales bone;* und in Spenser's Faerie Queene: *Whose face did seem as clear as chrystal stone,* || *And eke, through fear, as white as whales bone.* — Tarberville schreibt dafür *whale his bone.* 72) So die Q.; die Fol. *duty.* 73) Die alten Ausgg. haben *this madman.* 74) Wortspiel zwischen *hail* = Heil, als Gruss, und = Hagelwetter. 75) So die alten Ausgg. nach Sh.'scher Construction. — Die Hgg. emendiren *delight* dafür. 76) Der König fasst *virtue* = Kraft, die Prinzessin fasst es = Tugend. 77) scil. *to be a cause for the breaking of heavenly oaths:* Eide, die man dem Himmel gelobt hat. 78) Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 3, Anm. 50. 79) Nach der Art der jetzigen Zeit, wie es die heutige Weltsitte mit sich bringt. 80) *happy word* = ein glücklich gewähltes, treffendes Wort. 81) *fair* fügte die zweite Folioausg. ein. — Malone las dafür *my gentle sweet.* 82) Im Verhältniss zu der grossen Fülle Eurer geistigen Fähigkeiten und Gaben. 83) Biron hat, indem er Rosalinens Satz unterbrach und in ihrem Sinne fortsetzte, nur das sich angeeignet, was ihm gebührt, nämlich das Bekenntniss *I am a fool etc.* 84) In der Schreibart der alten Aussg. *swound* und *sound.* 85) Rosaline erklärt Biron's Blässe von der Seekrankheit, die er auf der Reise von Moskau her zu Schiff ausgestanden. 86) scil. *wait upon thee* = Dir aufwarten. 87) *friend* = Freundin, Geliebte. 88) *three-pil'd* = von Sammet, passt zu den Epithetis *taffata,* und *silken,* welche alle das Kostbare, Modische der Phrasen und Ausdrücke bezeichnen, mit denen bisher Biron bei den Damen sein Glück machen wollte. Diesen gesuchten Phrasen stellt er dann gegen-

Figures pedantical: these summer-flies
Have blown me full of maggot ostentation.
I do forswear them; and I here protest,
By this white glove, (how white the hand, God knows)
Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd
In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes:
And, to begin, — wench, so God help me, la!
My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.
Ros. Sans SANS,[89] I pray you.
Biron. Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage: — bear with me, I am sick;
I 'll leave it by degrees. Soft! let us see: —
Write »Lord have mercy on us«[90] on those three;
They are infected, in their hearts it lies;
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:
These lords are visited; you are not free,
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.
Prin. No, they are free that gave these tokens to us.[91]
Biron. Our states are forfeit: seek not to undo us.
Ros. It is not so. For how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?[92]
Biron. Peace! for I will not have to do with you.
Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.
Biron. Speak for yourselves: my wit is at an end.
King. Teach us, sweet Madam, for our rude transgression
Some fair excuse.
Prin. The fairest is confession.
Were you not here, but even now, disguis'd?
King. Madam, I was.
Prin. And were you well advis'd?[93]
King. I was, fair Madam.
Prin. When you then were here,
What did you whisper in your lady's ear?
King. That more than all the world I did respect her.
Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.
King. Upon mine honour, no.
Prin. Peace! peace! forbear:
Your oath once broke, you force[94] not to forswear.
King. Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.
Prin. I will; and therefore keep it.[95] — Rosaline,
What did the Russian whisper in your ear?
Ros. Madam, he swore, that he did hold me dear
As precious eyesight, and did value me
Above this world; adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.
Prin. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord
Most honourably doth uphold his word.
King. What mean you, Madam? by my life, my troth,
I never swore this lady such an oath.
Ros. By heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this: but take it, Sir, again.
King. My faith, and this, the princess I did give:
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.
Prin. Pardon me, Sir, this jewel did she wear;
And Lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear. —
What! will you have me, or your pearl again?
Biron. Neither of either; I remit both twain. —
I see the trick on 't: — here was a consent,[96]
Knowing aforehand of our merriment,
To dash it like a Christmas comedy.
Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,[97]
Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick,
That smiles his cheek in years,[98] and knows the trick
To make my lady laugh when she 's dispos'd,
Told our intents before; which once disclos'd,
The ladies did change favours, and then we,
Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.[99]
Now, to our perjury to add more terror,
We are again forsworn, — in will, and error.[100]
Much upon this it is; — *[to* BOYET*]* and might not you
Forestall our sport, to make us thus untrue?
Do not you know my lady's foot by the squire,[101]
And laugh upon the apple of her eye?
And stand between her back, Sir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?
You put our page out: go, you are allow'd;[102]
Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.
You leer upon me, do you? there 's an eye,
Wounds like a leaden sword.

über, als seine künftige Rede, ein grobes Ja und ein derbes Nein. — *russet* und *kersey* sind ordinäre Stoffe, in welche sich die Bauern kleiden. — Für *affectation*, das der Reim fordert, haben die alten Ausgg. *affection*, das Sh. in demselben Sinne gebraucht. Vgl. A. 5, Sc. 1, Anm. 3. — In Merry Wives of Windsor (A. 1, Sc. 1) *it is affectations.* 89) Rosaline verbittet sich das affectirte Wort *sans*, das Biron als Reminiscenz noch gebraucht, obwohl er so eben alles Manierirte verschworen hatte. Sonst steht *sans* bei Sh. für *without* auch häufig ohne den Nebensinn des Affectirten oder Lächerlichen. 90) Diese Worte wurden an die Thüren der Häuser, in denen die Pest herrschte, zu Sh.'s Zeit in London geschrieben. Mit *those three* deutet Biron auf seine drei Gefährten. 91) Wortspiele zwischen *free* = frei von Ansteckung, und = freigebig, sowie zwischen *the Lord's tokens* = die Pestflecken, mit denen der Herr die Kranken zeichnet, und *the lords' tokens* = die Andenken, Liebesgeschenke der Cavaliere, welche die Damen an sich tragen. 92) *to sue* = werben, freien, und = vor Gericht klagen, im Gegensatz zu *forfeit* = von dem Gericht verurtheilt. 93) Wusstet Ihr, was Ihr thatet? Waret Ihr Eurer Sinne mächtig? 94) *I force not*, eigentlich = ich lege kein Gewicht darauf, wird auch in weiterm Sinne geradezu = *I care not* gebraucht. 95) scil. *keep your oath* = brecht Euren Eid nicht. 96) *consent* = Verabredung, Uebereinkunft. — Die Damen hatten sich verabredet, da sie im Voraus von unserem Spasse wussten, ihn durchfallen zu lassen, wie ein neues Lustspiel, das zuerst zu Weihnachten aufgeführt wurde, bisweilen Fiasco macht. 97) *zany* = Hanswurst, eine um so verächtlichere Bezeichnung, da der *zany* nur eine subalterne Rolle neben dem eigentlichen Lustigmacher spielt. — *mumble-news* = der den Damen Neuigkeiten in's Ohr flüstert. — *trencher-knight* = ein Ritter, der statt des Degens den Präsentirteller trägt. So bald nachher *holding a trencher.* — *Dick*, vertraulich für *Richard*, dann, wie *Jack*, für irgend einen unbedeutenden Menschen. So in Coriolanus (A. 2, Sc. 3) *To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,* || *Their needless vouches.* 98) Der durch sein Lächeln seine Wange so runzlicht macht, als ob sie viele Jahre aufwiese, sehr alt wäre. — *in* für *into* ist Sh.'sch. — Für *years* lesen viele Hgg. mit Theobald *jeers.* 99) Das Abzeichen, äussere Kennzeichen jeder einzelnen Dame. 100) Wir waren zuerst meineidig mit unserm Willen, nachher in unserm Irrthum. 101) *squire* = Winkelmass. Wisst Ihr nicht ganz genau, wie lang und breit der Fuss Eurer Dame ist? 102) Euch nimmt man, als einem privilegirten Spassmacher, nichts übel.

Boyet. Full merrily
Hath this brave manage,[103] this career, been run.
Biron. Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace! I have done.

Enter Costard.

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.
Cost. O Lord, Sir, they would know,
Whether the three Worthies shall come in, or no.
Biron. What, are there but three?
Cost. No, Sir; but it is vara fine,
For every one pursents three.[104]
Biron. And three times thrice is nine.
Cost. Not so, Sir; under correction, Sir, I hope, it is not so.
You cannot beg us,[105] Sir, I can assure you, Sir; we know what we know:
I hope, Sir, three times thrice, Sir, —
Biron. Is not nine.
Cost. Under correction, Sir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.
Biron. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.
Cost. O Lord! Sir, it were pity you should get your living by reckoning, Sir.
Biron. How much is it?
Cost. O Lord! Sir, the parties themselves, the actors, Sir, will show whereuntil it doth amount: for mine own part, I am, as they say, but to perfect one man in one poor man,[106] — Pompion the Great, Sir.
Biron. Art thou one of the Worthies?
Cost. It pleased them to think me worthy of Pompion[107] the Great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the Worthy, but I am to stand for him.
Biron. Go, bid them prepare.
Cost. We will turn it finely off, Sir: we will take some care. *[Exit.*
King. Biron, they will shame us; let them not approach.
Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord; and 't is some policy
To have one show worse than the king's and his company.
King. I say, they shall not come.
Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you now.
That sport best pleases, that doth least[108] know how:
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents[109]
Die in the zeal of them which it presents,
Their form confounded makes most form in mirth;
When great things labouring[110] perish in their birth.
Biron. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter Armado.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expence of thy royal sweet breath, as will utter a brace of words.
[Armado *converses with the* King, *and delivers a paper to him.*
Prin. Doth this man serve God?
Biron. Why ask you?
Prin. He speaks not like a man of God's making.[111]
Arm. That 's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch; for, I protest, the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical; too, too vain; too, too vain: but we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna della guerra.*[112] I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couplement![113] *[Exit.*
King. Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies. He presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the Great; the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Maccabæus.
And if these four Worthies in their first show thrive,
These four will change habits, and present the other five.
Biron. There is five in the first show.
King. You are deceived, 't is not so.
Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool, and the boy: —
Abate throw at novum,[114] and the whole world again
Cannot pick out five such, take each one in his vein.
King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.

Enter Costard *armed, for Pompey.*

Cost. »I Pompey am,« —
Boyet. You lie, you are not he.
Cost. »I Pompey am,« —
Boyet. With libbard's head on knee.[115]

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103) So verbesserte Theobald das *nuage* der Q. und das *manager* der Fol. — *manage* ist die einzelne Reittour beim Turnier. — Darauf bezieht sich die Antwort Biron's. 104) *vara* und *pursents* bäuerisch für *very* und *presents.* 105) Eine Anspielung auf die Sitte, dass man sich die Vormundschaft über einen Narren und die Verwaltung von dessen Vermögen als ein einträgliches Amt erbat; also sprichwörtlich = wir sind keine Narren, wir sind nicht blödsinnig. — So in Comedy of Errors (A. 2, Sc. 1) *this fool-begg'd patience.* 106) Was mich betrifft, so soll ich nur einen Mann in einer armen Person, d. h. in meiner Person, darstellen, während die Uebrigen mehrere Rollen übernehmen. — *perfect* für *perform.* — Malone änderte ohne Noth *perfect one man, — e'en one poor man.* Costard würde aber schwerlich Pompejus den Grossen so bezeichnet haben. 107) Die alten Ausgg. haben hier *Pompey*, eben vorher *Pompion.* 108) So die Fol.; die Q. *best.* 109) *to content* = zufriedenstellen, und *contents* = der Inhalt oder Stoff des Dargestellten, stehen im Gegensatz: Wo der Eifer der Darsteller sich bemüht zu gefallen, und das dargestellte Stück misslingt gerade in dem Eifer Derer, die es darstellen, da gewinnt die Formlosigkeit *(form confounded)* dieser Schauspieler gerade die beste Form, das beste Ansehen in dem Spass, den es hervorbringt. — Die alten Ausgg. haben *dies* für *die*, und *of that* für *of them.* Ersteres wäre eher beizubehalten als letzteres, da *presents* für das grammatisch richtigere *present (which present it)* ganz Sh.'sch ist. — Staunton vermuthet *Where zeal strives to content, and discontent || Lies in the zeal of them which it present.* Er citirt dazu aus Taming of the Shrew (A. 1, Sc. 1) *Sister, content you in my discontent.* 110) *labouring* = im Kreissen begriffen. 111) So die Fol.; die Q. *God his making*, eine Umschreibung des Genitivs, die Sh. sonst nur aus, hier nicht vorliegenden, euphonischen Gründen anwendet. 112) In den alten Ausgg. *fortuna delaguar.* 113) *royal couplement* = königliches Paar. — So in Spenser's Faerie Queene: *to their steeds they went || And forth together rode, a goodly couplement.* 114) Anspielung auf ein Würfelspiel, *novum* oder eigentlich *novem* genannt, das mit zwei Würfeln gespielt wurde, und als höchste Würfe neun und fünf hatte: Abgerechnet einen solchen Glückswurf, kann die ganze Welt nicht solche Fünf, Jeden in seiner besondern Eigenthümlichkeit genommen, auslesen. — Malone fügte *a* vor *throw* ein. 115) Das Kniestück der Rüstung des Pompejus bestand aus einem gegossenen oder geschmiedeten Leopardenkopf. — *libbard* für *leopard*, gewöhnliche ältere Form.

Biron. Well said, old mocker: I must needs be friends with thee.

Cost. »I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the Big,« —

Dum. The Great.

Cost. It is »Great«, Sir;—»Pompey surnam'd the Great;
That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe to sweat:
And travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance,
And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France.«
If your ladyship would say, »Thanks, Pompey,« I had done.

Prin. Great thanks, great Pompey.

Cost. 'T is not so much worth; but I hope, I was perfect. I made a little fault in »Great«.

Biron. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best Worthy.

Enter Sir Nathaniel *armed, for Alexander.*

Nath. »When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;
By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might:
My scutcheon plain declares, that I am Alisander.«

Boyet. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.[116]

Biron. Your nose smells, no, in this, most tender-smelling knight.

Prin. The conqueror is dismay'd. Proceed, good Alexander.

Nath. »When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;« —

Boyet. Most true; 't is right: you were so, Alisander.

Biron. Pompey the Great, —

Cost. Your servant, and Costard.

Biron. Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.

Cost. *[To* Nath.*]* O! Sir, you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror. You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his poll-axe sitting on a close-stool, will be given to Ajax:[117] he will be the ninth Worthy. A conqueror, and afeard to speak? run away for shame, Alisander. [Nath. *retires.*] There, an 't shall please you: a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dash'd![118] He is a marvellous neighbour, faith, and a very good bowler; but, for Alisander, alas! you see, how 't is; — a little o'erparted.[119] — But there are Worthies a coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

Prin. Stand aside, good Pompey.

Enter Holofernes *armed, for Judas, and* Moth *armed, for Hercules.*

Hol. »Great Hercules is presented by this imp,
Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed *canus;*
And, when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,
Thus did he strangle serpents in his *manus.*
Quoniam he seemeth in minority,[120]
Ergo I come with this apology.«
Keep some state in thy *exit*, and vanish.[121] —
»Judas I am,« —

Dum. A Judas!

Hol. Not Iscariot, Sir. —
»Judas I am, ycleped[122] Maccabæus.«

Dum. Judas Maccabæus clipt, is plain Judas.

Biron. A kissing traitor. — How art thou prov'd Judas?

Hol. »Judas I am,« —

Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.

Hol. What mean you, Sir?

Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.

Hol. Begin, Sir: you are my elder.

Biron. Well follow'd: Judas was hang'd on an elder.[123]

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

Biron. Because thou hast no face.[124]

Hol. What is this?

Boyet. A cittern-head.[125]

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Biron. A death's face in a ring.[126]

Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

Boyet. The pummel of Cæsar's falchion.

Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a flask.[127]

Biron. Saint George's half-cheek in a brooch.[128]

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer.
And now, forward; for we have put thee in countenance.

Hol. You have put me out of countenance.

Biron. False: we have given thee faces.

Hol. But you have outfac'd them all.

Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

Boyet. Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go.
And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

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116) Steevens erinnert daran, dass der Kopf Alexander's des Grossen etwas schief auf den Schultern gesessen habe. 117) Auf den gemalten Tapeten der Zeit figurirte unter den neun Recken auch Alexander der Grosse mit seinem Wappenschilde, den das alte Buch der Nine Worthies so beschreibt: *Alexander the which did bear gules, a lion or scyant in a chair, holding a battle-ax argent.* — Das *scyant in a chair* giebt Costard gröber *sitting on a close-stool.* — Das durch *close-stool* veranlasste Wortspiel zwischen *Ajax* und *a jakes* = Abtritt, gehört nicht Sh. allein an, sondern kommt bei seinen Zeitgenossen öfter vor. 118) *soon dashed* = leicht aus dem Concept gebracht, leicht blamirt als Schauspieler. Vgl. oben Anm. 96. 119) Man hat ihm mit dem Alexander eine etwas zu grosse Rolle gegeben. 120) Da Hercules noch als ein Unmündiger erscheint, so komme ich mit dieser Empfehlung für ihn. 121) Die meisten Hgg. setzen hier *Exit Moth*, obgleich Moth nach wie vor auf der Bühne bleibt. Das *Exit Boy* der alten Ausgg. an dieser Stelle bezeichnet hier dessen Weggang von der kleinern Bühne im Hintergrunde des Sh.'schen Theaters, auf welcher die neun Recken ihre Vorstellung gaben. 122) Wortspiel zwischen *to clepe*, wovon *ycleped* das veraltete Particip ist, = nennen, und *to clip* = beschneiden, verstümmeln. 123) Wortspiel zwischen *my elder* = älter als ich, und *elder* = Hollunderbaum. 124) Biron fasst *countenance*, das Holofernes = Fassung, versteht, als synonym mit *face.* — Bei der folgenden Frage *What is this?* deutet Holofernes auf seinen Kopf, um zu beweisen, dass er allerdings ein Gesicht habe. 125) *cittern-head* = ein Menschenkopf von Holz, als Zierrath oben an einer Zither angebracht. 126) Ein Todtenkopf, in den Stein eines Siegelrings eingeschnitten. 127) *flask* = Pulverhorn, das der Soldat an der Seite trug und dessen Pfropf aus einem geschnitzten Kopf bestand. 128) Ein Bild im Profil des heil. Georg, das man in einer Agraffe trug. — Den folgenden Wortwitz, aus *Jude* und *ass* zu *Judas* zusammengefügt, weist Staunton schon in Heywood's Poems (1566) nach; das

Biron. For the ass to the Jude? give it him: — Jud-as, away.

Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boyet. A light for Monsieur Judas! it grows dark, he may stumble.

Prin. Alàs, poor Maccabæus, how hath he been baited!

Enter ARMADO *armed, for Hector.*

Biron. Hide thy head, Achilles: here comes Hector in arms.

Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

King. Hector was but a Trojan [129] in respect of this.

Boyet. But is this Hector?

King. I think Hector was not so clean-timber'd. [130]

Long. His leg is too big for Hector's.

Dum. More calf, certain. [131]

Boyet. No; he is best indued in the small.

Biron. This cannot be Hector.

Dum. He 's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.

Arm. »The armipotent Mars, of lances [132] the almighty, Gave Hector a gift,« —

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Biron. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves. [133]

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. Peace! [134]

»The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;
A man so breath'd, that certain he would fight ye, [135]
From morn till night, out of his pavilion.
I am that flower,« —

Dum. That mint.

Long. That columbine.

Arm. Sweet Lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

Long. I must rather give it the rein, for it runs against Hector.

Dum. Ay, and Hector 's a greyhound.

Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten: sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried: when he breathed, he was a man. [136] — But I will forward with my device. Sweet royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing.

[BIRON *whispers* COSTARD. [137]

Prin. Speak, brave Hector: we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

Boyet. Loves her by the foot. [138]

Dum. He may not by the yard.

Arm. »This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,« —

Cost. The party is gone: [139] fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on her way.

Arm. What meanest thou?

Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, [140] the poor wench is cast away: she 's quick; the child brags [141] in her belly already: 't is yours.

Arm. Dost thou infamonize [142] me among potentates? Thou shalt die.

Cost. Then shall Hector be whipp'd for Jaquenetta that is quick [143] by him, and hang'd for Pompey that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare Pompey!

Boyet. Renowned Pompey!

Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the Huge!

Dum. Hector trembles.

Biron. Pompey is moved. — More Atés, more Atés! [144] stir them on! stir them on!

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Biron. Ay, if he have no more man's blood in 's belly than will sup a flea.

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man: [145] I 'll slash; I 'll do it by the sword. — I pray you, let me borrow my arms again. [146]

Dum. Room for the incensed Worthies!

Cost. I 'll do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute Pompey!

Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not see, Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? you will lose your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.

Dum. You may not deny it: Pompey hath made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Biron. What reason have you for 't?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt. I go woolward for penance. [147]

Boyet. True, and it was enjoin'd [148] him in Rome for want of linen; since when, I 'll be sworn, he wore none but a dishclout of Jaquenetta's, and that he wears next his heart for a favour.

Gedicht hat die Ueberschrift On an ill Governour called Jude. 129) *Trojan* = Trojaner, und = Landstreicher, Gauner. So in K. Henry IV. First Part (A. 2, Sc. 1) *Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dreamest not of.* 130) *clean-timbered* = ebenmässig gebaut, wohlgefügt. 131) Wortspiel zwischen *calf* = Kalb, und = Wade. Als Gegensatz zu letzterer spricht Boyet dann von *the small* = dem dünnen Theil des Beines unter der Wade. 132) *lances* = Lanzenträger. 133) Eine vergoldete Muskatnuss und eine Orange, mit Gewürznelken durchsteckt, waren gewöhnliche Neujahrsgeschenke zu Sh.'s Zeit. — Die Q. hat *A gift nutmeg* für *gilt* der Fol. — *cloves* und *cloven* = gespalten, bilden ein Wortspiel. 134) *Peace!* findet sich nur in der Q. 135) *fight ye* ist Theobald's Emendation für *fight, yea* der Q. und Fol. — *ye* ist der ethische Dativ, familiär für *you.* 136) *when he breathed, he was a man* fehlt in der Fol. 137) Diese Bühnenweisung ist modern und dient zur Verdeutlichung des folgenden Auftretens Costard's. Die alten Ausgg. haben *Berowne steppes forth.* 138) *foot* doppelsinnig = Fuss, und = Mass von einem Fuss, im Gegensatz zu *yard* = Elle. 139) Q. und Fol. geben diese Worte bis *gone* noch als ein Stück von Armado's Rede. 140) Vgl. oben Anm. 129. 141) Anspielung auf den als *Braggart* bezeichneten Armado, dessen charakteristische Eigenschaften sein Kind also schon im Mutterleibe verräth. 142) *to infamonize* für *to make infamous*, ein von Armado selbst gebildetes Wort. 143) *quick* = schwanger, und = lebendig. 144) *Até* = Göttin der Zwietracht. So in K. John (A. 2, Sc. 1) *An Até, stirring him to blood and strife.* 145) Costard versteht *north pole* = ein Stecken, wie man ihn im Norden von England in Uebungskämpfen gebraucht. 146) Die Waffen, die er als Pompejus vorher getragen hatte. 147) *to go woolward* = ohne Hemd gehen, so dass die Wolle des Rockes unmittelbar die Haut reibt, wird zu Sh.'s Zeit und früher häufig erwähnt, zunächst als eine kirchliche Busse, die den Pilgern auferlegt wurde, dann aber auch, wie Boyet es hier erklärt, als eine Ausrede für Leute, die kein Hemd haben. 148) *to enjoin* = als Busse auferlegen. — Malone wollte diese Rede,

Enter Monsieur MERCADE, *a Messenger.*

Mer. God save you, Madam.
Prin. Welcome, Mercade,
But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.
Mer. I am sorry, Madam; for the news I bring
Is heavy in my tongue. — The king your father —
Prin. Dead, for my life!
Mer. Even so: my tale is told.
Biron. Worthies, away! The scene begins to cloud.
Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath. I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion, [149] and I will right myself like a soldier.
[Exeunt Worthies.
King. How fares your majesty?
Prin. Boyet, prepare: I will away to-night.
King. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.
Prin. Prepare, I say. — I thank you, gracious lords,
For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,
Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe
In your rich wisdom to excuse, or hide,
The liberal [150] opposition of our spirits:
If over-boldly we have borne ourselves
In the converse of breath, [151] your gentleness
Was guilty of it. Farewell, worthy lord!
A heavy heart bears not a humble tongue. [152]
Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks
For my great suit so easily obtain'd.
King. The extreme part of time extremely forms [153]
All causes to the purpose of his speed;
And often, at his very loose, [154] decides
That which long process could not arbitrate:
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the smiling courtesy of love
The holy suit which fain it would convince; [155]
Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,
Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it
From what it purpos'd; since, to wail friends lost,
Is not by much so wholesome, profitable,
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.
Prin. I understand you not: my griefs are dull. [156]
Biron. Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief;
And by these badges understand the king.
For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul play with our oaths. Your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours
Even to the opposed end of our intents;
And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous, —
As love is full of unbefitting strains;
All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain;
Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye,
Full of strange [157] shapes, of habits, and of forms,
Varying in subjects, as the eye doth roll
To every varied object in his glance:
Which party-coated presence of loose love [158]
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities,
Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,
Suggested us to make. Therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove false,
By being once false, for ever to be true
To those that make us both, — fair ladies, you:
And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,
Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.
Prin. We have receiv'd your letters full of love;
Your favours, the ambassadors of love;
And, in our maiden council, rated them
At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,
As bombast, [159] and as lining to the time.
But more devout than this, in our respects, [160]
Have we not been; and therefore met your loves
In their own fashion, like a merriment.
Dum. Our letters, Madam, show'd much more than jest.
Long. So did our looks.
Ros. We did not cote them so. [161]

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die in den alten Ausgg. mit *Boy.* bezeichnet ist, nicht dem Boyet, sondern dem Moth zuertheilen. 149) In Ray's Sprichwörtersammlung findet sich auch folgendes Sprichwort: *One may see a day at a little hole.* — Armado's eigentlicher Sinn ist: ich habe erkannt, so beschränkt ich auch sein mag, dass mir Unrecht geschehen ist. 150) *liberal* = dreist, ausgelassen. Die Prinzessin spricht von der ziemlich freien Manier, mit der sie und ihre Damen den Cavalieren entgegengetreten sind. 151) *converse of breath* = mündlicher Verkehr. 152) *humble* erklärt Steevens mit *obsequiously thankful*, und Malone: *A heavy heart does not admit of that verbal obeisance which is paid by the humble to those whom they address.* — Theobald las *a nimble tongue.* — In der folgenden Zeile hat die Q. *too short.* 153) Die alten Ausgg. haben *parts* und *forms*, wofür die meisten Hgg. *parts* und *form* setzen. Es ist = der Drang der Zeit im letzten entscheidenden Momente. — Für *parts* vermuthet Theobald *past*, Singer *haste*, und Staunton *dart.* Letztere Lesart gewinnt eine Stütze in dem folgenden *at his very loose* = das Abschiessen des Pfeils vom Bogen. Indess erklärt der König das *extreme part of time* selbst nachher deutlicher mit *the latest minute of the hour.* 154) *at his very loose* = im Augenblicke, wo die Zeit, oder ihr letzter Theil, sich löst, scheidet. 155) Wenn auch das trauernde Antlitz der Nachkommenschaft, das Antlitz der Tochter, die um den Vater trauert, der lächelnden Huldigung der Liebe die Werbung untersagt, welche sie gern erobern, gewinnen möchte. — *to convince*, eigentlich = besiegen, ist hier = durch Sieg erwerben. 156) *dull* liest Dyce mit Collier's altem Corrector für *double* der Q. und Fol., wofür Capell *deaf* lesen wollte. 157) Q. und Fol. haben *straying*, wofür Malone *strange* und Coleridge *stray* lesen wollte. 158) Ihre muthwillige Liebe hat sich in die bunte Tracht des Narren gesteckt, und wenn sie damit in den Augen der Damen den beschworenen Gelübden geschadet hat, so haben eben diese Augen die Cavaliere verführt, so zu thun. — Für *misbecomed*, wie Sh. auch sonst *becomed* für *become* hat, setzen manche Hgg. *misbecome.* — *to suggest* = verführen, zu Etwas anstiften. — Zu *to make* ist aus *these faults* ein *them* zu suppliren. 159) *bombast* erhält seine nähere Erklärung durch *lining* und ist wie dieses mit *to the time* zu verbinden: als Etwas, das den Augenblick nur ausstaffiren, ihm ein Ansehen geben sollte. — *bombast* = ein weicher, nachgiebiger Stoff, der als Watte dient, um den Kleidern ein bauschiges Ansehen zu geben. 160) So verbesserte Hanmer die Lesart der Q. *than this, our respects*, wofür die Fol. liest *than these are our respects:* aber hingebender, gläubiger als dies sind wir, in unserer Berücksichtigung Eurer Huldigungen, nicht gewesen. 161) Wir notirten sie nicht so, fassten sie nicht so auf. — Ueber *to cote*, das die Hgg. auch hier *quote* schreiben, vgl. A. 2, Sc. 1, Anm. 60. 162) *world-without-end* = auf eine

King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.
Prin. A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end [162] bargain in.
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd much,
Full of dear guiltiness; [163] and therefore this. —
If for my love (as there is no such cause)
You will do aught, this shall you do for me:
Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
There stay, until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about their annual reckoning.
If this austere insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds, [164]
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear [165] this trial, and last love;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge me, [166] challenge me by these deserts,
And by this virgin palm, [167] now kissing thine,
I will be thine; and, till that instant, [168] shut
My woful self up in a mourning house,
Raining the tears of lamentation
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part;
Neither intitled in the other's heart. [169]
King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest, [170]
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye.
Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.
[*Biron.* And what to me, my love? and what to me?
Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are rank: [171]
You are attaint with faults and perjury;
Therefore, if you my favour mean to get,
A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick.]
Dum. But what to me, my love? but what to me?
Kath. A wife! — A beard, fair health, and honesty;
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.
Dum. O! shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?
Kath. Not so, my lord. A twelvemonth and a day
I 'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers say:
Come when the king doth to my lady come;
Then, if I have much love, I 'll give you some.
Dum. I 'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.
Kath. Yet swear not, lest you be forsworn again.
Long. What says Maria?
Mar. At the twelvemonth's end,
I 'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.
Long. I 'll stay with patience; but the time is long.
Mar. The liker you; [172] few taller are so young.
Biron. Studies my lady? mistress, look on me.
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there;
Impose some service on me for thy love. [173]
Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my lord Biron,
Before I saw you, and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit:
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And, therewithal, to win me, if you please,
Without the which I am not to be won,
You shall this twelvemonth term, from day to day,
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce [174] endeavour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.
Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be; it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.
Ros. Why, that 's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools.
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear groans, [175]
Will hear your idle scorns, continue then, [176]
And I will have you, and that fault withal;
But, if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.
Biron. A twelvemonth? well, befall what will befall,
I 'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.
Prin. [*To the* King.] Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take my leave.
King. No, Madam; we will bring you on your way.
Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
Jack hath not Jill: [177] these ladies' courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy.
King. Come, Sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,
And then 't will end.
Biron. That 's too long for a play.

Welt ohne Ende, ewig. Sh. hat dasselbe Epitheton in seinen Sonnets (57) *Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour.* 163) *dear guiltiness* = schwere, tiefe Verschuldung. Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 1, Anm. 1. 164) *thin weeds* = dünne Kleider, die wenig gegen die rauhe Jahreszeit schützen. 165) *it* bezieht sich auf *your love:* wenn sie diese Prüfung besteht und dabei Liebe bleibt, als Liebe ausdauert. — *last* ist Conjunctiv von *to last.* 166) So Q. und Fol. — Manche Hgg. lassen mit Hanmer dieses *me* aus. 167) Die Prinzessin schwört bei ihrer jungfräulichen Hand, mit der sie in diesem Augenblick die Hand des Königs fasst. — In Coriolanus (A. 5, Sc. 2) kommt *the virginal palms of your daughters* vor. 168) *instant* in der Fol.; die Q. hat *instance.* 169) So dass Keiner von uns Beiden ein Anrecht auf das Herz des Andern hat. 170) Wenn ich dies verweigere oder mehr als dies, um meine geistige Thätigkeit oder Begabung in Ruhe einzulullen. 171) *rank* verbessert Rowe das *rack'd* der alten Ausgg. — Biron's Frage und Rosalinens Antwort von *And what to me* bis *people sick* sind wahrscheinlich aus dem ersten Entwurfe des Dramas in der Handschrift stehen geblieben und aus Versehen in den Druck übergegangen, da der Inhalt derselben nachher in erweiterter Gestalt nochmals wiederkehrt. — Zu Dumaine's folgender Rede zieht Dyce noch den Anfang von Katharinens Worten und liest also *But what to me, my love? but what to me? || A wife?* 172) Wenn die Zeit bis dahin so lang ist, so gleicht sie um so mehr Euch, der Ihr selber langgewachsen seid. 173) Einen Dienst, womit ich mir Deine Liebe gewinnen kann. — Die Fol. hat *for my love.* 174) *fierce* = rücksichtslos, dreinschlagend. 175) Vgl. oben Anm. 163. 176) Fahrt dann fort so zu sein, wie Ihr seid, d. h. zu spotten und Witze zu machen. — Für *then* wollte Dyce mit dem alten Corrector Collier's *them* lesen. 177) Das

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me, —
Prin. Was not that Hector?
Dum. The worthy knight of Troy.
Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave. I am a votary: I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love three years. But, most esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled in praise of the owl and the cuckoo? it should have followed in the end of our show.
King. Call them forth quickly; we will do so.
Arm. Holla! approach.

Enter HOLOFERNES, NATHANIEL, MOTH, COSTARD, *and Others.* [178]

This side is Hiems, Winter, this Ver, the Spring; the one maintained by the owl, the other by the cuckoo. Ver, begin.

SONG.

Spring.

I.

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue, [179]
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo, — O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

II.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo, — O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

Winter.

III.

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail, [180]
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who; [181]
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot. [182]

IV.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw, [183]
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl, [184]
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who;
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. [185] You, that way: we, this way.

[Exeunt

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herkömmliche Lustspiel endet damit, dass man sich heirathet, dass Hans sein Gretchen bekommt. So in Midsummer-Night's Dream (A. 3, Sc. 2) *Jack shall have Jill.* 178) *Enter All* in den alten Ausgg. 179) Unter *cuckoo-buds* soll Sh. *cowslip-buds* gemeint haben, da *cuckoo-buds* eigentlich synonym mit *lady-smocks* ist. — Dieser Vers und der vorhergehende sind in Q. und Fol. umgestellt. 180) Er bläst sich auf die Fingerspitzen, um sie zu erwärmen. So in K. Henry VI. Third Part (A. 2, Sc. 5) *the shepherd, blowing of his nails.* 181) *To-who* in dieser Strophe wie in der folgenden fehlt in Q. und Fol. 182) Die Magd, welche durch das Beiwort *greasy* als Küchenmagd charakterisirt wird, nimmt von Zeit zu Zeit Etwas aus dem Kochtopf über dem Feuer, oder rührt ihn um, damit er nicht überkoche. — *to keel*, eigentlich = abkühlen, ist der technische Ausdruck dafür. 183) *saw* = Spruch. 184) Die gebratenen Aepfel, welche mit Bier, Zucker und Gewürz in einem Napf gekocht wurden. 185) Erst die Fol. theilt diese Worte dem Armado zu, die in der Q. ohne Bezeichnung der Person stehen. — *You that way: we, this way* fehlt in der Q.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Einleitung.

Shakspere's Midsummer-Night's Dream erschien im Jahre 1600 in zwei Ausgaben in Quarto, von denen die erste und correcteste (Q. A.) folgendes Titelblatt hat: A Midsommer nights dreame. As it hath beene sundry times publickely acted, by the Right honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. Written by William Shakespeare. Imprinted at London, for Thomas Fisher, and are to be soulde at his shoppe, at the Signe of the White Hart, in Fleete streete, 1600. — Der Verleger Fisher hatte das Drama unterm 8. October desselben Jahres in die Register der Buchhändler als seinen Verlagsartikel eintragen lassen. — Auch die andere, vermuthlich unrechtmässige, Quartausgabe (Q. B.), von James Roberts gedruckt, macht, wie Q. A., auf dem Titelblatte die Shakspere'sche Schauspielergesellschaft und den Verfasser des Lustspiels namhaft, und aus dieser Ausgabe, obwohl ihr Text an Werth dem von Q. A. nachsteht, ist das Drama, mit einigen Aenderungen, die nur zum Theil für Verbesserungen gelten können, in die Gesammtausgabe der Shakspere'schen Dramen in Folio übergegangen, wo es als das achte in der Reihe der Comedies steht, daselbst zuerst in Acte eingetheilt. Eine Eintheilung in Scenen und ein Personenverzeichniss, welches Rowe in seiner Ausgabe von 1709 beifügte, fehlen auch in der Folioausgabe. Wie die Abweichungen zwischen den beiden Quartausgaben (Qs.) und der Fol. nirgendwo von tiefeingreifender Bedeutung sind, so bietet auch der Text im Ganzen nur geringe Schwierigkeiten.

Zuerst erwähnt wird Midsummer-Night's Dream in dem mehrfach citirten Verzeichniss Shakspere'scher Dramen, das Francis Meres in seinem Buche Palladis Tamia (1598) giebt. — Darüber hinaus bleibt zur chronologischen Bestimmung des Dramas nur die nicht unwahrscheinliche Vermuthung, dass der Dichter mit der Schilderung eines Missjahres (in A. 2, Sc. 1) auf den stürmischen, regnerischen und an Verheerungen aller Art reichen Sommer 1594 in England habe anspielen wollen. Da solche Anspielungen beim Publicum nur wirksam und treffend sein konnten, so lange die Ereignisse, auf welche hingedeutet wurde, noch frisch in der Erinnerung hafteten, so muss Shakspere sein Drama nicht lange nachher, vielleicht noch im Jahre 1594 selbst, geschrieben haben. Es ist sogar denkbar, dass der Volksglaube, der die Missernten, Seuchen, Ueberschwemmungen und was sonst an Unglücksfällen das genannte Jahr auszeichnete, dem Einflusse und der Zwietracht der Elementargeister zuschreiben mochte, unserm Dichter die erste Idee zu seinem Drama darbot, so weit es sich nämlich darin um den Streit Oberon's und Titania's und deren glückliche Versöhnung handelte. Auf den Volksglauben an das bunte und mannigfache Treiben der Elfen fusste Shakspere auch in den einzelnen Zügen, die er der in Prosa und Vers, in der höheren und populären Literatur seiner Zeit vielfach behandelten Feenmythologie entlehnte, um seine dramatischen Gestalten damit auszustatten. — Von der Feenkönigin fand Shakspere unter Anderm schon einen Bericht in Chaucer's Canterbury Tales zu Anfang von The Wif of Bathes Tale:

In olde dayes of the king Artour,
Of which that Bretons speken gret honour,
All was this lond fulfilled of faerie;
The Elf-quene, with hire joly compagnie,
Danced ful oft in many a grene mede.
This was the old opinion as I rede;
I speke of many hundred yeres ago;
But now can no man see non elves mo,
For now the grete charitee and prayeres
Of limitoures and other holy freres,
That serchen every land and every streme,
As thikke as motes in the sonne-beme,
Blissing halles, chambres, kichenes, and boures,
Citees and burghes, castles hiyhe and toures,
Thropes and bernes, shepenes and dairies,
This maketh that ther ben no faeries:
For ther as wont to walken was an elf,
Ther walketh now the limitour himself,
In underneles and in morweninges,
And sayth his Matines and his holy thinges,
And he goth in his limitatioun.
Women may now go safely up and doun,
In every bush, and under every tree,
Ther is non other incubus but he,
And he ne will don hem no dishonour.

Titania, als Name der Feenkönigin, scheint sich vor dem Midsummer-Night's Dream nicht zu finden; noch in Romeo and Juliet nennt Shakspere die Feenkönigin mit ihrem herkömmlichen Namen *Queen Mab.* — Der Name des Elfenkönigs Oberon dagegen kommt schon vor Shakspere in verschiedenen Mährchen und Balladen*) vor, am frühesten vielleicht in der englischen Uebersetzung des französischen Romans von Huon de Bourdeaux, welche Lord Berners im Jahre 1579 lieferte. — Von den Streichen seines Dieners Puck ist am ausführlichsten die Rede in einem Pamphlete, betitelt Robin Good-fellow: *his Mad Pranks and Merry Jests*, das sich zwar

*) Auch in einem Drama von Robert Greene: *The Scottish Historie of James the fourth, slaine at Flodden. Intermixed with a pleasant Comedie presented by Oberam King of Faeryes.*

nur in einer Ausgabe von 1628 erhalten hat, aber nach Collier's Meinung schon vierzig Jahre früher einmal gedruckt und unserm Dichter bekannt war. Einige Abschnitte aus diesem kleinen Volksbuch mögen hier folgen:

What hapned to Robin Good-fellow after he went from the taylor.

After Robin had travailed a good dayes journy from his masters house hee sate downe, and beeing weary hee fell a sleepe. No sooner had slumber tooken full possession of him, and closed his long opened eye-lids, but hee thought he saw many goodly proper personages in anticke measures tripping about him, and withall hee heard such musicke, as he thought that Orpheus, that famous Greeke fidler (had hee beene alive), compared to one of these had beene as infamous as a Welchharper that playes for cheese and onions. As delights commonly last not long, so did those end sooner then hee would willingly they should have done; and for very griefe he awaked, and found by him lying a scroule, wherein was written these lines following in golden letters.

Robin my only sonne and heire,
How to live take thou no care:
By nature thou hast cunning shifts,
Which Ile increase with other gifts.
Wish what thou wilt, thou shalt it have;
And for to vex both foole and knave,
Thou hast the power to change thy shape,
To horse, to hog, to dog, to ape.
Transformed thus, by any meanes
See none thou harm'st but knaves and queanes;

But love thou those that honest be,
And helpe them in necessity.
Doe thus, and all the world shall know
The prankes of Robin Good-fellow:
For by that name thou cald shalt be
To ages last posterity.
If thou observe my just command,
One day thou shalt see Fayry Land!
This more I give: who tels thy prankes
From those that heare them shall have thankes.

Robin, having read this, was very joyfull, yet longed he to know whether he had this power or not, and to try it hee wished for some meate: presently it was before him. Then wished hee for beere and wine: he straightway had it. This liked him well, and because he was weary, he wished himselfe a horse: no sooner was his wish ended, but he was transformed, and seemed a horse of twenty pound price, and leaped and curveted as nimble as if he had beene in stable at racke and manger a full moneth. Then wished he himselfe a dog, and was so, then a tree, and was so: so from one thing to another, till hee was certaine and well assured that hee could change himselfe to any thing whatsoever.

How Robin Good-fellow served a clownish fellow.

Robin Good-fellow going over a field met with a clownish fellow, to whom he spake in this manner: „Friend," quoth he, „what is a clocke?" „A thing," answered the clowne, „that shewes the time of the day." „Why then," sayd Robin Good-fellow, „bee thou a clocke, and tell me what time of the day it is." „I owe thee not so much service," answered hee againe, „but because thou shalt thinke thyselfe beholding to mee, know that it is the same time of the day, as it was yesterday at this time."

These crosse answers vext Robin Good-fellow, so that in himselfe hee vowed to be revenged of him, which he did in this manner.

Robin Good-fellow turned himselfe into a bird, and followed this fellow, who was going into a field a little from that place to catch a horse that was at grasse. The horse being wilde ran over dike and hedge, and the fellow after, but to little purpose, for the horse was too swift for him. Robin was glad of this occasion, for now or never was the time to put his revenge in action.

Presently Robin shaped himselfe like to the horse that the fellow followed, and so stood before the fellow: presently the fellow tooke hold of him and got on his backe, but long had he not rid, but with a stumble he hurld this churlish clowne to the ground, that he almost broke his necke; yet tooke he not this for a sufficient revenge for the crosse answers he had received, but stood still and let the fellow mount him once more.

In the way the fellow was to ride was a great plash of water of a good depth; thorow this must he of necessity ride. No sooner was hee in the middest of it, but Robin Good-fellow left him with nothing but a pack-saddle betwixt his leggs, and in the shape of a fish swomme to the shore, and ran away laughing, ho, ho, hoh! leaving the poore fellow almost drowned.

Fast alle Streiche, die der Volksglaube dem neckischen Kobold zuschreibt, sind zusammengestellt in folgender Ballade, angeblich von Ben Jonson:

From Oberon, in fairy-land,
The king of ghosts and shadows there,
Mad Robin I, at his command,
Am sent to view the night-sports here;
What revel-rout
Is kept about
In every corner where I go,
I will o'ersee,
And merry be,
And make good sport, with ho, ho, ho!

More swift than lightning do I fly
About this airy welkin soon,
And, in a minute's space, descry
What things are done beneath the moon:
There's not a hag
Nor ghost shall wag,
Nor cry, ware Goblin! where I go;
But Robin I
His feats will spy,
And send him home, with ho, ho, ho!

If any wanderers I meet,
That from their night-sport do trudge home,
With counterfeited voice I greet,
And call them on with me to roam:
Through woods, through lakes,
Through bogs, through brakes,
O'er bush and brier with them I go;
I call upon
Them to come on,
And slide out laughing, ho, ho, ho!

Sometimes I meet them like a man,
Sometimes an ox, sometimes a hound;
And to a horse I turn me can,
To trip and trot about them round;
But if, to ride,
My back they stride,
More swift than wind away I go;
O'er hedge, o'er lands,
Through pools, through ponds,
I hurry laughing, ho, ho, ho!

When lads and lasses merry be,
With possets, and with junkets fine,
Unseen of all the company,
I eat their cakes, and sip their wine;
And to make sport,
I puff and snort,
And out the candles I do blow;
The maids I kiss;
They shriek — Who's this?
I answer nought, but ho, ho, ho!

Yet, now and then, the maids to please,
I card, at midnight, up their wool;
And, while they sleep, and take their ease,
With wheel to thread their flax I pull;
I grind at mill
Their malt up still,
I dress their hemp, I spin their tow;
If any wake,
And would me take,
I wend me laughing, ho, ho, ho!

When house or hearth doth sluttish lie,
I pinch the maidens black and blue;
The bed-clothes from the bed pull I,
And lay them naked all to view;
'Twixt sleep and wake,
I do them take,
And on the key-cold floor them throw;
If out they cry,
Then forth I fly,
And loudly laugh I, ho, ho, ho!

Whenas my fellow elves and I
In circled ring do trip a round;
If that our sports by any eye
Do happen to be seen or found;
If that they
No words do say,
But mum continue as they go,
Each night I do
Put groat in shoe,
And wind out laughing, ho, ho, ho!

When any need to borrow ought,
We lend them what they do require,
And for the use demand we nought;
Our own is all we do desire:
If to repay
They make delay,
Abroad amongst them then I go;
And night by night
I them affright
With pinches, dreams, and ho, ho, ho!

When lazy queans have nought to do,
But study how to cog and lie,
To make debate, and mischief too,
'Twixt one another secretly,
I mark their glose,
And it disclose
To them that they have wronged so;
When I have done,
I get me gone,
And leave them scolding, ho, ho, ho!

When men do traps and engines set
In loop-holes, where the vermin creep,
Who from their folds and houses fet
Their ducks and geese, and lambs and sheep,
I spy the gin,
And enter in,
And seem a vermin taken so;
But, when they there
Approach me near,
I leap out laughing, ho, ho, ho!

By wells, and rills, in meadows green,
We nightly dance our hey-day guise;
And, to our fairy king and queen,
We chant our moonlight minstrelsies:
When larks 'gin sing,
Away we fling,
And babes new-born steal as we go;
An elf instead
We leave in bed,
And wind out laughing, ho, ho, ho!

Since hag-bred Merlin's time have I
Thus nightly revell'd to and fro;
And for my pranks men call me by
The name of Robin Good-fellow:
Fiends, ghosts and sprites,
That haunt the nights,
The hags and goblins do me know;
And beldams old
My feats have told;
So vale, vale! *ho, ho, ho!*

Die Figuren des Theseus und der Hippolyta, ihren Krieg und ihre Vermählung fand Shakspere ebenfalls in Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, wo The Knightes Tale folgendermassen anfängt:

Whilom, as olde stories tellen us,
Ther was a duk that highte Theseus.
Of Athenes he was lord and governour,
And in his time swiche a conquerour,
That greter was ther non under the sonne.
Ful many a riche contree had he wonne.
What with his wisdom and his chevalrie,
He conquerd all the regne of Feminie,
That whilom was ycleped Scythia;
And wedded the fresshe quene Ipolita,
And brought hire home with him to his contree
With mochel glorie and gret solempnitee,
And eke hire yonge suster Emelie.
And thus with victorie and with melodie
Let I this worthy duk to Athenes ride,
And all his host, in armes him beside.
And certes, if it n'ere to long to here,
I wolde have told you fully the manere,
How wonnen was the regne of Feminie,
By Theseus, and by his chevalrie;
And of the grete bataille for the nones
Betwix Athenes and the Amasones;
And how asseged was Ipolita
The faire hardy quene of Scythia;
And of the feste, that was at hire wedding,
And of the temple at hire home coming.

Ebenda schöpfte der Dichter den Gedanken zu einer Jagd des Theseus und der Hippolyta:

This mene I now by mighty Theseus,
That for to hunten is so desirous,
And namely at the grete hart in May,
That in his bed ther daweth him no day,
That he n' is clad and redy for to ride
With hunt and horne, and houndes him beside.
For in his hunting hath he swiche delite
That it is all his joye and appetite
To ben himself the grete hartes bane,
For after Mars he serveth now Diane.
Clere was the day, as I have told or this,
And Theseus with alle joye and blis,
With his Ipolita, the fayre quenè,
And Emelie, yclothed all in grene,
On hunting ben they ridden really,
And to the grove, that stood ther faste by,
In which ther was an hart as men him told,
Duk Theseus the streite way hath hold.
And to the launde he rideth him ful right,
Ther was the hart ywont to have his flight,
And over a brooke, and so forth on his way.
This duk wol have a cours at him or twey,
With houndes swiche as him lust to commaund.

Chaucer lieferte unserm Dichter auch den Stoff zu dem eingelegten Possenspiele von Pyramus und Thisbe in seinem Legend of Good Women, wo The Legend of Tisbe of Babilon so beginnt:

At Babiloine whylome fill it thus,
The whiche toun the queen Simiramus
Let dichen al about, and walles make
Full hie, of harde tiles well ybake:
There were dwelling in this noble toun,
Two lordes, which that were of great renoun,
And woneden so nigh upon a grene,
That there nas but a stone wal hem between,
As oft in great tounes is the wonne:
And sothe to saine, that one man had a sonne,
Of all that lond one of the lustiest,
That other had a doughter, the fairest
That estward in the world was tho dwelling;
The name of everiche gan to other spring,
By women that were neighbours aboute,
For in that countre yet withouten doute,
Maidenes ben ykept for jelousie
Ful straite, lest they didden some folie.
This yonge man was cleped Piramus,
Thisbe hight the maide (Naso saith thus),
And thus by report was hir name yshove,
That as they woxe in age, so woxe hir love:
And certaine, as by reason of hir age,
Ther might have ben betwixt hem mariage,
But that hir fathers n'olde it nat assent,
And bothe in love ylike sore they brent,
That none of all hir friendes might it lette,
But prively sometime yet they mette
By sleight, and spaken some of hir desire,
As wrie the glede and hotter is the fire,
Forbid a love, and it is ten times so wode.
This wal, which that betwixt hem both stode,
Was cloven atwo, right fro the top adoun,
Of old time, of his foundatioun,
But yet this clift was so narrow and lite
It was nat seene, dere inough a nite,
But what is that, that love cannot espie?
Ye lovers two, if that I shall not lie,
Ye founden first this little narrow clift,
And with a sound, as soft as any shrift,
They let hir wordes through the clifte pace,
And tolden, while that they stoden in the place,
All hir complaint of love, and all hir wo,
At every time whan they durst so.
On that one side of the wall stood he,
And on that other side stood Tisbe,
The sweet soune of other to receive,
And thus hir wardeins would they disceive,
And every daie this wall they would threte,
And wish to God that it were doun ybete,
Thus wold they sain, „Alas, thou wicked wall,
Through thine envie thou us lettest all,
Why nilt thou cleave, or fallen all atwo,
Or at the least, but thou wouldest so,
Yet wouldest thou but ones let us mete,
Or ones that we might kissen swete,
Than were we cured of our cares cold,
But nathelesse, yet be we to thee hold,
In as much as thou suffrest for to gone,
Our words through thy lime and eke thy stone,
Yet ought we with thee ben well apaid.“

Daneben mochte Shakspere auch Golding's Uebersetzung der Metamorphosen des Ovid benutzt haben, obwohl ihm ohne Zweifel Chaucer's Bearbeitung der betreffenden Sage näher lag. — Die übrigen Figuren des Dramas sammt der Intrigue, in welche sie verflochten werden, sowohl die Liebespaare, als auch die athenischen Handwerker, welche die stehende Rolle des Shakspere'schen Clown in vervielfältigter Gestalt repräsentiren, scheinen Shakspere's eigene Erfindung zu sein.

In der Schilderung, welche Oberon A. 2, Sc. 2 seinem getreuen Puck von der Entstehung der Blume *Love-in-idleness (Viola tricolor)* giebt, haben die Commentatoren schon früh Allegorien und Anspielungen auf zeitgenössische Personen und Ereignisse finden wollen. Pope bezog den Passus von *a fair vestal throned by the west* als ein Compliment auf die Königin Elisabeth. Warburton ging weiter und deutete *a mermaid on a dolphin's back* auf die Königin Maria von Schottland, die vorher mit dem französischen Dauphin, d. h. König Franz II. von Frankreich, vermählt gewesen war, und deren Rückkehr in ihr Vaterland sodann das aufrührerische Schottland beruhigte *(That the rude sea grew civil at her song)*, bis sie endlich später verschiedene englische Grosse, u. A. die Grafen von Northumberland und Westmoreland, in ihr unglückliches Schicksal verstrickte *(And certain stars shot madly from their spheres)*. — Nachdem der zu allen Zeiten ziemlich schwache Glaube an diese abenteuerliche Deutung Warburton's allmählich ganz geschwunden war, hat der Rev. N. J. Halpin eine neue, noch seltsamere Interpretation aufgebracht in einer 1843 für die Shakespeare-Society herausgegebenen Schrift: Oberon's Vision in the Midsummer-Night's Dream, illustrated by a comparison with Lylie's Endymion. Das Wesentliche seiner Erklärung ergiebt sich aus der Paraphrase des Shakspere'schen Textes, die er als eine Zusammenfassung seiner mehr sinnreichen als wahrscheinlichen Hypothesen folgendermassen einkleidet:

Oberon. *Come hither, Puck. You doubtless remember when, once upon a time, sitting together on a rising ground, by the side of a piece of water, we saw what to us appeared (though to others it might have worn a different semblance) a mermaid sitting on a dolphin's back, and singing so sweetly to the accompaniment of a band of music placed inside of the artificial dolphin, that one could very well imagine the waves of the mimic sea before us would, had they been ruffled, have calmed and settled themselves down to listen to her melody; and, at the same time, there was a flight of artificial fireworks resembling stars, which plunged very strangely out of their natural element down into the water, and, after remaining there a while, rose again into the air, as if wishing to hear once more the sea-maid's music.* — Puck. *I remember such things to have been exhibited amongst the pageantry at Kenilworth Castle, during the Princely Pleasures given on the occasion of Queen Elizabeth's visit in 1575.* — Oberon. *You are right. Well, at that very time and place, I (and perhaps a few others of the choicer spirits) could discern a circumstance that was imperceptible to you (and the meaner multitude of guests and visitants): in fact, I saw—wavering in his passion between (Cynthia, or) Queen Elizabeth and (Tellus, or) the Lady Douglas, Countess of Sheffield, (Endymion, or) the Earl of Leicester, [either alarmed at the progress of his rival, the Duke of Alençon, with the Queen, or] all-armed, in the magnificence of his preparations for storming the heart of his Royal Mistress. He made a predetermined and a well-directed effort for the hand of Elizabeth, the Virgin Queen of England; and presumptuously made such love to her—rash under all the circumstances—as if he fancied that neither she nor any woman in the world could resist his suit: but it was evident to me (and to the rest of the initiated), that the ardent Leicester's desperate venture was lost in the pride, prudery, and jealousy of power, which invariably swayed the tide of Elizabeth's passions; and the Virgin Queen finally departed from Kenilworth Castle unshackled with a matrimonial engagement, and as heart-whole as ever. And yet* (continues Oberon), *curious to observe the collateral issues of this amorous preparation, I watched (whatever others may have done) and discovered the person on whom Leicester's irregular passion was secretly fixed: it was fixed upon Lettice, at that time the wife of Walter Earl of Essex, an Englishwoman of rank inferior to the object of his great ambition; who, previous to this unhappy attachment, was not only pure and innocent in conduct, but unblemished also in reputation; after which she became not only deeply inflamed with a criminal passion, and still more deeply (perhaps) stained with a husband's blood, but the subject, also, of shame and obloquy. Those, however, who pity her weakness, and compassionate her misery, still offer a feeble apology for her conduct, by calling it the result of her husband's voluntary absence, of the waste of affections naturally tender and fond, and of the idleness of a heart that might have been faithful if busied with honest duties, and filled with domestic loves. You cannot mistake, after all I have said — Go—fetch me that flower.*

Kehren wir von solchen weithergeholten allegorischen Deutungen, bei denen man sich fragen möchte, für wen in seinem ganzen Publicum Shakspere sie berechnet haben könnte, auf das einfache Verständniss des betreffenden Textes zurück, so ergiebt sich Folgendes: *Love-in-idleness* bezeichnet zugleich die in irrem, müssigem Umhertappen begriffene Liebe und die Blume *Viola tricolor*, unser Stiefmütterchen. Diese doppelte Bedeutung des Wortes macht es erklärlich, dass Oberon für seinen Zweck, solche blinde und unfruchtbare Liebe bei der Titania hervorzurufen, gerade die seiner Absicht schon durch ihren Namen entsprechende Blume wählte. Die eigenthümliche gesprenkelte Färbung dieser Blume, abweichend von ihrer ursprünglichen Weisse, musste zugleich die wunderbare Wirkung erklären, eine solche *love in idleness*, wie der Name sie verhiess, hervorzurufen. Die *Viola tricolor* war bunt und purpurn erst geworden durch einen Pfeil Cupido's, der eigentlich nicht sie treffen sollte, sondern eben weil er sein eigentliches Ziel verfehlte, wiederum *love in idleness* in doppelter Bedeutung des Wortes bewirkte. Dass aber Cupido's Pfeil, selbst so fehlgeschossen, solche gewaltige Wirkung haben konnte, bedurfte ebenfalls, da auf dieser Wirkung des Blumensaftes das ganze Drama beruhte, einer wohlmotivirten und die Phantasie der Zuschauer anregenden und fesselnden Erklärung. Cupido's allmächtiger Pfeil konnte nur abprallen von einer unverwundbaren Keuschheit, von der als Vestalin gedachten, so eben im Westen aufgehenden Luna, die durch ihre Schönheit und ihre erhabene Stellung ihn zu solchem Versuche reizte, und deren Liebesunempfänglichkeit um so mehr hervortrat, als um dieselbe Zeit eine Sirene mit ihren verführerischen Tönen selbst das wilde Meer bezwang und, abermals im Gegensatze zum keuschen Mondgestirne, andere Sterne liebebethört aus ihren vorgeschriebenen Bahnen lockte. Um diese Erscheinungen am Himmel, im Meere und auf der Erde beobachten zu können, musste Oberon den dazu bequemen Standpunkt eines Vorgebirges wählen, und nur er, nicht Puck, durfte Cupido's Pfeilschuss und dessen beabsichtigtes wie dessen wirklich getroffenes Ziel wahrnehmen, weil, wenn Puck das Alles selbst gesehen, Oberon keine Veranlassung gefunden hätte, die Entstehung der Blume so ausführlich und anschaulich, wie es für das Verständniss ihrer Wirkung auf Seiten des Publicums nöthig war, zu schildern. Deshalb nennt er sie auch *a little western flower*, ein Blümchen, das im Westen, d. h. in England, wächst, wobei zugleich, da auch die Vestalin als im Westen thronend bezeichnet war, das Fehlschiessen Cupido's durch die westliche Richtung, die sein Pfeil nahm, näher bestimmt wurde. Auf eine westliche, d. h. englische und daher dem Shakspere'schen Publicum wohlbekannte Blume konnte der Pfeil nur fallen, wenn auch das Ziel, auf das er eigentlich gerichtet war, sich im Westen befand.

So erklärt sich aus innerer Nothwendigkeit und auf die einfachste und verständlichste Weise bis auf jedes einzelne Wort diese vielfach commentirte Stelle, und es bleibt darin keine Schwierigkeit über, zu deren Aufhebung man der Annahme von tiefsinnigen Allegorien und Anspielungen auf die Königin Elisabeth bedürfte, oder der Hypothese von Reminiscenzen der Feste in Kenilworth, die zwanzig Jahre vor Midsummer-Night's Dream fielen, und an die, als dieses Drama auf die Bühne kam, kein Mensch mehr denken mochte.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THESEUS, Duke of Athens.
EGEUS, Father to Hermia.
LYSANDER, } in love with Hermia.
DEMETRIUS, }
PHILOSTRATE, Master of the Revels to Theseus.
QUINCE, a Carpenter.
SNUG, a Joiner.
BOTTOM, a Weaver.
FLUTE, a Bellows-mender.
SNOUT, a Tinker.
STARVELING, a Tailor.

HIPPOLYTA, Queen of the Amazons.

HERMIA, in love with Lysander.
HELENA, in love with Demetrius.

OBERON, King of the Fairies.
TITANIA, Queen of the Fairies.
PUCK, or Robin Good-fellow.
PEASE-BLOSSOM, }
COBWEB, } Fairies.
MOTH, }
MUSTARD-SEED, }

Other Fairies attending their King and Queen.
Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.

SCENE, Athens, and a Wood not far from it.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Athens. A Room in the Palace of Theseus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Philostrate, *and Attendants.*

The. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace: four happy days bring in
Another moon; but, O, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.[1]
Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves in nights;
Four nights[2] will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New-bent[3] in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.
The. Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth:
Turn melancholy forth to funerals;
The pale companion is not for our pomp. —
[Exit Philostrate.
Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And won thy love doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph,[4] and with revelling.

Enter Egeus, Hermia, Lysander, *and* Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke![5]
The. Thanks, good Egeus:[6] what 's the news with thee?
Ege. Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia. —
Stand forth, Demetrius.[7] — My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her. —
Stand forth, Lysander; — and, my gracious duke,
This man[8] hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child:
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:
Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
And stol'n the impression of her fantasy[9]
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,[10]
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats (messengers
Of strong prevailment in unharden'd youth):
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart,
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness. — And, my gracious duke,
Be it so she will not here[11] before your grace
Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens,
As she is mine, I may dispose of her;
Which shall be either to this gentleman,
Or to her death, according to our law
Immediately provided in that case.

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1) *to wither out* = aussaugen, an Etwas zehren. Der in vier Tagen schwindende Mond hält das Liebesverlangen des Theseus so hin, wie eine Stiefmutter, die bei Lebzeiten noch den Niessbrauch des Vermögens hat, in dessen Besitz der Stiefsohn erst nach ihrem Tode gelangt. — *or a dowager* ist zur näheren Erklärung zu *a step-dame* hinzugefügt. 2) Q. B. hat *daies*. 3) *new-bent* verbessert Rowe das *now bent* der Qs. und Fol. 4) *triumph* = öffentliche Lustbarkeiten, besonders Festzüge. — *revelling* = Lustbarkeit im Hause, besonders Maskenfest. So in Much Ado about Nothing (A. 1, Sc. 1) *I know we shall have revelling to-night.* 5) Sh. folgte in dieser Bezeichnung Chaucer in dessen Knightes Tale: *Whilom, as olde stories tellen us,* || *Ther was a duk that highte Theseus.* Vgl. Einleitung pag. 273. — So in Gascoigne's Jocasta: *After her departure came in Duke Creon.* Es ist = Fürst. 6) *Egeus* ist bei Sh. dreisylbig, mit betonter zweiter Sylbe. 7) Diese Worte, sowie die folgenden *stand forth, Lysander* sind in Qs. und Fol. als Bühnenweisungen gedruckt und erst von Rowe in den Text eingerückt worden. 8) So Qs. und Fol. — Viele Hgg. lassen mit der zweiten Folioausg. von 1632 *man*, des Verses wegen, aus. 9) *the impression of her fantasy* ist das Bild Lysander's selbst, das er auf unerlaubte Weise der Phantasie oder der Neigung Hermia's eingeprägt hat. 10) *gawd* = Tand, Spielzeug. — *con-*

The. What say you, Hermia? be advis'd, fair maid.
To you your father should be as a god;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power [12]
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.
Her. So is Lysander.
The. In himself he is;
But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.
Her. I would, my father look'd but with my eyes!
The. Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.
Her. I do entreat your grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concern my modesty, [13]
In such a presence here, to plead my thoughts;
But I beseech your grace, that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.
The. Either to die the death, [14] or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires;
Know of [15] your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun,
For aye [16] to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon. [17]
Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage:
But earthlier happy [18] is the rose distill'd,
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.
Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship, whose unwished yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty. [19]
The. Take time to pause: [20] and by the next new moon,
The sealing-day betwixt my love and me
For everlasting bond of fellowship,
Upon that day either prepare to die,
For disobedience to your father's will,
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would; [21]
Or on Diana's altar to protest,
For aye, austerity and single life.
Dem. Relent, sweet Hermia; — and, Lysander, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.
Lys. You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.
Ege. Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love,
And what is mine my love shall render him;
And she is mine, and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.
Lys. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well possess'd; my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd
(If not with vantage), as Demetrius';
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia.
Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius, I 'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant [22] man.
The. I must confess, that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;
But, being over-full of self-affairs, [23]
My mind did lose it. — But, Demetrius, come;
And come, Egeus: you shall go with me,
I have some private schooling for you both. [24] —
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will,
Or else the law of Athens yields you up
(Which by no means we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of single life. —
Come, my Hippolyta: what cheer, my love? —
Demetrius, and Egeus, go along:
I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptial, [25] and confer with you
Of something nearly [26] that concerns yourselves.
Ege. With duty and desire we follow you.
[Exeunt Thes., Hip., Ege., Dem., *and Train.*

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ceit = irgend ein phantastischer Einfall, irgend ein Ding, dessen Werth nur auf der Laune des Gebers beruht. 11) Wenn es der Fall ist, dass sie nicht hier u. s. w. 12) Die Construction erheischte *and within whose power it is.* — Das folgende *figure* bezieht sich auf *form:* das Bild so zu lassen, wie er es in Wachs ausgeprägt hat. — Die Verbindung von *figure* und *disfigure* ist Sh.'sch. 13) Inwiefern meine Mädchenwürde davon betroffen werden, darunter leiden kann. 14) *to die the death* = des Todes sterben. 15) *to know of* = von einer Sache Kunde nehmen, sie erforschen. 16) *for aye* = auf immer. 17) Hermia wird hier als Ordensschwester gefasst, welche ihre kalte Andacht der kinderlosen Mondgöttin, als Repräsentantin jungfräulicher Keuschheit, weiht. 18) Capell änderte *earthly happier*, was vielleicht Sh. sagen wollte. Die Rose, welche zu Rosenwasser destillirt wurde und so ihren Duft erhalten sieht, ist auf Erden glücklicher, als die an ihrem Stocke verwelkende, welche in unberührter Heiligkeit lebt und stirbt. — Wie oft bei Sh., wird auch hier das Bild und die Sache zusammengezogen in ein Gleichniss. — Den ersten Gedanken des Satzes hat Sh. auch in den Sonnets (5): *flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,* || *Leese but their show; their substance still lives sweet.* 19) Ehe ich meinen jungfräulichen Freibrief der Herrschaft Dessen übermache, dessen unwillkommenem Joche meine Seele nicht die Oberherrlichkeit einzuräumen einwilligt. — Sh. construirte den Relativsatz, als hätte das vor *whose* zu erwartende *to* am Schlusse nachgeholt werden sollen, und liess es dann aus, als sei *to* schon zu *whose* gesetzt, ein Versehen, das sich häufig bei ihm wiederholt und das die Hgg. der zweiten Folioausg., mit Sh.'s Redeweise unbekannt, mit *to whose unwish'd yoke* verbessern. 20) Nimm Dir Zeit, Dich zu besinnen, noch anzustehen mit Deinem Entschluss. 21) *he would* bezieht sich auf *your father.* 22) *spotted and inconstant* ist nach Sh.'s Gebrauch der Copula *and* zusammenzufassen = ein Mann, der mit Treulosigkeit befleckt ist. 23) *self-affairs* = eigene Angelegenheiten. 24) Ich habe Euch Beide insgeheim zurechtzuweisen. 25) Ein Geschäft in Bezug auf unsere nahe Vermählung. — *nuptial* ist auch sonst bei Sh. im Singular gebräuchlich. 26) *nearly* gehört zu *concerns.* 27) *to beteem* fasst Steevens hier in einer nirgendwo belegten Bedeutung = *to pour forth.* Der gewöhnliche Sinn des Wortes = Einem Etwas gönnen, gewähren, reicht auch hier vollkommen aus: Der Strom ihrer Augen bietet der Hermia Thränen oder Regen

Lys. How now, my love? Why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the roses there do fade so fast?
Her. Belike, for want of rain, which I could well
Beteem [27] them from the tempest of mine eyes.
Lys. Ah me! for aught that ever I could read, [28]
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth;
But, either it was different in blood, —
Her. O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low! [29]
Lys. Or else misgraffed, in respect of years, —
Her. O spite! too old to be engag'd to young!
Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends, [30] —
Her. O hell! to choose love by another's eyes!
Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,
Making it momentany [31] as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,
Brief as the lightning in the collied [32] night,
That, in a spleen, [33] unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say, — behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion.
Her. If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,
It stands as an edict [34] in destiny:
Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross,
As due to love as thoughts, [35] and dreams, and sighs,
Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's [36] followers.
Lys. A good persuasion: therefore, hear me, Hermia.
I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child:
From Athens is her house remote [37] seven leagues;
And she respects me as her only son.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee,
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night,
And in the wood, a league without the town
(Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to a morn of May), [38]
There will I stay for thee.
Her. My good Lysander!
I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow,
By his best arrow with the golden head, [39]
By the simplicity [40] of Venus' doves,
By that which knitteth souls, and prospers loves,
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen, [41]
When the false Trojan under sail was seen,
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke:
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.
Lys. Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Helena.

Enter Helena.

Her. God speed fair Helena! Whither away?
Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.
Demetrius loves your fair: [42] O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-stars, [43] and your tongue's sweet air
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
Sickness is catching: O, were favour so,
Yours would [44] I catch, fair Hermia! ere I go;
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I 'll give to be to you translated. [45]
O! teach me how you look, and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.
Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.
Hel. O, that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!
Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.
Hel. O, that my prayers could such affection move!
Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.
Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.
Her. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine. [46]
Hel. None, but your beauty: 'would that fault were mine!

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genug, um die welkenden Rosen ihrer Wangen damit zu erfrischen. 28) Die Fol. lässt *Ah me!* aus, und die Qs. setzen *ever* nach *I could*. Die späteren Folioausgg. setzen *Hermia* für *Ah me!* 29) *low* emendirte Theobald das *love* der Qs. und Fol. und stellte damit den vom Dichter hier wie in Hermia's folgender Rede beabsichtigten Gegensatz wieder her. 30) *friends* in den Qs., *merit* in der Fol. 31) *momentany* ist das Wort der Qs., wofür die Fol., wie an andern Stellen, das gewöhnlichere *momentary* liest. 32) *collied* = kohlschwarz, von *to colly* = mit Kohlen schwärzen, das in übertragenem Sinne auch in Othello (A. 2, Sc. 3) vorkommt: *passion, having my best judgment collied.* 33) *spleen* = plötzlicher Anfall einer Laune oder Stimmung, steht hier = im Nu, unberechnet, unerwartet. 34) *edict* betont Sh. bald auf der ersten, bald auf der zweiten Sylbe. 35) *thoughts* = melancholische Gedanken, Grübeleien, wie auch *thought* bei Sh. häufig = Schwermuth, steht. 36) *fancy* = Liebesschwärmerei. 37) So die Qs. Die Fol. hat *remov'd*, das bei Sh. auch sonst adjectivisch = fern, entfernt, vorkommt. 38) Die Huldigung, die man dem Maimorgen darbrachte, bestand darin, dass die jungen Leute beiderlei Geschlechts am ersten Mai in der Frühe des Morgens aus der Stadt in den Wald zogen und von dort den Maibaum, bekränzt, in feierlichem Zuge hereinholten. Sh. fand die Sitte und auch den Ausdruck *to do observance to May* in Chaucer's Knightes Tale. — Die Fol. hat *for a morn of May.* 39) Cupido's Pfeile waren je nach der Wirkung, die sie hervorbringen sollten, mit einer goldenen oder bleiernen Spitze versehen. 40) Die Tauben, auch die den Wagen der Liebesgöttin ziehen, sind ohne Falsch. — In der folgenden Zeile findet das richtige *loves*, das der Reim fordert, sich nur in Q. A.; Q. B. und die Fol. haben *love*. 41) Der Scheiterhaufen, den Dido bestieg, als Aeneas sie verlassen hatte. — In der folgenden Zeile haben Qs. und Fol. *Troyan* für *Trojan*, wie anderswo. 42) *fair* = Schönheit. — Die Fol. hat *you fair.* 43) *lode-star* = Polarstern, der dem Schiffer als Leitstern dient. So in Kyd's Spanish Tragedy: *Led by the lode-star of her heavenly looks.* 44) *yours would* ist Hanmer's Emendation für *your words* der Qs. und Fol.: wenn sich die Gesichtszüge *(favour)* mittheilen liessen, wie eine ansteckende Krankheit, so möchte ich Eure Gesichtszüge gern durch Ansteckung gewinnen. — *favour* ist vielleicht doppelsinnig zugleich = die Gunst, in der Hermia bei den Menschen, namentlich bei Demetrius, steht. — Staunton liest mit den späteren Folioausgg. *your words I 'd catch.* 45) *to translate* erklärt Steevens hier mit *to change;* genauer ist es = übertragen, übermachen. Wenn Helena die ganze Welt besässe, sie würde dieselbe, den Demetrius abgerechnet, auf Hermia übertragen. 46) So Q. A. — Q. B. und die Fol. haben *none*, auf

Her. Take comfort: he no more shall see my face;
Lysander and myself will fly this place. —
Before the time I did Lysander see,
Seem'd Athens as[47] a paradise to me:
O then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell![48]

Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold.
To-morrow night, when Phœbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,
(A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal)
Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint[49] primrose-beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,[50]
There my Lysander and myself shall meet;
And thence, from Athens, turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and stranger companies.
Farewell, sweet playfellow: pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius! —
Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight
From lovers' food, till morrow deep midnight.

Lys. I will, my Hermia. *[Exit* Herm.*]* — Helena, adieu:
As you on him, Demetrius dote[51] on you! *[Exit.*

Hel. How happy some o'er other some can be![52]
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she;
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know;
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind.
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste;[53]
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste:
And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft[54] beguil'd.
As waggish boys in game[55] themselves forswear,
So the boy Love is perjur'd every where;
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,[56]
He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine;
And when this hail[57] some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,
Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expence:[58]
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight thither, and back again.[59] *[Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Same. A Room in Quince's House.

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout, *and* Starveling.

Quin. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.[1]

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and duchess on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors,[2] and so grow to a point.

Quin. Marry, our play is — The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a

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folly bezüglich, für *no fault.* 47) So Q. A.; Q. B. und die Fol. setzen *like* für *as.* 48) So Q. A.; Q. B. und die Fol. haben *into hell.* — Manche Hgg. lesen *unto hell.* 49) Steevens will es dem Urtheil des Lesers überlassen, zu entscheiden, ob das Epitheton *faint* den Geruch oder die Farbe der Primel bezeichnen solle. Es scheint vielmehr auf das Compositum *primrose-beds* bezogen werden zu müssen: ein Bett für Müde. In demselben Sinne hat Sh. *lazy bed* in Troilus and Cressida (A. 1, Sc. 3), und *naked bed* = ein Bett, in welchem man nackt liegt, kommt bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen häufig vor. 50) *sweet* ist Theobald's durch den Reim geforderte Emendation für *swell'd (sweld)* der alten Ausgg. — Heath citirt dazu aus der englischen Bibel Psalm 55 (V. 14, 15) *But it was even thou, my companion, my guide, and mine own familiar friend. We took sweet counsel together, and walked in the house of God as friends.* — Mit eben so gerechtfertigter Emendation liest Theobald drei Zeilen weiter *stranger companies* für *strange companions.* — *stranger* = fremd, und *company* = Gesellschafter, findet sich auch sonst bei Sh. So in K. Richard II. (A. 1, Sc. 3) *the stranger paths of banishment,* und in All 's well that ends well (A. 4, Sc. 3) *I would gladly have him see his company anatomized.* 51) So die Qs.; die Fol. hat *dotes,* was sogar Rowe noch beibehielt. 52) Wie glücklich können doch gewisse Leute vor gewissen andern Leuten sein! 53) Diese Zeile bezieht sich auf die zweitvorhergegangene, wie die folgende Zeile *Wings, and no eyes etc.* sich auf die Zeile *And therefore is etc.* bezieht. 54) Für *so oft* der Q. A. und *oft* der Q. B. hat die Fol. *often.* 55) Johnson erklärt hier *game* mit *sport, jest.* Der Zusammenhang scheint eher die andere Bedeutung = *contentious play,* die Johnson verwirft, zu fordern. 56) Den veralteten Plural *eyne* hat Sh. auch an andern Stellen, aber überall nur des Reimes wegen. So in Taming of the Shrew (A. 5, Sc. 1) *While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.* 57) So Q. A. und Fol.; Q. B. *his hail.* 58) *it is a dear expence* bezieht Steevens auf den Demetrius, dem es schwer ankommen würde, der Helena Dank zu sagen. Gewiss aber meint Helena, dass sie selbst den Dank von Demetrius für einen theuern Preis erkaufe, für den Preis nämlich, dass sie damit die Liebe des Demetrius zur Hermia begünstige und fördere, also sich selbst Schaden thue. — Dieselbe, von Steevens' Erklärung abweichende Deutung des Satzes giebt auch Staunton. — In der vorhergehenden Zeile liest die Fol. *his intelligence.* 59) Helena findet eine schmerzliche Freude darin, dass sie den Demetrius auf dem Wege nach dem Walde und auf dem Rückwege sehen, dass sie ihn bei seiner Verfolgung der Hermia begleiten wird.

1) *scrip* für *script* = Schriftstück. — Für *generally* will Bottom etwa *nominally* oder etwas Aehnliches sagen. 2) *names of the actors* ist sonst bei Sh. das Personenverzeichniss eines Dramas; hier werden jedoch zugleich die Namen der Schauspieler, welchen die Rollen zuertheilt werden, damit gemeint. — Für das folgende *grow* hat die Fol. *grow on.* 3) scil. *merry one.* Diese Redeweise ist schon vor Sh. gebräuchlich. Ebenso heisst ein

merry.[3] — Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.[4]

Quin. Answer, as I call you. — Nick Bottom, the weaver.

Bot. Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallantly[5] for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole[6] in some measure. To the rest:[7] — yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles[8] rarely, or a part to tear a cat in,[9] to make all split.

»The raging rocks,
And shivering shocks,
Shall break the locks
Of prison gates:
And Phibbus'[10] car
Shall shine from far,
And make and mar
The foolish Fates.«

This was lofty! — Now name the rest of the players. — This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You must take Thisby on you.

Flu. What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let me not play a woman: I have a beard coming.[11]

Quin. That 's all one. You shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small[12] as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too. I 'll speak in a monstrous little voice: — »Thisne, Thisne,« — »Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear! thy Thisby dear, and lady dear!«

Quin. No, no; you must play Pyramus, and, Flute, you Thisby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother. — Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus's father; myself, Thisby's father.[13] — Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's part; — and, I hope, here[14] is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.[15]

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too. I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me: I will roar, that I will make the duke say, »Let him roar again, let him roar again.«

Quin. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us, every mother's son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate[16] my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove:[17] I will roar you an 't were any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day;[18] a most lovely, gentlemanlike man; therefore, you must needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.[19]

Quin. Some of your French crowns[20] have no hair at

Drama von Skelton: Magnificence, a goodly interlude and a merry. 4) Breitet Euch aus, tretet auseinander. 5) So die Fol.; die Qs. haben *gallant.* 6) *to condole* = klagen, kläglich thun. — Das vorhergehende *storms* bezieht sich auf *eyes* = Stürme in den Augen der Damen, Thränenfluthen. 7) Kommt jetzt zu den übrigen Schauspielern, ausser mir. — Staunton verbindet, wie die alten Ausgg., *yet* mit dem Vorhergehenden, statt mit dem Folgenden. Indess ist *yet* hier schwerlich, wie allerdings an manchen andern Stellen, synonym mit *now*, sondern = jedoch. Bottom leitet mit *yet* den Ausdruck des Bedauerns ein, dass er einen Liebhaber, keinen Tyrannen zu spielen habe. 8) *Ercles* verstümmelt aus *Hercules.* Dass Hercules mehrfach auf der vorshakspere'schen Bühne eine Kraftrolle spielte, ergiebt sich aus einer Anspielung in Greene's Groatsworth of Wit, wo ein Schauspieler sagt *The twelve labours of Hercules have I terribly thundered on the stage.* — Vielleicht sind die folgenden Verse, welche Bottom declamirt, aus einem solchen bombastischen Stücke, dessen Held Hercules war, oder Sh. dichtete sie als Persiflage in der Manier eines solchen. — In Qs. und Fol. sind sie als Prosa gedruckt. 9) Eine grimmige, bramarbasirende Rolle. — Der sprichwörtliche Ausdruck kommt in demselben Sinne auch in dem Drama Histriomastix (1610) vor: *Sirrah, this is you that would rend and tear a cat upon a stage.* — So bezeichnet das folgende *to make all split* ebenfalls einen Eisenfresser und Renommisten auf der Bühne. 10) *Phibbus* entstellt aus *Phoebus.* 11) Die Weiberrollen wurden sonst auf dem Sh.'schen Theater von Knaben und unbärtigen Jünglingen gespielt, und Flute soll daher, um seinen Bart zu verstecken, eine Maske vornehmen. 12) *to speak small* = fein, im Discant reden. Dasselbe versteht gleich darauf Bottom unter *little voice.* 13) Theobald macht darauf aufmerksam, dass bei der späteren Aufführung des Spiels von Pyramus und Thisbe die Eltern der Beiden nicht auftreten; vielleicht fielen sie fort, als zwei andere neue Rollen, Mauer und Mondschein, besetzt werden mussten. 14) *here* in den Qs., *there* in der Fol. 15) *study* = das Einstudiren, Auswendiglernen einer Rolle. So in Hamlet (A. 2, Sc. 2) *you could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines.* 16) *to aggravate* gebraucht Bottom missverständlich = mildern, wie die Wirthin in K. Henry IV. Second Part (A. 2, Sc. 4) *I beseek you now, aggravate your choler.* 17) Bottom, der etwa an *sucking lamb* denkt, meint einfach eine junge Taube. — Hinter dem folgenden *roar* lässt die Fol. das *you* weg. — *an 't were* = *as if it were.* 18) Ein so hübscher, stattlicher Mann, wie man nur einen an einem Tage im Sommer, wo die Tage am längsten

all, and then you will play bare-faced. — But, masters, here are your parts; and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night, and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight: there will we rehearse; for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogged with company, and our devices known. In the meantime I will draw a bill of properties,[21] such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearse more obscenely,[22] and courageously. Take pains; be perfect;[23] adieu.

Quin. At the duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; hold, or cut bowstrings.[24] *[Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Wood near Athens.

Enter a Fairy and Puck *from opposite sides.*[1]

Puck. How now, spirit! whither wander you?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,
Thorough[2] bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;[3]
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green:[4]
The cowslips tall her pensioners[5] be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours:
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob of spirits:[6] I 'll be gone;
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to-night.
Take heed, the queen come not within his sight;
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she as her attendant hath
A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king:
She never had so sweet a changeling;[7]
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace[8] the forests wild;
But she, perforce, withholds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy.
And now they never meet in grove, or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,[9]
But they do square;[10] that all their elves, for fear,
Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,
Call'd Robin Good-fellow. Are you not he,
That frights[11] the maidens of the villagery;[12]
Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern,[13]

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sind, sehen kann. — Die Redensart ist sprichwörtlich. 19) Auf dem Sh.'schen Theater wechselte man in der Wahl der künstlichen Bärte, je nach dem Charakter der Rollen, und Bottom schlägt, unpassend genug für eine Liebhaberrolle, lauter Bärte vor, wie sie die Spitzbuben, Mörder und Verräther auf der Bühne zu tragen pflegen. — *perfit* in den Qs. für *perfect* der Fol. 20) Wortspiel zwischen *French-crown-colour* = goldfarbig, von der Farbe der französischen Goldmünze, und *French crown* = ein Schädel, der in Folge der Lustseuche kahl geworden ist. — Die Fol. hat *French-crown colour'd.* 21) *a bill of properties* = ein Verzeichniss der Theaterrequisiten. 22) *obscenely* gebraucht eben so missverständlich wie hier Costard in Love's Labour's Lost (A. 4, Sc. 1) *so obscenely, as it were, so fit.* — *more obscenely* in Q. B. und Fol. scheint, in Bezugnahme auf das Vorhergehende: *there will we rehearse; for if we meet in the city etc.*, der Lesart in Q. A. *most obscenely* vorzuziehen. Sie können im Walde besser eine Probe abhalten, als in der Stadt. 23) scil. *perfect in your parts.* Sie sollen ihre Rollen bis dahin auswendig wissen. 24) Diese sprichwörtliche Redensart, wozu aus dem Vorhergehenden *we will meet* zu suppliren wäre, ist von einem Rendez-vous einer Schützengesellschaft und der Verabredung dazu entlehnt. — Die genauere Interpretation giebt Capell so: *When a party was made at butts, assurance of meeting was given in the words of that phrase: the sense of the person using them being, that he would „hold" or keep promise, or they might „cut his bowstrings", demolish him for an archer.*

1) Die alte Bühnenweisung ist *Enter a Fairy at one door, and Robin Good-fellow at another.* — Unter den Thüren sind die auf der Sh.'schen Bühne rechts und links befindlichen gemeint. — Robin Good-fellow wird auch hier mit seinem familiären Namen *Puck* genannt, was ursprünglich einen Dämon bezeichnet. 2) So Q. A. hier und in dem Folgenden; Q. B. und Fol. setzen alle vier Mal *through.* 3) Manche Hgg. schreiben *moones sphere* und lesen also auch *moones* zweisylbig. Nach der Orthographie der Qs. und der Fol. *Moons sphere* ist eher anzunehmen, dass, um das Zusammentreffen der beiden *s* zu vermeiden, ein die Aussprache erleichterndes *e* zwischen *moon's* und *sphere* einzuschieben ist. 4) Die abgezirkelten Kreise auf dem Rasen, in denen die Feen ihre nächtlichen Tänze halten. Sh. beschreibt sie ausführlicher in Merry Wives of Windsor (A. 5, Sc. 5) *And nightly, meadow-fairies, look, you sing,* || *Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:* || *The expressure that it bears, green let it be,* || *More fertile-fresh than all the field to see.* 5) *pensioners* hiessen die stattlichen Edelleute, welche eine Ehrengarde der Königin Elisabeth bildeten. Ihre glänzende Tracht, Gold und Roth, wird hier verglichen mit den ähnlichen Farben der Schlüsselblume, einer Lieblingsblume der Feen. 6) *lob of spirits* = der täppische Gesell unter den Geistern, heisst der koboldartige Puck hier verächtlich im Gegensatze zu den feinen und graziösen Spielen der Feenelfen. 7) *changeling*, eigentlich = ein Kind, das die Feen mit einem andern vertauschen oder unterschieben, hier = ein Feenkind überhaupt. 8) *to trace* = auf der Spur folgen, durchstreifen. 9) *sheen* fasst Johnson hier als das veraltete Adjectiv = *shining, bright.* Vielleicht ist das Wort aber auch hier substantivisch = Schein, Glanz, wie in Hamlet (A. 3, Sc. 2) *And thirty dozen moons, with borrow'd sheen.* 10) *to square* = rechten mit einander, zanken. 11) So Qs. und Fol. — Malone setzte in Uebereinstimmung mit den folgenden Verben *skim, labour etc.* hier *fright*, durch Attraction auf *you* bezüglich. Solche Licenz in der Construction ist indess in der Manier Sh.'s, der bei *skim etc.* vergass, dass nicht *you*, sondern das Relativpronomen *that* das Subject war. — Die Streiche, welche hier dem Puck Schuld gegeben werden und zu denen er sich gleich selbst bekennt.

And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm;[14]
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck.
Are not you he?

Puck. Thou speak'st aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,[15]
In very likeness of a roasted crab;
And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale.
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And »tailor« cries,[16] and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and laugh,[17]
And waxen[18] in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there. —
But room, fairy: here comes Oberon.

Fai. And here my mistress. — 'Would that he were gone![20]

SCENE II.

Enter OBERON *from one side, with his Train, and* TITANIA *from the other, with hers.*

Obe. Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.

Tita. What, jealous Oberon! Fairies, skip hence:[1]
I have forsworn his bed and company.

Obe. Tarry, rash wanton. Am not I thy lord?

Tita. Then I must be thy lady; but I know
When thou hast[2] stol'n away from fairy land,
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn,[3] and versing[4] love
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest steep of India,
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buskin'd mistress and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded? and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Obe. How canst thou thus, for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night
From Perigenia,[5] whom he ravished?
And make him with fair Æglé break his faith,
With Ariadne, and Antiopa?

Tita. These are the forgeries of jealousy:
And never, since the middle summer's spring,[6]
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,[7]
Or in[8] the beached margin of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs; which, falling in the land,
Have every pelting[9] river made so proud,
That they have overborne their continents:[10]
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain.
The ploughman lost his sweat, and the green corn
Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:[11]
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock:[12]
The nine men's morris[13] is fill'd up with mud;
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green

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entlehnte der Dichter aus dem Aberglauben der Zeit. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 271—273. 12) *villagery* = Dorfbewohnerschaft, ländliche Bevölkerung. — Q. B. und Fol. schreiben das nur hier vorkommende Wort *villagree*; Q. A. hat *villageree*. 13) *quern* fassen die Hgg. hier = Handmühle, in der Korn gemahlen wird. Es ist wohl eher das jetzige *churn* oder *kern* = Butterfass, in welchem die Milch gebuttert wird. — Puck treibt sein neckisches Wesen in solchem Butterfasse, so dass die Hausfrau sich vergebens ausser Athem buttert. 14) *barm* = Hefen. 15) *a gossip's bowl* = ein Napf voll von gewürztem Warmbier und gerösteten Aepfeln *(roasted crabs)*, um den sich die Gevatterinnen zum Schwatzen versammelten, kommt auch in Romeo and Juliet (A. 3, Sc. 5) vor: *Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl.* 16) Diesen Ausruf erklärt Johnson daher, dass der so unfreiwillig rückwärts Niederfallende in die Stellung geräth, die ein auf dem Boden sitzender Schneider beim Nähen einnimmt. 17) Viele Hgg. behalten die seltsame Orthographie *loffe* aus Qs. und Fol. bei, um des Reimes willen auf *cough*, das in den alten Ausgg. *coffe* heisst. Indess ist auch der Reim *cough—laugh* nicht ungenauer als vorher *crab—bob*. 18) *waxen* ist die veraltete dritte Person des Plural von *to wax* = wachsen, zunehmen: ihre Munterkeit nimmt zu. — Farmer schlug dafür *yoxen* oder *yexen* vor, von *to yox* oder *yex* = *to hickup*. 19) Johnson setzt hier ausnahmsweise *faery* als ein dreisylbiges Wort, ohne dass damit jedoch dem Verse sonderlich aufgeholfen würde. 20) Die Hgg. haben hier den Anfang einer neuen Scene gesetzt, — eine Anordnung, die zwar unmotivirt, doch wegen der Uebereinstimmung in den Citaten nunmehr beibehalten werden muss.

1) Qs. und Fol. lesen *fairy skip hence*, was Harness mit anderer Eintheilung *fairies, keep hence* lesen wollte. Dyce dachte an *trip* für *skip*. Jedenfalls ist mit Theobald der Plural *fairies* zu setzen. 2) So die Qs.; die Fol. *wast*. 3) Das Haferrohr charakterisirt die einfach ländliche Hirtenmusik. 4) *to verse* = in Verse bringen, besingen. 5) *Perigenia* hat Sh. für *Perigone* oder *Perigouna*, wie in North's Plutarch die Tochter des grausamen Räubers Sinnis heisst, der den Isthmus von Korinth unsicher machte. — Für *Æglé* haben die alten Ausgg. unsinnig *Eagles* = Adler, was Rowe zuerst verbesserte. 6) Seit dem Anfang des Hochsommers. — So ist *spring of day* = Tagesanbruch. 7) *paved fountain* ist die Quelle, deren Grund mit Kieseln bedeckt ist, im Gegensatz zu *rushy brook* = schilfichter Bach. 8) Für *in* der Qs. und Fol., das Sh. auch sonst im weitern Sinne gebraucht, ändern die Hgg. *on*. 9) *pelting* = geringfügig, erbärmlich. Für dieses Wort der Qs. hat die Fol. *petty*. 10) *continent* = Einfassung, Bezirk. 11) *beard* doppelsinnig = Bart, als Zeichen der Männlichkeit, und = Grannen an den Kornähren, als Zeichen der Reife. 12) *murrain flock* = die Heerde, welche durch eine Seuche dahingerafft wurde. — *murrion* in Qs. und Fol. 13) *nine men's morris* oder *merils*, wie es eigentlich heissen sollte, war eine Art von Bretspiel, das die Hirten auf einem dazu hergerichteten Rasenflecke mit Steinen und Pflöcken spielten. — Auch die folgende Zeile bezieht sich auf ein Spiel, wo in den verschlungenen Wegen, die in dem Rasen

For lack of tread are undistinguishable:
The human mortals want their winter here:[14]
No night is now with hymn or carol[15] blest; —
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound:
And thorough this distemperature[16] we see
The seasons alter: hoary-headed[17] frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
And on old Hiems' thin[18] and icy crown,
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set. The spring, the summer,
The childing[19] autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries; and the mazed world,
By their increase,[20] now knows not which is which.
And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissension:
We are their parents and original.

Obe. Do you amend it then; it lies in you.
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my henchman.[21]

Tita. Set your heart at rest,
The fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a votaress of my order:
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side,
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
Marking the embarked traders[22] on the flood;
When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,
And grow big-bellied, with the wanton wind;[23]
Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait
Following,[24] (her womb then rich with my young squire)
Would imitate, and sail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And for her sake I do rear up her boy,
And for her sake I will not part with him.

Obe. How long within this wood intend you stay?

Tita. Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And see our moonlight revels, go with us;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

Obe. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Tita. Not for thy fairy kingdom. — Fairies, away!
We shall chide downright,[25] if I longer stay.
[Exit TITANIA, *with her Train.*

Obe. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove,
Till I torment thee for this injury. —
My gentle Puck, come hither: thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,[26]
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain[27] stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck. I remember.

Obe. That very time I saw (but thou couldst not),
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal throned by the west,[28]
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts.[29]
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon,
And the imperial votaress[30] passed on,

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abgetreten sind, die Spielenden nach bestimmten Regeln umherlaufen. 14) *human mortals* = sterbliche Menschen, steht, wie Chapman in seiner Uebersetzung des Homer *mortal humans* hat, ohne dass dabei nothwendig an eine vermeintliche Unsterblichkeit der Feen zu denken wäre. — Theobald las *their winter cheer;* indess ist der Sinn wohl, dass die Sterblichen jetzt den gewohnten Winter mit seiner Ruhe und Behaglichkeit entbehren, und statt dessen einen unnatürlich feuchten und ungesunden zu bestehen haben. — *here,* das Malone mit *in this country* erklärt, ist wohl eher, wie häufig bei Sh., als Zeitadverbium, mit Hinweisung auf das jetzt, in Folge des Streits zwischen Oberon und Titania, sich herausstellende mannigfache Unheil zu deuten, worauf auch das vorher und nachher wiederkehrende *therefore* geht. 15) *carols* sind die *christmas carols,* die Weihnachtslieder erbaulicher oder heiterer Art, die um die Weihnachtszeit zwölf Nächte lang von Kindern auf den Strassen gesungen wurden. 16) *distemperature* erklärt Steevens mit *perturbation of the elements;* Malone deutet es plausibler auf die Verstimmung zwischen Oberon und Titania, welche eine Verkehrung der Jahreszeiten und eine Störung ihres regelmässigen Verlaufes veranlasst habe. — Ueber eine mögliche Zeitanspielung Sh.'s vgl. Einleitung pag. 271. 17) Q. A. hat *hoary,* Q. B. und Fol. *hoared.* 18) *thin* emendirt Tyrwhitt das *chin* der Qs. und Fol. — Der Winter wird als ein Greis mit kahlem, eisgrauem Schädel gedacht. So in K. Richard II. (A. 3, Sc. 2) *White-beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps.* — So personificirt lässt Sh. den Winter in Love's Labour's Lost (A. 5, Sc. 2) zum Schluss auftreten: *this side is Hiems, Winter.* 19) *childing* = Kinder zeugend, fruchtbar. 20) *by their increase* gehört zu *knows not:* die Welt ist durch diesen Wechsel der Jahreszeiten verwirrt und erkennt nicht mehr an ihren Producten, die nicht mehr zu rechter Zeit erscheinen, welche Jahreszeit gerade ist. 21) *henchman* = Ehrenpage. — *changeling boy* ist dasselbe wie *changeling.* Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 1, Anm. 7. 22) Die Handelsschiffe, die auf dem Meer fuhren. — Wie *trader* = Handelsschiff, gebraucht Sh. auch *merchant* in Tempest (A. 2, Sc. 1) *the master of some merchant.* 23) scil. *conceive with the wanton wind* = schwanger werden von dem Winde. 24) *following* = als Beispiel folgend, nachahmend, hat das vorhergehende *which* zum Object, und dieses *which* bezieht sich auf den ganzen vorhergehenden Satz *to see the sails conceive etc.* — Manche Hgg. setzen *following* mit in die Parenthese und lassen *her womb* davon abhängen. 25) Oberon und Titania würden geradezu in ein Gezänk gerathen, wenn Titania länger bliebe. 26) Wie *to breathe* = Etwas laut werden lassen, ist *breath* = Laut. 27) *certain* ist eine unbestimmte Zahlenangabe, = einige Sterne. So in Tempest (A. 5, Sc. 1) *certain fathoms.* 28) Ueber die Hindeutung auf die Königin Elisabeth, welche man in dieser Stelle hat finden wollen, sowie über die Entstehung der Blume Stiefmütterchen *(Love-in-idleness),* wie Oberon sie hier berichtet, vgl. Einleitung pag. 274 u. 275. 29) Cupido schoss den Pfeil so energisch ab, als ob er damit nicht ein Herz, sondern hunderttausend durchbohren wollte. 30) *imperial votaress* heisst die *fair vestal,* weil sie das Gelübde der Keuschheit abgelegt. 31) *fancy-free* = frei von der Liebes-

In maiden meditation, fancy-free.[31]
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it Love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower; the herb I show'd thee once:
The juice of it, on sleeping eyelids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again,
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I 'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes.[32] *[Exit.*

Obe. Having once this juice,
I 'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing then she waking looks upon
(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape),
She shall pursue it with the soul of love.[33]
And ere I take this charm off from her sight
(As I can take it with another herb),
I 'll make her render up her page to me. —
But who comes here? I am invisible,[34]
And I will overhear their conference.

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA *following him.*

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander, and fair Hermia?
The one I 'll slay, the other slayeth me.[35]
Thou toldst me, they were stol'n into this wood;
And here am I, and wood[36] within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.
Hence! get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant:[37]
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel: leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? do I speak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you I do not,[38] nor I cannot love you?

Hel. And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worser place can I beg in your love
(And yet a place of high respect with me),
Than to be used as you use your dog?[39]

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit,
For I am sick when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am sick when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach[40] your modesty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsel of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege for that.[41]
It is not night, when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night;
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,
For you, in my respect, are all the world:
Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem. I 'll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd;
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase:
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger. Bootless speed,
When cowardice pursues, and valour flies!

Dem. I will not stay thy questions:[42] let me go;
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,[43]
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex.
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I 'll follow thee,[44] and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well.[45]

[Exeunt DEMETRIUS *and* HELENA.

Obe. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love. —

Re-enter PUCK.

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Obe. I pray thee, give it me.

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schwärmerei, welche Cupido's Pfeil erregt hätte, wenn er nicht sein Ziel verfehlt, oder wenn dessen Gluth *(fiery shaft)* in den keuschen Strahlen des Mondes, d. h. an Luna's Keuschheit, sich nicht gelöscht hätte. 32) Puck spricht nicht von dem, was er jetzt thun will, sondern was er sich getraute zu thun, wenn Oberon seine Schnelligkeit auf die Probe stellen wollte. — *round* fehlt in Q. B. und Fol. — *to put a girdle round about the world* scheint sprichwörtlich gebraucht zu sein für eine Reise um die Welt. 33) *soul of love* = der innerste Gehalt der Liebe, die Quintessenz der Liebe. — Drei Zeilen vorher haben Q. B. und Fol. *when she* für das richtige *then she* in Q. A. 34) Oberon macht sich mit diesen Worten unsichtbar. 35) *slay* und *slayeth* emendirt Theobald das *stay* und *stayeth* der Qs. und Fol. 36) Wortspiel zwischen dem adjectivischen *wood* = toll, verrückt, und *wood* = Wald. 37) *adamant* = Magnetstein, bezeichnet zugleich die Härte und die Anziehungskraft des Demetrius. 38) scil. *I do not love you.* 39) So die Qs.; die Fol. *as you do your dog.* — Malone combinirte ohne Autorität beide Lesarten zu *as you do use your dog*, und las also *us'd* einsylbig. 40) *to impeach* = compromittiren, blossstellen. 41) *for that* = was das betrifft. Tyrwhitt bezieht *for that* speciell auf das lange vorhergegangene *to leave the city*, aber der Sinn ist wohl nur: Eure Tugend stellt mich in Beziehung auf die Gefährdung meiner jungfräulichen Reinheit sicher. — Die alten Ausgg. verbinden *for that* mit dem Folgenden, wo es aber neben *therefore* müssig stände. 42) Ich will Dir nicht länger Rede stehen. — *question* = Gespräch, Rede, steht hier im Plural, weil Helena solche Versuche, den Demetrius in's Gespräch zu ziehen, wiederholt. 43) *the field* in Q. A.; Q. B. und Fol. *and field.* 44) So die Qs.; die Fol. *I follow thee.* 45) Umgekehrt hatte Hermia von Lysander gesagt *That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell* (vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1, Anm. 48.) — *to die upon the hand* ist nicht ganz *to die by the hand*, womit Steevens es erklärt, sondern drückt die körperliche Nähe und Berührung der

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,[46]
Where oxlips, and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with luscious[47] woodbine.
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I 'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove.
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
But do it, when the next thing he espies
May be the lady. Thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.[48]
Effect it with some care, that he may prove
More fond on her, than she upon her love.
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so.
[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Another Part of the Wood.

Enter TITANIA, *with her Train.*

Tita. Come, now a roundel,[1] and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute,[2] hence:
Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;
Some, war[3] with rear-mice for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats; and some, keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our quaint spirits.[4] Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

FAIRIES' SONG.

I.

1. Fai. *You spotted snakes, with double tongue,*[5]
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen;
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy queen.

Chorus.

Philomel, with melody
Sing in our[6] *sweet lullaby;*
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

II.

2. Fai. *Weaving spiders, come not here;*
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence;
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.

Chorus.

Philomel, with melody, etc.

1. Fai.[7] Hence, away! now all is well.
One, aloof, stand sentinel.
[Exeunt Fairies. TITANIA *sleeps.*

Enter OBERON, *and squeezes the flower on* TITANIA'S *eyelids.*[8]

Obe. What thou seest, when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true-love take;
Love, and languish for his sake:
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear.
Wake when some vile thing is near. *[Exit.*

Enter LYSANDER *and* HERMIA.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood;
And, to speak troth, I have forgot our way:
We 'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be it so, Lysander: find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both:
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

Her. Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear,
Lie further off yet: do not lie so near.

Lys. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence![9]
Love takes the meaning in love's conference.
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit,
So that but one heart we can[10] make of it:
Two bosoms interchained with an oath;
So then, two bosoms, and a single troth.
Then, by your side no bed-room me deny,
For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.[11]

Her. Lysander riddles very prettily.
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,[12]
If Hermia meant to say Lysander lied.
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lie further off; in human modesty
Such separation[13] as may well be said

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erwürgenden Hand zugleich mit aus. 46) Zur Verbesserung des Verses las Pope *whereon* für *where*, das Malone dagegen zweisylbig lesen wollte. Eher liesse sich noch *thyme* zweisylbig sprechen. 47) Für *luscious* vermuthete Theobald des Verses wegen das synonyme *lush*. 48) Zu dem ungenauen Reim *man—on* vgl. A. 2, Sc. 1, Anm. 17.

1) *roundel* = Ringeltanz. 2) Eine so kurze Zeitfrist genügt den Feen, die Aufträge ihrer Königin zu erfüllen. Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 2, Anm. 32. 3) scil. *some, to war.* — *rear-mouse* = Fledermaus. Aus der Flügelhaut der Fledermäuse werden den jungen Elfen Röcke gemacht. 4) Die Eule heult bei Nacht verwundert die Elfengeister und ihr gewandtes und artiges Treiben an. 5) *double tongue* = eine gespaltene Zunge. 6) So die Qs.; die Fol. *your.* 7) So die Fol.; die Qs. theilen diese Worte der zweiten Fee zu. 8) Diese Bühnenweisung ist modern. 9) Fasse, du Süsse, den Sinn meiner unschuldigen Meinung auf, wie in dem Liebesgespräch die Liebe selbst die richtige Deutung fasst. 10) Für *we can* der Qs. hat die Fol. *can you;* ebenso in der folgenden Zeile *interchangde* für *interchained* der Qs. 11) Wortspiel zwischen *to lie* = falsch sein, lügen, und = liegen. 12) *manners* steht in Verbindung mit *pride* für das Gegentheil, für *want of manners:* pfui über meine Unhöflichkeit und meinen Hochmuth! 13) *such separation* bezieht sich auf das folgende *so far be distant:* in solcher Entfernung oder Scheidung, wie man in menschlicher Sittsamkeit sie wohlanständig für einen Junggesellen und ein Mädchen heissen kann, so weit haltet Euch fern. — *in human modesty* ist mit *as may well be said* zu verbinden.

Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid,
So far be distant; and good night, sweet friend.
Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end!
Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer say I;
And then end life, when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed: sleep give thee all his rest!
Her. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd!
[They sleep.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found[14] I none,
On whose eyes I might approve[15]
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence! — Who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This is he, my master said,
Despised the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul! she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, this[16] kill-courtesy.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe.
When thou wak'st, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid.[17]
So awake when I am gone;
For I must now to Oberon. *[Exit.*

Enter Demetrius *and* Helena, *running.*

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.
Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.
Hel. O! wilt thou darkling[18] leave me? do not so.
Dem. Stay, on thy peril: I alone will go. *[Exit.*
Hel. O! I am out of breath in this fond chase.
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.[19]
Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies;
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:
If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
For beasts, that meet me, run away for fear;
Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius
Do, as a monster,[20] fly my presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's sphery[21] eyne? —
But who is here? — Lysander! on the ground?
Dead, or asleep? — I see no blood, no wound. —
Lysander, if you live, good Sir, awake.
Lys. *[Awaking.]* And run through fire I will, for thy sweet sake.
Transparent Helena! Nature here shows art,[22]
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
Is that vile name to perish on my sword![23]
Hel. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so.
What though he love your Hermia? Lord! what though?
Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.
Lys. Content with Hermia! No: I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia, but Helena I love.[24]
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd,
And reason says you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their season;
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;[25]
And touching now the point of human skill,
Reason becomes the marshal to my will,[26]
And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook
Love's stories, written in love's richest book.[27]
Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn?
Is 't not enough, is 't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?[28]
Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,
In such disdainful manner me to woo.
But fare you well: perforce I must confess,
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.[29]
O, that a lady of one man refus'd
Should of another therefore be abus'd! *[Exit.*
Lys. She sees not Hermia. — Hermia, sleep thou there;
And never may'st thou come Lysander near.
For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;
Or, as the heresies, that men do leave,
Are hated most of those they[30] did deceive:

14) *found* in Q. A; Q. B. und Fol. haben *find.* 15) *to approve* = erproben. 16) Steevens liess des Verses wegen *this* aus. indess lässt sich *kill-cour'sy* = Grobian, dreisylbig lesen. 17) So möge die Liebe dem Schlaf seinen Sitz auf Deinem Augenlide untersagen; so mögest Du vor Liebe nicht wieder einschlafen können. 18) *darkling* = im Dunkeln. Dasselbe Adverbium in K. Lear (A. 1, Sc. 4) *out went the candle, and we were left darkling.* 19) *my grace* = die Huld oder Gunst, die mir zu Theil wird. 20) *as a monster* gehört zu *my presence*: da ich ein Ungeheuer bin. 21) *sphery* = sternengleich, von *sphere* = Gestirn in seiner Sphäre. — Zu *eyne* vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1, Anm. 56. — *to compare with*, intransitiv = es mit Etwas aufnehmen, sich mit Jemandem messen. 22) So die zweite Folioausg. von 1632. — Die Qs. lesen *nature shows art*, die Fol. *nature her shows art*, was Malone in *nature shows her art* umstellt. Indess tritt die Antithese von *nature* und *art* ohne *her* deutlicher hervor, und *here*, was Steevens mit *in this instance* erklärt, ist vielleicht = hierin, in Bezug auf das folgende *that.* 23) *on my sword*, gleichsam = auf mein Schwert gespiesst. Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 2, Anm. 45. 24) So Q. A.; Q. B. und Fol. fügen *now* vor *I love* ein. 25) So werde ich, der ich jung bin, erst jetzt zur Vernunft reif oder gezeitigt. — *ripe* ist hier Verbum. 26) *will* = Trieb, im Gegensatze zu *reason* = Vernunft: da ich jetzt den Gipfelpunkt menschlicher Urtheilskraft erreicht habe, so lenkt die Vernunft meinen bis dahin blinden Trieb. — *skill* ist eigentlich = Unterscheidungsvermögen. 27) So heisst in Romeo and Juliet (A. 1, Sc. 3) Graf Paris *this precious book of love.* 28) *my insufficiency* bezieht sich auf das vorhergehende *That I did never — — Demetrius' eye.* 29) Ich glaubte, dass Ihr ein ächteres adliges Wesen besässet. — *lord of* = Besitzer von Etwas. 30) Für *they* der Qs., scil. *the heresies*, hat die Fol. *that.* 31) Für *you* der Qs. hat die Fol. *yet.* 32) *of all loves* = um aller Liebe willen, oder = von allen Liebesdiensten, die Du erweisen kannst, — eine Bitte oder Beschwörung, welche auch in Merry Wives of Windsor (A. 2, Sc. 2) vorkommt. — *I swoon* ist in der Orthographie der Q. B. *I swound*, in der der Fol. *I sound.*

So thou, my surfeit, and my heresy,
Of all be hated, but the most of me.
And, all my powers, address your love and might
To honour Helen, and to be her knight. *[Exit.*

Her. [Awaking.] Help me, Lysander, help me! do thy best,
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast.
Ah me, for pity! — what a dream was here!
Lysander, look, how I do quake with fear.
Methought a serpent eat my heart away,
And you [31] sat smiling at his cruel prey. —
Lysander! what, remov'd? Lysander! lord!
What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?
Alack! where are you? speak, an if you hear;
Speak, of all loves! [32] I swoon almost with fear.
No? — then I well perceive you are not nigh:
Either death, or you, I 'll find immediately. *[Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The Same. TITANIA lying asleep.

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING. [1]

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; [2] and here 's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn-brake our tiring-house; [3] and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

Bot. Peter Quince, —

Quin. What say'st thou, bully [4] Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of »Pyramus and Thisby«, that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself, which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. By'r lakin, a parlous fear. [5]

Star. I believe, we must leave the killing out, when all is done. [6]

Bot. Not a whit: I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue; and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords, and that Pyramus is not killed indeed: and, for the more better assurance, tell them, that I, Pyramus, am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver. This will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue, and it shall be written in eight and six. [7]

Bot. No, make it two more: let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in, God shield us! a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl [8] than your lion living, and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore, another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect: — »Ladies,« or, »Fair ladies, I would wish you,« or, »I would request you,« or, »I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: no, I am no such thing: I am a man as other men are;« and there, indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug, the joiner. [9]

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things: that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber; for you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

Snug. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanac; find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, then you may leave a casement of the great chamber-window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorn, and say, he comes to disfigure, [10] or to present, the person of Moonshine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You can never bring in a wall. — What say you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present Wall; and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; and [11] let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin. When you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake; [12] and so every one according to his cue.

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1) Qs. und Fol. haben *Enter the Clowns.* 2) *pat* = just, gelegen, in räumlichem oder zeitlichem Sinne. 3) *tiring-house* oder *tiring-room* = Garderobezimmer der Schauspieler. Es hatte den ersteren Namen, weil es bisweilen einen besonderen Anbau bildete zu dem eigentlichen Schauspielhaus, das in seinen eigenen Räumen keinen Platz dafür darbot. 4) *bully* = Eisenfresser, Renommist, wird Bottom, der den zärtlichen Liebhaber darstellen soll, nur scherzweise genannt. 5) *by 'r lakin* ist abgekürzt aus *by our ladykin*, ein schmeichelndes Diminutiv aus *lady*, und *parlous* ist familiär entstellt aus *perilous*, in einem weitern Sinne des Wortes. 6) *when all is done* = am Ende. 7) d. h. in abwechselnden Versen von acht und von sechs Sylben, das gewöhnliche Metrum der englischen Ballade, wie sie von Bänkelsängern gesungen wurde, aber für Prologe weniger geeignet, welche entweder in Alexandrinern oder in fünffüssigen Jamben mit verschlungenen Reimen geschrieben wurden. 8) Bottom meint *wild beast*, wie er in seiner nächsten Rede *defect* für *effect* sagt. 9) Malone citirt dazu aus einer Anekdotensammlung der Zeit Folgendes, was Sh. vielleicht hier vorschwebte: *There was a spectacle presented to Queen Elizabeth upon the water, and among others Harry Goldingham was to present Arion upon the dolphin's back, but finding his voice to be very hoarse and unpleasant, when he came to perform it, he tears off his disguise and swears, he was none of Arion, not he, but even honest Harry Goldingham.* 10) Quince will *figure* sagen. 11) *and* setzte Collier's alter Corrector mit Recht für *or* der Qs. und Fol. 12) scil. *that hawthorn-brake* = das dichte Gebüsch von Hagedorn, das als Garderobezimmer dienen sollte. Vgl. oben Anm. 3. 13) *hempen home-spuns*, eigentlich = grobe Stoffe, wie der Bauer sie aus Hanf in seinem Hause spinnt und webt,

Enter Puck *behind.*

Puck. What hempen home-spuns[13] have we swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen?
What, a play toward? I 'll be an auditor;
An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus. — Thisby, stand forth.

Pyr. »Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet,« —

Quin. Odours, odours.[14]

Pyr. — »odours savours sweet:
So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby, dear. —
But, hark, a voice! stay thou but here awhile,
And by and by I will to thee appear.« *[Exit.*

Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here![15] *[Exit.*

This. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand, he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

This. »Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,
Most brisky juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,[16]
As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,
I 'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's[17] tomb.«

Quin. Ninus' tomb, man. Why, you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus. You speak all your part at once, cues[18] and all. — Pyramus, enter: your cue is past; it is, »never tire.«

Re-enter Puck, *and* Bottom *with an ass's head.*

This. O! — »As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.«

Pyr. »If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine.« —

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted. Pray, masters! fly, masters! help! *[Exeunt Clowns.*

Puck. I 'll follow you, I 'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier:
Sometime a horse I 'll be, sometime a hound,
A hog, a headless[19] bear, sometime a fire;
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. *[Exit.*

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them, to make me afeard.

Re-enter Snout.

Snout. O Bottom! thou art changed: what do I see on thee? *[Exit.*

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass-head of your own, do you?

Re-enter Quince.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated. *[Exit.*

Bot. I see their knavery. This is to make an ass of me, to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can. I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. *[Sings.*

The ousel-cock,[20] so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with[21] little quill.

Tita. *[Awaking.]* What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

Bot. *The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,*
The plain-song cuckoo gray,[22]
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer, nay;

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry »cuckoo« never so?[23]

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note;[24]
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
And thy fair virtue's force, perforce, doth move me,
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days. The more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek[25] upon occasion.

Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither; but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Tita. Out of this wood do not desire to go:
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit of no common rate;
The summer still doth tend upon my state;
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;

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hier im übertragenen Sinne = Bauerlümmel, grobe Leute. 14) So die Fol.; die Qs. haben *Odours, odorous.* — In umgekehrter Weise wird *odious* und *odorous* verwechselt in Much Ado about Nothing (A. 3, Sc. 5) *comparisons are odorous.* — Doch ist die eigentliche Construction *the flowers savour sweet of odours,* und in Uebereinstimmung damit setzte Pope *doth* für das folgende *hath,* indem er das fortgeführte Missverständniss des den Pyramus darstellenden Bottom verwischte. 15) *here* erklärt Steevens *in that theatre where the piece was acting.* Vielleicht ist *play'd* Particip: Hier wird ein seltsamerer Pyramus gespielt, als es je einen gab. — Die Qs. theilen diesen Vers irrthümlich dem Quince zu. — In Qs. und Fol. ist hier weder der Weggang Puck's noch später sein Wiederauftreten bezeichnet. 16) *juvenal,* affectirt = Jüngling, kommt auch in andern Sh.'schen Dramen vor. — *eke* veraltet = auch. — *Jew,* missverständlich oder des Reimes wegen abgekürzt für *jewel,* steht ebenso in Love's Labour's Lost (A. 3, Sc. 1) *my incony Jew!* 17) *Ninny's tomb* für *Ninus' tomb,* das Grab des alten babylonischen Königs; zugleich *ninny* = Tölpel. 18) *cue* = Stichwort in der Rolle der Schauspieler. 19) Vielleicht wäre *heedless* zu lesen. 20) Unter *ousel-cock* (in den alten Ausgg. *Woosell-cock*) versteht Sh. nicht den gewöhnlich so genannten Vogel, dessen Schnabel schwarz ist, sondern das Männchen des *blackbird* = Schwarzdrossel, das allerdings einen gelblich gefärbten Schnabel hat. 21) *with* in den Qs., *and* in der Fol. 22) Der einförmig singende graue Kuckuck. — Die Anspielung auf den Hahnrei *(cuckold),* dessen Schicksal der Kuckuck in seinem eintönigen Gesange verhöhnt, kehrt bei Sh. öfter in dieser Verbindung wieder. 23) Wenn der Kuckuck auch noch so sehr immer Kuckuck! ruft. 24) In Q. B. und Fol. folgen die nächsten drei Verse in dieser Reihe auf einander: *On the first view etc. — So is mine eye etc. — And thy fair virtue's force etc.* — Die richtige Anordnung stellte Theobald aus Q. A. zuerst wieder her. 25) *to gleek* = spassen, Witze machen. 26) In den alten Ausgg. werden diese vier Reden in eine, allen Fairies zugetheilte, zusammengezogen. 27) Um meinen Geliebten zu Bett

I 'll give thee fairies to attend on thee,
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep:
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go. —
Pease-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seed!

Enter Four Fairies.

1. Fai. Ready.
2. Fai. And I.
3. Fai. And I.
4. Fai. Where shall we go? [26]

Tita. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman:
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks, and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries.
The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to arise; [27]
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes.
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

1. Fai. Hail, mortal!
2. Fai. Hail!
3. Fai. Hail!
4. Fai. Hail! [28]

Bot. I cry your worships mercy, [29] heartily. — I beseech your worship's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, [30] good Master Cobweb. If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you. — Your name, honest gentleman?

Peas. Pease-blossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to Mistress Squash, [31] your mother, and to Master Peascod, your father. Good Master Pease-blossom, I shall desire you of [32] more acquaintance too. — Your name, I beseech you, Sir?

Mus. Mustard-seed.

Bot. Good Master Mustard-seed, I know your patience well: that same cowardly, giant-like oxbeef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house. [33] I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you more [34] acquaintance, good Master Mustard-seed.

Tita. Come, wait upon him: lead him to my bower.
The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.
Tie up my love's tongue, [35] bring him silently. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Wood.

Enter Oberon.

Obe. I wonder, if Titania be awak'd;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter Puck.

Here comes my messenger. — How now, mad spirit?
What night-rule [1] now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour
A crew of patches, [2] rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort, [3]
Who Pyramus presented in their sport,
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake, [4]
When I did him at this advantage take;
An ass's nowl [5] I fixed on his head:
Anon, his Thisbe must be answered,
And forth my mimic [6] comes. When they him spy,
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort, [7]
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky;
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly,
And, at our stamp, [8] here o'er and o'er one falls:
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,
Made [9] senseless things begin to do them wrong;

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zu geleiten und wenn er aufsteht. 28) In Qs. und Fol. sagt die erste Fairy *Hail, mortal, hail!* und dieses *hail* wiederholen nur die zweite und dritte, während die vierte leer ausgeht. — Die richtige Eintheilung rührt von Steevens her. 29) Die meisten Hgg. schreiben *your worship's mercy*. — Indess redet Bottom hier noch alle vier Elfen, und erst nachher die einzelnen an. 30) *to desire* und andere Verba des Bittens werden in der älteren Sprache häufig mit dem Accusativ der Person und mit *of* der Sache, um die man bittet, construirt. So in Page of Plymouth: *desiring them of justice.* 31) *squash* = unreife Schote. So in Twelfth-Night (A. 1, Sc. 5) *as a squash is before 't is a peascod.* 32) Die Fol. stellt hier *of* und *you* um. 33) Der Senf, der zum Rindfleisch verzehrt wird, kommt auch so in Taming of the Shrew (A. 4, Sc. 3) vor: *What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard?* 34) Dyce ändert, in Uebereinstimmung mit dem Vorhergehenden (Anm. 32), *of more;* indess ist auch diese Construction statthaft. 35) *love's* verbessert Pope des Verses wegen das *lover's* der Qs. und Fol., welches die Hgg. beibehalten. *my love* hatte Titania den Bottom schon vorher genannt (vgl. Anm. 27 dieser Scene).

1) *night-rule* erklärt Douce als *night-revel,* woraus es entstellt sei. Nares fasst richtiger *rule* in der herkömmlichen Bedeutung und erklärt es *such conduct as generally rules in the night.* 2) *patch* = Narr, mit verächtlichem Nebensinn. 3) Der seichteste Lümmel dieser geistlosen Gesellschaft. — *thick-skin* = Dickfell, als Schimpfwort in Merry Wives of Windsor (A. 4, Sc. 5). 4) *his scene* = die Bühne, auf der er spielte, oder die Scene, in der er auftrat. — Zu *brake* vgl. A. 3, Sc. 1, Anm. 12. 5) *nowl* = Kopf. Das veraltete Wort wird auch *noll* und *nole* geschrieben. 6) *mimic,* gesucht = Schauspieler, geht hier auf Pyramus, der wieder auf die Bühne kommt, wenn seine Thisbe ihre Replik im Dialog erhalten muss. — Die Fol. hat *Mimmick,* Q. A. *minnick,* und Q. B. *minnóck.* 7) *many in sort* = viele zusammen, viele in einem Haufen, geht auf *choughs.* 8) Sowie ich mit dem Fuss auf den Boden trete, sowie ich mit schwerem Tritt unter sie trete. 9) *made* hat genau genommen nicht bloss *their sense,* sondern zugleich auch *lost with their fears* zum Subject: der durch ihre starke

For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch;
Some, sleeves, some, hats,[10] from yielders all things catch.
I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there;
When in that moment (so it came to pass)
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.
Obe. This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latch'd[11] the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?
Puck. I took him sleeping, (that is finish'd too)
And the Athenian woman by his side,
That, when he wak'd, of force she must be ey'd.[12]

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* HERMIA.

Obe. Stand close: this is the same Athenian.
Puck. This is the woman; but not this the man.
Dem. O! why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.
Her. Now I but chide; but I should use thee worse,
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,[13]
And kill me too.
The sun was not so true unto the day,
As he to me. Would he have stol'n away
From sleeping Hermia? I 'll believe as soon,
This whole earth may be bor'd, and that the moon
May through the centre creep, and so displease
Her brother's noontide with the Antipodes.[14]
It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murderer look, so dead,[15] so grim.
Dem. So should the murder'd[16] look, and so should I,
Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty;
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.
Her. What 's this to my Lysander?[17] where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?
Dem. I had rather give his carcass to my hounds.
Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!
O! once tell true, tell true,[18] e'en for my sake;
Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping?[19] O brave touch!
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue[20]
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.
Dem. You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood:[21]
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood,
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.
Her. I pray thee, tell me then, that he is well.
Dem. An if[22] I could, what should I get therefore?
Her. A privilege, never to see me more. —
And from thy hated presence part I so;[23]
See me no more, whether he be dead or no. *[Exit.*
Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein:
Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrupt sleep[24] doth sorrow owe;
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay. *[Lies down.*
Obe. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite,
And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
Some true-love turn'd,[25] and not a false turn'd true.
Puck. Then fate o'er-rules, that, one man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.
Obe. About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find:
All fancy-sick[26] she is, and pale of cheer
With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear.[27]
By some illusion see thou bring her here:
I 'll charm his eyes against she do appear.

Furcht veranlasste Verlust ihres ohnehin schwachen Verstandes machte, dass nun auch sinnlose Dinge anfingen, ihnen Schaden zu thun. — *weak* und *strong* stehen im Gegensatze, wie *sense* und *senseless*. 10) scil. *some snatch at sleeves, some at hats.* — *some* bezieht sich auf *briers* und *thorns*. 11) *to latch* leitet Hanmer hier von dem französischen *lécher* ab und erklärt es mit *to lick over*. — Da das Wort in diesem Sinne aber sonst nirgendwo vorkommt, so ist es auch hier eher als ein Synonym von *to catch* = fassen, oder treffen, zu nehmen. Vgl. Macbeth (A. 4, Sc. 3) *I have words,* || *That would be howl'd out in the desert air,* || *Where hearing should not latch them.* 12) So dass bei seinem Erwachen sie das Erste sein musste, was ihm in's Auge fiel. 13) Da Du einmal so tief im Blute bist, dass es Dir in die Schuhe läuft, so tauche Dich ganz hinein und bringe auch mich um, wie Du Lysander umgebracht. — So in Two Gentlemen of Verona (A. 1, Sc. 1) *For he was more than over shoes in love.* 14) Dass der Mond durch den Mittelpunkt der Erde kriechen könnte und so der Sonne, die mittlerweile bei den Antipoden Mittag macht, störend in den Weg träte. 15) *dead* = todesstarr. 16) So die Qs.; die Fol. liest mit Verwischung des beabsichtigten Gegensatzes *murderer*. 17) Was liegt mir an diesen Schmeicheleien im Vergleich mit meinem Lysander? oder auch: was hat das mit meinem Lysander zu schaffen? 18) In der Fol. steht *tell true* nur einmal. 19) Hast Du im Schlafe Den getödtet, den Du, als er wachte, nicht einmal anzublicken wagtest? — Solch ein Benehmen nennt Hermia dann höhnisch: O schöner Zug! 20) *double tongue* = gespaltene Zunge; wie die Nattern haben sollen (vgl. A. 2, Sc. 3, Anm. 5), und = Doppelzüngigkeit, wie Hermia sie dem Demetrius Schuld giebt. 21) *on a mispris'd mood* = auf Grund einer irrigen, verkehrten Stimmung oder Laune. 22) *an if*, in der Schreibweise der alten Ausgg. *and if*, steht tautologisch für eine der beiden Partikeln. 23) *so* fügte Pope des Reimes wegen als nothwendige Ergänzung hinzu. — Qs. und Fol. haben ganz unmetrisch *And from thy hated presence part I: see me no more,* || *Whether he be dead or no.* — *whether* ist einsylbig zu lesen und vielleicht wie an andern Stellen *whe'er* zu schreiben. 24) Qs. und Fol. lesen *slip*, von Rowe zuerst in *sleep* emendirt. — Der Schlaf wird als ein armer Schuldner dargestellt, der dem stets wachen Gram eine Schuld, d. h. sich selbst, zu entrichten hat. Einen Theil wenigstens dieser Schuld wird der Schlaf jetzt dem trauernden Demetrius abtragen, wenn dieser sich niederlegt in Erwartung dessen, was jener ihm darbietet *(his tender)*. 25) *some true-love turn'd* = die Verkehrung einer wahren Liebe, der Abfall eines treuen Liebhabers. 26) *fancy-sick* = krank von Liebesschwärmerei. Vgl. *fancy-free* A. 2, Sc. 2, Anm. 31. 27) Die Liebesseufzer kommen dem jugendlichen Blute theuer zu stehen, da sie dasselbe verzehren und so das Antlitz blass machen. — *cheer* = Miene, Ansehen. —

Puck. I go, I go; look how I go;
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. *[Exit.*

Obe. Flower of this purple die,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye.[28]
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky. —
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter Puck.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand,
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee.
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!

Obe. Stand aside: the noise they make
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once woo one;
That must needs be sport alone;[29]
And those things do best please me,
That befall preposterously.

Enter Lysander *and* Helena.

Lys. Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?
Scorn and derision never come in tears:
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge[30] of faith to prove them true?

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more.
When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray![31]
These vows[32] are Hermia's: will you give her o'er?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:
Your vows, to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.

Lys. I had no judgment, when to her I swore.

Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

Dem. [Awaking.] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
Crystal is muddy. O! how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high Taurus'[33] snow,
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow,
When thou hold'st up thy hand. O, let me kiss
This princess[34] of pure white, this seal of bliss!

Hel. O spite! O hell! I see, you all are bent[35]
To set against me, for your merriment:
If you were civil and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join in souls[36] to mock me too?
If you were[37] men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so;
To vow, and swear, and superpraise[38] my parts,
When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia,
And now both rivals, to mock Helena.
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
With your derision! none of noble sort[39]
Would so offend a virgin, and extort[40]
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
For you love Hermia; this, you know, I know:
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,[41]
Whom I do love, and will do till my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
My heart to her[42] but as guest-wise sojourn'd,
And now to Helen is it home return'd,
There to remain.

Lys. Helen,[43] it is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest to thy peril thou aby[44] it dear. —
Look, where thy love comes: yonder is thy dear.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense. —
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

Qs. und Fol. haben *costs* für *cost*. 28) Oberon drückt den Saft der von Puck ihm gebrachten Blume auf Demetrius' Auge aus. — *Cupid's archery* geht auf das, was Oberon vorher (A. 2, Sc. 2) von der Färbung dieser Blume durch Cupido's Bogen erzählt hat: *Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell etc.* 29) *sport alone* = unvergleichlicher Spass, ein Spass, dem kein anderer zur Seite steht. So in Two Gentlemen of Verona (A. 2, Sc. 4) *She is alone.* 30) *badge* = Abzeichen der Dienstbarkeit. 31) Wenn im Widerstreit ein Treugelübde das andere aufhebt oder vernichtet, so ist das zwischen beiden ein Zweikampf, der, obwohl Fromme ihn führen, doch in seinem Ausgange teuflisch ist. 32) Diese Gelübde, die Ihr mir weiht, gehören von Rechts wegen der Hermia. 33) Dieses in Kleinasien gelegene Gebirge wird sonst bei Sh. nicht erwähnt. — So in Winter's Tale (A. 4, Sc. 3) *or the fann'd snow* || *That 's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er.* 34) Helena's weisse Hand heisst, weiblich personificirt, = die Fürstin alles Weissen. — Hanmer änderte ohne Noth *princess* in *pureness* um, und Collier schlug *impress* dafür vor. 35) So die Qs.; die Fol. *you are all bent.* 36) *in souls* = im Herzen, in Seelenübereinstimmung. — Der Plural steht, weil von Mehreren die Rede ist. 37) *were* in den Qs.; *are* in der Fol. 38) *to superpraise* = übertrieben loben. Sh. hat das Wort nur hier. 39) *sort* = Rang, Stand. 40) *to extort*, sonst = erpressen, ist hier in ungewöhnlichem Sinn = martern, quälen. 41) *bequeath* ist Imperativ: übermacht Ihr mir den Antheil, den Ihr an Helena's Liebe habt. 42) Für *to her* der Qs. und Fol. änderte Johnson *with her.* — *to her* steht jedoch in allgemeinerer Beziehung = ihr gegenüber, im Verhältniss zu ihr, zugleich durch Attraction von *guest-wise*, gleichsam *as a guest to her.* 43) Q. B. und Fol. lassen *Helen* aus. 44) *to aby* = Etwas bezahlen, für Etwas büssen. So in Spenser's Faerie Queene: *That direful stroke thou dearly shalt aby.* — Q. A. hat *aby*, Q. B. und die Fol. *abide.* 45) Lysander's Liebe ist Helena, die ihn an jenem Platze nicht länger

Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?
Her. What love could press Lysander from my side?
Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let him bide,[45]
Fair Helena, who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery O's[46] and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,
The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so?
Her. You speak not as you think: it cannot be.
Hel. Lo! she is one of this confederacy.
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three,
To fashion this false sport in spite of me.
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd[47]
To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us, — O! is all forgot?[48]
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial[49] gods,
Have with our needles[50] created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key,
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition;
Two lovely[51] berries moulded on one stem;
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first,[52] like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rend our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 't is not maidenly:
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the injury.
Her. I am amazed at your passionate[53] words.
I scorn you not: it seems that you scorn me.
Hel. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face,
And made your other love, Demetrius,
(Who even but now did spurn me with his foot)
To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,[54]
And tender me, forsooth, affection,
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate,
But miserable most to love unlov'd,
This you should pity rather than despise.
Her. I understand not what you mean by this.
Hel. Ay, do, persever, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouths[55] upon me when I turn my back;
Wink at each other; hold the sweet jest up:
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.[56]
But, fare ye well: 't is partly mine own fault,
Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.
Lys. Stay, gentle Helena! hear my excuse:
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!
Hel. O excellent!
Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.
Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.
Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat:
Thy threats have no more strength than her weak prayers.[57] —
Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do:
I swear by that[58] which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false, that says I love thee not.
Dem. I say, I love thee more than he can do.
Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.
Dem. Quick, come, —
Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this?
Lys. Away, you Ethiop![59]
Dem. No, no, Sir: —
Seem to break loose;[60] take on, as you would follow;
But yet come not. You are a tame man, go!

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aushalten oder weilen liess. 46) *yon fiery O's* = die Gestirne am Nachthimmel, von der runden Gestalt eines *O* so benannt, wie auch andere kreisförmige Dinge bei Sh. *O* heissen; so die Erde in Antony and Cleopatra (A. 5, Sc. 2), der rundförmige Theaterraum in K. Henry V. (A. 1, Chorus), die Maale im Angesicht in Love's Labour's Lost (A. 5, Sc. 2). 47) *to contrive* = intriguiren. 48) So Qs. und Fol. — Zur Vervollständigung des Verses, aber mit Verwischung der von Sh. beabsichtigten Verspause, lesen viele Hgg. mit der zweiten Folioausg. von 1632 *O! and is all forgot?* — Malone setzt ohne Autorität *now* für *and*. 49) *artificial* = kunsterfahren. — Im Sinne = verschlagen, schlau, kommt das Wort auch bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen vor. 50) Steevens setzt des Verses wegen für *needles* der Qs. und Fol. das veraltete *neelds*. 51) *lovely* = liebevoll, freundlich gegen einander. So in der englischen Bibelübersetzung (2. Sam. Cap. 1, V. 23) *Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.* — So auch in Taming of the Shrew (A. 3, Sc. 2) *And seal the title with a lovely kiss.* 52) M. Mason giebt zu dieser heraldischen Anspielung folgende Erklärung: *Every branch of a family is called a house; and none but the first of the first house can bear the arms of the family, without some distinction. Two of the first therefore means two coats of the first house, which are properly due but to one.* — Qs. und Fol. lesen *life* für *like*, was zuerst Theobald verbesserte. 53) *passionate*, das in den Qs. fehlt, ergänzt die Fol. 54) Warum verleugnet Lysander die Liebe zu Euch, die doch so voll in seiner Seele liegt? 55) So Qs. und Fol. — Manche Hgg. setzen willkürlich *mows* für *mouths*. 56) *argument* erklärt Johnson mit *subject of light merriment*. Es ist wohl eher in Verbindung mit dem vorhergehenden *shall be chronicled* aufzufassen: ein Thema der Besprechung oder Erzählung, das auf die Nachwelt übergeht. 57) Qs. und Fol. haben *praise*, woraus Capell ein substantivisch sonst nicht vorkommendes *prays* machte. — *prayers* emendirte Theobald nach Massgabe des vorhergehenden Verses. 58) *by that* geht auf *by my life*. 59) *Ethiop* = Negerin, bei Sh. eine gewöhnliche Bezeichnung weiblicher Hässlichkeit. — In demselben Sinne steht, in Bezug auf die dunkle Farbe, bald nachher *tawny Tartar*. 60) So die Fol., nur mit anderer Versabtheilung. — Die Qs. haben *No, no, he 'll || Seem to break loose.* — Malone wollte beide Lesarten vereinigen, indem er las *No, no, he 'll — Sir, || Seem to break loose.* — Die ersten Worte richtet Demetrius an d vsander wegen seiner Schimpfreden gegen die Hermia; in den folgenden verspottet er Lysander s Bemühungen, sich von Hermia loszumachen, als nicht ernstlich

Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr! vile thing, let loose.
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.
Her. Why are you grown so rude? what change is this, Sweet love?
Lys. Thy love? out, tawny Tartar, out!
Out, loathed medicine! O hated potion,[61] hence!
Her. Do you not jest?
Hel. Yes, sooth; and so do you.
Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.
Dem. I would, I had your bond; for, I perceive,
A weak bond holds you: I 'll not trust your word.
Lys. What! should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I 'll not harm her so.
Her. What! can you do me greater harm than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?
Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?
I am as fair now, as I was erewhile.
Since night you lov'd me; yet, since night you left me.
Why, then you left me (O, the gods forbid!)
In earnest, shall I say?
Lys. Ay, by my life;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore, be out of hope, of question, of doubt;[62]
Be certain, nothing truer: 't is no jest,
That I do hate thee, and love Helena.
Her. O me! — you juggler! you canker-blossom![63]
You thief of love! what, have you come by night,
And stol'n my love's heart from him?
Hel. Fine, i' faith!
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet you!
Her. Puppet! why so? Ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures: she hath urg'd her height,
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him. —
And are you grown so high[64] in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish, and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole?[65] speak;
How low am I? I am not yet so low,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.
Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;[66]
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice:[67]
Let her not strike me. You, perhaps, may think,
Because she is something lower than myself,
That I can match her.
Her. Lower! hark, again.
Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood.
He follow'd you; for love, I follow'd him;[68]
But he hath chid me hence, and threaten'd me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further. Let me go:
You see how simple and how fond[69] I am.
Her. Why, get you gone. Who is 't that hinders you?
Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.
Her. What, with Lysander?
Hel. With Demetrius.
Lys. Be not afraid: she shall not harm thee, Helena.
Dem. No, Sir; she shall not, though you take her part.
Hel. O! when she is angry, she is keen and shrewd.
She was a vixen, when she went to school;
And, though she be but little,[70] she is fierce.
Her. Little again? nothing but low and little? —
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.
Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf;
You minimus, of hindering knot-grass made;[71]
You bead, you acorn.
Dem. You are too officious
In her behalf that scorns your services.
Let her alone; speak not of Helena;
Take not her part, for if thou dost intend
Never so little show of love to her,
Thou shalt aby[72] it.
Lys. Now she holds me not;
Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Of thine or mine,[73] is most in Helena.
Dem. Follow? nay, I 'll go with thee, cheek by jole.
[Exeunt Lysander *and* Demetrius.
Her. You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you.
Nay, go not back.

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gemeint. — Die Cambridge Edd. vermuthen, dass hinter *he 'll* ein Vers ausgefallen sei. 61) *potion* in Q. A.; Q. B. und Fol. haben *poison*. 62) Viele Hgg. lassen vor *doubt* das *of* weg: hoffe nicht mehr, frage nicht mehr, zweifle nicht mehr. 63) *juggler* ist dreisylbig *(juggeler)* zu lesen, wie *juggling* in K. Henry VI. First Part (A. 5, Sc. 4) *She and the Dauphin have been juggling.* — *canker-blossom* = eine Blüthe, an der der Wurm nagt. So in Two Gentlemen of Verona (A. 1, Sc. 1) *in the sweetest bud* || *The eating canker dwells.* 64) *grown so high*, doppelsinnig = so hoch gewachsen, und = so hoch gestiegen in seiner Schätzung, im Gegensatze zu dem folgenden, gleichfalls doppelsinnigen *low*. 65) Die schlanke, hochgewachsene Helena wird spöttisch mit einem bunt angestrichenen, mit Blumen und Bändern verzierten Maibaum verglichen, den man von den Maifesten in festlichem Zuge mit nach Hause brachte. Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1, Anm. 38. 66) *curst* = zänkisch, giftig im Reden, besonders von bösen Weibern. 67) In meiner Schüchternheit bin ich ein rechtes Mädchen, nicht dreister, als ein ehrbares Mädchen sein darf. 68) Auch die Interpunction der Qs. und Fol. verbindet *for love* mit dem Folgenden. 69) *fond* = thöricht, blind für Jemanden eingenommen. 70) *little* = klein von Wuchs, dasselbe wie *low*. 71) *knot-grass* = Knöterich, eine Pflanze, deren Decoct das Wachsthum eines Menschen oder Thieres hindern sollte. So in Beaumont und Fletcher's The Coxcomb: *We want a boy extremely for this function, Kept under for a year with milk and knot-grass.* — *minimus* = Knirps; die gewöhnlichere Form ist *minim* = alles sehr Kleine. 72) Auch hier hat die Fol. *abide*, die Qs. *aby*. Vgl. Anm. 44 dieser Scene. 73) Manche Hgg. ändern ohne Grund mit Theobald *or thine or mine*. — Sh. wendet *of*, nach einem Interrogativpronomen, = wer oder was von Zweien, auch sonst an. So in Tempest (A. 2, Sc. 1) *Which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?* — *most* auf *right* bezüglich: wessen Anrecht auf Helena, das meine oder das Deine,

Hel. I will not trust you, I,
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray;
My legs are longer though, to run away. *[Exit.*
Her. I am amaz'd, and know not what to say.[74] *[Exit.*
Obe. This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,
Or else committ'st thy knaveries wilfully.[75]
Puck. Believe me, king of shadows,[76] I mistook.
Did not you tell me, I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had[77] on?
And so far blameless proves my enterprise,
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes;
And so far am I glad it so did sort,[78]
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.
Obe. Thou seest, these lovers seek a place to fight:
Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog, as black as Acheron;
And lead these testy rivals so astray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep:[79]
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye;
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,[80]
To take from thence all error with his might,
And make his eyeballs roll with wonted sight.
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision;
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,[81]
With league whose date till death shall never end.
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,[82]
I 'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy;
And then I will her charmed eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.
Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste,
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,[83]
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;[84]
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to churchyards: damned spirits all,
That in crossways and floods have burial,[85]
Already to their wormy beds[86] are gone;
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully themselves exile[87] from light,
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.[88]
Obe. But we are spirits of another sort.
I with the Morning's love[89] have oft made sport;
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams.
But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:
We may effect this business yet ere day. *[Exit.*
Puck. Up and down, up and down;
I will lead them up and down:
I am fear'd in field and town;
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one.

Re-enter LYSANDER.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now.
Puck. Here, villain! drawn and ready.[90] Where art thou?
Lys. I will be with thee straight.
Puck. Follow me then
To plainer ground. *[Exit* LYS. *as following the voice.*

Re-enter DEMETRIUS.

Dem. Lysander, speak again.
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak! In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?
Puck. Thou coward! art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child;
I 'll whip thee with a rod: he is defil'd,
That draws a sword on thee.
Dem. Yea; art thou there?
Puck. Follow my voice: we 'll try no manhood here.[91]
[Exeunt.

Re-enter LYSANDER.

Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me on;
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
The villain is much lighter-heel'd[92] than I:
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. *[Lies down.]* Come, thou gentle day!

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das grösste sei. 74) Dieser Vers fehlt in der Fol. 75) So die Qs.; die Fol. *willingly.* 76) Als *shadows* = schattenhafte Wesen, Geschöpfe nicht von Fleisch und Blut, bezeichnet Puck die Elfengeister auch nachher im Epilog: *If we shadows have offended.* 77) So Q. A.; Q. B. und die Fol. *hath* für *had.* 78) *to sort* = sich fügen. 79) Der Schlaf wird hier als ein leise herbeikriechendes Wesen mit bleiernen Füssen und Fledermausflügeln gedacht. 80) *virtuous property* = heilkräftige Eigenschaft. — Auf *liquor* bezieht sich das folgende *with his might* = vermöge seiner Heilkraft. 81) *to wend* = sich wenden, gehen. Die Liebespaare sollen nach Athen zurückkehren mit oder in einer Verbindung, deren Frist erst mit dem Tode endet. 82) So Q. A.; Q. B. hat *apply* und die Fol. *imply.* 83) Dasselbe Bild von dem Drachengespann vor dem Wagen der Nacht kehrt wieder in Cymbeline (A. 2, Sc. 2) *swift, swift, you dragons of the night.* 84) *Aurora's harbinger* ist der Morgenstern, bei dessen Erscheinung die Nachts umgehenden Geister, die wegen begangener Missethaten im Grabe keine Ruhe finden können, entweichen. 85) Die verdammten Geister von Selbstmördern, welche theils auf Kreuzwegen begraben sind, theils in dem Wasser, in das sie sich gestürzt, ein feuchtes Grab gefunden haben. 86) *wormy beds* = die Gräber, wo sie von den Würmern verzehrt werden. 87) *to exile* betont Sh. auf der zweiten Sylbe. 88) Dasselbe Epitheton giebt Sh. der Nacht in Romeo and Juliet (A. 3, Sc. 2) *black-brow'd night.* 89) *Morning's love* = der Geliebte der Aurora, ist Cephalus, der Jäger, den Oberon auf die Jagd begleitet hat. — Oberon erzählt das als Beweis, dass er nicht, wie die Spukgeister, beim ersten Tagesgrauen zu entweichen brauche, sondern bis nach Sonnenaufgang bleiben dürfe. 90) Mit gezogenem Schwerte und kampfbereit. 91) Auf *here* liegt der Nachdruck: hier nicht, sondern anderswo, wollen wir unsere Tapferkeit erproben. 92) *lighter-heel'd* = mit leichteren Fersen, zur Flucht, versehen. 93) *grey light* = das erste Tagesgrauen. — Drei Zeilen vorher hat die Fol. die Bühnenweisung *shifting places.*

For if but once thou show me thy grey light,[93]
I 'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite. *[Sleeps.*

Re-enter PUCK *and* DEMETRIUS.

Puck. Ho! ho! ho![94] Coward, why com'st thou not?
Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st; for well I wot,
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place,
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou now?[95]
Puck. Come hither: I am here.
Dem. Nay, then thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy[96] this dear,
If ever I thy face by day-light see:
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed:
By day's approach look to be visited.
[Lies down and sleeps.

Re-enter HELENA.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours: shine, comforts,[97] from the east,
That I may back to Athens, by day-light,
From these that my poor company detest.
And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me awhile from mine own company. *[Sleeps.*
Puck. Yet but three?[98] Come one more;
Two of both kinds[99] make up four.
Here she comes, curst and sad.
Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Re-enter HERMIA.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers:
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me till the break of day.
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!
[Lies down.
Puck. On the ground
Sleep sound:
I 'll apply
To[100] your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.
[Squeezing the juice on LYS.'s *eye.*
When thou wak'st,
Thou tak'st
True delight
In the sight
Of thy former lady's eye:
And the country proverb[101] known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown:
Jack shall have Jill;[102]
Nought shall go ill;
The man shall have his mare again,
And all shall be well.
[Exit PUCK. — DEMETRIUS, HELENA, *etc. sleep.*[103]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

The Same.

Enter TITANIA *and* BOTTOM, *Fairies attending;* OBERON *behind unseen.*[1]

Tita. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,[2]
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.
Bot. Where 's Pease-blossom?
Peas. Ready.
Bot. Scratch my head, Pease-blossom. — Where 's Monsieur Cobweb?
Cob. Ready.
Bot. Monsieur Cobweb; good monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag.[3] Do not fret yourself too much in the action, monsieur; and, good monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not: I would be loath to have you overflown with a honey-bag, Signior. — Where 's Monsieur Mustard-seed?
Must. Ready.
Bot. Give me your neif,[4] Monsieur Mustard-seed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.
Must. What 's your will?
Bot. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help Cavalery[5] Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face; and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.
Tita. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?
Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in music: let 's have the tongs and the bones.[6]

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94) Dies wird als der charakteristische Ruf Puck's und anderer neckischer Geister auch anderswo citirt, und bildet u. A. den Refrain der in der Einleitung (pag. 272 u. 273) mitgetheilten Ballade. 95) *now* findet sich in Q. A., fehlt jedoch in Q. B. und Fol. 96) Du sollst das theuer erkaufen. — Manche Hgg. setzen für *buy* der Qs. und Fol. *'by*, abgekürzt aus *aby*. Vgl. Anm. 44 dieser Scene. 97) Vielleicht ist *comforts* als Object zu *shine* zu fassen, wobei freilich das Tageslicht, dem die Anrede gilt, hinzugedacht werden müsste. 98) Sind es erst Drei, die da liegen und schlafen? 99) Zwei von beiderlei Geschlecht, zwei Männer und zwei Mädchen. 100) *to* fehlt in den alten Ausgg. 101) Das ländliche Sprichwort citirt Puck gleich nachher: *Jack shall have Jill — — shall be well.* 102) *Jack* = Hans, *Jill* abgekürzt aus *Gilian* = Grete, kommt auch sonst vor = Mann und Weib aus der bäuerischen und dienenden Classe; so in Taming of the Shrew (A. 4, Sc. 1.) *be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without?* 103) Die Fol. hat die Bühnenweisung *They sleep all the Act.*

1) Die alte Bühnenweisung lautet *Enter Queen of Fairies, and Clown, and Fairies, and the King behind them.* 2) *to coy* = kirre machen, liebkosen. 3) *honey-bag* = der Beutel, in welchem die Biene den Honig sammelt und heimbringt. — Für *get your weapons* der Q. B. und Fol. liest Q. A. *get you your weapons.* 4) *neif* (*neafe* in Qs. und Fol.) = Faust. So steht das Wort, komisch und pomphaft zugleich, in K. Henry IV. Second Part (A. 2, Sc. 4) *Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif.* 5) So Qs. und Fol., entstellt aus *Cavalero*, einer modischen Anrede, wie vorher *Mon ieur* und *Signior*. Manche Hgg. verbessern stillschweigend *Cavalero*. — Grey macht darauf aufmerksam, dass es nach dem Vorhergehenden eigentlich *Cavalero Pease-blossom* heissen müsse. Indess rührt das Versehen ohne Zweifel vom Dichter her. 6) Die Fol. fügt hier die Bühnenweisung

Tita. Or, say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.
Bot. Truly, a peck of provender: I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks, I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.
Tita. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard,[7] and fetch thee new nuts.
Bot. I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me: I have an exposition[8] of sleep come upon me.
Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.
Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.[9]
[Exeunt Fairies.
So doth the woodbine the sweet honey-suckle
Gently entwist;[10] the female ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee! *[They sleep.*

Enter Puck.

Obe. [Advancing.] Welcome, good Robin. Seest thou this sweet sight?
Her dotage now I do begin to pity;
For, meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking sweet savours[11] for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her;
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flowerets' eyes,
Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.
When I had at my pleasure taunted her,
And she in mild terms begg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child;
Which straight she gave me, and her fairy[12] sent
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes:
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain,
That, he awaking when the other[13] do,
May all to Athens back again repair,
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the fairy queen.
Be, as thou wast wont to be;
See, as thou wast wont to see:
Dian's bud o'er[14] Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blessed power.
Now, my Titania! wake you, my sweet queen.
Tita. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
Methought, I was enamour'd of an ass.
Obe. There lies your love.
Tita. How came these things to pass?
O, how mine eyes do loathe his[15] visage now!
Obe. Silence awhile. — Robin, take off this[16] head. —
Titania, music call; and strike more dead
Than common sleep of all these five[17] the sense.
Tita. Music, ho! music! such as charmeth sleep.[18]
Puck. Now,[19] when thou wak'st, with thine own fool's eyes peep.
Obe. Sound, music! Come, my queen, take hands with me,
And rock the ground[20] whereon these sleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity,
And will to-morrow midnight solemnly
Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,[21]
And bless it to all fair prosperity.[22]
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.
Puck. Fairy king, attend, and mark,
I do hear the morning lark.
Obe. Then, my queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after the[23] night's shade;
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wandering moon.

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hinzu: *Music. Tongs, rural music:* eine Dorfmusik, die aus Zangen besteht, welche mit Knöcheln geschlagen werden. 7) Nach Steevens' Meinung wäre *hoard* hier zweisylbig zu lesen. — Qs. und Fol. verwischen diese Verse mit ihrer Abtheilung vollends: *I have a venturous fairy || That shall seek the squirrel's hoard || And fetch thee new nuts.* 8) Bottom will *disposition* sagen. 9) Entfernt Euch nach allen Richtungen hin. — *all ways* ist Theobald's Emendation für *always* der Qs. und Fol. 10) Johnson's Auffassung, dass *the woodbine*, die Pflanze, das Subject, und *the sweet honey-suckle*, die Blume, das Object, abhängig von *entwist*, sei, wird unterstützt durch ein Citat Malone's aus The Fatal Union (1640) *a honey-suckle, the amorous woodbine's offspring.* — Gifford, der ebenso construirt, citirt aus Ben Jonson's Vision of Delight: *Behold || How the blue bind-weed doth itself infold || With honey-suckle*, und hält Ben Jonson's *bind-weed* = Convolvulus, für identisch mit Sh.'s *woodbine; honey-suckle* = Geissblatt. — Andere fassen, weniger plausibel, *the sweet honey-suckle* als Apposition zu *woodbine* und verbinden *gently entwist* mit dem Object *the barky fingers etc.* 11) *sweet savours* = Dinge, die angenehm schmecken und riechen, also hier = Blumen und Früchte. Für *savours* in Q. B. und Fol. hat Q. A. *favours*, womit die Blumen gemeint wären, mit denen Titania als Zeichen ihrer Gunst den Bottom schmückt. — *s* und *f* ist in den alten Drucken nicht immer genau zu unterscheiden. 12) So Qs. und Fol., wo unter *her fairy* irgend eine Fee bezeichnet wird, die gerade als dienstbarer Geist bei der Titania war. — Dyce liest auch hier *fairies*. Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 2, Anm. 1. 13) *the other* pluralisch = die Anderen. 14) *o'er* verbessert Thirlby das *or* der Qs. und Fol. — *Dian's bud*, nach Steevens' Vermuthung = *Agnus castus*, ist die Pflanze, deren Saft Oberon jetzt auf das Auge der Titania drückt, um die Verblendung zu beseitigen, welche vorher der Saft von *Cupid's flower*, d. h. der Blume *Love-in-idleness*, bewirkt hatte. 15) *his* in Q. A.; Q. B. und Fol. haben *this*. 16) *this* in den Qs., *his* in der Fol. 17) *five*, die Emendation Theobald's, brachte zuerst Sinn in den Text, der in Qs. und Fol. so lautete: *Titania, musicke call, and strike more dead || Then common sleepe; of all these, fine the sense.* Aus *fine* machten die spätern Folioausgg. *find.* — *these five* sind die fünf Schläfer. 18) Die Fol. fügt hier die Bühnenweisung *Musick still* hinzu, d. h. *still music* = sanfte Musik, wie sie dem angegebenen Zwecke entspricht. 19) *now* fehlt in Q. B. und Fol. 20) Das Bild ist von einer Wiege entlehnt, in der man ein Kind in Schlaf wiegt. 21) *triumphantly* = festlich, mit Festgepränge. 22) *prosperity* ist die Lesart von Q. A. und war in ähnlicher Beziehung schon A. 2, Sc. 2 vorgekommen: *you come || To give their bed joy and prosperity.* — Q. B. und Fol. haben *posterity*. 23) Q. A. lässt *the* aus; in diesem Fall wäre zwischen dem Schluss-*s* von *night's*

Tita. Come, my lord; and in our flight
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found [24]
With these mortals on the ground. *[Exeunt.*
[Horns sound within.

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus, *and Train.*

The. Go, one of you, find out the forester;
For now our observation [25] is perform'd:
And since we have the vaward [26] of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds. —
Uncouple in the western valley: let them go! [27] —
Despatch, I say, and find the forester. —
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction. [28]
Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; [29] for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd [30] all one mutual cry. I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.
The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded; [31] and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth [32] like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never halloo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:
Judge, when you hear. — But, soft! what nymphs [33] are
these?
Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep;
And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:
I wonder of their [34] being here together.
The. No doubt, they rose up early, to observe
The rite of May, [35] and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity. —
But speak, Egeus, is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?
Ege. It is, my lord.
The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.
[Horns, and shout within. Demetrius, Lysander, Hermia, *and* Helena, *wake and start up.*
The. Good morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past; [36]
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?
Lys. Pardon, my lord.
[He and the rest kneel to Theseus. [37]
The. I pray you all, stand up.
I know, you two are rival enemies:
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?
Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half 'sleep, half waking: but as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here;
But, as I think, (for truly would I speak, —
And now I do bethink me, so it is)
I came with Hermia hither: our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might
Without the peril of the Athenian law — [38]
Ege. Enough, enough! my lord, you have enough. [39]
I beg the law, the law, upon his head.
They would have stol'n away; they would, Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated you and me;
You, of your wife, and me, of my consent,
Of my consent that she should be your wife.
Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood;
And I in fury hither follow'd them,
Fair Helena in fancy [40] following me.
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power
(But by some power it is) my love to Hermia,
Melted as doth [41] the snow, seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gawd, [42]
Which in my childhood I did dote upon;
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object and the pleasure of mine eye, [43]

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und dem anklingenden *s* von *shade* ein euphemisches *e* einzuschieben. Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 1, Anm. 3. 24) Die Fol. hat hier die überflüssige Bühnenweisung *Sleepers lie still*, um anzudeuten, dass das folgende *Exeunt* sich nicht auf alle anwesenden Personen beziehe. 25) *observation* ist die dem Mai dargebrachte Huldigung, schon vorher als *observance* bezeichnet. Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1, Anm. 38. 26) *vaward*, eigentlich = Vortrab, gebraucht Sh. in übertragenem Sinne = vorderer Theil, Anfang; so in K. Henry IV. Second Part (A. 1, Sc. 2) *we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.* 27) Manche Hgg. streichen *let them* ohne Grund. 28) Das musikalisch wohllautende Durcheinander, das aus der Vereinigung des Gebells der Jagdhunde und des Wiederhalls davon in den Bergen entsteht. 29) *chiding* erklärt Steevens hier einfach mit *sound*. Gewiss ist es hier, wie anderswo, der Grundbedeutung gemäss = ein lautes, leidenschaftliches Geräusch. 30) *seem'd* verbessert die zweite Folioausg. von 1632 das *seeme* der Qs. und Fol. 31) Theseus' Hunde haben solche grosse, herabhängende Lefzen *(flews)* und solch ein sandfarbiges Fell, wie sie der spartanischen Hunderace, aus der sie stammen, eigen sind. — Golding in seiner Uebersetzung des Ovid beschreibt so zwei Hunde des Actäon: *with other twain that had a sire of Crete,* || *And dam of Sparta: th' one of them call'd Jollyboy, a great* || *And large-flew'd hound.* 32) *mouth* = das Anschlagen, Gebell der Hunde. Das Gebell der verschiedenen Jagdhunde bildete eine vollständige Scala, wie die einzelnen Glocken im Glockenspiel, jede einen Ton tiefer als die andere. 33) *nymphs* nennt er die Helena und Hermia, weil er sie im Walde schlafend findet. 34) *their* in Q. A.; *this* in Q. B. und Fol. 35) Vgl. oben Anm. 25. — Qs. und Fol. schreiben *right* für *rite*. 36) Am St. Valentinstage (14. Februar) sollten nach dem Sprichworte die Vögel sich paaren. Auf eine andere Bedeutung dieses Tages für Liebespaare, die sich dann fanden und begrüssten, spielt Sh. auch in Hamlet (A. 4, Sc. 5) in einem Liede an. 37) Die Bühnenweisung ist von Capell eingefügt. 38) So Q. A., welche durch ein Comma am Ende bezeichnet, dass Egeus dem Lysander in's Wort fällt. Viele Hgg. lesen mit Q. B. und Fol. als vollständigen Satz *where we might be* || *Without the peril of the Athenian law.* 39) Ihr wisst genug, um ihn zu verurtheilen nach dem Gesetz. 40) *in fancy* = verliebt, steht als Gegensatz zu *in fury* = wüthend. — Für *following* der Q. A. haben Q. B. und Fol. *followed.* 41) *doth*, das in Qs. und Fol., vielleicht in Folge der dort verkehrten Versabtheilung, fehlt, ergänzte Capell zuerst. So in K. Henry V. (A. 3, Sc. 5) *as doth the melted snow upon the valleys.* 42) *idle gawd* = nichtsnutziger Tand. 43) *faith* gehört so

Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betroth'd ere I saw[44] Hermia:
But, like in sickness,[45] did I loathe this food;
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met.
Of this discourse we more will hear anon.[46] —
Egeus, I will overbear your will,
For in the temple, by and by with us,
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.
Away, with us, to Athens: three and three,
We 'll hold a feast in great solemnity. —
Come, Hippolyta.

[Exeunt Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus, *and Train.*

Dem. These things seem small and undistinguishable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks, I see these things with parted eye,
When every thing seems double.

Hel. So methinks:
And I have found Demetrius, like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.[47]

Dem. Are you sure
That we are awake? It seems to me
That yet we sleep, we dream. — Do not you think
The duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea, and my father.

Hel. And Hippolyta.

Lys. And he did[48] bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why then, we are awake. Let 's follow him;
And by the way let us recount our dreams. *[Exeunt.*

Bot. [Waking.] When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer: — my next is, »Most fair Pyramus.« — Hey, ho! — Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God 's my life! stolen hence, and left me asleep. I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream, — past the wit of man to say what dream it was: man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was — there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had, — but man is but a patched fool,[49] if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom;[50] and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke: peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death.[51] *[Exit.*

SCENE II.

Athens. A Room in Quince's House.

Enter Quince, Flute, Snout, *and* Starveling.[1]

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is transported.[2]

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marred. It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus, but he.

Flu. No; he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens.

Quin. Yea, and the best person too; and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

Flu. You must say, paragon: a paramour is, God bless us! a thing of naught.[3]

Enter Snug.

Snug. Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married. If our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.[4]

Flu. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a day during his life; he could not have 'scaped sixpence a day: an the duke had not given him sixpence a day for playing Pyramus, I 'll be hanged; he would have deserved it: sixpence a day in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

Quin. Bottom! — O most courageous[5] day! O most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders; but ask me not what, for, if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right[6] as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that the duke hath dined. Get your apparel together,

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zu *of my heart*, wie *object* = ein Bild, sichtbarer Gegenstand, zu *of mine eye*. 44) So Steevens. Qs. und Fol. haben *see*. Rowe fügte *did* vor *see* ein. 45) *like in sickness* emendirt Farmer, dem folgenden *as in health* und dem Sinn entsprechend, das *like a sickness* der alten Ausgg. 46) So Q. A.; Q. B. *we will hear more anon*, und die Fol. *we shall hear more anon*. 47) Der Besitz des Demetrius erscheint ihr als ein unverhoffter Fund noch so unsicher wie der eines Juwels, das dem Finder nur so lange gehört, als der wirkliche Eigenthümer es nicht reclamirt. — Die folgenden Worte bis *awake* fehlen in der Fol. und wurden als überflüssig und unmetrisch auch von Steevens ausgel.. sen. 48) *did* in Q. A. fehlt in Q. B. und Fol. 49) *patched fool* = ein Narr in buntscheckiger Narrentracht, ein erklärter Narr. 50) Weil dieser Traum sich nicht ergründen lässt. Zugleich ein Wortspiel mit *Bottom* und *bottom*. 51) scil. *at Thisbe's death*. Bottom denkt an das Stück, das vor Theseus aufgeführt werden soll, und sagt *her death*, als ob die Heldin desselben schon vorher erwähnt sei. Da Bottom selbst die Rolle des Pyramus darin spielt und als solcher umkommt, so wollte Theobald *after death* lesen. — Hanmer änderte *the play* für *a play*.

1) Die Qs. haben *Enter Quince, Flute, Thisbe and the Rabble.* — Auch in der Fol. wird Thisbe unter den auftretenden Personen angeführt. 2) Unter *transported* versteht Starveling dasselbe, was A. 3, Sc. 1 *changed* und *translated* hiess: die Verwandlung, die mit Bottom vorgegangen war. 3) *naught* emendirt die zweite Folioausg. von 1632 das *nought* der alten Ausgg., dem Sinne gemäss, da Flute ein *paramour* für ein nichtswürdiges, nicht für ein nichtiges, Ding erklären will. 4) So wären wir Alle gemachte Leute gewesen. *made men* ist zu verbinden. 5) Er gebraucht missverständlich *courageous* für ein Wort wie *auspicious*. 6) *right* = gerade,

good strings to your beards,[7] new ribbons to your pumps: meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for, the short and the long is, our play is preferred.[8] In any case, let Thisby have clean linen, and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions, nor garlic,[9] for we are to utter sweet breath, and I do not doubt, but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words: away! go; away! *[Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

The Same. An Apartment in the Palace of Theseus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Philostrate, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Hip. 'T is strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

The. More strange than true: I never may believe
These antick fables, nor these fairy toys.[1]
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,[2]
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.[3]
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:[4]
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
That is the madman: the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:[5]
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth[6]
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy[7] nothing
A local habitation, and a name.
Such tricks[8] hath strong imagination,
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy:
Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear?[9]

Hip. But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy,[10]
But, howsoever, strange, and admirable.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.

Enter Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia, *and* Helena.

Joy, gentle friends! joy, and fresh days of love,
Accompany your hearts!

Lys. More[11] than to us
Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed!

The. Come now; what masques, what dances shall we have,
To wear away this long age of three hours,
Between our after-supper,[12] and bed-time?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
Call Philostrate.[13]

Phil. Here, mighty Theseus.

The. Say, what abridgment[14] have you for this evening?
What masque, what music? How shall we begnile
The lazy time, if not with some delight?

Phil. There is a brief how many sports are ripe;[15]
Make choice of which your highness will see first.
[Giving a paper.

The. [Reads.][16] »The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.«
We 'll none of that: that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.[17]
»The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.«
That is an old device; and it was play'd
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.

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just, fehlt in der Fol. 7) Feste Schnüre für die falschen Bärte, die sie in der Posse tragen, damit sie nicht abfallen. 8) *to prefer* erklärt Theobald = empfehlen, zur Vorstellung einreichen. Vielleicht gebraucht Bottom aber *preferred* missverständlich für *performed* oder *presented:* unser Stück kommt zur Aufführung. 9) Das Knoblauchessen wird als charakteristisch für die Handwerker nebst dem daher rührenden üblen Geruch auch in Coriolanus (A. 4, Sc. 6) erwähnt: *the breath of garlic-eaters.*

1) *antick fables* = possenhafte Fabeln. — Die Hgg. setzen meistens das weniger charakteristische *antique fables.* Die alten Ausgg. unterscheiden nicht zwischen *antick* und *antique.* — *fairy toys* = grillenhafte Einbildungen von Feen, die in der That nicht existiren. 2) *seething brain* = ein siedend heisses Gehirn. So in Macbeth (A. 2, Sc. 1) *a false creation,* || *Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain.* 3) *apprehend* und *comprehend* stehen in einem lautlichen Gegensatz zu einander und werden eben so geflissentlich dafür nachher noch einmal wiederholt. 4) *all compact of* = ganz zusammengesetzt aus Etwas: sie bestehen ganz und gar aus Einbildung. 5) *brow of Egypt* = das dunkle, schmutzigbraune Antlitz einer Zigeunerin. So ist in Othello (A. 3, Sc. 4) *Egyptian* = Zigeunerin, wie hier *Egypt* = das Zigeunerland. 6) *to body forth* = aus sich herausschaffen, eine äusserliche Gestaltung geben. 7) So die Qs.; die Fol. *aire.* 8) *tricks* = Eigenheiten, seltsame Einfälle. 9) Andererseits in der Nacht, indem man sich irgend ein Schreckbild vorstellt, wie leicht wird da ein Busch für einen Bären gehalten. 10) *constancy* = Bestand, Wirklichkeit. 11) scil. *more joy and fresh days of love.* 12) *after-supper* = die Zeit nach dem Abendessen, das zu Sh.'s Zeit gewöhnlich um sechs Uhr eingenommen wurde. 13) So die Qs. — Die Fol. hat *Call Egeus* und ertheilt demgemäss auch die dem Philostrat zukommenden Reden dem Egeus zu, vielleicht weil auf dem Sh.'schen Theater derselbe Schauspieler beide Rollen übernahm. 14) *abridgment* = Zeitvertreib, Kurzweil, nicht gerade = eine dramatische Aufführung, wie Steevens das Wort zu speciell fasst. Dagegen ist eine solche wohl unter *masque* in dem folgenden Verse zu verstehen, weshalb Dyce dort wie im Anfang von Theseus' voriger Rede mit Recht *masque* schreibt. Qs. und Fol. haben *maskes* und *maske.* 15) *brief* = ein schriftliches Verzeichniss, Auszug. — *ripe* = fertig, reif zur Darstellung, in Q. A. — Q. B. und Fol. haben *rife* = in Fülle vorhanden. 16) So die Qs. — In der Fol. liest Lysander die Titel der aufzuführenden oder declamatorischen Stücke vor, und Theseus knüpft an jeden einzelnen Titel seine Bemerkungen an. Vielleicht war auch das die Bühnenpraxis auf dem Sh.'schen Theater. Vgl. oben Anm. 13. 17) Hercules selbst war der Held dieses Cen-

»The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of Learning, late deceas'd in beggary.«[18]
That is some satire keen, and critical,[19]
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.
»A tedious[20] brief scene of young Pyramus,
And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth.«
Merry and tragical! Tedious and brief!
That is, hot ice, and wonderous strange snow.[21]
How shall we find the concord of this discord?

Phil. A play there is, my lord, some ten words long,
Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,
Which makes it tedious; for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And tragical, my noble lord, it is,
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.
Which when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.

The. What are they that do play it?

Phil. Hard-handed[22] men, that work in Athens here,
Which never labour'd in their minds till now,
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories[23]
With this same play, against your nuptial.[24]

The. And we will hear it.

Phil. No, my noble lord;
It is not for you: I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world,
Unless you can find sport in their intents,
Extremely stretch'd[25] and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.

The. I will hear that play:
For never anything can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in; — and take your places, ladies.

[Exit Philostrate.

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,
And duty[26] in his service perishing.

The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

Hip. He says, they can do nothing in this kind.

The. The kinder[27] we, to give them thanks for nothing.
Our sport shall be to take what they mistake:
And what poor duty cannot do,
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.[28]
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods[29] in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practis'd accent[30] in their fears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence, yet, I pick'd a welcome;
And in the modesty of fearful duty[31]
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Love,[32] therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,
In least speak most, to my capacity.

Re-enter Philostrate.

Phil. So please your grace, the Prologue is addrest.[33]

The. Let him approach. *[Flourish of trumpets.*[34]

Enter the Prologue.

Prol. »If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To show our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider then, we come but in despite.
We do not come as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not here. That you should here repent you,
The actors are at hand; and, by their show,
You shall know all, that you are like to know.«

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taurenkampfes. 18) Warton hält es für möglich, dass Sh. hier auf ein Gedicht Spenser's: The Teares of the Muses (zuerst gedruckt 1591, aber wahrscheinlich viel früher verfasst) anspielt. In diesem Gedichte werden die neun Musen nach einander redend eingeführt, wie sie den Verfall der Kunst und Wissenschaft und die Missachtung derselben zu jener Zeit bitter beklagen. Das Gedicht in seiner ganz elegischen Haltung entspricht jedoch durchaus nicht der Charakteristik, welche Theseus' nächste Worte geben. 19) *critical* = tadelsüchtig. So in Othello (A. 2, Sc. 1) *I am nothing, if not critical.* 20) Die Handwerker, welche diesen Titel ihres Stückes aufgesetzt haben, gebrauchen *tedious* missverständlich = kurzweilig. Eben so charakteristisch für die Redeweise der Clowns ist das folgende *tragical mirth.* 21) d. h., wie Steevens richtig erklärt: Schnee, der eben so wunderbar seltsam ist, wie heisses Eis. — Für *strange snow* schlug Upton *black snow* vor, M. Mason *strong snow*, Hanmer *scorching snow;* Collier's alter Corrector emendirte *seething snow*, in Erinnerung wahrscheinlich an das vorhergehende *seething brains* (vgl. oben Anm. 2). 22) *hard-handed* erhält seine genauere Bestimmung in der folgenden Zeile: Leute, die bis dahin nur mit den Händen, nie mit dem Kopfe gearbeitet haben. 23) *unbreath'd memories* = ihre Gedächtnisskraft, die bis dahin nie geübt war, und die sie jetzt mit dem Auswendiglernen ihres Dramas angestrengt haben. 24) *nuptial* = Hochzeit, auch sonst als Singular bei Sh. gewöhnlich. 25) scil. *it (the play) being extremely stretch'd:* das Stück ist ein Nichts, ein völliges Nichts, falls Ihr nicht über die guten Absichten der Schauspieler Euch amüsiren könnt, da es ausserordentlich ausgedehnt und mit grausamer Mühe auswendig gelernt ist, um Euch einen Dienst zu leisten. 26) *duty* = Pflichteifer, steht hier für den Pflichteifrigen selbst: Ich mag nicht sehen, wie der Pflichteifrige in der Anstrengung seines Dienstes umkommt. 27) Wortspiel zwischen *kind* = Art, und *kind* = freundlich; ebenso zwischen *to take* = in Empfang nehmen, und *to mistake* = Etwas verkehrt machen, fehlgreifen. 28) Was ein armer Pflichteifer, die Pflichtergebenheit des Armen, nur unvollkommen vollbringt, das fasst eine edle Rücksicht, die Rücksicht des Edlen, auf im Sinne des Vermögens, des Strebens, nicht des errungenen Verdienstes. 29) *period* = Abschluss der Rede, Punctum. 30) In ihrer Bangigkeit würgten, erstickten sie den Laut, den sie sonst so gut in ihrer Uebung, so gut eingeübt hatten. 31) *fearful duty* = die Ergebenheit, die vor lauter Furcht nicht laut reden mag. So ist *modesty* = Zurückhaltung, im Gegensatz zu *saucy* = zudringlich. 32) *love* = Anhänglichkeit der Unterthanen an ihren Herrscher. Solche Anhänglichkeit spricht, für meine Auffassung, am meisten in dem Wenigsten, was sie sagt. 33) *addrest* = fertig, bereit zum Auftreten. 34) Diese Bühnenweisung ist nur in der Fol. — Auf dem Sh.'schen Theater ging dem Beginn des Stückes oder dem Auftreten des Prologs ein Trompetenstoss

The. This fellow doth not stand upon points.[35]

Lys. He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt; he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord: it is not enough to speak, but to speak true.[36]

Hip. Indeed, he hath played on this prologue like a child on a recorder,[37] a sound, but not in government.[38]

The. His speech was like a tangled chain,
Nothing impair'd, but all disordered.
Who is next?[39]

Enter PYRAMUS *and* THISBE, *Wall, Moonshine, and Lion, as in dumb-show.*

Prol. »Gentles, perchance, you wonder at this show;[40]
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
This man is Pyramus, if you would know;
This beauteous lady Thisby is, certain.[41]
This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present
Wall, that vile Wall, which did these lovers sunder;
And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are content
To whisper, at the which let no man wonder.
This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,
Presenteth Moonshine; for, if you will know,
By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn
To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.
This grisly beast, which Lion hight by name,[42]
The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,
Did scare away, or rather did affright;
And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall,[43]
Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.
Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,
And finds his trusty[44] Thisby's mantle slain:
Whereat with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;[45]
And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain,
At large discourse, while here they do remain.«

[Exeunt Prol., THISBE, *Lion, and Moonshine.*

The. I wonder, if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when many asses do.

Wall. »In this same interlude it doth befall,
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall;
And such a wall, as I would have you think,
That had in it a cranny'd hole, or chink,
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
Did whisper often very secretly.
This lime,[46] this rough-cast, and this stone, doth show
That I am that same wall: the truth is so;
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,[47]
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.«

The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition[48] that ever I heard discourse, my lord.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. »O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so black!
O night, which ever art, when day is not!
O night! O night! alack, alack, alack!
I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot. —
And thou, O wall! O sweet, O lovely wall!
That stand'st between her father's ground and mine;
Thou wall, O wall! O sweet and lovely wall!
Show me thy chink to blink through with mine eyne.
[Wall holds up his fingers.
Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well for this!
But what see I? No Thisby do I see.
O wicked wall! through whom I see no bliss;
Curs'd be thy stones for thus deceiving me!«

The. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

Pyr. No, in truth, Sir, he should not. — »Deceiving me,« is Thisby's cue: she is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat[49] as I told you. — Yonder she comes.

Enter THISBE.

This. »O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair Pyramus and me:

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voraus. — Dass der Prolog von Quince gesprochen wurde, steht in der Fol. ausdrücklich verzeichnet. 35) *to stand upon points* = eigen sein, eine Sache genau nehmen, und = auf die Interpunction achten. Der Prolog ist so falsch interpungirt, wie er ohne alles Verständniss mit falschen Pausen von dem Schauspieler vorgetragen wird. 36) *to speak true* = richtig sprechen, und = die Wahrheit reden. 37) Hawkins in seiner History of Music bezeichnet *recorder* als das spätere *flagelet;* Bacon in seiner Natural History sagt: *The figure of recorders, and flutes, and pipes, are straight, but the recorder hath a less bore and a greater, above and below.* 38) Er brachte wohl einen Ton hervor, aber nicht in richtiger Behandlung des Instruments. 39) Die Fol. hat zunächst hier die Bühnenweisung *Tawyer with a trumpet before them. — Tawyer* ist bald für den Namen des Trompeters, bald für den des Schauspielers, der den Prolog sprach, gehalten worden. 40) scil. *dumb-show:* die Schauspieler, welche sich vorläufig als stumme Personen präsentiren, ohne schon ihr Stück anzufangen. Ebenso treten in Hamlet (A. 3, Sc. 2) die Personen des Zwischenspiels erst in einer Pantomime auf, ehe sie das Drama beginnen. 41) Diese zu Sh.'s Zeit veraltete Betonung von *certain* ist hier alt und parodistisch angewandt, wie *certain* selbst, des blossen Reimes wegen, als Flickwort steht. — Eben solche Flickwörter, des Reimes und Verses wegen, kommen im Folgenden vielfach vor; so: *think no scorn etc.* 42) Theobald änderte *which by name Lion hight,* um den Vers nicht reimlos unter den gereimten stehen zu lassen. — Malone hält es für wahrscheinlicher, dass nach der folgenden Zeile ein Vers, der auf *name* gereimt, ausgefallen sei. — *hight* ist ein veraltetes Präsens von *to hight,* hier komisch gebraucht. 43) *to fall* = fallen lassen. 44) *trusty* fehlt in der Fol. 45) Sh. parodirt hier das Spiel mit alliterirenden Wörtern, dessen sich die Dichter vor ihm aus Affectation häufig bedienten. 46) Qs. und Fol. haben *loam* hier. Doch heisst es vorher *This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present etc.* und Theseus sagt nachher *Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?* — Auch kommt *lime* in Sh.'s Quelle vor. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 274. 47) *sinister* = links; in gesuchter und affectirter Sprache. — In der zweiten Zeile dieser Rede haben die Qs. *Flute,* was die Fol. in *Snout* verbessert. 48) *partition* = Scheidewand, und = Distinction im Raisonnement. 49) *pat* = gerade, just. — *now* in der vorigen Zeile haben nur die Qs. — In Pyramus' vorhergehender Rede hat die Fol. in dem fünften Verse *thou sweet and lovely wall.* 50) So die Fol.; die

My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones,
Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.« [50]
Pyr. »I see a voice: now will I to the chink,
To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.
Thisby!«
This. »My love! thou art my love, I think.«
Pyr. »Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;
And like Limander [51] am I trusty still.«
This. »And I like Helen, till the Fates me kill.«
Pyr. »Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.«
This. »As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.«
Pyr. »O! kiss me through the hole of this vile wall.«
This. »I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.«
Pyr. »Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?«
This. »'Tide life, 'tide death, [52] I come without delay.«
Wall. »Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so;
And, being done, thus Wall away doth go.«
[Exeunt Wall, Pyramus *and* Thisbe.
The. Now is the mural [53] down between the two neighbours.
Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning. [54]
Hip. This is the silliest stuff that e'er I heard.
The. The best in this kind are but shadows, [55] and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.
Hip. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.
The. If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a moon [56] and a lion.

Enter Lion and Moonshine.

Lion. »You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.
Then know, that I, one Snug [57] the joiner, am
A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam:
For, if I should as lion come in strife
Into this place, 't were pity on my life.« [58]
The. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.
Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.
Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour.
The. True; and a goose for his discretion.
Dem. Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot carry his discretion, [59] and the fox carries the goose.
The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour, for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us listen [60] to the moon.
Moon. »This lantern doth the horned moon [61] present.«
Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.
The. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.
Moon. »This lantern doth the horned moon present;
Myself the man i' the moon do [62] seem to be.«
The. This is the greatest error of all the rest. The man should be put into the lantern: how is it else the man i' the moon?
Dem. He dares not come there for the candle; for, you see, it is already in snuff. [63]
Hip. I am aweary of this moon: 'would, he would change!
The. It appears by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane; but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.
Lys. Proceed, Moon.
Moon. All that I have to say, is, to tell you, that the lantern is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.
Dem. Why, all these should be in the lantern; for all these are [64] in the moon. But, silence! here comes Thisbe.

Enter Thisbe.

This. »This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?«
Lion. »Oh« —
[The Lion roars. — Thisbe runs off.
Dem. Well roared, Lion.
The. Well run, Thisbe.
Hip. Well shone, Moon. — Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.
[The Lion tears Thisbe's *mantle, and exit.*
The. Well moused, [65] Lion.
Dem. And then came Pyramus.
Lys. And so the lion vanished. [66]

Qs. haben ohne Berücksichtigung des Reims *knit up again.* 51) *Limander* entstellt aus *Leander*, *Helen* aus *Hero*, *Shafalus* aus *Cephalus*, und *Procrus* aus *Procris.* 52) *'tide* für *betide* = möge mir Leben oder Tod widerfahren. 53) *mural* = Mauer, ein Wort, das freilich sonst nur als Adjectiv erscheint, ist Pope's Emendation für *morall* der Fol. — Die Qs. lesen *Now is the moon used between etc.* 54) Farmer findet hier eine Anspielung auf das Sprichwort *Walls have ears.* 55) In der Schauspielkunst sind die besten Figuren nur Schatten, nur Abbilder wirklicher Menschen, und die schlechtesten sind eben so gut, wenn die Einbildungskraft der Zuschauer ihnen zu Hülfe kommt. 56) Qs. und Fol. haben *two noble beasts, in a man and a lion.* — *moon* ist Theobald's plausible Conjectur, da *man* nur sehr gezwungen sich auf den Darsteller des Mondscheins, den Mann im Monde, deuten liesse. — Theseus sagt bald nachher von derselben Person: *let us listen to the moon.* 57) *one Snug* in der Fol.; *as Snug* in den Qs.: ich, ein gewisser Snug, der Schreiner, bin weder ein grimmiger Löwe, noch auch selbst eine Löwin. Vor *a lion fell* ist, nach einer Sh.'schen Auslassung, *neither* aus dem folgenden *nor* zu suppliren, und der Zusatz *nor else no lion's dam* gehört zu den vielen, für dieses Possenspiel charakteristischen, die nur den Vers füllen oder den Reim hergeben. — Barron Field schlug *a lion's fell* vor. 58) *on my life* ist vielleicht nicht mit *pity* zu verbinden, sondern als Betheuerung zu fassen: bei meinem Leben. 59) *valour* und *discretion* stehen auch als Gegensätze in K. Henry IV. First Part (A. 5, Sc. 4) *the better part of valour is discretion.* 60) So Q. A.; Q. B. und Fol. haben *hearken.* 61) So in Coriolanus (A. 1, Sc. 1) *hang them on the horns of the moon!* — Douce findet eine Beziehung zwischen der aus Horn gemachten Laterne und dem Mond. 62) So die Qs.; die Fol. *doth.* 63) *snuff* = Schnuppe des Lichts, und = Verstimmung. Dasselbe Wortspiel in Love's Labour's Lost (A. 5, Sc. 2) *You 'll mar the light by taking it in snuff.* 64) So Q. A.; Q. B. und Fol. *for they are.* 65) *to mouse* = Etwas zerreissen, zerfetzen, wie ein Raubthier seine Beute. — So hat der Löwe Thisbe's Mantel gut zerrissen. 66) So Qs. und Fol. Demetrius macht seine Bemerkung über das, was in der Aufführung erst kommen soll, im Präteritum, als ob er die Fabel von Pyramus und Thisbe erzählte, und Ly-

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. »Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams:
I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright,
For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams,[67]
I trust to taste of truest Thisby's sight.[68]
But stay; — O spite!
But mark, poor knight,
What dreadful dole is here?
Eyes, do you see?
How can it be?
O dainty duck! O dear!
Thy mantle good,
What! stain'd with blood?
Approach, ye Furies fell!
O Fates! come, come;
Cut thread and thrum;[69]
Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!«[70]

The. This passion,[71] and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. »O, wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame,
Since lion vile hath here deflour'd[72] my dear?
Which is — no, no — which was the fairest dame,
That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd[73] with cheer.
Come, tears, confound;
Out, sword, and wound
The pap of Pyramus:
Ay, that left pap,
Where heart doth hop: —
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus!
Now am I dead,
Now am I fled;
My soul is in the sky:
Tongue, lose thy light!
Moon, take thy flight!
Now die, die, die, die, die.«

[Dies. — Exit Moonshine.

Dem. No die,[74] but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man, for he is dead; he is nothing.

The. With the help of a surgeon, he might yet recover, and yet prove an ass.

Hip. How chance Moonshine is gone, before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

The. She will find him by starlight. — Here she comes, and her passion ends the play.

Enter Thisbe.

Hip. Methinks, she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus: I hope she will be brief.

Dem. A moth[75] will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better;[76] he for a man, God warrant us; she for a woman, God bless us.

Lys. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

Dem. And thus she moans,[77] *videlicet:* —

This. »Asleep, my love?
What, dead, my dove?
O Pyramus, arise!
Speak, speak! Quite dumb?
Dead, dead? A tomb
Must cover thy sweet eyes.
These lily lips,[78]
This cherry nose,
These yellow cowslip cheeks,
Are gone, are gone.
Lovers, make moan!
His eyes were green as leeks.
O Sisters Three,
Come, come to me,
With hands as pale as milk;
Lay them in gore,
Since you have shore
With shears his thread of silk.[79]
Tongue, not a word. —
Come, trusty sword;
Come, blade, my breast imbrue:
And farewell, friends. —
Thus Thisby ends:
Adieu, adieu, adieu.«

[Dies

The. Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and Wall too.

Bot.[80] No, I assure you; the wall is down, that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance between two of our company?[81]

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sander stimmt in denselben Ton ein, da er so eben den Löwen bei der Ankunft des Pyramus sich zurückziehen sah. — Viele Hgg. lesen mit Farmer's gewaltsamer Aenderung: Dem. *And so comes Pyramus.* — Lys. *And then the moon vanishes.* 67) *streams*, wie die zweite Folioausg. das *beams* der Qs. und Fol. verbessert, giebt den sonst fehlenden Reim. — *stream* = Strahl, in älterer Sprache häufig, wie Sh. selbst *to stream* = strahlen, hat in Romeo and Juliet (A. 2, Sc. 2) *her eyes in heaven || Would through the airy region stream so bright.* — Staunton liest *gleams.* 68) So die Fol. mit der charakteristischen Absurdität *to taste a sight.* — Die Qs. lesen *to take of truest Thisby sight.* 69) *thrum* = der Saum oder das Ende eines Gewebes, also *thread and thrum* = Alles miteinander, hier in Anspielung auf den Lebensfaden des Pyramus, den die Parzen mit ihrer Scheere zerschneiden sollen. 70) *to quell* = würgen, tödten. 71) *passion* ist das Pathos, welches der Darsteller des Pyramus entwickelt, und so ergreifend entwickelt, dass es den Zuschauer wohl wehmüthig stimmen könnte, wenn er ausserdem noch den Tod eines lieben Freundes zu beklagen hätte. 72) Er will *devour'd* sagen. 73) Abermals eine gesuchte Alliteration, die parodirt werden soll. Vgl. oben Anm. 45. — *cheer*, das Steevens mit *countenance* erklärt, ist hier wohl = Freundlichkeit, freundliches Aussehen. 74) Wortspiel zwischen *to die* = sterben, und *die* = Würfel mit mehreren Augen, im Gegensatz zu *ace* = Ass auf dem Würfel, das zugleich an *ass* = Esel, erinnert. 75) *moth* = Atom, ist hier, wie anderswo, Sh.'s Wort, das sich nicht bloss orthographisch, sondern auch in der Aussprache von *mote*, welches die Hgg. dafür setzen, unterscheidet. 76) *which Pyramus, which Thisbe* = welcher von Beiden, Pyramus oder Thisbe. — Der Rest der Rede fehlt in der Fol., wahrscheinlich in Folge des Statuts Jacob's I., das allen Missbrauch des göttlichen Namens auf dem Theater verpönte. 77) *moans* verbesserte Theobald das *means* der alten Ausgg. 78) Um den fehlenden Reim herzustellen, las Theobald *These lily brows*, und Farmer mit veränderter Betonung *These lips lily, || This nose cherry.* 79) Vgl. oben Anm. 69. — *shore* Particip von *to shear* = abschneiden. 80) So die Fol.; die Qs. theilen diese Rede dem Darsteller des Löwen zu. 81) Zwei von der

The. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse.[82] Never excuse, for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had play'd Pyramus, and hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy; and so it is, truly, and very notably discharged. But come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone. *[A dance.*
The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve. —
Lovers, to bed: 't is almost fairy time.
I fear we shall outsleep the coming morn,
As much as we this night have overwatch'd.
This palpable-gross[83] play hath well beguil'd
The heavy gait[84] of night. — Sweet friends, to bed. —
A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
In nightly revels, and new jollity.[85] *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls[1] the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.[2]
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud.[3]
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide:[4]
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's team,[5]
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.[6]

Enter Oberon *and* Titania, *with their Train.*

Obe. Through the house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsy fire;
Every elf, and fairy sprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty after me
Sing, and dance it[7] trippingly.
Tita. First, rehearse your song[8] by rote,
To each word a warbling note:
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.
[Song and dance.[9]
Obe. Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be;
And the issue there create
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be;
And the blots of Nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand:
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious,[10] such as are
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait,[11]
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace with sweet peace,
Ever shall[12] in safety rest,
And the owner of it blest.
Trip away!
Make no stay;
Meet me all by break of day.
[Exeunt Oberon, Titania, *and Train.*
Puck.[13] If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended,

Schauspielergesellschaft wollen zum Schluss einen Bauerntanz nach Art der Landleute aus der Umgegend von Bergamo, der Rüpel des italienischen Volkstheaters, aufführen. 82) Es ist sonst das Amt des Epilogs, das Publicum um Nachsicht mit dem aufgeführten Drama zu bitten und dessen Mängel zu entschuldigen. 83) Das Stück ist so plump und roh, dass man es gleichsam mit Händen greifen kann. 84) *heavy gait* = der schwerfällige, langsame Gang, mit dem die Nacht herangekommen ist. So in K. Richard II. (A. 3, Sc. 2) *heavy-gaited toads.* 85) *new jollity* ist in Verbindung mit dem Vorhergehenden aufzufassen: eine Lustbarkeit, die sich vierzehn Tage lang täglich erneut.

1) *behowls* verbesserte Warburton das *beholds* der Qs. und Fol. — *to behowl* = mit Geheul begrüssen, anheulen, scheint ein Sh.'sches Wort, gebildet nach Analogie von *to bemoan etc.* — Theobald citirt zu dieser Stelle eine unverkennbare Nachahmung derselben in Marston's Antonio and Mellida, die so lautet: *Now barks the wolf against the full-cheek'd moon,* || *Now lions' half-clamm'd entrails roar for food,* || *Now croaks the toad, and night-crows screech aloud,* || *Flutt'ring 'bout casement of departing souls;* || *Now gape the graves, and through their yawns let loose* || *Imprison'd spirits to revisit earth.* 2) *to fordo* = abthun, überwältigen. 3) Der Kranke, auf seinem Schmerzenslager wachend, hält das Geschrei der Nachteule für ein Omen seines nahen Todes. 4) Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 2, Anm. 85. 5) Die Feen und Elfen laufen neben dem Gespann der dreigestaltigen Mondgöttin her. — Für *triple Hecate* steht in As you like it (A. 3, Sc. 2) *thrice-crowned queen of night.* — *Hecate* ist bei Sh. gewöhnlich zweisylbig, wie hier. 6) Die Elfen, welche auf Reinlichkeit halten, fegen den Schmutz hinter die Thür, wo er dann liegen bleibt. 7) *to dance it* = lustig tanzen, wie *to foot it* und ähnliche Verbindungen mit einem verstärkenden unbestimmten *it.* 8) *your song* in Q. A.; *this song* in Q. B. und Fol. 9) Das Lied, das die Elfen und Feen hier singen sollen, ist nicht angegeben, weil dasselbe wahrscheinlich in das Belieben der Schauspieler gestellt war. In der Fol. ist irrthümlich Oberon's folgende Rede mit *The Song* bezeichnet. 10) *mark prodigious* = ein entstellendes Körpermaal von übler Vorbedeutung. 11) Oberon übergiebt jedem Elfen den geweihten Feldthau, mit welchem derselbe seinen Weg *(gait)* zu einer bestimmten Kammer einschlagen soll. 12) Vor *ever* ist ein relatives Pronomen zu ergänzen, welches Sh. auch im Nominativ wohl auslässt. — Rowe änderte *Ever shall it safely rest,* und ein Anonymus stellte die beiden Verse um: *And the owner of it blest* || *Ever shall in safety rest.* 13) Puck spricht die folgenden Verse als Epilog an das Publicum gerichtet. 14) Tadelt

That you have but slumber'd here,
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend: [14]
If you pardon, we will mend.
And, as I 'm an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue, [15]
We will make amends ere long:
Else the Puck a liar call.
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, [16] if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends. *[Exit.*

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diesen unsern werthlosen dramatischen Stoff nicht deshalb, weil er nur einen Traum gewährt oder darbietet. — Darin liegt zugleich eine Beziehung und Erklärung zu dem Titel des Dramas: A Midsummer-Night's Dream.
15) Wenn wir jetzt das unverdiente Glück haben, dass wir nicht ausgezischt werden, so wollen wir bald dafür unsere Sache besser machen. 16) Bewilligt mir Euer Händeklatschen, klatscht mir Beifall.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Einleitung.

Von nachstehendem Schauspiel erschienen zuerst im Jahre 1600 zwei von einander unabhängige Ausgaben, die eine im Verlage von James Roberts, der seinen Verlagsartikel schon im Jahre 1598 in die Buchhändlerregister hatte eintragen lassen, und die andere von Thomas Heyes, deren Einzeichnung in diese Register erst vom 28. October 1600 datirt ist. — Das Titelblatt der ersteren Ausgabe in Quarto (Q. A.) lautet: The excellent History of the Merchant of Venice, With the extreme cruelty of Shylocke the Iew towards the saide Merchant, in cutting a iust pound of his flesh. And the obtaining of Portia, by the choyse of three caskets. Written by W. Shakespeare. Printed by I. Roberts. 1600. — Aehnlich — mit den Abweichungen most excellent Historie und choyse of three chests — lautet der Titel der andern Quartausgabe von Heyes (Q. B.), der ausserdem auch die Shakspere'sche Schauspielergesellschaft namhaft macht: As it hath beene diuers times acted by the Lord Chamberlaine his Seruants. — Von den Varianten, die im Ganzen nicht erheblicher Art sind, verdienen die der Roberts'schen Ausgabe grösstentheils den Vorzug; doch hat die Ausgabe von Heyes, freilich nicht ohne einige geringfügige Differenzen, dem Abdruck in der Gesammtausgabe Shakspere'scher Dramen in Folio (1623) zu Grunde gelegen. The Merchant of Venice steht daselbst als das neunte Stück in der Reihe der Comedies, zum ersten Mal in Acte, aber nicht in Scenen eingetheilt, und ohne Personenverzeichniss, das Rowe seiner Ausgabe (1709) hinzufügte, nachdem schon eine spätere Quarto (1637) ein ähnliches gebracht hatte.

Was die chronologische Bestimmung unseres Dramas betrifft, so erwähnt in demselben Jahre, 1598, in welchem Roberts A booke of the Marchaunt of Venyse, otherwise called the Jewe of Venyse, in die Buchhändlerregister eintragen liess, Francis Meres in seinem oft genannten Werke Palladis Tamia den Merchant of Venice unter den damals bekannten Lustspielen unseres Dichters. — Auf ein früheres Datum weist schon der Umstand hin, dass eine Stelle des Merchant of Venice (A. 5, Sc. 1) nachgeahmt ist in einem Drama von unbekanntem Verfasser, Wily Beguiled, das, nach Malone, vor dem Jahre 1596 geschrieben sein muss, da Nashe dasselbe in einem Pamphlete des genannten Jahres bereits erwähnt. Damit gewinnt denn auch Malone's Vermuthung an Wahrscheinlichkeit, dass eine Notiz aus dem Tagebuche des Theaterdirectors Henslowe über die Aufführungen auf dem Theater in Newington — *25 of aguste 1594 ne Rd at the Venesyon comodey* — sich auf Shakspere's Merchant of Venice beziehe. Die Shakspere'sche Schauspielergesellschaft und die Henslowe'sche spielten damals gemeinschaftlich auf dem genannten Vorstadttheater, und da Henslowe das betreffende Stück mit *ne* (d. h. *new*) als ein neues bezeichnet, so wäre demgemäss die Entstehung unseres Dramas in das Jahr 1594 zu setzen, eine Zeitbestimmung, welcher auch die Merkmale des Styles und Verses nicht widersprechen.

Die von Shakspere zu einem Drama verarbeiteten zwei Stoffe, welche die ausführliche Inhaltsanzeige des Titelblatts der Quartoausgaben neben einander speciell namhaft macht, finden sich getrennt in der mittelalterlichen lateinischen Mährchensammlung Gesta Romanorum. Die eine Erzählung, betitelt De Milite conventionem faciente cum Mercatore, giebt in allgemeinen Zügen den Vertrag des Kriegers mit dem Kaufmann, die Bedrängniss des Ersteren und seine Rettung daraus durch die Dazwischenkunft der Dame wieder, wie bei Shakspere, doch fehlt die Freundschaft des Antonio und der jüdische Charakter des Wucherers. Beides Letztere aber findet sich unserm Dichter vorgebildet in einer Erzählung der italienischen Novellensammlung Il Pecorone des Giovanni Fiorentino, welches Werk im Jahre 1554 zuerst gedruckt wurde. Die betreffende Novelle, die erste der vierten Abtheilung, welche Shakspere wahrscheinlich in einer jetzt verloren gegangenen englischen Bearbeitung gekannt haben muss, erzählt in ihrem ersten Theile von der zärtlichen Freundschaft des reichen venetianischen Kaufmanns Ansaldo für seinen jungen Pathen Giannetto. Er rüstet für ihn dreimal nacheinander ein Schiff aus, mit dessen reicher Ladung Giannetto um die Dame von Belmonte werben will. Zweimal ist er unglücklich und bringt damit seinen Wohlthäter an den Rand des Bankrotts. — Ein weiterer Theil der Novelle von dem Punkt an, wo Ansaldo seinen Freund zum dritten Mal ausrüstet, lautet in einer von Collier in Shakespeare's Library mitgetheilten Uebersetzung so:

Giannetto told him, he had made a firm resolution, to do all in his power to go again; that he could not bear the shame of living in the manner he must do. When Ansaldo found him resolved, he began to sell every thing he had, and equip another ship; and so he did, and disposed of all he was worth, and left himself destitute, to furnish this other fine ship with merchandize: but, as he wanted still ten thousand ducats, he apply'd himself to a Jew at Mestri, and borrowed them on condition, that if they were not paid on the feast of St. John in the next month of June, that the Jew might take a pound of flesh from any part

of his body he pleased. Ansaldo agreed, and the Jew had an obligation drawn, and witnessed, with all the form and ceremony necessary; and then counted him the ten thousand ducats of gold; with which Ansaldo bought what was still wanting for the vessel. This last ship was finer and better freighted than the other two, and his companions made ready for the voyage, with a design that whatever they gained should be for their friend. When it was time to depart, Ansaldo told Giannetto, that since he well knew of the obligation to the Jew, he entreated him in case any misfortune happened, that he would return to Venice, that he might see him before he died; and then he could leave the world with satisfaction: Giannetto promised to do every thing that he conceived might give him plèasure. Ansaldo gave him his blessing, they took their leave, and the ships set out.

The two companions observed carefully the ship of Giannetto, while he had nothing in his head but to contrive in what manner to steal into the port of Belmonte; and he prevailed with one of the sailors in the night to sail the vessel into the port of the lady. The morning being clear, his companions looking round, and not seeing any where the vessel, said to themselves, Giannetto has certainly bad luck; but continued their course, wondering greatly where the ship could be gone. The ship being arrived in port, all ran from the castle, hearing Giannetto was come again, and wondering much at his return. He must undoubtedly, say they, be the son of some great personage, as he comes every year with such rich merchandize, and fine ships: would to God he was our master! He was visited by all the principal men of the country, and it was told to the lady, that Giannetto was arrived in port. She saw from the window the vessel, and knew the streamers; and making the sign of the cross, cries: This is certainly a bold undertaking! This is the man who has already left so great riches in this country; and immediately sent for him.

Giannetto ist dieses Mal glücklicher und erlangt in einer Weise, die übrigens mit der Shakspere'schen Darstellung nichts gemein hat, die Hand der Dame, in deren Besitz er eine Zeitlang glücklich lebt, bis ihm plötzlich der vergessene Ansaldo wieder einfällt. Der Novellist fährt nun fort: *Giannetto instantly recollected Ansaldo, and leaving the window, he gave a great sigh, and turned pale; running about the room in great distraction. His lady inquired the cause of his sudden change. He said, he felt nothing. She continued to press with great earnestness, till he was obliged to confess the cause of his uneasiness, that Ansaldo was engaged for the money, and that the term was expired; and the grief he was in, lest his father should lose his life for him: that if the ten thousand ducats were not paid that day, he must lose a pound of his flesh. The lady told him to mount on horseback, and go by land the nearest way, which was better than to go by sea; to take some attendants, and an hundred thousand ducats; and not to stop, till he arrived at Venice: and if he was not dead, to endeavour to bring Ansaldo to her. Giannetto takes horse with twenty attendants, and makes the best of his way to Venice.*

The time being expired, the Jew had seized Ansaldo, and insisted on having a pound of flesh. He entreated him only to wait some days, that if his dear Giannetto arrived, he might have the pleasure of embracing him before his death: the Jew replied he was willing to wait, but, says he, if he comes an hundred times over, I will cut off the pound of flesh, according to the words of the obligation: Ansaldo answered, that he was content.

Every one at Venice who had heard of this affair was much concerned: several merchants would have jointly paid the money; the Jew would not hearken to the proposal, but insisted that he might commit this homicide, to have the satisfaction of saying, that he had put to death the greatest of the Christian merchants. Giannetto making all possible haste to Venice, his lady soon followed him in a lawyer's habit, with two servants following her. Giannetto when he came to Venice, goes to the Jew, and (after embracing Ansaldo) tells him, he is ready to pay the money, and as much more as he should demand. The Jew said, he would take no money, since it was not paid at the time due; but that he would have the pound of flesh. And now this was much talked of, and every one blamed the Jew: but as Venice was a place where justice was strictly administered, and the Jew had his pretensions grounded on publick and received forms, nobody dared to oppose him, and their only resource was entreaty; and when the merchants of Venice applied to him, he was inflexible. Giannetto offered him twenty thousand which he refused; then thirty thousand, afterwards forty, fifty, and at last an hundred thousand ducats. The Jew told him, if he would give him as much gold as the city of Venice was worth, he would not accept it; and, says he, you know little of me, if you think I will desist from my demand.

The lady now arrives at Venice, in her lawyer's dress; and alighting at an inn, the landlord asks of one of the servants who his master was? The servant having learned his lesson, answered, that he was a young lawyer who had finished his studies at Bologna, and was returning to his own country. The landlord upon this shews his guest great civility: and when he attended at dinner, the lawyer inquiring how justice was administred in that city; he answered, justice in this place is too severe. How comes that? says the lawyer. I will tell how, says the landlord: you must know, that some years ago there came here a young man from Florence, whose name was Giannetto, he was recommended to the care of a relation who is called Ansaldo: he behaved here so well as to possess the esteem and affections of every living creature, and never was a youth so well beloved. Now this Ansaldo sent him out three times, each time with a ship of great value; he, every time, was unfortunate: and to furnish the last, Ansaldo was forced to borrow ten thousand ducats of a Jew, on condition, that if he did not repay them in June, at the feast of St. John, the Jew might take a pound of his flesh. This excellent young man is now returned, and offers to pay an hundred thousand ducats: the wicked Jew won't take them, although the best merchants in the city have applied to him, but to no purpose. Says the lawyer, this question may be easily answered. If you can answer it, says the landlord, and will take the trouble to do it, and save this worthy man from death, you

will get the love and esteem of a most deserving young man, and of all the best men of this city. The lawyer caused a proclamation to be made, that whoever had any law matters to determine, they should have recourse to him: so it was told to Giannetto, that a famous lawyer was come from Bologna, who could decide all cases in law. Giannetto proposed to the Jew to apply to this lawyer. With all my heart, says the Jew; but let who will come, I will stick to my bond. When they came to this judge, and had saluted him, he immediately knew Giannetto; but he did not remember him: for he had disguised his face with the juice of certain herbs. Giannetto, and the Jew, each told the merits of the cause to the judge; who, when he had taken the bond and read it, said to the Jew, I must have you take the hundred thousand ducats, and release this honest man, who will always have a grateful sense of the favour done to him. The Jew replied, I will do no such thing. The judge answered, it will be better for you. The Jew was positive to yield nothing. Upon this they go to the tribunal appointed for such judgments: and our judge speaks in favour of Ansaldo; and desiring that the Jew may stand forth, Now, says he, do you (to the Jew) cut a pound of this man's flesh where you chuse. The Jew ordered him to be stripped naked; and takes in his hand a razor, which had been made on purpoes. Giannetto seeing this, turning to the judge, this, says he, is not the favour I asked of you. Be quiet, says he, the pound of flesh is not yet cut off. As soon as the Jew was going to begin, take care what you do, says the judge, if you take more or less than a pound, I will order your head to be struck off: and I teil you beside, that if you shed one drop of blood you shall be put to death. Your paper makes no mention of the shedding of blood; but says expressly, that you may take a pound of flesh, neither more nor less; and if you are wise, you will take great care what you do. He immediately sent for the executioner to bring the block and ax; and now, says he, if I see one drop of blood, off goes your head. The Jew began to be in great fear, and Giannetto in as great joy. At length the Jew, after much wrangling, told him, you are more cunning than I can pretend to be; however, give me the hundred thousand ducats, and I am content. No, says the judge, cut off your pound of flesh according to your bond; I will not give you a farthing: why did not you take the money when it was offered? The Jew came down to ninety, and then to eighty thousand; but the judge was still resolute. Giannetto told the judge to give what he required, that Ansaldo might have his liberty: but he replied, let me manage him. Then the Jew would have taken fifty thousand: he said, I will not give you a penny. Give me at least, says the Jew, my own ten thousand ducats, and a curse confound you all. The judge replies, I will give you nothing: if you will have the pound of flesh, take it; if not, I will order your bond to be protested and annulled. Every one present was greatly pleased; and deriding the Jew, said, he who laid traps for others, is caught himself. The Jew seeing he could gain nothing, tore in pieces the bond in a great rage. Ansaldo was released, and conducted home with great joy by Giannetto. The hundred thousand ducats he carried to the inn to the lawyer, whom he found making ready to depart. You have done me, says he, a most important service, and I entreat you to accept of this money to carry home, for I am sure you have earned it. I thank you, replied the lawyer, I do not want money; keep and carry it back to your lady, that she may not have occasion to say, that you have squandered it away idly. Says Giannetto, my lady is so good and kind, that I might venture to spend four times as much, without incurring her displeasure; and she ordered me, when I came away, to bring with me a larger sum. How are you pleased with the lady? says the lawyer. I love her better than any earthly thing, answers Giannetto: Nature never produced any woman so beautiful, discreet, and sensible, and seems to have done her utmost in forming her. If you will do me the favour to come and see her, you will be surprised at the honours she will shew you; and you will be able to judge whether I speak truth or not. I cannot go with you, says the lawyer, I have other engagements; but since you speak so much good of her, I must desire you to present my respects to her. I will not fail, Giannetto answered; and now, let me entreat you to accept of some of the money. While he was speaking, the lawyer observed a ring on his finger, and said, if you will give me this ring, I shall seek no other reward. Willingly, says Giannetto; but as it is a ring given me by my lady, to wear for her sake, I have some reluctance to part with it, and she may think, not seeing it on my finger, and will believe, that I have given it to a woman that I love, and quarrel with me, tho' I protest I love her much better than I love myself. Certainly, says the lawyer, she esteems you sufficiently to credit what you tell her, and you may say you made a present of it to me; but I rather think you want to give it to some former mistress here in Venice. So great, says Giannetto, is the love and reverence I bear to her, that I would not change her for any woman in the world, she is so accomplished in every article. After this he takes the ring from his finger, and presents it to him; and embracing each the other, I have still a favour to ask, says the lawyer. It shall be granted, says Giannetto. It is, replied he, that you do not stay any time here, but go as soon as possible to your lady. It appears to me a thousand years till I see her, Giannetto answered: and immediately they take leave of each other. The lawyer embarked, and left Venice. Giannetto made entertainments, and presents of horses and money to his former companions; and having made a great expence for several days, he took leave of his Venetian friends, and carried Ansaldo with him, and some of his old acquaintance accompanied them. Everybody shed tears at his departure, both men and women; his amiable deportment had so gained the good-will of all. In this manner he left Venice, and returned to Belmonte.

The lady arrived some days before; and having resumed her female habit, pretended to have spent the time at the baths; and now gave orders to have every thing prepared, and the streets lined with tapestry, and filled with men armed for the tiltings and exercises. And when Giannetto and Ansaldo were landed, all the court went out to meet them, crying, Long live our sovereign lord! long live our sovereign lord! When they arrived at the palace, the lady ran to embrace Ansaldo; but feigned anger against Giannetto, tho' she loved him excessively: yet the feastings, tilts and diversions went on as usual, at which

all the lords and ladies assisted. Giannetto seeing that his wife did not receive him with her accustomed good countenance, called her, and inquiring the reason, would have saluted her. She told him, she wanted not his caresses: I am sure, says she, you have been lavish of them to some of your former mistresses at Venice. Giannetto began to make excuses. She asked him where was the ring she had given him? It is no more than what I expected, cries Giannetto, and I was in the right to say you would be angry with me; but, I swear by all that is sacred, and by your dear self, that I gave the ring to the lawyer who gained our cause. And I can swear, says the lady, with as much solemnity, that you gave the ring to a woman; and I know it certainly: therefore swear no more. Giannetto said, if what he had told her was not true, he wished every misfortune to fall on him, that might destroy him; and that he said all this to the lawyer, when he asked for the ring. The lady replied, you would have done better to stay at Venice with your mistresses, and have sent Ansaldo here; for I hear they all wept when you came away. Giannetto's tears began to fall, and in great sorrow he assured her that what she supposed could not possibly be true. The lady seeing his tears, which were daggers in her bosom, ran to embrace him, and in a fit of laughter shewed the ring, told every thing which he had said to the lawyer; that she was herself the lawyer; and how she obtained the ring. Giannetto was greatly astonished, finding it all true, and was highly delighted with what he had heard; and went out of the chamber, and told the story to the nobles and to his companions; and this heightened greatly the love between him and his lady. He then called the damsel who had given him the good advice the evening not to drink the liquor, and gave her to Ansaldo for a wife: and they spent the rest of their lives in great felicity and contentment.

Das Motiv zu der Geschichte von den drei Kästchen fand Shakspere an einer andern Stelle der Gesta Romanorum in einer Novelle, die schon im Jahre 1577 aus dieser Sammlung von Robert Robertson in's Englische übersetzt war. Ein König von Apulien sendet seine Tochter über Meer nach Rom, wo sie den Sohn des Kaisers heirathen soll. Sie leidet Schiffbruch, wird von einem Wallfisch verschlungen und später aus dessen Bauch herausgezogen. Der Kaiser empfängt sie und stellt, um zu wissen, ob sie seines Sohnes würdig sei, dieselbe Probe mit ihr an, welche die Freier der Portia zu bestehen hatten. Dieser letzte Theil der Novelle lautet in der alten englischen Uebersetzung, die unserm Dichter bekannt sein mochte, so:

Then was the emperour right glad of her safety and comming, and had great compassion on her, saying: Ah faire lady, for the love of my sonne thou hast suffered much woe, neverthelesse if thou be worthie to be his wife, soone shall I prove.

And when he had thus said, he commanded to bring forth three vessels, the first was made of pure gold, beset with precious stones without, and within full of dead mens bones, and thereupon was ingraven this posey: Whoso chooseth me shall finde that he deserveth.

The second vessel was made of fine silver, filled with earth and wormes, and the superscription was thus: Whoso chooseth me shall find that his nature desireth.

The third vessel was made of lead, full within of precious stones, and the superscription, Whoso chooseth me shall finde that God hath disposed to him.

These three vessels the emperor shewed to the maiden and said, Lo, here daughter, these be faire vessels, if thou choose one of these, wherein is profit to thee and to other, then shalt thou have my sonne: but if thou choose that wherein is no profit to thee nor to none other, soothly thou shalt not marrie him.

When the mayden saw this, she lift up her hands to God and said: Thou Lord that knowest all things, grant me grace this houre so to choose, that I may receive the emperours sonne. And with that shee beheld the first vessell of gold, which was engraven, and read the superscription, Who so chooseth me, &c. saying thus: Though this vessel be full precious and made of pure gold, neverthelesse I know not what is within, therefore my deare lord, this vessel will I not choose.

And then shee beheld the second vessel that was of pure silver, and read the superscription, Who so chooseth mee shall finde that his nature desireth. Thinking thus within her selfe, If I choose this vessel, what is within it I know not, but well I wot there shall I finde that nature desireth, and my nature desireth the lust of the flesh, therefore this vessel will I not choose. When she had seene these two vessels, and given an answere as touching them, shee beheld the third vessell of lead, and read the superscription, Who so chooseth mee, shall finde that God hath disposed. Thincking within her selfe this vessel is not passing rich, nor throughly precious: neverthelesse, the superscription saith: Who so chooseth mee, shall finde that God hath disposed: and without doubt God never disposeth any harme, therefore now I will choose this vessell, by the leave of God.

When the emperour saw this, hee said, O faire mayden open thy vessell, and see if thou hast well chosen or no. And when this yong lady had opened it, shee found it full of fine gold and precious stones, like as the emperour had told her before.

And then said the emperour, O my deere daughter, because thou hast wisely chosen, therefore shalt thou marry my sonne. And when he had so said, he ordained a marriage, and married them together with great solempnitie and much honour, and they lived peaceably a long time together.

Endlich muss unter den Quellen, welche Shakspere zu seinem Merchant of Venice benutzen mochte, eine Ballade citirt werden, von welcher Warton aus innern Gründen vermuthet, dass sie älter sei, als das Drama unseres Dichters. Jedenfalls haben die Ballade und das Drama manche Züge mit einander gemein, welche sich in den Gesta Romanorum und im Pecorone noch nicht finden. Das Gedicht ist in Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry abgedruckt und lautet folgendermassen:

In Venice towne not long agoe
A cruel Jew did dwell,
Which lived all on usurie,
As Italian writers tell.

Gernutus called was the Jew,
Which never thought to dye,
Nor ever yet did any good,
To them in streets that lie.

His life was like a barrow-hogge,
That liveth many a day,
Yet never once doth any good,
Until men will him slay.

Or like a filthy heap of dung,
That lyeth in a whoard;
Which never can do any good,
Till it be spread abroad.

So fares it with the usurer,
He cannot sleep in rest,
For feare the thiefe will him pursue
To plucke him from his nest.

His heart doth thinke on many a wile,
How to deceive the poore;
His mouth is almost ful of mucke,
Yet still he gapes for more.

His wife must lend a shilling,
For every weeke a penny,
Yet bring a pledge, that is double worth,
If that you will have any.

And see, likewise, you keepe your day,
Or else you loose it all:
This was the living of the wife,
Her cow she did it call.

Within that citie dwelt that time
A marchant of great fame,
Which being distressed in his need,
Unto Gernutus came:

Desiring him to stand his friend
For twelve month and a day,
To lend to him an hundred crownes;
And he for it would pay

Whatsoever he would demand of him,
And pledges he should have.
No, (quoth the Jew with flearing lookes,)
Sir, aske what you will have.

No penny for the loane of it
For one year you shall pay;
You may doe me as good a turne,
Before my dying day.

But we will have a merry jeast,
For to be talked long:
You shall make me a bond, quoth he,
That shall be large and strong:

And this shall be the forfeyture;
Of your owne fleshe a pound.
If you agree, make you the bond,
And here is a hundred crownes.

With right good will! the marchant says:
And so the bond was made.
When twelve month and a day drew on
That backe it should be payd,

The marchants ships were all at sea,
And money came not in;
Which way to take, or what to doe
To thinke he doth begin:

And to Gernutus strait he comes
With cap and bended knee,
And sayde to him, Of curtesie
I pray you beare with mee.

My day is come, and I have not
The money for to pay:
And little good the forfeyture
Will doe you, I dare say.

With all my heart, Gernutus sayd,
Commaund it to your minde:
In thinges of bigger waight then this
You shall me ready finde.

He goes his way; the day once past
Gernutus doth not slacke
To get a sergiant presently;
And clapt him on the backe:

And layd him into prison strong,
And sued his bond withall;
And when the judgement day was come,
For judgement he did call.

The marchants friends came thither fast
With many a weeping eye,
For other means they could not find,
But he that day must dye.

Some offered for his hundred crownes
Five hundred for to pay;
And some a thousand, two or three,
Yet still he did denay.

And at the last ten thousand crownes
They offered, him to save.
Gernutus sayd, I will no gold:
My forfeite I will have.

A pound of fleshe is my demand,
And that shall be my hire.
Then sayd the judge, Yet, good my friend,
Let me of you desire

To take the flesh from such a place,
As yet you let him live:
Do so, and lo! an hundred crownes
To thee here will I give.

No: no: quoth he; no: judgement here:
For this it shall be tride,
For I will have my pound of fleshe
From under his right side.

It grieved all the companie
His crueltie to see,
For neither friend nor foe could helpe
But he must spoyled bee.

The bloudie Jew now ready is
With whetted blade in hand,
To spoyle the bloud of innocent,
By forfeit of his bond.

And as he was about to strike
In him the deadly blow:
Stay (quoth the judge) thy crueltie;
I charge thee to do so.

Sith needs thou wilt thy forfeit have,
Which is of flesh a pound:
See that thou shed no drop of bloud,
Nor yet the man confound.

For if thou doe, like murderer,
Thou here shalt hanged be:
Likewise of flesh see that thou cut
No more than longes to thee:

For if thou take either more or lesse
To the value of a mite,
Thou shalt be hanged presently,
As is both law and right.

Gernutus now waxt franticke mad,
And wotes not what to say;
Quoth he at last, Ten thousand crownes,
I will that he shall pay;

And so I graunt to set him free.
The judge doth answere make:
You shall not have a penny given;
Your forfeyture now take.

At the last he doth demaund
But for to have his owne.

No, quoth the judge, doe as you list,
Thy judgement shall be showne.

Either take your pound of flesh, quoth he,
Or cancell me your bond.
O cruell judge, then quoth the Jew,
That doth against me stand!

And so with griping grieved mind
He biddeth them fare-well.
Then all the people prays'd the Lord,
That ever this heard tell.

Good people, that doe heare this song,
For trueth I dare well say,
That many a wretch as ill as hee
Doth live now at this day;

That seeketh nothing but the spoyle
Of many a wealthy man,
And for to trap the innocent
Deviseth what they can.

From whome the Lord deliver me,
And every Christian too,
And send to them like sentence eke
That meaneth so to do.

Stephen Gosson's School of Abuse, ein Pamphlet, das im Jahre 1579 erschien und gegen das Theater im Allgemeinen aus sittlichen und religiösen Gründen polemisirt, nimmt doch einige Dramen von der allgemeinen Verdammniss aus und sagt: *And as some of the players are far from abuse, so some of their playes are without rebuke, which are easily remembered as quickly reckoned. The two prose books played at the Belsavage, where you shall finde never a woorde without witte, never a line without pith, never a letter placed in vaine. The Jew, and Ptolome, shown at the Bull; the one representing the greedinesse of worldly chusers, and bloody minds of usurers; the other very lively describing how seditious states with their own devises, false friends with their own swoords, and rebellious commons in their own snares are overthrowne; neither with amorous gesture wounding the eye nor with slovenly talk hurting the eares of the chast hearers.* — Auf diesen Passus hat zuerst Skottowe die Hypothese gegründet, dass in dem genannten Drama The Jew, aufgeführt in der für theatralische Aufführungen dienenden Londoner Herberge The Bull, derselbe doppelte Stoff, wie in dem Merchant of Venice, combinirt gewesen, mithin dieses uns verloren gegangene Drama von Shakspere benutzt sei. Die Charakteristik des Inhalts, wie Stephen Gosson sie in obigen Worten giebt, ist aber so vage, dass sie diese kühne Vermuthung kaum zu rechtfertigen scheint.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE OF VENICE.
PRINCE OF MOROCCO, } Suitors to Portia.
PRINCE OF ARRAGON, }
ANTONIO, the Merchant of Venice.
BASSANIO, his Friend.
GRATIANO, }
SOLANIO, } Friends to Antonio and Bassanio.
SALARINO, }
LORENZO, in love with Jessica.
SHYLOCK, a Jew.
TUBAL, a Jew, his Friend.
LAUNCELOT GOBBO, a Clown.

OLD GOBBO, Father to Launcelot.
LEONARDO, Servant to Bassanio.
BALTHAZAR, } Servants to Portia.
STEPHANO, }

PORTIA, a rich Heiress.
NERISSA, her Waiting-maid.
JESSICA, Daughter to Shylock.

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice, Gaoler, Servants, and other Attendants.

SCENE, partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Venice. A Street.

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, *and* SOLANIO.[1]

Ant. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad.
It wearies me: you say, it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 't is made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.
Salar. Your mind is tossing on the ocean,
There, where your argosies with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,[2]
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,[3]
That curt'sy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.
Solan. Believe me, Sir, had I such venture[4] forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass to know where sits the wind,[5]
Peering in maps for ports, and piers, and roads;[6]
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
Would make me sad.
Salar. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague,[7] when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats,[8]
And see my wealthy Andrew, decks in sand,
Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs,
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks,
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this, and shall I lack the thought,
That such a thing bechanc'd would make me sad?
But tell not me:[9] I know, Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

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1) In den Qs. wird der Name *Salanio* geschrieben und in der Abkürzung vor den Reden leicht mit *Salarino* verwechselt. Die Fol. hat bald *Salanio*, bald *Solanio*, und letzterer Name wurde schon von Capell der bessern Unterscheidung wegen adoptirt. 2) Antonio's grosse Kauffahrteischiffe, mit ihren stattlichen Segeln emporragend über die vorbeifahrenden kleineren Handelsfahrzeuge, sind gleichsam auf's Meer versetzte venetianische Signori und reiche Bürger, denen die Kleinen im Vorübergehen ihre Reverenz machen. — *signior* gebraucht Sh. vorzugsweise als Ehrentitel für venetianische Grosse, so in Othello. — *pageants* ist mit dem Vorhergehenden zu verbinden: die im feierlichen Prachtzuge einherschreitenden grossen Herren, hier in Vergleichung mit den Schiffen, die so das Schaugepränge der See bilden, wie jene auf dem Lande. 3) *trafficker*, wie *trader* und *merchant*, ist zugleich = Handelsmann, und = Handelsschiff. 4) *venture* = das, was man bei Handelsunternehmungen auf's Spiel setzt: das Schiff und die Waaren. 5) Um zu erfahren, wo der Wind steht, reisst man Grashalme aus und lässt sie fortwehen. — In Much Ado about Nothing (A. 2, Sc. 3) *Sits the wind in that corner?* 6) Er würde ängstlich auf geographischen Karten nach Häfen, Hafendämmen und Rheden suchen, wo die vom Sturm bedrohten Schiffe eine Zuflucht finden könnten. — Q. A. hat *for piers*. 7) Würde mich in ein Fieber blasen, würde so blasen, dass ich davon ein Fieber bekäme. — In der nächsten Zeile setzt Q. A. *at sea* vor *might do*. 8) Der Sand im Stundenglase würde ihn an den Sand der Untiefen erinnern, in dem sein reiches Schiff ganz umgestürzt, mit dem Verdeck und dem Mast nach unten gekehrt, festsässe. — Qs. und Fol. lesen *docks in sand*, woraus Rowe, dem die Hgg. folgen, *dock'd in sand* machte. — Collier schlug vor, *Andrew's decks in sand* zu lesen. 9) *tell not me* = redet mir nichts

Ant. Believe me, no. I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore, my merchandise makes me not sad.
Salar. Why, then you[10] are in love.
Ant. Fie, fie!
Salar. Not in love neither? Then let's say you are sad,
Because you are not merry; and 't were as easy
For you to laugh, and leap, and say you are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,[11]
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:[12]
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they 'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor[13] swear the jest be laughable.

Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, *and* Gratiano.

Solan. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Fare you well:
We leave you now with better company.
Salar. I would have stay'd till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.
Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace the occasion to depart.
Salar. Good morrow, my good lords.
Bass. Good Signiors both, when shall we laugh? say, when?
You grow exceeding strange;[14] must it be so?
Salar. We 'll make our leisures to attend on yours.
[*Exeunt* Salarino *and* Solanio.
Lor. My lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,
We two will leave you; but at dinner-time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.
Bass. I will not fail you.
Gra. You look not well, Signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:[15]
They lose it that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.
Ant. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage, where every man[16] must play a part,
And mine a sad one.[17]
Gra. Let me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,[18]
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?[19]
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio, —
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks, —
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond,[20]
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, »I am Sir Oracle,[21]
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!«
O! my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing; when,[22] I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools
I 'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool-gudgeon, this opinion.[23] —
Come, good Lorenzo. — Fare ye well awhile:
I 'll end my exhortation after dinner.[24]
Lor. Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time.
I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.
Gra. Well, keep me company but two years moe,[25]
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.
Ant. Farewell: I 'll grow a talker for this gear.[26]

Anderes ein, spart Eure Worte bei mir. 10) So Q. B. und Fol.; Q. A. *Then y'are.* 11) *by Janus* schwört auch der Venetianer Jago in Othello (A. 1, Sc. 2). — Das hier hinzugefügte Epitheton *two-headed* weist schon auf die verschiedenen Gesichter hin, welche im Folgenden beschrieben werden. 12) *time* = Zeit der Schwangerschaft und Entbindung. 13) Der alte Nestor, der kaum jemals seinen Ernst bei Seite legt, wird in ähnlicher Beziehung erwähnt in Love's Labour's Lost (A. 4, Sc. 3) *And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys.* 14) Ihr werdet ausserordentlich zurückhaltend, zieht Euch zu sehr von Euren Freunden zurück. 15) Ihr schenkt der Welt, den weltlichen Dingen, zu viel Beachtung. 16) Q. A. *every one.* 17) scil. *my part is a sad one.* — Gratiano setzt das vom Theater entlehnte Bild fort, indem er sich die stehende Rolle der damaligen Bühne, die des Narren, beilegt. — Der Nachdruck liegt auf *me.* 18) Die Runzeln, die das Alter bezeichnen, sollen bei Gratiano von seinem beständigen Lachen kommen. So in Troilus and Cressida (A. 1, Sc. 1) *Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile,* und in Love's Labour's Lost (A. 5, Sc. 2) *that smiles his cheek in years.* 19) Anspielung auf die Büste auf einem Grabmal oder Denkstein. So in Othello (A. 5, Sc. 2) *And smooth as monumental alabaster.* 20) Wie ein stehender Sumpf sich mit einer Decke überzieht, die das Wasser darunter nicht erkennen lässt, so ist es auch mit manchen Gesichtern, deren eigentlicher Ausdruck hinter dieser starren Maske versteckt wird. — Bei *cream and mantle* mit Henley an Runzeln zu denken, scheint nicht in dem Sinne des Dichters. — Zu dem folgenden *and do* ist nicht mehr *whose visages* Subject, sondern nur *who:* solche Leute, die ein eigensinniges Stillschweigen beobachten. 21) So die Qs.; die Fol. hat *I am, Sir, an oracle.* 22) Für *when* = *whenas* setzen die meisten Hgg. mit Rowe *who,* während nach Sh.'s Construction vor dem folgenden *would* ein auf *if they should speak* bezügliches *it* hinzugedacht werden muss. — *those ears* ist zu verstehen *the ears of those:* Diejenigen würden vermittelst ihrer Ohren in Verdammniss gerathen, welche, einen solchen Thoren anhörend, ihn, obgleich er im evangelischen Sinn ihr Bruder ist, doch einen Narren nennen würden. Eine Anspielung auf Matthäi (Cap. 5, V. 22): Wer aber zu seinem Bruder sagt: Du Narr, der ist des höllischen Feuers schuldig. — *damn* ist in Qs. und Fol. *dam* und *damme* geschrieben. 23) Dieses Ansehen der Weisheit bei den Leuten ist eine werthlose Kleinigkeit, oder, im Tropus, ein Narrengründling, den man mit dem Köder der Melancholie fängt. — *this melancholy bait* steht = *the bait of this melancholy.* Ein ähnliches Bild ist in Hamlet (A. 2, Sc. 1) *Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth.* 24) Den Schluss seiner Predigt will Gratiano, da es jetzt zu lang damit werden möchte, nach Tisch vorbringen. 25) Qs. und Fol. haben das veraltete *moe (mo)* für *more,* das Rowe in den Text setzte. 26) *for this*

Gra. Thanks, i' faith; for silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.
[Exeunt GRATIANO *and* LORENZO.

Ant. Is that anything now?[27]

Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as[28] two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them; and when you have them, they are not worth the search.

Ant. Well; tell me now, what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

Bass. 'T is not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port[29]
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,[30]
Hath left me gaged. To you, Antonio,
I owe the most, in money and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots and purposes,[31]
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
And if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour,[32] be assur'd,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way with more advised watch,
To find the other forth; and by adventuring both,
I oft found both. I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.[33]
I owe you much, and, like a wilful youth,[34]
That which I owe is lost; but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Ant. You know me well, and herein spend but time,
To wind about my love with circumstance;[35]
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have:
Then, do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest[36] unto it: therefore, speak.

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues.[37] Sometimes[38] from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages.
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia;
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors; and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strand;
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O my Antonio! had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,[39]
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate.

Ant. Thou know'st, that all my fortunes are at sea;
Neither have I money, nor commodity[40]
To raise a present sum: therefore, go forth;
Try what my credit can in Venice do:
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is, and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Belmont. An Apartment in PORTIA's House.

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet Madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are. And yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit

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gear, eigentlich = für dies Zeug, für dies Ding, das häufig ganz allgemein = dafür, vorkommt, bezieht sich hier auf Gratiano's Strafpredigt. — Für *farewell* der Q. A. haben Q. B. und Fol. *fare you well.* 27) So verbesserte mit veränderter Interpunction Rowe das *It is that any thing now* der alten Ausgg.: Ist das nun irgend Etwas, was Gratiano gesagt hat? 28) *as* fehlt in der Fol. 29) *port* = äussere Haltung, wie sie sich in der Tracht und in der ganzen Lebenseinrichtung ausspricht, äusserer Anstand und Aufwand, ebenso = das daraus entspringende Ansehen, das man geniesst. So in Taming of the Shrew (A. 1, Sc. 1) *Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,* || *Keep house, and port, and servants, as I should.* — Zu *continuance* fügt Chedworth ein *of*, das Sh. in seiner freieren Constructionsweise solcher relativen Sätze auslassen durfte. 30) Die Zeit, in der ich etwas zu sehr den Verschwender gespielt habe. 31) Eure Freundschaft ermächtigt mich, Euch alle meine Pläne mitzutheilen. 32) Wenn Eure Pläne, wie Ihr selber es immer seid, ehrenhaft sind, in dem Bereich der Ehre sich halten. 33) Der Plan, den Bassanio jetzt auseinandersetzen will, ist ein durchaus unschuldiger. — Diese Worte beziehen sich auf die vorhergehenden Antonio's *if it stand within the eye of honour.* 34) Wie es bei einem jungen Manne zu gehen pflegt, der nur seinem eigenen Kopfe folgt, so ist das, was ich Euch schuldig bin, verloren, verthan. 35) Darin, dass Ihr Euch nicht geradezu an meine Freundschaft wendet, sondern mit Umschweifen um sie Euch herumwindet. — In der folgenden Zeile lässt die Fol. *me now* aus. 36) *prest* = bereit zu Etwas. — Staunton hält es für möglich, dass *prest* hier = *bound, urged* stehe. In dem Falle wäre also *press'd* zu schreiben. 37) Dass sie ausgezeichnete Tugenden besitzt, das macht sie noch schöner, als ihre Schönheit sie macht. — Den Namen *Belmont* entlehnte Sh. aus dem Pecorone. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 308. 38) *sometimes* = einmal, zu einer Zeit. Bassanio spricht von der Zeit, als er mit dem Marquis von Montferrat bei Portia's Vater zum Besuche war. 39) Einen Rang zu behaupten, dass ich es mit einem dieser Freier aufnehmen könnte, als Nebenbuhler eines nur von ihnen aufzutreten. 40) Handelswaaren, auf die sich sogleich eine Summe aufnehmen liesse.

with too much, as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean[1] happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean: superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's 'cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree:[2] such a hare is madness, the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel, the cripple.[3] But this reasoning is not in the fashion[4] to choose me a husband. — O me! the word choose! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will[5] of a dead father. — Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous, and holy men at their death have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests, of gold, silver, and lead, (whereof who chooses his meaning, chooses you)[6] will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them, and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that 's a colt,[7] indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself.[8] I am much afraid, my lady his mother played false with a smith.[9]

Ner. Then is there the county Palatine.[10]

Por. He doth nothing but frown, as who should say, »An you will not have me, choose.« He hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's-head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?[11]

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker; but, he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's, a better bad habit of frowning than the count Palatine: he is every man in no man; if a throstle[12] sing, he falls straight a capering: he will fence with his own shadow. If I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you then to Faulconbridge, the young baron of England?

Por. You know, I say nothing to him,[13] for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you will come into the court and swear, that I have a poor penny-worth in the English.[14] He is a proper man's picture; but, alas! who can converse with a dumb-show? How oddly he is suited! I think, he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every where.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish[15] lord, his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again, when he was able: I think, the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another.[16]

Ner. How like you the young German, the duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast. An the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket,[17]

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1) So die Qs. Die Fol. hat *small* und verwischt damit das Wortspiel mit dem folgenden *mean:* in einer mittleren Lebensstellung sich befinden. 2) *cold decree* = eine Satzung, die ein kaltes Blut entworfen hat. 3) Die Jugend hüpft leichtfüssig über den langsam hinterdreinfolgenden, lahmen guten Rath hinweg, wie ein Hase über das ihm gestellte Netz. 4) Die Fol. hat *reason* für *reasoning*, und *in fashion*. 5) *will* = Trieb, Neigung, und = Testament, letzter Wille. — Im Folgenden hat die Fol. *it is not hard* ohne Fragezeichen am Ende des Satzes. 6) Q. A. liest das Folgende: *no doubt, you will never be chosen by any rightly but one who shall rightly love.* — *who*, das auch in Q. B. und der Fol. steht, ist von manchen Hggn. mit Unrecht in *whom* verändert, da das des Nachdruckes wegen vor *shall* gesetzte *you* Object, nicht Subject ist: von Einem, dessen Liebe zu Euch die ächte sein wird. 7) *colt* = Füllen, und = junger Laffe. 8) Dass er selbst sein Pferd beschlagen kann, hält er für eine Bereicherung seiner angebornen Talente, für Etwas, das er seinen sonstigen guten Gaben noch angeeignet hat. 9) *smith* = Hufschmied. So in K. Henry IV. Second Part (A. 5, Sc. 1) *here is now the smith's note for shoeing.* 10) Johnson vermuthet hier eine Anspielung auf einen polnischen Pfalzgrafen, Albertus a Lasco, der im Jahre 1583 in London eine Zeitlang Aufsehen erregte, dann aber wegen Schulden sich heimlich fortschleichen musste. — *county* = Graf. 11) Qs. und Fol. haben *mounsier le Boune.* — Vier Zeilen vorher hat die Fol. *ra.her to be married.* 12) *trassell* in der Orthographie der alten Ausgg. — Die Lust am Tanzen wird hier eben so persiflirt, wie die Lust an Ehrenhändeln. 13) *to say to* = von Jemandem Etwas sagen, und = zu Jemandem Etwas sagen, zu ihm reden. 14) Du kannst vor Gericht einen Eid darauf ablegen, dass ich vom Englischen nur so viel verstehe, wie man für einen armen Pfennig kauft. 15) So die Qs., die vor der Thronbesteigung Jacob's I., des Schotten, gedruckt waren. Später wurde eine Persiflage der Schotten auf dem Theater verpönt, und die Fol. hat deshalb *other* für *Scottish*. 16) Warburton findet hier eine Anspielung auf die beständigen Hülfeversprechungen, die die Franzosen den Schotten ertheilten in ihren Streitigkeiten mit den Engländern. — Vielleicht soll aber nur der Schotte lächerlich gemacht werden, wie er eine Privatbeleidigung sich vom Engländer ruhig gefallen

for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a spunge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations; which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.[18]

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the marquess of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes; it was Bassanio: as I think, so was he called.

Ner. True, Madam: he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

Enter a Servant.

How now? what news?[19]

Serv. The four strangers seek for[20] you, Madam, to take their leave; and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the prince of Morocco, who brings word, the prince, his master, will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart, as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil,[21] I had rather he should shrive me than wive me.

Come, Nerissa. — Sirrah, go before. —

Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door.[22] *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Venice. A public Place.

Enter Bassanio *and* Shylock.

Shy. Three thousand ducats, — well.

Bass. Ay, Sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months, — well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound, — well.

Bass. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good[1] man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Ho! no, no, no, no: — my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient; yet his means are in supposition.[2] He hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand moreover upon the Rialto,[3] he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath squandered abroad.[4] But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats, and water-rats, water-thieves, and land-thieves,[5] I mean, pirates: and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient. Three thousand ducats: — I think, I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto? — Who is he comes here?

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lässt, und die Freundschaft des Franzosen ihm nichts dabei hilft. 17) *contrary* = verkehrt, dem Aechten entgegengesetzt. So in K. John (A. 4, Sc. 2) *upon contrary feet.*. 18) So die Qs. Die Fol. hat *and I wish them a fair departure*, dem Statute Jacob's I. gemäss, das den Missbrauch des göttlichen Namens auf der Bühne verbot. 19) Diese vier letzten Worte fehlen in der Fol. 20) *for* fehlt in der Fol. 21) Die dunkle Hautfarbe, welche der Prinz von Marocco mit dem Teufel gemeinsam hat, steht der Sinnesart *(condition)* eines Frommen oder Heiligen gegenüber, wie lautlich *to shrive* dem *to wive*. 22) Den Doggerel-rhyme zum Schluss der Scene, den die meisten Ausgg. als Prosa druckten, theilte zuerst Knight richtig ab.

1) In demselben kaufmännischen Sinn, wie Shylock das Wort gebraucht, steht *good* in Coriolanus (A. 1, Sc. 1) *We are accounted poor citizens, the patricians good.* 2) Seine Mittel beruhen auf willkürlicher Annahme, sind hypothetischer Art. 3) Sh. hat sowohl *upon (on) the Rialto* als auch *in the Rialto*, und versteht darunter die Insel, auf der sich die venetianischen Kaufleute zur Börse versammeln. — Coryate, ein Zeitgenosse Sh.'s, beschreibt in seinen Crudities (1611) die Localität folgendermassen: *The Rialto, which is at the farthest side of the bridge as you come from St. Mark's, is a most stately building, being the Exchange of Venice, where the Venetian gentlemen and the merchants do meet twice a day, betwixt eleven and twelve of the clocks in the morning and betwixt five and six of the clocks in the afternoon. This Rialto is a goodly height built, all with bricks as the palaces are, adorned with many fair walks or open galleries that I have before mentioned, and hath a pretty quadrangular court adjoining to it. But it is inferior to our Exchange in London, though indeed there is a far greater quantity of building than in ours.* 4) Ausser den genannten vier Schiffen hat er noch andere Handelsunternehmungen in der Welt überall zerstreut. 5) Nach dem Vorgang von *land-rats, and water-rats* sollte man auch *land-thieves, and water-thieves* erwarten. Indess ist solche Licenz in der Umstellung Sh.'sch: wie es Landratten und Wasserratten giebt, so giebt es auch Wasserdiebe so gut wie Landdiebe. — Auf *water-thieves* bezieht sich dann *I mean, pirates*. 6) *for*, und in der nächsten Zeile *for that*, = *because*. 7) Douce citirt dazu aus Thomas' Historye of Italy (1561) Folgendes: *It is almost incredyble what gaine the Venetians receive by the usury of the Jewes, both pryvately and in common. For in everye citee the Jewes kepe open shops of usurie, taking gaiges of ordinarie for XV in the hundred by the yere,*

Enter ANTONIO.

Bass. This is Signior Antonio.

Shy. *[Aside.]* How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him for[6] he is a Christian;
But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.[7]
If I can catch him once upon the hip,[8]
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won[9] thrift,
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

Bass. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my present store,
And, by the near guess of my memory,[10]
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me. But soft! how many months
Do you desire? — *[To* ANTONIO.*]* Rest you fair, good Signior;
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Ant. Shylock, albeit[11] I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking, nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants[12] of my friend,
I 'll break a custom. — Is he yet possess'd,
How much ye would?[13]

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot: — three months; you told me so.
Well then, your bond; and let me see. — But hear you:
Methought, you said, you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.

Ant. I do never use it.

Shy. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep, —[14]
This Jacob from our holy Abram was
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalf)
The third possessor; ay, he was the third, —

Ant. And what of him? did he take interest?

Shy. No; not take interest; not, as you would say,
Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himself were compromis'd,
That all the eanlings[15] which were streak'd and pied,
Should fall as Jacob's hire, the ewes, being rank,
In end of autumn turned to the rams;
And when the work of generation was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful shepherd peel'd[16] me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,[17]
He stuck them up before the fulsome[18] ewes,
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall[19] party-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest:
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Ant. This was a venture, Sir, that Jacob serv'd for;
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good?[20]
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?

Shy. I cannot tell: I make it breed as fast. —
But note me, Signior.

Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

Shy. Three thousand ducats; — 't is a good round sum.
Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you?

Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto, you have rated me
About my moneys, and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;[21]
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.

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and if at the yeres ende the gaige be not redeemed, it is forfeite, or at the least dooen away to a great disadvantage: by reason whereof the Jewes are out of measure wealthie in those parties. 8) Diesen Ausdruck leitete Johnson zuerst vom Ringkampf her, später von der Jagd, weil die Hunde sich auf die Hüften des Wildes werfen. Der Sinn ist nicht zweifelhaft, = Jemanden als Beute in seine Gewalt bekommen. 9) *well-won* = redlich erworben, ist dem *interest* = unrechtmässige Zinsen, Wucher, entgegengesetzt. — Die Fol. hat *well-worn.* 10) Nach dem ungefähren Ueberschlag meiner Mittel, den ich in meinem Gedächtniss anstelle. 11) So Q. B. und Fol. — Q. A. hat *although:* obgleich ich sonst gegen wucherische Zinsen Gelder weder auszuleihen noch anzuleihen pflege. — *by taking of excess* bezieht sich auf *lend; by giving of excess* bezieht sich auf *borrow.* 12) *ripe wants* = die Bedürfnisse, die sich gerade eingestellt haben, gerade gezeitigt sind, deshalb befriedigt werden müssen. 13) So Q. B. und beinahe die Fol., nur dass diese *he* für *ye* liest. — Q. A. liest *Are you resolv'd* || *How much he would have?* und richtet also die Frage nicht an Bassanio, sondern direct an Shylock. — *to possess* = Jemanden in Besitz von einer Kunde, einer Nachricht setzen. 14) So interpungirt Dyce, indem er das Folgende mit Recht als parenthetischen Satz fasst. Die andern Hgg. beginnen mit *this Jacob* einen Nachsatz, den sie mit *the third* schliessen. 15) *eanling* = das eben geworfene Lamm, von *to ean* = werfen; daher bald nachher *eaning time* = die Zeit des Werfens. 16) *pyld* in den Qs.; *pil'd* in der Fol. — Das folgende *me* ist pleonastischer Dativ. 17) Als sie das Werk der Natur oder des Geschlechts vollzogen, als sie sich paarten. — So in Drayton's Moon-calf: *nothing doth so please her mind* || *As to see mares and horses do their kind.* 18) *fulsome* = geil, nach der Deutung von Steevens, unter dessen Citaten jedoch eins vermuthen liesse, dass das Wort synonym mit *full, pregnant,* sein könnte: aus Golding's Ovid's Metamorphoses, wo das lateinische *pleno in ubere* mit *fulsome dugs* übersetzt wird. 19) *to fall* transitiv = fallen lassen, hier = werfen, von den Lämmern. 20) Wurde diese Geschichte von Laban und Jacob in die Bibel eingerückt, um den Wucher zu rechtfertigen? — In demselben Sinne sagt Antonio bald nachher, in Bezug auf eine biblische Stelle (Evang. Matthäi, Cap. 4, V. 6): *The devil can cite etc.* 21) Diesen Zug entlehnte Sh. vielleicht aus Marlowe's Jew of Malta: *I learn'd in Florence, how to kiss my hand,* || *Heave up my shoulders when they call'd me dog.* — Den Schluss der vorhergehenden Rede Shylock's interpungiren die Cambridge Edd. *then, let me see; the rate* — 22) *spet* in Qs. und Fol. Ebenso weiterhin. —

You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit[22] upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears, you need my help:
Go to then; you come to me, and you say,
»Shylock, we would have moneys:« you say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold: moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
»Hath a dog money? Is it possible,
A cur can[23] lend three thousand ducats?« or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this: —
»Fair Sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
I 'll lend you thus much moneys«?
Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; for when did friendship take
A breed of barren metal of his friend?[24]
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who, if he break,[25] thou may'st with better face
Exact the penalty.
Shy. Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my moneys, and you 'll not hear me.
This is kind I offer.
Ant. This were kindness.
Shy. This kindness will I show.
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,[26]
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal[27] pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth[28] me.
Ant. Content, in faith: I 'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.
Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me:
I 'll rather dwell[29] in my necessity.
Ant. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it:
Within these two months, that 's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.
Shy. O father Abram! what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others! — Pray you, tell me this:
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship:
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
And, for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.[30]
Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.
Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's.
Give him direction for this merry bond,[31]
And I will go and purse the ducats straight,
See to my house, left in the fearful guard[32]
Of an unthrifty knave, and presently
I will be with you.
Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew. *[Exit* Shylock.
This Hebrew[33] will turn Christian: he grows kind.
Bass. I like not fair terms,[34] and a villain's mind.
Ant. Come on: in this there can be no dismay;
My ships come home a month before the day. *[Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Belmont. An Apartment in Portia's House.

Enter the Prince of Morocco, *and his Followers;*[1] Portia, Nerissa, *and Others of her Train. Flourish Cornets.*

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd[2] sun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature[3] northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,

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gaberdine erklärt Cotgrave mit *a long coat or cassock of coarse and, for the most part, motley or party-coloured stuff.* — In der vorigen Zeile wäre vielleicht zwischen *cut-throat* und *dog* ein Comma zu setzen. 23) Die Fol. hat *should* für *can.* 24) Da das Metall seiner Natur nach unproductiv, zeugungsunfähig ist, so ist es auch unnatürlich, Zinsen davon, gleichsam als ein Erzeugniss, zu nehmen. — *of barren metal* liest die Fol.; die Qs. *for barren metal.* 25) Wenn er Bankrott macht, seinen Verpflichtungen nicht nachkommen kann. — Für *penalty* der Qs. hat die Fol. *penalties.* 26) *in a merry sport* = zum Spass, ist zu verbinden mit *let the forfeit be nominated etc.* — So in der Ballade von Gernutus: *we will have a merry jeast.* Vgl. Einleitung pag. 311. 27) *an equal pound* = ein Pfund, das der betreffenden Summe entspricht. 28) So die Qs.; die Fol. *it pleaseth.* 29) *to dwell* = beharren, fortdauern. So in Macbeth (A. 3, Sc. 2) *dwell in doubtful joy.* 30) Kränkt mich nicht mit Eurem bösen Verdachte zum Dank für die Freundlichkeit, die ich Euch erweisen möchte. 31) *this merry bond* = diesen Vertrag, den wir zum Spass aufsetzen lassen. Vgl. oben Anm. 26. 32) *fearful* = Besorgniss erregend, unzuverlässig. — Mit *unthrifty knave* = ein Schelm, der es zu nichts bringt, ist Launcelot Gobbo gemeint. 33) So die Fol.; die Qs. *the Hebrew.* — Q. A. fügt *so* vor *kind* ein. 34) *fair terms* erklärt Johnson richtiger mit *kind words, good language,* als Roberts mit *a fair offer.*

1) Die alte Bühnenweisung giebt den Teint und das Costüm des Prinzen und seines Gefolges an: *Enter Morochus a tawny Moor, all in white, and three or four followers accordingly.* 2) *burnished,* sonst von der Politur des Metalls gebraucht, bezeichnet hier den goldnen Glanz der tropischen Sonne. So sagte vor Sh. schon Skelton in seinem Crown of Laurel: *Like as the lark upon a summer's day,* || *When Titan radiant burnisheth his beaames bright,* || *Mounteth on high.* 3) *fairest creature* = ein Geschöpf vom hellsten Teint, ist dem *my complexion etc.* entgegengesetzt: Trotz dieser Verschiedenheit der Hautfarbe ist das Blut des Schwarzen

To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant:[4] by my love, I swear,
The best-regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it too. I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes:[5]
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing;
But, if my father had not scanted me,
And hedg'd me by his wit,[6] to yield myself
His wife who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair,[7]
As any comer I have look'd on yet,
For my affection.

Mor. Even for that I thank you:
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,
To try my fortune. By this scimitar, —
That slew the Sophy,[8] and a Persian prince
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman, —
I would outstare[9] the sternest eyes that look,
Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice,
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his page;[10]
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Por. You must take your chance;
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear before you choose, — if you choose wrong,
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage: therefore be advis'd.[11]

Mor. Nor will not:[12] come, bring me unto my chance.

Por. First, forward to the temple:[13] after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then,
To make me blest,[14] or cursed'st among men!

[Cornets, and exeunt.

SCENE II.

Venice. A Street.

Enter Launcelot Gobbo.[1]

Laun. Certainly, my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew my master. The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, — »Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot,« or »good Gobbo«, or »good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away.« My conscience says, — »No; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo;« or, as aforesaid, »honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels.«[2] Well, the most courageous[3] fiend bids me pack: »Via!« says the fiend; »away!« says the fiend; »for the heavens,[4] rouse up a brave mind,« says the fiend, »and run.« Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me, — »My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,« — or rather an honest woman's son; — for, indeed, my father did something smack,[5] — something grow to, — he had a kind of taste: — well, my conscience says, »Launcelot, budge not.« »Budge,« says the fiend: »budge not,« says my conscience. »Conscience,« say I, »you counsel well;« »fiend,« say I, »you counsel well:«[6] to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who (God bless the mark!) is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation,[7] and, in my conscience, my conscience is but[8] a kind of hard conscience to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel:

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nicht weniger roth als das des Weissen und deutet damit auf einen eben so hohen Grad des Muthes hin. 4) *to fear* = Jemandem Schrecken einflössen. — *aspect* betont Sh. auf der zweiten Sylbe. 5) Portia wird bei der Wahl ihres Gatten nicht ausschliesslich geleitet durch das wählerische Mädchenauge, das auf äusserliche Vorzüge Alles giebt. 6) Wenn mein Vater mich nicht durch seine Weisheit darauf beschränkt und eingeengt hätte, dass ich mich als Dessen Weib hingeben muss, der mich u. s. w. 7) *fair*, in Verbindung mit *for my affection*, doppelsinnig = günstig, und = hell, blond. 8) Der Sophi von Persien wird zweimal in Twelfth-Night erwähnt und in dem Drama Soliman and Perseda in einer Stelle, die Sh. vorgeschwebt zu haben scheint: *Against the Sophy in three pitched fields,* || *Under the conduct of great Soliman,* || *Have I been chief commander of an host* || *And put the flint-heart Persians to the sword.* — Der Säbel des Maroccanerprinzen erschlug den Sophi und einen persischen Fürsten, welcher dem Sultan Soliman drei Schlachtfelder abgewonnen hatte. 9) So Q. A.; Q. B. und die Fol. haben *o'er-stare.* 10) *page* verbessert Theobald das *rage* der Qs. und Fol. — Es ist damit Lichas, der vorerwähnte Diener des Hercules, gemeint, auf dessen unglückliches Schicksal Sh. auch in Antony and Cleopatra (A. 4, Sc. 10) anspielt: *Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon.* 11) *to be advised* = überlegen, überlegsam sein. 12) scil. *nor will I speak to a lady afterward etc.* 13) Im Tempel soll er den eben erwähnten Eid ablegen. 14) Steevens setzt *bless't*, für *blessed'st*, das allerdings neben *cursed'st* stehen sollte.

1) Qs. und Fol. haben *Enter the Clown alone.* — In Q. B. und Fol. nennt er sich selbst im Verlauf seines Monologs *Jobbo* und *Jobbe;* in Q. A., wie er nachher überall heisst, *Gobbo.* 2) *with thy heels* ist mit *scorn*, nicht mit *running* zu verbinden: verschmähe das Weglaufen, als ob Du es mit den Fersen von Dir stiessest. So in Much Ado about Nothing (A. 3, Sc. 4) *O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.* 3) *courageous* erklärt Collier als Ironie von Seiten Launcelot's, der damit die Feigheit des Teufels bezeichnen wolle. Nach Art der Sh.'schen Clowns ist eher anzunehmen, dass Launcelot missverständlich ein Wort für ein ähnlich lautendes, hier etwa für *outrageous*, gebrauche. So sagt einer der Clowns in Midsummer-Night's Dream (A. 4, Sc. 2) *O most courageous day!* 4) *for the heavens* = um des Himmels willen; eine Betheurung, die auch bei Ben Jonson vorkommt. 5) Er hatte einen gewissen Beigeschmack, d. h. von Unehrlichkeit, im Gegensatz zu dem vorhergehenden *honest woman;* etwas Aehnliches, was Launcelot aus Delicatesse auslässt, ist auch hinzuzudenken zu dem synonymen *grow to* und *kind of taste.* 6) Q. A. hat *ill.* 7) Q. A. hat *incarnal.* — Das Wort *incarnate*, das Launcelot im Sinne hat, wird auch sonst bei Sh. spasshaft entstellt; so in Twelfth-Night (A. 5,

I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment; I will run.

Enter Old GOBBO, *with a basket.*

Gob. Master, young man, you; I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. [Aside.] O heavens! this is my true-begotten father, who, being more than sand-blind,[9] high gravel-blind, knows me not: — I will try confusions[10] with him.

Gob. Master, young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly[11] to the Jew's house.

Gob. By God's sonties,[12] 't will be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me, whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no?

Laun. Talk you of young Master Launcelot? — *[Aside.]* Mark me now; now will I raise the waters.[13] — *[To him.]* Talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gob. No master, Sir, but a poor man's son: his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man; and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what 'a will, we talk of young Master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, Sir.[14]

Laun. But I pray you, *ergo*,[15] old man, *ergo*, I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gob. Of Launcelot, an 't please your mastership.

Laun. *Ergo*, Master Launcelot. Talk not of Master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to Fates and Destinies, and such odd sayings,[16] the Sisters Three, and such branches of learning) is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say, in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post, a staff, or a prop?[17] — Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day! I know you not, young gentleman; but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy (God rest his soul!) alive, or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, Sir, I am sand-blind; I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son. *[Kneels.]* Give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long, a man's son may,[18] but in the end truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, Sir, stand up. I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let 's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing: I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.[19]

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that; but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man, and, I am sure, Margery, your wife, is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed: I 'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipp'd might he be! what a beard hast thou got: thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin my phill-horse[20] has on his tail.

Laun. It should seem then that Dobbin's tail grows backward:[21] I am sure he had more hair of his tail, than I have of my face, when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord! how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How 'gree you now?

Laun. Well, well; but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground.[22] My master 's a very Jew: give him a present! give him a halter: I am famish'd in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come: give me your present to one Master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries.[23] If I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground. — O rare fortune! here comes the man: — to him, father; for I am a Jew,[24] if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter BASSANIO, *with* LEONARDO, *and other Followers.*[25]

Bass. You may do so; — but let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See

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Sc. 1) *he 's the very devil incardinate*, und in K. Henry V. (A. 2, Sc. 3) *'a could never abide carnation.* 8) *but* fehlt in der Fol. 9) Von *sand-blind = having an imperfect sight as if there was sand in the eye*, bildet Launcelot scherzhaft die Steigerung *gravel-blind*, und fügt noch das superlativische *high* davor ein. 10) Q. A. hat *conclusions*, welches Launcelot eigentlich sagen will, aber nach Art der Sh.'schen Clowns in *confusions* entstellt, wie Q. B. und Fol. lesen. — *to try conclusions* = Experimente anstellen. 11) Er will *directly* sagen. — Zu Anfang dieser Rede hat die Fol. *turn upon* für *turn up on* der Qs. 12) *sonties* entstellt aus *sanctities*. 13) *to raise the waters* = die Wasser in die Höhe bringen, dann = losfahren, sich ergiessen. 14) *Sir* fehlt in der Fol. 15) Die lateinische Folgerungspartikel *ergo* gebraucht Sh. häufig bei komischen Syllogismen und Raisonnements. — Einige neuere Hgg. streichen das Fragezeichen am Ende des Satzes, weil dasselbe zufällig in Qs. und Fol. ausgelassen ist. 16) *such odd sayings* = solche seltsame Redensarten, bezieht sich auf *Fates and Destinies*, und wird dann näher exemplificirt in *the Sisters Three*, wie die Parzen auch in Midsummer-Night's Dream (A. 5, Sc. 1) heissen: *O Sisters Three,* || *Come, come to me.* 17) Launcelot fasst *staff* und *prop* im eigentlichen Sinne, nicht im figürlichen, wie sein Vater, und richtet die Frage vielleicht an das Publicum. — Dyce vermuthet, dass Sh. das Folgende geschrieben habe: *Do you not know me, father?* wie nachher bei Wiederholung der Frage. 18) Es kann lange verborgen bleiben, wessen Sohn Einer ist, aber am Ende kommt die Wahrheit doch an den Tag. 19) Launcelot als Clown macht zwischen *boy, son* und *child* einen Unterschied, der in der Wirklichkeit nicht besteht. 20) *phill-horse*, eigentlich *thill-horse*, = Deichselpferd. — *phill* wird für *thill* in den mittleren Grafschaften Englands gesagt. 21) Unter *to grow backward* versteht Launcelot = im Wachsthum zurückgehen, abnehmen. 22) Wortspiele mit *to set up one's rest* = Alles an Etwas setzen, und *rest* = Ruhe, ruhen, hat Sh. auch sonst. So in Romeo and Juliet (A. 4, Sc. 5) *The county Paris hath set up his rest,* || *That you shall rest but little.* — Eben so doppelsinnig steht *ground.* 23) Zur Equipirung der glänzenden Dienerschaft, mit welcher Bassanio in Belmont bei der Portia auftreten will. 24) Diese Verwünschungsphrase hat Sh. auch in

these letters delivered: put the liveries to making, and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging.

[Exit a Servant.

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship!

Bass. Gramercy. Wouldst thou aught with me?

Gob. Here 's my son, Sir, a poor boy, —

Laun. Not a poor boy, Sir, but the rich Jew's man, that would, Sir, — as my father shall specify, —

Gob. He hath a great infection,[26] Sir, as one would say, to serve —

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire, — as my father shall specify, —

Gob. His master and he (saving your worship's reverence) are scarce cater-cousins,[27] —

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew, having done me wrong, doth cause me, — as my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall frutify[28] unto you, —

Gob. I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is, —

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your lordship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both. — What would you?

Laun. Serve you, Sir.

Gob. That is the very defect of the matter, Sir.

Bass. I know thee well: thou hast obtain'd thy suit.
Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee; if it be preferment,
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, Sir: you have the grace of God, Sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well. — Go, father, with thy son. —
Take leave of thy old master, and inquire
My lodging out. — *[To his Followers.]* Give him a livery
More guarded[29] than his fellows': see it done.

Laun. Father, in. — I cannot get a service, — no; I have ne'er a tongue in my head.[30] — Well; *[looking on his palm]* if any man in Italy have a fairer table,[31] which doth offer to swear upon a book, — I shall have good fortune. — Go to; here 's a simple[32] line of life! here 's a small trifle of wives: alas! fifteen wives is nothing: eleven widows, and nine maids, is a simple coming-in for one man; and then, to 'scape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed:[33] — here are simple 'scapes! Well, if Fortune be a woman, she 's a good wench for this gear. — Father, come; I 'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.[34]

[Exeunt Launcelot *and Old* Gobbo.

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this.
These things being bought, and orderly bestow'd,
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night
My best-esteem'd acquaintance: hie thee; go.

Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where is your master?

Leon. Yonder, Sir, he walks. *[Exit.*

Gra. Signior Bassanio!

Bass. Gratiano!

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bass. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. You must not deny me. I must go with you to Belmont.

Bass. Why, then you must; but hear thee, Gratiano.
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice; —
Parts, that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why, there they show
Something too liberal.[35] Pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit, lest, through thy wild behaviour,
I be misconstrued[36] in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely,
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat,[37] and sigh, and say amen,

Much Ado about Nothing (A. 2, Sc. 3) *if I do not love her, I am a Jew.* 25) Qs. und Fol. haben *Enter Bassanio with a follower or two.* 26) *infection* missverständlich für *affection* sagt auch die Quickly in Merry Wives of Windsor (A. 2, Sc. 2) *her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page.* 27) *cater-cousin* = Vetter im vierten Grade, weitläuftiger Verwandter; von Andern mit: Tischvetter, Speisegenoss, erklärt. — Gobbo gebraucht das Wort auf gut Glück, ohne es zu verstehen, und will nur sagen, dass der Jude und Launcelot sich schlecht mit einander vertragen. 28) Launcelot sagt *frutify* für *notify*, *impertinent* für *pertinent*, wie Gobbo *defect* für *effect* sagt. 29) *more guarded* = mit reicherem Besatze versehen. — Das Sprichwort, auf das sich Launcelot's vorhergehende Rede bezieht, ist: *The grace of God is better than riches.* 30) Die Negation ist hier ironisch gemeint als verstärkte Affirmation. 31) *table* ist die ausgebreitete innere Fläche der Hand, aus deren Linien die Chiromantie Heil oder Unheil prophezeit. Launcelot hält in dieser Beziehung seine Hand für so glücklich und so zuverlässig, wie nur irgend eine, die ausgestreckt wird, um vor Gericht auf die Bibel einen Eid abzulegen. Das folgende *which* bezieht Malone auf *any man*, und Tyrwhitt setzt den Gedankenstrich, der den Ausfall des Nachsatzes andeutet, nicht hinter *book*, sondern hinter *I shall have good fortune*, das er also mit *swear upon a book* verbindet. Dieselbe Interpunction ist in Qs. und Fol. 32) *simple* gebraucht Launcelot hier und im Folgenden ironisch für das Gegentheil = sehr bedeutend. — In der zweitfolgenden Zeile haben manche Hgg. das volksmässige *aleven* oder *a'leven* für *eleven*. — Q. B. und die Fol. haben nämlich *a leven;* Q. A. jedoch *eleven.* 33) d. h. in Gefahr gerathen, sich verheirathen zu müssen. 34) *of an eye* fehlt in Q. B. und Fol. — Zu *for this gear* vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1, Anm. 26. 35) *liberal* = ausgelassen, dreist: wo Du nicht bekannt bist, da nehmen sich diese Deine Eigenschaften etwas zu dreist aus. — Die Fol. hat *but where they are not known.* 36) *misconsterd* und *misconstred* in Fol. und Qs. — Sh. kennt beide Schreibweisen *to misconster* und *to misconstrue.* 37) Malone erinnert an die Sitte der Sh.'schen Zeit, bei Tisch den Hut auf dem Kopfe zu behalten. Hier verspricht Gratiano jedoch nur, dass er den Hut sich vor die Augen halten wolle, während das Tischgebet gesprochen wird.

Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent[38]
To please his grandam, never trust me more.
Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.[39]
Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night; you shall not gage me
By what we do to-night.
Bass. No, that were pity.
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment. But fare you well:
I have some business.
Gra. And I must to Lorenzo, and the rest;
But we will visit you at supper-time. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Same. A Room in Shylock's House.

Enter Jessica *and* Launcelot.

Jes. I am sorry, thou wilt leave my father so:[1]
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,[2]
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee:
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest;
Give him this letter; do it secretly;
And so farewell: I would not have my father
See me in talk[3] with thee.
Laun. Adieu! — tears exhibit[4] my tongue. — Most beautiful pagan, — most sweet Jew! If a Christian did[5] not play the knave, and get thee, I am much deceived. But, adieu! these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit: adieu!
Jes. Farewell, good Launcelot. — *[Exit* Launcelot.
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,
To be asham'd to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo!
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,[6]
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. *[Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The Same. A Street.

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salarino, *and* Solanio.

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time,
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.
Gra. We have not made good preparation.
Salar. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.[1]
Solan. 'T is vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd,[2]
And better, in my mind, not undertook.
Lor. 'T is now but four o'clock: we have two hours
To furnish us. —

Enter Launcelot, *with a letter.*

Friend Launcelot, what 's the news?
Laun. An it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signify. *[Giving a letter.*
Lor. I know the hand: in faith, 't is a fair hand;
And whiter than the paper it writ on,
Is the fair hand that writ.
Gra. Love-news, in faith.
Laun. By your leave, Sir.
Lor. Whither goest thou?
Laun. Marry, Sir, to bid my old master, the Jew, to sup to-night with my new master, the Christian.
Lor. Hold here, take this. — Tell gentle Jessica,
I will not fail her: — speak it privately; go.[3] —
[Exit Launcelot.
Gentlemen,
Will you prepare you[4] for this masque to-night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer.
Salar. Ay, marry, I 'll be gone about it straight.
Solan. And so will I.
Lor. Meet me, and Gratiano,
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.
Salar. 'T is good we do so.
[Exeunt Salarino *and* Solanio.
Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?
Lor. I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed,
How I shall take her from her father's house;
What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with;
What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake;
And never dare misfortune[5] cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithless Jew. —
Come, go with me: peruse this, as thou goest.
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Same. Before Shylock's House.

Enter Shylock *and* Launcelot.[1]

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio: —
What, Jessica! — thou shalt not gormandize,
As thou hast done with me; — what, Jessica! —

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38) *sad ostent* = ernste Aussenseite, äussere Darlegung von Ernst. 39) *bearing* = Haltung, Benehmen, von *to bear one's self* = sich halten, sich benehmen.

1) *so* bezieht sich auf Launcelot's Worte, in denen er der Jessica seine Absicht mitgetheilt, in Bassanio's Dienste zu treten. 2) Wie der Jessica das Haus ihres Vaters als eine Hölle erschien, so war Launcelot darin ein Teufel, der den Lustigmacher spielte, wie auf dem altenglischen Theater beide Rollen häufig vereinigt waren. 3) *in talk* in den Qs., die Fol. hat nur *talk*. 4) Launcelot will *inhibit* sagen: ich kann vor Thränen nicht sprechen. 5) *did* ist die Lesart der zweiten Folioausg. von 1632, der die älteren Hgg. folgten, indem sie *to get* = zeugen, fassten. Steevens und Malone lesen mit den Qs. und der Fol. *do* für *did* und beziehen den Satz also auf Lorenzo. 6) *strife* bezeichnet die streitenden Gefühle der Jessica zwischen ihrer Kindespflicht und ihrer Liebe.

1) Sie haben sich noch keine Fackelträger bestellt, wie solche als gewöhnliche Begleiter von Maskenzügen auch anderswo erwähnt werden; so in Romeo and Juliet (A. 1, Sc. 4). — *spoke* steht für *bespoke*. 2) Wenn die beabsichtigte Maskerade nicht geschickt und sinnreich angeordnet wird, so macht sie sich schlecht und wird, nach meiner Ansicht, lieber nicht unternommen. 3) Qs. und Fol. verbinden *go* mit dem Folgenden. 4) *you* fehlt in Q. A. 5) *misfortune* wird, wie sonst *fortune*, hier weiblich personificirt gefasst, daher *unless she do it.*

And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out. —
Why, Jessica, I say!
Laun. Why, Jessica!
Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.
Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me, I could[2] do nothing without bidding.

Enter JESSICA.

Jes. Call you? What is your will?
Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica:
There are my keys. — But wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I 'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian. — Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house. — I am right loath to go:
There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.
Laun. I beseech you, Sir, go: my young master doth expect your reproach.
Shy. So do I his.[3]
Laun. And they have conspired together: — I will not say, you shall see a masque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on Black-Monday[4] last, at six o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year in the afternoon.
Shy. What! are there masques? — Hear you[5] me, Jessica:
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,[6]
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street
To gaze on christian fools with varnish'd faces,
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements:
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house. — By Jacob's staff, I swear,
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night;
But I will go. — Go you before me, sirrah:
Say, I will come.
Laun. I will go before, Sir. — Mistress, look out at window, for all this;
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye.[7] *[Exit.*
Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring? ha!
Jes. His words were, »Farewell, mistress;« nothing else.
Shy. The patch[8] is kind enough, but a huge feeder,
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild-cat:[9] drones hive not with me;
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse. — Well, Jessica, go in:
Perhaps I will return immediately.
Do, as I bid you; shut doors after you:
Fast bind, fast find;[10]
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. *[Exit.*
Jes. Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. *[Exit.*

SCENE VI.

The Same.

Enter GRATIANO *and* SALARINO, *masqued.*

Gra. This is the penthouse, under which Lorenzo
Desir'd us to make stand.[1]
Salar. His hour is almost past.
Gra. And it is marvel he outdwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.
Salar. O! ten times faster Venus' pigeons[2] fly
To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!
Gra. That ever holds:[3] who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How like a younker,[4] or a prodigal,

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1) Die Bühnenweisung der Q. B. und Fol. lautet *Enter Jew and his man that was the Clown. — that was* bezieht sich auf *his man,* = sein ehemaliger Diener. 2) So Q. B. und Fol., welche die Rede in Verse abtheilen. — Q. A. hat *that I could* und druckt es als Prosa. 3) Launcelot will *approach* sagen, Shylock fasst *reproach* = Schmach, Beschimpfung. 4) *Black-Monday* = Ostermontag. Der Name wird so erklärt in Stowe's History of England: *Black-Monday is Easter-Monday and was so called on this occasion: in the 34th of Edward III. (1360) the 14th of April and the morrow after Easter-day, King Edward with his host lay before the city of Paris: which day was full dark with mist and hail, and so bitter cold that many men died on their horses' backs with the cold. Wherefore, unto this day, it hath been called the Black-Monday.* 5) Q. A. lässt *you* aus. 6) Die alte englische Pfeife oder kleine Flöte hatte ein Mundstück in Gestalt eines Vogelschnabels, wie Knight bemerkt. — Wie Boswell annimmt, ist jedoch unter *fife* hier nicht das Instrument, sondern der Bläser, der beim Spiel den Hals dreht, gemeint. Boswell citirt dazu aus Barnaby Rich's Aphorismes (1618) *A fife is a wry-neckt musician, for he always looks away from his instrument.* — Für *squeaking* der Q. A. haben Q. B. und die Fol. *squealing.* 7) Indem Launcelot *Jewess'* für *Jew's* sagt, in Beziehung auf die Jessica, modificirt er das sprichwörtliche *it is worth a Jew's eye* = es ist eine grosse Summe Geldes werth, eine solche Summe, mit der in den Zeiten der Judenverfolgung ein reicher Jude sich von dem Verlust eines Auges loskaufen konnte. — Da Qs. und Fol. *Jewes* haben, so setzten die ältern Hgg. unmetrisch *Jew's.* 8) *patch* = Narr, von der bunten Tracht des Narren, dann eine allgemein verächtliche Bezeichnung = Lump, wie in Midsummer-Night's Dream (A. 3, Sc. 2) *A crew of patches, rude mechanicals.* 9) So in Othello (A. 2, Sc. 1) *Bells in your parlours, wild-cats in your kitchens.* 10) Dyce erklärt und belegt diesen sprichwörtlichen Reim mit einem Citat aus Cotgrave's Dictionary: *Bon guet chasse malaventure: Pro. Good watch prevents misfortune; fast bind, fast find, say we.*

1) So die Qs.; die Fol. hat *desired us to make a stand.* 2) Unter *Venus' pigeons* versteht Boswell die Tauben, die den Wagen der Liebesgöttin ziehen. So in Tempest (A. 4, Sc. 1) *I met her deity || Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and her son || Dove-drawn with her.* — In der folgenden Zeile hat die Fol. *steal* für *seal* der Qs. 3) Das bewährt sich immer. 4) *younker* verbessert Rowe das *younger* der Qs. und Fol. — *younker* = ein reicher, leicht zu prellender, junger Mann, steht hier synonym mit *prodigal* = der verlorne Sohn im Evan-

The scarfed[5] bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like the prodigal[6] doth she return,
With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

Enter Lorenzo.

Salar. Here comes Lorenzo: — more of this hereafter.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;
Not I, but my affairs have made you wait:
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I 'll watch as long for you then. — Approach;
Here dwells my father Jew. — Ho! who 's within!

Enter Jessica *above, in boy's clothes.*

Jes. Who are you? Tell me for more certainty,
Albeit I 'll swear that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jes. Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed,
For who love I so much? And now who knows,
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heaven, and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.

Jes. Here, catch this casket: it is worth the pains.
I am glad 't is night, you do not look on me,
For I am much asham'd of my exchange;[7]
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

Jes. What! must I hold a candle[8] to my shames?
They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.[9]
Why, 't is an office of discovery, love,
And I should be obscur'd.

Lor. So are you,[10] sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once;
For the close night doth play the runaway,[11]
And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.

Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.
[Exit from above.

Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentile,[12] and no Jew.

Lor. Beshrew me, but I love her heartily;[13]
For she is wise, if I can judge of her,
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true,
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter Jessica.

What, art thou come? — On, gentlemen; away!
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.
[Exit with Jessica *and* Salarino.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Who 's there?

Gra. Signior Antonio?

Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the rest?
'T is nine o'clock; our friends all stay for you.
No masque to-night: the wind is come about;
Bassanio presently will go aboard:[14]
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

Gra. I am glad on 't: I desire no more delight,
Than to be under sail and gone to-night. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Belmont. An Apartment in Portia's House.

Enter Portia, *with the Prince of* Morocco, *and both their Trains.*

Por. Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince. —
Now make your choice.

Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription bears:
»Who chooseth me, shall gain what many[1] men desire.«
The second, silver, which this promise carries:
»Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.«
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt:[2]
»Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.«
How shall I know if I do choose the right?

Por. The one of them contains my picture, prince:
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.[3]

Mor. Some god direct my judgment! Let me see.
I will survey the inscriptions back again:
What says this leaden casket?
»Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.«
Must give — for what? for lead? hazard for lead?
This casket threatens. Men that hazard all,
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;[4]
I 'll then nor give, nor hazard, aught for lead.
What says the silver, with her virgin hue?
»Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.«
As much as he deserves? — Pause there, Morocco,

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gelium. So in K. Henry IV. First Part (A. 3, Sc. 3) *I 'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me?* 5) *scarfed* = bewimpelt. 6) *the prodigal* in den Qs. spielt deutlicher auf die Geschichte vom verlornen Sohne an, an welche Sh. hier wie an vielen andern Stellen gedacht hat, als das *a prodigal* der Fol. — In der folgenden Zeile hat die Fol. *over-wither'd.* 7) *my exchange* = mein Wechsel der Kleidung, meine Verkleidung in einen Knaben. 8) Eine sprichwörtliche Redensart, die Jessica hier im eigentlichen Wortsinne versteht. 9) *light* doppelsinnig, wie oft bei Sh., = hell, und = leicht, leichtfertig. 10) *so you are* in der Fol. 11) Die Nacht, deren Stille uns schützen soll, spielt den Wegläufer, stiehlt sich heimlich davon. 12) So Q. A.; Q. B. und die Fol. *gentle.* Sh. beabsichtigte wohl ein Wortspiel zwischen beiden Worten. — *by my hood* schwört Gratiano, als ob er Mönch mit der Capuze wäre, bei dem Domino, in den er maskirt ist. 13) scil. *God beshrew me:* Gott strafe mich, wenn ich sie nicht von Herzen liebe. 14) Q. A. lässt die folgende Zeile aus und theilt die beiden letzten Verse dieser Scene irrig dem Antonio zu.

1) *many* ist zufällig in der Fol. ausgefallen; es steht auch in der Fol. bei der späteren Wiederholung des Spruches. 2) scil. *as blunt as lead.* 3) Wenn Ihr mein Bild wählt, so bin ich mit dem Bilde die Eurige. Für *withal*, wie Qs. und Fol. haben, setzen viele Hgg. *with all.* 4) Ein goldner Geist, der mit dem Höchsten, Kostbarsten vertraut ist, lässt sich nicht herab, wenn niederes Metall oder Schlacken sich ihm darbieten, wie in diesem bleiernen Kästchen. 5) *even hand* = unparteiische, gerechte Hand. So *even-handed justice* in Macbeth

And weigh thy value with an even hand.[5]
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady;
And yet to be afeard of my deserving,[6]
Were but a weak disabling of myself.
As much as I deserve! — Why, that 's the lady:
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding;[7]
But more than these in love I do deserve.
What if I stray'd no further, but chose here? —
Let 's see once more this saying grav'd in gold:
»Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.«
Why, that 's the lady: all the world desires her;
From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiss this shrine, this mortal-breathing[8] saint.
The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia, are as throughfares now,
For princes to come view fair Portia:
The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits,[9] but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
Is 't like, that lead contains her? 'T were damnation,
To think so base a thought: it were too gross
To rib[10] her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
Or shall I think in silver she 's immur'd,
Being ten times undervalued to tried gold?[11]
O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
A coin, that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold,[12] but that 's insculp'd upon;
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within. — Deliver me the key:
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!
Por. There, take it, prince; and if my form lie there,
Then I am yours. *[He unlocks the golden casket.*
Mor. O hell! what have we here?
A carrion death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll. I 'll read the writing.
[Reads.] »All that glisters is not gold;
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath sold,
But my outside to behold:
Gilded tombs[13] do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd:[14]
Fare you well; your suit is cold.«
Cold, indeed, and labour lost:
Then, farewell, heat; and, welcome, frost. —
Portia, adieu. I have too griev'd a heart,
To take a tedious leave: thus[15] losers part. *[Exit.*
Por. A gentle riddance. — Draw the curtains:[16] go.
Let all of his complexion choose me so. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Venice. A Street.

Enter Salarino *and* Solanio.

Salar. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail:
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship, I 'm sure, Lorenzo is not.
Solan. The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the duke,
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.
Salar. He came[1] too late, the ship was under sail:
But there the duke was given to understand,
That in a gondola[2] were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica.
Besides, Antonio certified the duke,
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.
Solan. I never heard a passion so confus'd,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
»My daughter! — O my ducats! — O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian! — O my christian ducats!
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stol'n from me by my daughter!
And jewels! two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stol'n by my daughter! — Justice! find the girl!
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!«
Salar. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying, his stones,[3] his daughter, and his ducats.

(A. 1, Sc. 7). 6) Besorgnisse hegen in Betreff dessen, was ich verdiene oder werth bin, wäre eine schwächliche Herabwürdigung oder Schändung meiner selbst. 7) *birth* ist dem *fortunes* = Glücksgüter, so gegenübergestellt, wie *graces* = angeborne Gaben und Vorzüge körperlicher oder geistiger Art, dem *qualities of breeding* = Eigenschaften, die man der Erziehung verdankt. 8) *mortal-breathing saint* = ein Heiligenbild, das lebt und athmet, wie eine Sterbliche. — Sh. denkt an das Heiligenbild eines Wallfahrtsortes. 9) *foreign spirits* = muthige, beherzte Leute aus der Fremde. So in K. John (A. 2, Sc. 1) *a braver choice of dauntless spirits,* || *Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,* || *Did never float upon the swelling tide.* 10) *to rib* = einschliessen, wie mit Rippen: das Blei wäre zu gemein, um dem Leichentuche der Portia im dunkeln Grabe zur Einfassung zu dienen; ein bleierner Sarg wäre zu schlecht für sie. 11) Das Silber, das von zehnfach geringerem Werthe ist, als geläutertes Gold. 12) Die englische Goldmünze, zehn Schillinge an Werth, mit dem Bilde eines Engels darauf und deshalb *angel* genannt, erwähnt Sh. auch sonst. Dieser Münze ist das Bild eines Engels nur aufgeprägt, während in dem goldenen Kästchen der Portia muthmasslich ein solches Engelsbild, das Bild der Portia, im Innern verborgen liegt. 13) *tombs* ist Johnson's Emendation für *timber* in Qs. und Fol.: Wie ein vergoldetes Grab trotz dieses äussern Glanzes doch Würmer in sich birgt, so birgt dieses goldene Kästchen einen Todtenkopf. 14) So würde die Antwort für Euch nicht folgendermassen verzeichnet sein: Lebt wohl, Eure Werbung ist fruchtlos. — *cold* fasst der Prinz dann im eigentlichen Sinne: abgekühlt von der heissen Liebe zur Portia. 15) *thus:* so wie ich, ohne weitschweifige Abschiedsreden. 16) *to draw the curtain* ist je nach dem Context = den Vorhang vorziehen, und = den Vorhang wegziehen.

1) *he comes* in der Fol. 2) *gondola*, ein Fahrzeug, dessen man sich in den Canälen Venedigs bedient, wird unterschieden von *ship*, dem Fahrzeug, das den Bassanio nach Belmont bringen sollte. Als speciell venetianisch kommt das Wort auch in As you like it (A. 4, Sc. 1) vor: *I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola.* 3) Sh. dachte wahrscheinlich an den Doppelsinn von *stones* = Steine, und = Testikel, den er auch sonst

Solan. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.
Salar. Marry, well remember'd.
I reason'd[4] with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me, in the narrow seas[5] that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country, richly fraught.
I thought upon Antonio when he told me,
And wish'd in silence that it were not his.
Solan. You were best to tell Antonio what you hear;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.
Salar. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part.
Bassanio told him, he would make some speed
Of his return: he answer'd — »Do not so;
Slubber[6] not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time;
And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love.[7]
Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there.«
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,[8]
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they parted.
Solan. I think, he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go, and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heaviness[9]
With some delight or other.
Salar. Do we so. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Belmont. An Apartment in Portia's House.

Enter Nerissa, *with a Servitor.*

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain[1] straight.
The prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,[2]
And comes to his election presently.

Enter the Prince of Arragon, Portia, *and their Trains. Flourish cornets.*

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince.
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd;
But if you fail, without more speech,[3] my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.
Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 't was I chose: next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage:
Lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.
Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear,
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.
Ar. And so have I address'd me.[4] Fortune now
To my heart's hope![5] — Gold, silver, and base lead.
»Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath:«
You shall look fairer, ere I give, or hazard.[6]
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see: —
»Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.«
What many men desire: — that many may be meant
By the fool multitude,[7] that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach,
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,[8]
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits,[9]
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:
»Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.«
And well said too; for who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable,
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O! that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly![10] and that clear honour

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als Wortspiel benutzt. Eben deshalb spricht er vorher von *two stones etc.* 4) *to reason* = hin und her reden, eine Wechselrede führen. 5) So wird die Meerenge von Calais wiederholt in Sh.'s historischen Dramen bezeichnet. 6) *to slubber* = eine Sache unordentlich oder ungründlich betreiben, sie dadurch entstellen oder verwischen. — Q. B. liest *slumber.* 7) *your mind of love* erklärt Steevens richtig mit *your loving mind:* Euer Geist, der ganz mit der Liebe zur Portia erfüllt sein soll, darf sich durch den Schuldschein des Juden nicht stören lassen. — Sinnreich ist Staunton's Vermuthung: *bond of love* im Sh.'schen Gegensatz zu *the Jew's bond.* — Derselbe Ausdruck findet sich in Twelfth-Night (A. 5, Sc. 1) und in Winter's Tale (A. 4, Sc. 3). 8) Er reichte dem Bassanio noch zum Abschied die Hand, mit abgewandtem Gesicht, um die Thränen in seinem Auge zu verbergen. 9) Die Schwermuth, der er sich hingegeben, an die er sich angeklammert hat. So später in A. 3, Sc. 2 *rash-embrac'd despair.*

1) Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 7, Anm. 16. 2) Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 1, Anm. 13. 3) So müsst Ihr sogleich fort, ohne weiter ein Wort zu verlieren. — Die Fol. hat *if thou fail.* 4) Darauf, d. h. auf die Erfüllung dieser Bedingungen, habe ich mich gerüstet, mich gefasst gemacht. Steevens erklärt: *I have prepared myself by the same ceremonies.* 5) Möge mir ein Glück beschieden sein, wie mein Herz es hofft. — Tyrwhitt schlug vor: *And so have I. Address me, Fortune, now || To my heart's hope.* 6) Das bleierne Kästchen müsste lockender aussehen, als es thut, wenn der Prinz dafür Etwas hergeben oder auf's Spiel setzen sollte. 7) Unter diesen Vielen mag die thörichte Menge verstanden, gemeint sein. — Diese Construction von *to mean by* belegt Malone mit Citaten aus zeitgenössischen Schriftstellern; so in Holinshed: *that meant he by the lords of the queen's kindred that were taken before,* und: *this meant he by Catesby.* 8) Ausführlicher noch wird der Nestbau der Mauerschwalbe geschildert in Macbeth (A. 1, Sc. 6). — Der Vogel baut sein Nest an der äussern Mauer, eben da, wo jeder Zufall des Wetters seine Gewalt ausübt und seine freie Bahn hat. So unsicher ist auch das Urtheil des Auges, das an der Oberfläche haftet und nicht bis in's Innere späht. 9) Ich will nicht mit Leuten gemeinen Schlages oder gewöhnlicher Art übereinstimmen. — Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 7, Anm. 9. 10) O, liesse es sich doch bewirken, dass Besitz, Rang und Amt niemals unrechtmässig erworben würde, niemals auf Unrechtmässigkeit im Erwerb zurückgeführt werden

Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover, that stand bare; [11]
How many be commanded, that command;
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honour; and how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new-varnish'd! [12] Well, but to my choice:
»Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.«
I will assume desert. [13] — Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.
[He opens the silver casket.
Por. Too long a pause for that which you find there.
Ar. What 's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule! I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia!
How much unlike my hopes, and my deservings!
»Who chooseth me, shall have [14] as much as he deserves.«
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?
Por. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices, [15]
And of opposed natures.
Ar. What is here?
[Reads.] »The fire seven times tried this: [16]
Seven times tried that judgment is
That did never choose amiss.
Some there be that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss.
There be fools alive, I wis, [17]
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head;
So be gone: you are sped.« [18]
Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here:
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two. —
Sweet, adieu. I 'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth. [19]
[Exeunt Arragon *and Train.*
Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.
O, these deliberate fools! when they do choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.
Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy: —
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.
Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.
Enter a Messenger.
Mess. Where is my lady?
Por. Here; what would my lord? [20]
Mess. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify the approaching of his lord,
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets; [21]
To wit, (besides commends, and courteous breath)
Gifts of rich value; yet I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love.
A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.
Por. No more, I pray thee: I am half afeard
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee.
Thou spend'st such high-day wit [22] in praising him. —
Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post, that comes so mannerly.
Ner. Bassanio, Lord Love, if thy will it be! *[Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Venice. A Street.

Enter Solanio *and* Salarino.

Solan. Now, what news on the Rialto?
Salar. Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd, that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrack'd on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, [1] I think they call the place: a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word.
Solan. I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as ever knapped ginger, [2] or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true, without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain highway of talk, that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio, — O, that I had a title good enough to keep his name company! —
Salar. Come, the full stop.
Solan. Ha! — what say'st thou? — Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.

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könnte! 11) Wie Viele würden dann als Herren den Hut aufbehalten, die ihn jetzt als Diener abnehmen müssen! — Das umgekehrte Verhältniss drückt der folgende Vers aus. — Zwei Zeilen weiter hat die Fol. *pleasantry* für *peasantry* der Qs. 12) Das Gleichniss ist nicht ganz durchgeführt, da *low peasantry* noch ausserhalb desselben steht, und da ferner an das erste Bild vom reinen Samen, vom Weizen und von der Spreu, sich gleich das zweite von den Trümmern der Zeit schliesst, auf welches letztere allein sich *to be new-varnished* beziehen lässt. 13) Der Prinz will das Verdienst für sich in Anspruch nehmen und wählt demnach das silberne Kästchen, das dem Verdienste seinen Lohn verheisst. 14) An den übrigen Stellen, wo dieser Spruch angeführt wird, steht *get* für *have.* 15) Der vor Gericht gestellte Verbrecher kann nicht zugleich der Richter sein; so darf der Prinz, der sich über das ihm widerfahrene Unrecht beklagt, nicht in eigner Sache richten. 16) scil. *this silver.* 17) *I wis*, eigentlich = ich weiss, auch sonst als Betheurung gebraucht = fürwahr: es giebt gewiss Narren, die mit Silber bedeckt, geschmückt sind. 18) Ihr seid beseitigt; mit Euch ist's vorbei. — Vor *you are sped* fügen manche Hgg. mit der zweiten Folioausg. *Sir* ein. 19) Qs. und Fol. schreiben *wroath*, Dyce *roth*, andere Hgg. *wrath.* Der Sinn ist = Verdruss, Aerger. 20) Mit *my lord* erwiedert Portia scherzhaft die Anrede des Dieners an sie, *my lady.* So in Love's Labour's Lost (A. 5, Sc. 2) Dumaine. *Fair lady,* — Maria. *Say you so? Fair lord,* — *take that for your fair lady.* 21) *sensible regreets* = sinnvolle Begrüssungen, sinnige Geschenke zur Begrüssung. So in Webster's Appius and Virginia: *One was before me with regreets from him.* 22) *high-day wit* = solches Ingenium, wie man es sich nur an Festtagen zulegt. So in As you like it (A. 4, Sc. 1) *I am in a holiday humour.*

1) Diese an der Mündung der Themse gelegenen Untiefen werden auch in K. John (A. 5, Sc. 3) erwähnt: *the great supply,* || *That was expected by the Dauphin here,* || *Are wrack'd three nights ago on Goodwin Sands.* 2) Wie die Fama als schwatzhafte Gevatterin gefasst wird, so wird sie als solche weiter charakterisirt an der Liebhaberei, bei ihrem Gevatterschwatz Ingwer zu knuppern (*to knap* = zerbeissen, in kleine Stücke beissen).

Salar. I would it might prove the end of his losses.

Solan. Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer; for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

Enter Shylock.

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Salar. That 's certain: I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

Solan. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledg'd; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damned[3] for it.

Salar. That 's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Solan. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?[4]

Shy. I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.[5]

Salar. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and rhenish. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal,[6] who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; — a beggar, that used to come so smug upon the mart. — Let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer; — let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a christian courtesy; — let him look to his bond.

Salar. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: what 's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million,[7] laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what 's his reason?[8] I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by christian example? why, revenge. The villany you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.[9]

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

Salar. We have been up and down to seek him.

Solan. Here comes another of the tribe: a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[Exeunt Solanio, Salarino, *and Servant.*

Enter Tubal.

Shy. How now, Tubal? what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why, there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort. The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now: — two thousand ducats in that,[10] and other precious, precious jewels. — I would, my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! 'would[11] she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them? — Why, so; — and I know not what 's spent[12] in the search: why, thou — loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief, and no satisfaction, no revenge; nor no ill luck stirring, but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too. Antonio, as I heard in Genoa, —

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. — hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.[13]

Shy. I thank God! I thank God! Is it true? is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wrack.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal. — Good news, good news! ha! ha! — Where? in Genoa?[14]

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me. I shall never see my gold again. Fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it: I 'll plague him; I 'll torture him; I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise;[15] I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

— So in Measure for Measure (A. 4, Sc. 3) *ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead.* 3) Wortspiel zwischen *dam* und *damned.* 4) Solanio versteht *my own flesh* von Shylock's eignem Fleisch und fasst *to rebel* in derb sinnlicher Art, wie in Hamlet (A. 1, Sc. 3) *Youth to itself rebels, though none else near. — at these years* geht auf Shylock's Greisenalter. 5) So Q. A. und die Fol. — Q. B. hat *my flesh and my blood.* 6) Ein Verschwender ist Antonio in Shylock's Augen, nach Johnson's Erklärung, weil er den Bassanio zu seinem eigenen Ruin unterstützt hat; nach der Deutung von Edwards, weil er Geld ohne Zinsen zu nehmen ausgeliehen hat. 7) So Qs. und Fol.: er ist mir in den Weg getreten, wo ich eine halbe Million hätte verdienen können. Malone setzt ohne Grund *of half a million.* 8) *the reason* in der Fol. 9) Es muss schlimm gehen, wenn ich es nicht noch besser mache, nicht noch weiter gehe, als Ihr mich unterwiesen habt. 10) Zweitausend Ducaten steckten in dem Diamanten, den Jessica ihrem Vater entwandt hatte. 11) Q. A. *O! would etc.* 12) Die Fol. *how much is spent.* 13) Das verunglückte Schiff ist dasselbe, das Shylock A. 1, Sc. 3 erwähnte: *he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis.* 14) Qs. und Fol. haben ohne Fragezeichen *here in Genoa.* — Die Verbesserung rührt von Rowe her. 15) Von dem Türkise fabelte man u. A., dass er durch hellere oder dunklere

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that 's true, that 's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer,[16] bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue: go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Belmont. An Apartment in Portia's House.

Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, Nerissa, *and Attendants.*

Por. I pray you, tarry: pause a day or two,
Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company: therefore, forbear awhile.
There 's something tells me (but it is not love),
I would not lose you; and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality.
But lest you should not understand me well,
(And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought[1])
I would detain you here some month or two,
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but then I am forsworn;
So will I never be: so may you miss me;
But if you do, you 'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'erlook'd me,[2] and divided me:
One half of me is yours, the other half yours, —
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,
And so all yours! O! these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights;
And so, though yours, not yours.[3] — Prove it so,
Let fortune go to hell for it, — not I.[4] —
I speak too long; but 't is to peise the time,[5]
To eke it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose;
For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio? then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.[6]

Bass. None, but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love.[7]
There may as well be amity and life[8]
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

Por. Ay, but, I fear, you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do speak anything.

Bass. Promise me life, and I 'll confess the truth.

Por. Well then, confess, and live.

Bass. Confess, and love,
Had been the very sum of my confession.
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

[Curtain drawn from before the caskets.[9]

Por. Away then. I am lock'd in one of them:
If you do love me, you will find me out. —
Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof. —
Let music sound, while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music: that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,
And watery death-bed for him. He may win;
And what is music then? then music is
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch: such it is,
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no less presence,[10] but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice;[11]
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared visages, come forth to view
The issue of the exploit.[12] Go, Hercules!
Live thou, I live: — with much, much more dismay
I view the fight,[13] than thou that mak'st the fray.

A Song, whilst Bassanio *comments on the caskets to himself.*[14]

Tell me, where is fancy[15] *bred,*
Or in the heart, or in the head?

Farbe den Gesundheitszustand des Trägers anzeigte, seinen Besitzer vor Gefahren bewahrte und die Eintracht zwischen Mann und Weib sicherte. — An letztere Eigenschaft dachte Sh. vielleicht an dieser Stelle. 16) Der Amtsdiener, der den Schuldner verhaften und überall hin begleiten sollte, damit Letzterer nicht entwische. — Shylock gebraucht einen solchen zwar erst in vierzehn Tagen, will ihn aber für alle Fälle schon jetzt engagiren.

1) Ein Mädchen darf nur in Gedanken sich äussern, nicht mit der Zunge. 2) *to overlook* = durch den Blick verzaubern. So in Merry Wives of Windsor (A. 5, Sc. 5) *Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd even in thy birth.* 3) Dass die Portia, obgleich in ihrem Herzen dem Bassanio angehörend, ihm doch noch nicht ganz und wirklich eigen geworden ist, schreibt sie der bösen Zeit zu, die ihre pedantischen Modevorschriften und Rücksichten geltend macht. — Das letzte *yours* sowie das *yours* zwei Zeilen vorher wollte Malone, des Verses wegen, zweisylbig lesen. 4) Wenn es darauf hinausläuft, dass ich Euch doch nicht angehören soll, so möge die Fortuna, die es so gefügt hat, deswegen verdammt sein, nicht ich, die ich durch Euren Verlust mich sonst verdammt fühle. 5) *to peise the time* erklärt Steevens mit *to retard it by hanging weights upon it*, Henley wohl richtiger mit *to keep in suspense, to delay. — to peise* = in der Schwebe halten, balanciren, findet sich in K. John (A. 2, Sc. 2) *The world, who of itself is peised well.* 6) Wie Hochverräther, um zu bekennen, auf die Folter gespannt wurden, so schliesst Portia scherzhaft, es müsse auch Bassanio sich eines Hochverraths schuldig gemacht haben, wenn er sich auf der Folter befinde. 7) *to fear* mit dem Accusativ = um Etwas besorgt sein, an Etwas zweifeln. 8) *amity and life* ist zu einem Begriffe zu verbinden: ein Leben in Freundschaft, ein freundschaftliches Bestehen neben einander. 9) Diese Bühnenweisung fügt Dyce hier ein; die andern Hgg. lassen schon zu Anfang der Scene die Kästchen sichtbar werden und setzen dort *The caskets set out.* 10) *presence* = Art und Weise sich darzustellen, äusserliche Haltung und Erscheinung. 11) Portia vergleicht sich der Hesione, der Tochter des trojanischen Königs Laomedon, die als das jährlich darzubringende Sühnopfer dem Meerungeheuer gerade preisgegeben werden sollte, als Hercules erschien und sie befreite. 12) *the exploit* = der Kampf des Hercules mit dem Meerungeheuer, der mit der Erlegung des letztern endigte. 13) Q. A. liest *Live thou, I live with much more dismay || To view etc.*

How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.
It is engender'd in the eyes,[16]
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell:
I'll begin it, — Ding, dong, bell.
All. *Ding, dong, bell.*
Bass. So[17] may the outward shows be least themselves:
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,[18]
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice[19] so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand,[20] wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk;[21]
And these assume but valour's excrement,[22]
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you shall see 't is purchas'd by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest[23] that wear most of it:
So are those crisped snaky[24] golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The scull that bred them, in the sepulchre.[25]
Thus ornament is but the guiled[26] shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty;[27] in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou[28] gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee;
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threat'nest than dost promise aught,
Thy plainness[29] moves me more than eloquence,
And here choose I. Joy be the consequence!
Por. How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd[30] despair,
And shuddering fear, and green-ey'd jealousy![31]
O love! be moderate; allay thy ecstacy;
In measure rain[32] thy joy; scant this excess:
I feel too much thy blessing; make it less,
For fear I surfeit!
Bass. What find I here?
[Opening the leaden casket.
Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,

— *much, much* steht in Q. B. und *I view* in Q. B. und Fol. 14) Diese Bühnenweisung ist aus den alten Ausgg. — Das folgende Lied wurde nach Capell's Auffassung unter zwei Stimmen vertheilt, von denen die zweite nach dem *Reply, reply* anhob. 15) *fancy* = Liebe, Liebesschwärmerei. 16) *eye* in den Qs.; *eyes* in der Fol. — Die erstere Lesart würde den Reim auf *reply* geben. 17) *so* bezieht sich auf die Kästchen, deren Aeusseres, wie bei vielen Dingen in der Welt, vielleicht am wenigsten ihrem wahren Inhalt oder Wesen entspricht. 18) In der Religion giebt es keine noch so arge Irrlehre, die nicht irgend ein Lehrer mit ehrbarer Miene für fromm erklären und mit einem biblischen Spruch belegen könnte. 19) So die zweite Folioausg.; die Qs. und die Fol. haben *voice*. — *simple* = einfach, klar, was keine Täuschung zulässt. 20) Auf deren Herz oder Muth man sich so wenig verlassen kann, wie auf Stufen im Sande. 21) Eine weisse, blutlose Leber kommt bei Sh. häufig als Symbol der Feigheit vor; so *milk-liver'd man* in K. Lear (A. 4, Sc. 2). 22) *valour's excrement*, was ebenvorher *beards of Hercules etc.* hiess. — *excrement* = Auswuchs, wird auch sonst vom Kopf- und Barthaar gebraucht. So in Winter's Tale (A. 4, Sc. 3) *let me pocket up my pedlar's excrement.* 23) *light* doppelsinnig = leicht von Gewicht, trotz der Masse von falschem und erkauftem Haar, mit dem die Trägerinnen ihr Haupt belasten, und = leichtfertig, von der Eitelkeit Derer, die sich mit solchem erborgten Schmucke schmücken. — Auf die Mode der Zeit, dass die Damen falsches, namentlich blondes Haar trugen, spielen Sh. und die zeitgenössischen Schriftsteller häufig an. 24) *crisped snaky* = Locken, die sich kräuseln und ringeln, wie Schlangen. — *locks* ist mit *upon supposed fairness* zu verbinden. 25) Indess der Schädel, auf dem diese goldenen Locken wuchsen, schon im Grabe liegt. — So in Sh.'s Sonnets (68) *Before the golden tresses of the dead,* || *The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,* || *To live a second life on second head;* || *Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay.* 26) *guiled* soll nach Steevens' Erklärung für *guiling* stehen, wie Sh. das active Particip des Präsens und das passive des Präteritums auch sonst verwechselt habe. Eher scheint *guiled* = mit Trug ausgestattet, so aus dem substantivischen *guile* gebildet, wie z. B. in Hamlet (A. 1, Sc. 1) *sledded* aus dem substantivischen *sled*. 27) Für *beauty* wollte Hanmer *dowdy*, und Walker *gipsy* setzen. — *beauteous* und *beauty* sind prägnant zusammengestellt: der schöne Schleier lässt unter sich, als ihm entsprechend, eine Schönheit vermuthen, aber diese Schönheit ist eine indianische, also nach europäischen Begriffen eine Hässlichkeit, und darin besteht die Täuschung. — Eine Ausgabe Sh.'s von Scott und Webster (1830), wie Dyce notirt, fasste *Indian* als Substantiv und trennte *beauty* davon, vielleicht nach einer Conjectur Theobald's: *Indian; beauty's.* — Das folgende *in a word etc.* bezieht sich nicht allein auf das zuletzt angeführte Beispiel, sondern resümirt alle vorher angeführten. 28) So Q. A.; Q. B. und die Fol. schieben *then* vor *thou* ein. 29) *plainness* ist Warburton's Emendation für *paleness* der Qs. und Fol., das neben der Charakteristik des Silbers — *pale and common drudge etc.* — ungehörig stände. — *plainness* deutet Staunton richtig, nicht wie Warburton lediglich auf das schlichte Aussehen des Bleies, sondern auch auf den schlichten, geraden Spruch der Inschrift: *Which rather threat'nest than dost promise aught.* — Malone, der die alte Lesart vertheidigt, legt den Nachdruck auf *thy* vor *paleness*. 30) Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 8, Anm. 9. 31) *green-ey'd jealousy* = die Eifersucht, welcher Alles in einem krankhaften, lividen Lichte erscheint. So in Twelfth-Night (A. 2, Sc. 4) *green and yellow melancholy;* und in Othello (A. 3, Sc. 3) *It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth mock* || *The meat it feeds on.* 32) Q. A. hat *range;* Q. B. und die Fol. *raine*. — Manche Hgg. vermutheten *rein*. — *to rain* = regnen, ergiessen; so in Twelfth-Night (A. 3, Sc. 1) *the heavens rain*

Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends. Here, in her hairs,
The painter plays the spider,[33] and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men
Faster than gnats in cobwebs; but her eyes! —
How could he see to do them? [34] having made one,
Methinks, it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfurnish'd: [35] yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance. [36] — Here 's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune. [37]
[Reads:] »You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair, and choose as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss.«
A gentle scroll. — Fair lady, by your leave;
[Kissing her.
I come by note, to give and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause, and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing, in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
So, thrice fair lady, stand I, even so,
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.
Por. You see me, Lord Bassanio, [38] where I stand,
Such as I am: though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times more rich;
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full sum of me
Is sum of nothing; [39] which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself, and what is mine, to you, and yours,
Is now converted: [40] but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord. [41] I give them with this ring,
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you. [42]
Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words:
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;
And there is such confusion in my powers
As after some oration, fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent [43] together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd, and not express'd. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence:
O! then be bold to say, Bassanio 's dead.
Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy. Good joy, my lord and lady!
Gra. My lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
For, I am sure, you can wish none from me; [44]
And, when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.
Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.
Gra. I thank your lordship, you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermission [45]

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odours on you! 33) Der Maler, indem er die goldnen Haare der Portia malte, hat der Spinne nachgeahmt; wie sie ihr Gewebe bildet, um Fliegen darin zu fangen, so er ein Netz für die Herzen der Männer. 34) *to do* wird auch sonst vom Malen und andern Kunstschöpfungen gebraucht: wie konnte er seine Sehkraft bewahren, als er sie malte? — So in Twelfth-Night (A. 1, Sc. 5) *we will show you the picture — — is't not well done?* 35) Das eine Auge des Bildes würde, wenn es mit seinem Reiz des Malers beide Augen stöhle, ihn an der Vollendung des Bildes hindern und so sich selber in unfertigem Zustande, d. h. nicht mit dem zweiten dazu gehörigen Auge versehen, lassen. — M. Mason belegt *unfurnished* in diesem Sinne mit einem Citat aus Fletcher's Lover's Progress: *you are a noble gentleman,* || *Will 't please you bring a friend, we are two of us,* || *And pity, either of us should be unfurnish'd.* 36) *this shadow* ist das Portrait der Portia: so weit dieses Portrait hinter dem Original zurückbleibt, eben so weit bleibt Bassanio's Lob dieses Bildes in seiner Abschätzung hinter dem Portrait zurück. 37) *continent* = die Einfassung, Einschliessung eines Gegenstandes. In diesem Zettel ist Bassanio's Schicksal in kurzer Zusammenfassung enthalten. 38) So die Qs.; die Fol. *you see, my lord Bassanio.* 39) Diese Lesart der Fol. passt besser zu der von Portia hier geäusserten Bescheidenheit, als die Lesart der Qs. *is sum of something,* was manche Hgg. vorziehen. 40) Ich selbst und das Meinige ist nun Euch anheimgefallen und das Eurige geworden. 41) So Q. A. und die Fol. — Q. B. hat *my lord's.* 42) Wenn Ihr meinen Ring weggebt oder verliert, so soll mir das ein begründeter Anlass sein, über Euch zu klagen. 43) Dieses Particip von *to blend* hat Sh. auch in Twelfth-Night (A. 1, Sc. 5), sonst auch das gewöhnliche *blended.* — In dem Wirrwarr der freudig bewegten Menge verschmilzt jede besondere Eigenthümlichkeit in ein Chaos, das aus nichts besteht als aus Jubel, der theils sich äussert, theils stumm ist. 44) *from me* zweideutig = weg von mir: Ihr könnt mich keiner Freude berauben, die sich Euch wünschen lässt, und = Ihr könnt von mir keine Freude wünschen, die Ihr nicht schon selbst besässet. 45) *intermission* = Zwischenzeit, die man ungenutzt verstreichen lässt. — So interpungiren alle Hgg. seit Theobald. — Staunton stellt die alte Interpunction wieder her: *You lov'd, I lov'd for intermission;* || *No more pertains to me, my lord, than you,* die sich indess nur sehr gezwungen deuten lässt, indem man *intermission* für

No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there,
And so did mine too, as the matter falls;
For wooing here, until I sweat again,
And swearing, till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love, at last, if promise last,[46]
I got a promise of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achiev'd her mistress.
Por. Is this true, Nerissa?
Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.
Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?
Gra. Yes, 'faith, my lord.
Bass. Our feast shall be much honour'd in your marriage.
Gra. We 'll play with them the first boy[47] for a thousand ducats.
Ner. What! and stake down?
Gra. No; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down. —
But who comes here? Lorenzo, and his infidel?
What! and my old Venetian friend Solanio?[48]

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* SOLANIO.

Bass. Lorenzo, and Solanio, welcome hither,
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome. — By your leave,
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.
Por. So do I, my lord:
They are entirely welcome.
Lor. I thank your honour. — For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Solanio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.
Solan. I did, my lord,
And I have reason for it. — Signior Antonio
Commends him[49] to you. *[Gives* BASSANIO *a letter.*
Bass. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.
Solan. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will show you his estate. [BASSANIO *reads the letter.*[50]
Gra. Nerissa, cheer yon stranger; bid her welcome.
Your hand, Solanio. What 's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know, he will be glad of our success;
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.
Solan. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost!
Por. There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper,
That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead, else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse? —
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of anything
That this same paper brings you.
Bass. O sweet Portia!
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper. Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, — I was a gentleman:
And then I told you true, and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart.[51] When I told you,
My state was nothing, I should then have told you,
That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,[52]
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body[53] of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood. — But is it true, Solanio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?[54]
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?
And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?
Solan. Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man.
He plies the duke at morning, and at night,
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice:[55] twenty merchants,
The duke himself, and the magnificoes

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synonym mit *pastime* hält, oder gar *for intermission* mit *for fear of intermission* erklärt. Noch seltsamer deutet Staunton, dieser Interpunction zu lieb, die folgende Zeile: *I owe my wife as much to you, as to myself.* 46) Wortspiel zwischen *at last* = endlich, und *to last* = dauern, Bestand haben. 47) *to play* mit dem Accusativ = um Etwas spielen oder auf Etwas wetten, vom Glückspiel gesagt. Zugleich liegt in *to play* wie in *to stake down* ein frivoler Nebensinn. 48) Qs. und Fol. haben hier einen ganz neuen Charakter *Salerio*, während doch *my old Venetian friend* deutlich auf einen der beiden Freunde, Solanio oder Salarino, hinweist (vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1, Anm. 1), von welchen zwei Namen nur der erstere in den Vers passt. In der Handschrift stand wahrscheinlich eine blosse Abbreviatur des Namens. — Die Aenderung rührt von Knight her und ist auch von Dyce beibehalten. — Schon Rowe setzte *Salanio* für *Salerio* der alten Ausgg. 49) *him* steht für *himself*, wie in As you like it (A. 4, Sc. 3) *Orlando doth commend him to you both*, und in K. Richard II. (A. 2, Sc. 1) *Gaunt commends him to your majesty.* — Von einer Empfehlung des Lorenzo scheint in dem Briefe Antonio's nichts zu stehen; sie ist auch unwahrscheinlich, insofern Lorenzo offenbar schon vorher mit Bassanio enger befreundet war, als mit Antonio. 50) Die alte Bühnenweisung *He opens the letter* geht natürlich auf Bassanio, der während des folgenden Zwiegesprächs den Brief liest. 51) Wie sehr ich doch ein Prahler war, als ich mich selbst auf nichts schätzte. 52) *mere* = ganz und gar: Einer, der ganz und gar sein Feind, der nichts als sein Feind ist. 53) Ein Brief, dessen Papier gleichsam der zum Tode verwundete Leib meines Freundes ist. 54) Hat unter seinen Unternehmungen nicht eine es getroffen, ist nicht eine glücklich gewesen? 55) Er klagt, dass die Freiheit oder das Recht in Venedig verletzt sei, wenn man ihm die Gerechtigkeit verweigere. Was näher unter *freedom of the state* zu verstehen sei, erhellt aus der folgenden Scene. Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 3, Anm. 5. 56) *the magnificoes of greatest port*

Of greatest port,[56] have all persuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.
Jes. When I was with him, I have heard him swear
To Tubal, and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh,
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him; and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,[57]
It will go hard with poor Antonio.
Por. Is it your dear[58] friend that is thus in trouble?
Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best-condition'd and unwearied[59] spirit
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour[60] more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.
Por. What sum owes he the Jew?
Bass. For me, three thousand ducats.
Por. What, no more?
Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond:
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.[61]
First, go with me to church, and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over:
When it is paid, bring your true friend along.
My maid Nerissa and myself, meantime,
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away!
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day.
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer;[62]
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear. —
But let me hear the letter of your friend.
Bass. [Reads.][63] »Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since, in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I,[64] if I might but see you at my death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love[65] do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.«
Por. O love, despatch all business, and be gone.
Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste; but till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
Nor[66] rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Venice. A Street.

Enter Shylock, Salarino,[1] Antonio, *and Gaoler.*

Shy. Gaoler, look to him: tell not me of mercy. —
This is the fool that lent[2] out money gratis. —
Gaoler, look to him.
Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.
Shy. I 'll have my bond; speak not against my bond.
I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.
Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause,
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs.
The duke shall grant me justice. — I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.[3]
Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.
Shy. I 'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:
I 'll have my bond, and therefore speak no more.
I 'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To christian intercessors. Follow not;
I 'll have no speaking; I will have my bond. *[Exit.*
Salar. It is the most impenetrable[4] cur,
That ever kept with men.
Ant. Let him alone:
I 'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life; his reason well I know.
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.
Salar. I am sure, the duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.
Ant. The duke cannot deny the course of law;
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,[5]

= die Senatoren, die am meisten vorstellen, die den grössten Staat machen. — *magnifico* als Titel eines venetianischen Senators ist auch in Othello (A. 1, Sc. 2) *the magnifico is much beloved.* 57) *deny not* bezieht sich auf das Folgende: es wird dem armen Antonio schlecht ergehen, wenn Gesetz, Ansehen und Macht nicht hindernd dazwischen treten. 58) Wie der Vers zeigt, liegt der Nachdruck auf *dear*: Ist der Freund Euch besonders theuer, der so in Noth ist? 59) Zu *unwearied* ist aus dem vorhergehenden *best-condition'd* = bestgeartet, ein superlativischer Begriff zu suppliren: der im Erzeigen von Freundlichkeit unermüdlichste Geist. 60) Eine ähnliche rühmende Bezugnahme auf die alten Römer, als Vorfahren der Italiener in diesem Drama, kam schon A. 1, Sc. 1 vor: *Her Name is Portia; nothing undervalued || To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.* 61) Malone las des Verses wegen *hair* zweisylbig; eher ist mit Collier *through* wie *thorough* zu lesen. 62) *merry cheer* = die freundliche Miene des Wirths, der seine Gäste willkommen heisst. 63) Qs. und Fol. lassen *Bass. (Reads)* aus, als ob Portia selbst den Brief lese. — Rowe fügte das Nothwendige hinzu. 64) Sh. setzt öfter den Nominativ des Personalpronomens, wenn kein Verbum dabei steht, statt des Accusativ; so in As you like it (A. 1, Sc. 2) *More suits you to conceive, than I to speak of.* — So auch in Ben Jonson's Cynthia's Revels: *make this gentleman and I friends.* 65) *love* = Freundschaft. — In der nächsten Rede Portia's ist *love* die Anrede an Bassanio. 66) *nor* in Q. B. und Fol.; *no* in Q. A. — *interposer* = Einer, der dazwischen tritt.

1) So Q. A.; Q. B. hat *Salerio*, und die Fol. *Solanio.* — Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 2, Anm. 48. — Der *Gaoler* ist der *Officer*, von dem Shylock vorher gesprochen hatte. Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 1, Anm. 16. 2) So die Qs.; die Fol. *lends.* 3) Dass Du ein so gutmüthiger Thor bist, auf sein Gesuch mit ihm in's Freie zu kommen, aus dem Gefängniss, in das Antonio gesteckt ist. 4) *impenetrable* = der keiner Rührung oder Vorstellung zugänglich ist. 5) Das Subject zu *will much impeach* ist nicht *commodity* allein, sondern verbunden mit *if it be denied*: wenn die Handelsvortheile, welche die Fremden bei uns in Venedig geniessen, verweigert werden, so wird das die Gerechtigkeit des Staates compromittiren; oder: so wird die Verweigerung dieser Vortheile der Gerechtigkeit des Staates Abbruch thun. — Capell änderte dafür die schon in Qs. und Fol. beobachtete Interpunction und las *The duke cannot*

Will much impeach the justice of the state;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:
These griefs and losses have so bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor. —
Well, gaoler, on. — Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not! *[Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.

Enter Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica, *and* Balthazar. [1]

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But, if you knew to whom you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover [2] of my lord, your husband,
I know, you would be prouder of the work,
Than customary bounty can enforce you.
Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal [3] yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, [4] and of spirit;
Which makes me think, that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd,
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty! [5]
This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore, no more of it: hear [6] other things. —
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house,
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return.
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition,
The which my love, [7] and some necessity,
Now lays upon you.
Lor. Madam, with all my heart:
I shall obey you in all fair commands.
Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of Lord Bassanio and myself.
So fare you well, till we shall meet again.
Lor. Fair thoughts, and happy hours, attend on you!
Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.
Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica. —
[Exeunt Jessica *and* Lorenzo.
Now, Balthazar,
As I have ever found thee honest-true, [8]
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man
In speed to Padua: [9] see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, doctor Bellario;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd [10] speed
Unto the traject, [11] to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,
But get thee gone: I shall be there before thee.
Bal. Madam, I go with all convenient speed. *[Exit.*
Por. Come on, Nerissa: I have work in hand,
That you yet know not of. We 'll see our husbands,
Before they think of us.
Ner. Shall they see us?
Por. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lack. [12] I 'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred [13] like young men,
I 'll prove the prettier fellow of the two;
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
And speak between the change of man and boy,

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deny the course of law, || *For the commodity that strangers have* || *With us in Venice; if it be denied,* || *'T will much impeach the justice of the state.* — Q. A. hat *his state*, auf *the duke* bezüglich.

1) Balthasar wird hier in Qs. und Fol. als *a man of Portia's* bezeichnet. 2) *lover* = Freund, wie vorher *love* = Freundschaft. Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 2, Anm. 65. — So bald nachher *bosom lover* = Busenfreund. 3) So Q. A.; Q. B. und die Fol. haben die veraltete Form *egal.* 4) Warburton wollte *lineaments of manners* verbinden, aber Steevens weist nach, dass *lineaments* in weiterem Sinne = körperliche Bildung überhaupt, gebraucht wurde: Gefährten, welche für einander dasselbe Mass von Freundschaft hegen, müssen auch körperlich, sittlich und geistig einander ähnlich sein. 5) So Q. B. und Fol.; Q. A. hat *misery.* — *my soul* ist Bassanio, mit dem Portia Eins geworden ist, und als dessen Ebenbild sie sich den Antonio denkt. 6) *heere* in Qs. und Fol., was die späteren Folioausgg. *here* lasen, Rowe endlich zu *here are other things* änderte. — Das Richtige setzte Theobald. 7) *my love* = meine freundliche Gesinnung, mein freundliches Vertrauen zu Euch. — Portia rechtfertigt damit und mit dem Drange der Umstände, die sie nicht näher charakterisirt *(some necessity)*, dass sie gerade den Lorenzo mit diesem Amte betraut. 8) *honest-true* = gewissenhaft treu, verbindet Dyce mit Recht zu einem Compositum. 9) Biete alle Deine Kraft als Mann auf, dass Du schnell nach Padua kommst. — *Padua* ist Theobald's Emendation für *Mantua*, was Qs. und Fol. haben und was Sh. wahrscheinlich selbst aus Versehen schrieb. Solche Verwechslungen italienischer Städtenamen kommen wiederholt in Two Gentlemen of Verona und in Taming of the Shrew vor. — Dass Padua der Wohnsitz des Bellario war, erhellt aus dem folgenden Acte. 10) *imagined* = erdenklich: mit einer Eile, wie sie sich nur denken lässt. 11) Qs. und Fol. haben *tranect* und *Tranect*, nicht in Cursivdruck, wie Eigennamen gedruckt werden. Da das Wort sich sonst nirgendwo findet, so setzte Rowe das bekannte *traject* (*traiect* in alten Drucken) dafür, womit denn auch die Erklärung *to the common ferry* übereinstimmt: die Fähre, mit der man vom Festlande nach Venedig hinüberfährt. 12) So sagt in Twelfth-Night (A. 3, Sc. 4) die als Mann verkleidete Viola: *A little thing would make me tell them, how much I lack of a man.* 13) *accoutred* in Q. B. und Fol.; *apparell'd* in Q. A. 14) *reed voice* = eine Stimme mit dem Tone einer Rohr-

With a reed voice;[14] and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died;
I could not do withal;[15] — then I 'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them.
And twenty of these puny lies[16] I 'll tell,
That men shall swear, I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth. I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,[17]
Which I will practise.

Ner. Why, shall we turn to men?[18]

Por. Fie, what a question 's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter!
But come: I 'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Same. A Garden.

Enter LAUNCELOT *and* JESSICA.

Laun. Yes, truly; for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I promise you, I fear you.[1] I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation[2] of the matter: therefore, be of good cheer; for, truly, I think, you are damned. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good, and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.[3]

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.[4]

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed: so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Laun. Truly then I fear you are damned both by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis,[5] your mother. Well, you are gone both ways.[6]

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians enow[7] before; e'en as many as could well live one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs: if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Jes. I 'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say: here he comes.

Enter LORENZO.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo: Launcelot and I are out. He tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter: and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth, for, in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

Lor. I shall answer that better to the commonwealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

Laun. It is much, that the Moor should be more[8] than reason; but if she be less than an honest woman, she is, indeed, more than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! I think, the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots. — Go in, sirrah: bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, Sir; they have all stomachs.

Lor. Goodly Lord,[9] what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, Sir; only, cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover then, Sir?

Laun. Not so, Sir, neither; I know my duty.[10]

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion? Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows, bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, Sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, Sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, Sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. *[Exit.*

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are suited![11]
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; and I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksy word
Defy the matter. How cheer'st[12] thou, Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion:
How dost thou like the lord Bassanio's wife?

Jes. Past all expressing. It is very meet,
The lord Bassanio live an upright life,
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;

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pfeife, wie sie sich bei dem Uebergange vom Knaben zum Manne bildet. 15) Ich konnte es nicht helfen, konnte nichts dabei thun. — Die Cambridge Edd. citiren aus Florio's Giardino di Ricreatione (1591), wo das italienische *Io non saprei farci altro* übersetzt ist = *I cannot do with all.* 16) *puny lies* = Lügen, wie unreife oder frühreife junge Leute sie vorbringen. 17) *bragging Jack* = ein prahlerischer Hans, als verächtliche Bezeichnung; so in K. Richard III. (A. 1, Sc. 3) *silken, sly, insinuating Jacks.* 18) *to turn to men* = zu Männern werden, und = sich den Männern zukehren. In letzterem Sinne fasst Portia Nerissa's Frage.

1) Ich bin besorgt um Euch, um Euer Seelenheil. So in Measure for Measure (A. 3, Sc. 1) *O, I do fear thee, Claudio.* 2) Launcelot meint *cogitation*, und dann für *good cheer* das Gegentheil. 3) *neither* ist zur Verstärkung des *but* hinzugefügt: und das ist auch nichts als eine Art von Bastardhoffnung. 4) Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 3, Anm. 5. 5) Das bekannte Sprichwort fand Sh. in zahlreichen zeitgenössischen Anspielungen; so in Ascham's Schoolmaster: *If Scylla drown him not, Charybdis may fortune to swallow him.* 6) Ihr seid verloren von väterlicher wie von mütterlicher Seite. 7) *enow* für *enough* lesen Qs. und Fol. 8) Wortspiel zwischen *Moor* und *more*. — Auch ein Wortspiel mit *more* und *less* liegt hier vor, wie Staunton bemerkt. 9) Manche Hgg. schreiben *lord*, als ob es eine Anrede an Launcelot wäre. 10) *to cover* = den Tisch decken, verdreht Launcelot zu obscönem Sinn, was dann Lorenzo als ein Disputiren, Sylbenstechen, mit der Gelegenheit, die sich darbietet, bezeichnet. 11) M. Mason fasst *suited* = passlich, zusammenhängend. — Vielleicht ist es eher = gekleidet, angethan, in übertragenem Sinn: wie närrisch sind seine Worte ausstaffirt! So sagt im eigentlichen Sinne Portia

And, if on earth he do not mean it, then
In reason [13] he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other, for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.
Lor. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.
Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that. [14]
Lor. I will anon; first, let us go to dinner.
Jes. Nay, let me praise [15] you, while I have a stomach.
Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;
Then howsoe'er [16] thou speak'st, 'mong other things
I shall digest it.
Jes. Well, I 'll set you forth. [17] *[Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Venice. A Court of Justice.

Enter the Duke; *the Magnificoes;* [1] Antonio, Bassanio, Gratiano, Salarino, Solanio, *and Others.*

Duke. What, is Antonio here?
Ant. Ready, so please your grace.
Duke. I am sorry for thee: thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable [2] of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.
Ant. I have heard,
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's [3] reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
To suffer with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his. [4]
Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.
Salar. He 's ready at the door. He comes, my lord.

Enter Shylock.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face. —
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then, 't is thought,
Thou 'lt show thy mercy and remorse [5] more strange,
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty;
And where [6] thou now exact'st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
Thou wilt not only loose [7] the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety [8] of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enow to press a royal merchant [9] down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.
Shy. I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose;
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You 'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats? I 'll not answer that:
But, say, it is my humour: is it answer'd? [10]
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig; [11]
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose,
Cannot contain their urine: for affection,
Master of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loathes. [12] Now, for your answer.
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;

(A. 1, Sc. 2) *How oddly he is suited!* von einem ihrer Freier. 12) Q. A. hat *far'st* für *cheer'st* der Q. B. und Fol. 13) So Q. A.; Q. B. hat *mean it, it || In reason*, woraus die Fol. *mean it, it || Is reason* machte. Letztere Lesart behalten manche Hgg. bei. — *mean it* kann sich nur auf das Vorhergehende beziehen: Wenn er nicht meint, wenn er nicht erkennt, dass er in dem Besitz eines solchen Weibes schon hienieden die Freuden des Himmels findet, so sollte er billiger Weise nie in den Himmel kommen. — Pope las *merit it.* Vielleicht wäre für *mean it, then* zu lesen *merit them*, so dass sich *them* auf *the joys of heaven* bezöge. 14) Jessica bezieht sich auf Lorenzo's frühere Worte *say thy opinion.* 15) *to praise* = loben, und = taxiren, abschätzen, für *to appraise.* — Eben so doppelsinnig ist *stomach* = Appetit, und = Trieb, Gelüste zu Etwas. 16) *howsoe'er* in Q. A.; Q. B. und Fol. haben *howsome'er.* 17) *to set forth* = in's rechte Licht stellen: ich will zeigen, wie Du beschaffen bist.

1) So schon Qs. und Fol. — Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 2, Anm. 56. 2) *uncapable of* = unzugänglich für Etwas. 3) *envy* = Tücke. 4) Die ganze Grausamkeit und Wuth, die von ihm ausgeht oder ihm eigen ist. 5) *remorse* = Gewissensbedenken, nicht bloss über geschehene Dinge, sondern auch über solche, die noch geschehen sollen: Du wirst Deine Barmherzigkeit und Gewissensregung noch hervorstechender zeigen, als Deine Grausamkeit sich jetzt auffallend zeigt. 6) *where* für *whereas.* 7) *to loose* = lösen, fahren lassen. Die meisten Hgg. setzen *lose*, da die Qs. und Fol. beide Verba gleich *(loose)* schreiben. 8) *moiety* ist bei Sh. nicht immer = Hälfte, sondern auch oft = ein entsprechender Theil, und steht hier vielleicht in diesem Sinn. 9) *a royal merchant* = ein Kaufmann, der es an Reichthum und Ansehen mit Königen aufnehmen konnte. Der Ausdruck kommt bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen öfter vor, und der Londoner Bürger Sir Thomas Gresham wurde so genannt. 10) Eure Frage will ich nicht beantworten; aber angenommen, es sei meine Laune, dass ich lieber ein Pfund Fleisch als dreitausend Ducaten haben wolle, habt Ihr damit eine genügende Antwort auf Eure Frage? 11) *a gaping pig* = ein Ferkel, das die Schnauze aufsperrt und grunzt. — Malone erklärt jedoch: *a pig prepared for the table* und citirt dazu aus Fletcher's Elder Brother: *And they stand gaping like a roasted pig;* sowie aus Nashe's Pierce Penniless his Supplication to the Devil: *Some will take on like a madman, if they see a pig come to the table.* 12) Die von den meisten Hggn. beibehaltene Interpunction der Qs. und Fol. verbindet *for affection* mit dem

Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a woollen bagpipe; [13] but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame,
As to offend himself, being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing,
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?
Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.
Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.
Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?
Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.
Shy. What! wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?
Ant. I pray you, think you question [14] with the Jew.
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb; [15]
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise, [16]
When they are fretted [17] with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing most hard, [18]
As seek to soften that (than which what 's harder?)
His Jewish heart. — Therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no further means;
But with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.
Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.
Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them, — I would have my bond.
Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?
Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them: — shall I say to you,
Let them be free; marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? You will answer:
The slaves are ours. — So do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, 't is mine, and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?
Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.
Salar. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.
Duke. Bring us the letters: call the messenger.
Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man, courage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.
Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death: the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me.
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter Nerissa, *dressed like a lawyer's clerk.*

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?
Ner. From both, my lord. Bellario greets your grace. *[Presents a letter.*
Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?
Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.
Gra. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou mak'st thy knife keen; [19] but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?
Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.
Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexorable [20] dog,

Vorhergehenden und beginnt mit *masters of passion* einen neuen Satz. Die richtige Abtheilung schlug zuerst Thirlby vor: denn der Affect, der Meister unserer körperlichen Stimmung, lenkt dieselbe, je nachdem sie Etwas verabscheut oder liebt. — Thirlby vermuthete auch, dass für *masters* der Q. A. und Fol. oder für *maisters* der Q. B. eher *mistress* als Apposition zu dem weiblich personificirten *affection* zu setzen sei. — *sways (swayes)* im Singular steht in Qs. und Fol. neben *masters (maisters).* — Malone vermuthet *for affection* || *Masters our passion, sways it to the mood etc.* — eine Conjectur, die auch Staunton mit Recht für sehr plausibel hält. 13) Douce beruft sich zur Unterstützung der Lesart *woollen* in Qs. und Fol. auf das Zeugniss des Dr. Leyden: *who in his edition of the Complaynt of Scotland informs us that the Lowland bagpipe commonly had the back or sack covered with woollen cloth of a green colour*, und die Cambridge Edd. sagen: *In an illuminated copy of an Office de la Vierge in the library of Trinity College there is a representation of a bagpipe which appears to be of sheepskin with the wool on.* — Es sollte mit diesem Epitheton das schlichte Aeussere des Dudelsacks im Gegensatz zu der fatalen Wirkung, die er hervorbringt, bezeichnet werden. — Johnson vermuthete *wooden*, Hawkins *swollen*, und Collier's alter Corrector setzte das veraltete *bollen* = geschwollen, dafür. — Staunton beruhigt sich bei der Lesart *woolen bagpipe*, ohne eine Anmerkung hinzuzufügen. — Die Cambridge Edd. erwähnen Capell's Emendation *wawling bagpipe* als die wahrscheinlichste. — Zwei Zeilen weiter stellt Staunton die unzweifelhaft richtige Interpunction wieder her: *As to offend himself, being offended.* — Andere Hgg. verbinden *himself* mit *being offended.* 14) *to question* = sich in ein Gespräch einlassen, hin und her reden. — In dem letztern Sinne folgt bald nachher *to use question.* 15) So die Qs.; die Fol. lässt *why he hath made* aus und liest in der vorigen Zeile *or even as well* für *you may as well.* 16) *to forbid* wird hier zuerst mit dem einfachen Infinitiv des Verbotenen, sodann mit einer Negation verbunden: *to make no noise*, als ob ein Verbum wie *to command* vorherginge. 17) So die Fol.; die Qs. *fretten.* 18) *hard* = schwer, und = hart. 19) Das Messer des Juden erhält seine Schärfe besser von der steinharten Seele des Besitzers, als von der weicheren Sohle seines Schuhes. So in K. Richard III. (A. 4, Sc. 4) *the murderous knife was dull and blunt,* || *Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart.* — Das Wortspiel zwischen *soul* und *sole* findet sich in Julius Cæsar (A. 1, Sc. 1). — Nur die Orthographie der Fol. unterscheidet hier die beiden Wörter, die Qs. setzen beide Male *soule.*

And for thy life let justice be accus'd![21]
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,[22]
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who,[23] hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.
Shy. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud.
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless[24] ruin. — I stand here for law.
Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court. —
Where is he?
Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you 'll admit him.
Duke. With all my heart: — some three or four of you,
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.
Meantime, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.
Clerk. [Reads.][25] »Your grace shall understand, that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very sick; but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome; his name is Balthazar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio, the merchant: we turned o'er many books together: he is furnish'd with my opinion; which, better'd with his own learning, the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack[26] a reverend estimation, for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose[27] trial shall better publish his commendation.«
Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes:
And here, I take it, is the doctor come. —

Enter Portia, *dressed like a doctor of laws.*[28]

Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario?
Por. I did, my lord.
Duke. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?
Por. I am informed throughly of the cause. —
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?
Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.
Por. Is your name Shylock?
Shy. Shylock is my name.
Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.[29] —
[To Antonio.*]* You stand within his danger,[30] do you not?
Ant. Ay, so he says.
Por. Do you confess the bond?
Ant. I do.
Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.
Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.
Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath:[31] it is twice bless'd;[32]
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
'T is mightiest in the mightiest,[33] it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;[34]
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself,
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this, —
That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation:[35] we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,
To mitigate the justice of thy plea,
Which if thou follow, this strict court[36] of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.
Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.
Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?
Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice[37] the sum: if that will not suffice,

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20) So verbessert die dritte Folioausg. von 1664 das *inexecrable* der Qs. und Fol. 21) Die Gerechtigkeit selbst soll deshalb verklagt werden, dass sie Dich am Leben lässt. 22) *my faith* = mein Christenglaube, wird der heidnischen Lehre des Pythagoras von der Seelenwanderung entgegengestellt, auf welche Sh. auch in andern Dramen, As you like it (A. 3, Sc. 2) und Twelfth-Night (A. 4, Sc. 2), hindeutet. 23) Die Construction ist anakoluthisch, da *who* ohne Verbum steht: da der Wolf wegen Menschenmordes gehängt war, so entwich unmittelbar vom Galgen seine grimme Seele und flösste sich Dir ein, während Du in Deiner gottlosen Mutter lagst. 24) *cureless* in den Qs.; *endless* in der Fol. 25) *Clerk (Reads)* fehlt in Qs. und Fol. Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 2, Anm. 63. 26) Statt *impediment* wäre, da *to let him lack* folgt, ein Wort wie *cause* oder *motive* zu erwarten; indess ist diese Häufung negativer Begriffe in Sh.'s Manier. Vgl. oben Anm. 16. 27) *trial* bezieht sich auf das vorhergehende *your*: die Prüfung, die Ihr mit ihm anstellt, wird sein Lob besser kundthun, als ich es kann. 28) *Enter Portia for Balthazar* ist die Bühnenweisung der Qs. und Fol. 29) Euer Rechtshandel ist so in der Regel oder Ordnung, dass das venetianische Gericht Euch nichts anhaben kann, wie Ihr dabei verfahrt. 30) *danger* = gerichtlicher und bedrohlicher Bereich: Ihr seid seinen gerichtlichen Verfolgungen oder Angriffen ausgesetzt. So in Heywood's Woman killed with kindness: *pursue you unto the utmost danger of the law.* 31) Die Barmherzigkeit ergiesst sich, vermöge ihrer freiwilligen, nicht beschränkten oder erpressten Natur, wie der milde Regen vom Himmel auf die Erde fällt. 32) Sie ist mit zwiefachem Segen ausgestattet: für den Geber und für den Empfänger. 33) Der Mächtigste erhält seine beste Macht in der Barmherzigkeit, die er ausüben kann. 34) *the dread and fear of kings* = die Scheu und die Ehrfurcht vor Königen. 35) Dieselbe Beziehung auf die christlichen Glaubenslehren findet sich in Measure for Measure (A. 2, Sc. 2) *all the souls that were were forfeit once; || And He that might the vantage best have took, || Found out the remedy.* — In demselben Geiste ist die folgende Hinweisung auf das Vaterunser gehalten. 36) *court* in den Qs.; *course* in der Fol. 37) Für *twice* wollte

I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth.[38] And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.
Por. It must not be. There is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:
'T will be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state. It cannot be.
Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel! —
O wise young judge, how I do[39] honour thee!
Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.
Shy. Here 't is, most reverend doctor; here it is.
Por. Shylock, there 's thrice thy money offer'd thee.
Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven.[40]
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.
Por. Why, this bond is forfeit,
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart. — Be merciful;
Take thrice thy money: bid me tear the bond.
Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour. —
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment. By my soul I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me. I stay here on my bond.
Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.
Por. Why then, thus it is: —
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.
Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!
Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
Shy. 'T is very true. O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
Por. Therefore, lay bare your bosom.
Shy. Ay, his breast;
So says the bond: — doth it not, noble judge? —
Nearest his heart: those are the very words.
Por. It is so. Are there balance[41] here to weigh
The flesh?
Shy. I have them ready.
Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do[42] bleed to death.
Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not so express'd;[43] but what of that?
'T were good you do so much for charity.
Shy. I cannot find it: 't is not in the bond.
Por. You, merchant,[44] have you anything to say?
Ant. But little: I am arm'd, and well prepar'd. —
Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use,
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such misery[45] doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
Say how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.[46]
Repent not[47] you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I 'll pay it instantly[48] with all my heart.
Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all,
Here to this devil, to deliver you.
Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by to hear you make the offer.
Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love:
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.
Ner. 'T is well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.
Shy. These be the christian husbands! I have a daughter;
'Would any of the stock of Barrabas[49]
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian!
We trifle time; I pray thee, pursue sentence.
Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine:
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.
Shy. Most rightful judge!
Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast:
The law allows it, and the court awards it.
Shy. Most learned judge! — A sentence! Come, prepare!
Por. Tarry a little: there is something else. —
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh:
Take then[50] thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;

Ritson *thrice* lesen, in Uebereinstimmung mit dem Späteren. Indess ist Sh. in solchen Zahlenangaben nicht immer consequent. 38) *truth* = Rechtlichkeit, Ehrlichkeit. 39) So die Qs.; die Fol. *how do I* 40) Der Himmel hat den Eid gehört, den ich geschworen habe. 41) *balance* = die aus zwei Wagschalen bestehende Wage, ist hier pluralisch. 42) *do* in den Qs.; *should* in der Fol. — Letztere hat in der folgenden Zeile: *It is not nominated in the bond?* 43) Es steht nicht ausdrücklich so in dem Schuldschein. 44) So die Qs.; die Fol. *come, merchant.* 45) Steevens las, um den Vers zu verbessern, mit der zweiten Folioausg. *of such a misery.* — Indess ist *misery* dreisylbig zu lesen und der Trochäus im zweiten Fusse des Blankvers nicht unerhört. 46) Ob Bassanio nicht einmal eine Freundschaft, einen Freund besass. — Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 2, Anm. 65. 47) *not* in der Fol.; *but* in den Qs.: Wenn Ihr es nur nicht bedauert, dass Ihr Euern Freund verliert, so wird er es nicht bedauern, dass er Eure Schuld bezahlt. 48) *instantly* haben Q. B. und Fol. für *presently* der Q. A. 49) So, mit dem Accent auf der ersten Sylbe, wird der Name des Räubers, den Pilatus auf Bitten der Juden freiliess, in Qs. und Fol., wie bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen, geschrieben. — Die jetzige Bibelübersetzung hat *Barabbas* mit dem Ton auf der zweiten Sylbe. — Dyce lässt den Shylock diese drei ersten Zeilen beiseite sprechen. 50) So die Qs.; *then take* in der Fol.

But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.
Gra. O upright judge! — Mark, Jew: — O learned judge!
Shy. Is that the law?
Por. Thyself shalt see the act;
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd,
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.
Gra. O learned judge! — Mark, Jew: — a learned judge!
Shy. I take this offer[51] then: pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.
Bass. Here is the money.
Por. Soft!
The Jew shall have all justice; — soft! — no haste: —
He shall have nothing but the penalty.
Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!
Por. Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st[52] more,
Or less, than a just pound, — be it but so much[53]
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple, nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.
Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.[54]
Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.
Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.
Bass. I have it ready for thee: here it is.
Por. He hath refus'd it in the open court:
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.
Gra. A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel! —
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?
Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.
Shy. Why, then the devil give him good of it!
I 'll stay no longer question.[55]
Por. Tarry, Jew:
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be prov'd against an alien,
That, by direct or indirect attempts,
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
Shall seize one half his goods: the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.[56]
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;
For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That, indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant, and thou hast incurr'd
The danger[57] formerly by me rehears'd.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.
Gra. Beg, that thou may'st have leave to hang thyself;
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.
Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it.
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's:
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.
Por. Ay, for the state; not for Antonio.[58]
Shy. Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.
Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?
Gra. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake!
Ant. So please my lord the duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods;
I am content, so he will let me have
The other half in use,[59] to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter:
Two things provided more, — that, for this favour,
He presently become a Christian;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,[60]
Unto his son Lorenzo, and his daughter.
Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant
The pardon, that I late pronounced here.
Por. Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?
Shy. I am content.
Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.
Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence.
I am not well. Send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.
Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.
Gra. In christening thou shalt have two godfathers;
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.[61]
[Exit Shylock.

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51) *this offer* = das Anerbieten, von dem vorher in Portia's Worten *take thrice thy money* die Rede war und dessen Inhalt Shylock noch einmal recapitulirt. — Vgl. oben Anm. 37. — Steevens vermuthete *his* (scil. *Bassanio's*) *offer*. 52) So Q. B. und Fol.; Q. A. hat *cut'st*. 53) So die Qs.; die Fol. lässt das bezeichnende *but* aus: wenn es auch nur so viel ist. 54) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 3, Anm. 8. 55) So Q. B. und Fol.; Q. A. *I 'll stay no longer here in question*. Vgl. oben Anm. 14. 56) Die Entscheidung über Leben oder Tod des Verbrechers steht allein dem Dogen zu, mit Ausschluss aller andern Stimmen, die sich sonst geltend machen. 57) Vgl. oben Anm. 30. 58) Die Hälfte, die dem Staate zufällt von Shylock's Vermögen, kann ein demüthiges Gebahren in eine Geldstrafe verwandeln; aber Antonio's Hälfte muss unverringert bleiben. 59) Antonio will die ihm gebührende Hälfte von Shylock's Vermögen nicht als sein Eigenthum, sondern nur als ein ihm anvertrautes Gut zum Niessbrauch haben, das dann nach Shylock's Tode dem Lorenzo als dessen rechtmässigem Erben zufallen soll. 60) scil. *of all which he dies possess'd of*. — Diese Auslassung des mit *which* verbundenen *of* am Schlusse des Satzes, die durch eine Vermengung mit dem vorhergehenden *of* veranlasst wird, ist in Sh.'s Manier. — Diese gerichtliche Zusicherung alles dessen, in dessen Besitz er stirbt, an Lorenzo und Jessica, soll der Möglichkeit vorbeugen, dass Shylock die Beiden enterbt. 61) d. h. zwölf Geschworne, die als Pathen ihn nicht zum Taufstein, sondern zum Galgen befördert hätten. — Q. B. und Fol. haben *to the font*. — So in Ben Jonson's The Devil's an Ass: *Not I,* || *If you*

Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me[62] to dinner.
Por. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon:[63]
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet I presently set forth.
Duke. I am sorry, that your leisure serves you not.
Antonio, gratify this gentleman,
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.
[Exeunt Duke, *Magnificoes, and Train.*
Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.[64]
Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.
Por. He is well paid, that is well satisfied;
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid:
My mind was never yet more mercenary.[65]
I pray you, know me, when we meet again:
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.
Bass. Dear Sir, of force I must attempt you further:[66]
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee. Grant me two things, I pray you;
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.[67]
Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your gloves, I 'll wear them for your sake;
And, for your love, I 'll take this ring from you. —
Do not draw back your hand; I 'll take no more;
And you in love shall not deny me this.
Bass. This ring, good Sir? — alas, it is a trifle;
I will not shame myself to give you this.
Por. I will have nothing else but only this;
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.
Bass. There 's more depends on this than on the value.[68]
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation:
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.
Por. I see, Sir, you are liberal in offers.
You taught me first to beg, and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.
Bass. Good Sir, this ring was given me by my wife;
And, when she put it on, she made me vow,
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.
Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.
An if your wife be not a mad-woman,[69]
And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,[70]
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you.
[Exeunt Portia *and* Nerissa.
Ant. My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring:
Let his deservings, and my love withal,
Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment.[71]
Bass. Go, Gratiano; run and overtake him;
Give him the ring, and bring him, if thou canst,
Unto Antonio's house. — Away! make haste.
[Exit Gratiano.
Come, you and I will thither presently,
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont. Come, Antonio. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Same. A Street.

Enter Portia *and* Nerissa.

Por. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed,
And let him sign it. We 'll away to-night,
And be a day before our husbands home.
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Fair Sir, you are well o'erta'en.
My lord Bassanio, upon more advice,[1]
Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.
Por. That cannot be.
His[2] ring I do accept most thankfully,
And so, I pray you, tell him: furthermore,
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.
Gra. That will I do.
Ner. Sir, I would speak with you. —
[To Portia.*]* I 'll see if I can get my husband's ring,
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.
Por. Thou may'st, I warrant. We shall have old swearing,[3]
That they did give the rings away to men;
But we 'll outface them, and outswear them too.
Away! make haste: thou know'st where I will tarry.
Ner. Come, good Sir; will you show me to this house?
[Exeunt.

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be such a one, I will leave you || *To your godfathers in law.* Dieser Ausdruck für die zwölf Geschwornen war sprichwörtlich geworden. 62) Die Fol. stellt um *with me home.* 63) Die Verba des Bittens construirt Sh. mehrfach mit dem Accusativ der Person und *of* der Sache. So in Midsummer-Night's Dream (A. 3, Sc. 1) *I shall desire you of more acquaintance.* 64) *to cope* mit dem Accusativ = freundlich oder feindlich mit Jemandem oder mit Etwas es aufnehmen, also = begegnen, erwiedern: auf Grund dessen wir mit dreitausend Ducaten, die wir dem Juden schulden, Eurer freundlichen Mühe begegnen. — *withal*, für *with*, bezieht sich auf *three thousand ducats*, und es sollte eigentlich also *with three thousand ducats we cope your pains* stehen. 65) Mein Gemüth strebte noch niemals nach grösserem Lohn, als danach, dass ich zufrieden wäre *(well satisfied).* 66) Ich muss nothgedrungen Euch noch mit weitern Bitten angehen. 67) d. h. mir zu verzeihen, dass ich so in Euch dringe. 68) Es kommt mehr auf den Ring selbst, als auf den Werth des Ringes an. — Q. A. hat *There 's more than this depends upon the value.* 69) *mad-woman* muss, wie der Vers zeigt, als Compositum gefasst werden mit dem Ton auf *mad.* 70) *to hold out enemy* = als Feindin ausdauern: sie würde nicht für immer Euch böse bleiben. 71) Qs. und Fol. schreiben *commandement*, zum Zeichen, dass hier wie an andern Stellen das Wort viersylbig auszusprechen sei. — Für *valew'd gaint* der Q. A. und *valued gainst* der Q. B. hat die Fol. *valued againt*, als ob *valued* und *commandment* dreisylbig zu lesen wäre.

1) Auf bessere, reifere Ueberlegung. 2) So die Fol.; Q. A. *this.* 3) *old swearing* = reichliches Schwören, mehr als genug. So in dem alten Drama Soliman and Perseda: *I shall have old laughing.* — Dem *old swearing* entspricht das folgende *outswear them* = wir wollen noch ärger schwören als sie.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Belmont. The Avenue to Portia's House.

Enter Lorenzo *and* Jessica.

Lor. The moon shines bright. — In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise, in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night. [1]

Jes. In such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew;
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.

Lor. In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand [2]
Upon the wild sea-banks, and wav'd her love [3]
To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson. [4]

Lor. In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.

Jes. In such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. In such a night
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would out-night [5] you, did no body come;
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter Stephano.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Steph. A friend.

Lor. A friend? what friend? your name, I pray you, friend?

Steph. Stephano is my name; and I bring word,
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

Lor. Who comes with her?

Steph. None, but a holy hermit, and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him. —
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter Launcelot.

Laun. Sola, sola! wo ha, ho! sola, sola!

Lor. Who calls?

Laun. Sola! did you see Master Lorenzo, and Mistress Lorenzo? [6] sola, sola!

Lor. Leave halloing, man; here.

Laun. Sola! where? where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him, there 's a post come from my master, with his horn [7] full of good news: my master will be here ere morning. [*Exit.*

Lor. Sweet soul, [8] let 's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter; — why should we go in?
My friend Stephano, [9] signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And bring your music forth into the air. —
[*Exit* Stephano.
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here we will sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony. [10]
Sit, Jessica: look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines [11] of bright gold.
There 's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it. [12]

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1) Steevens citirt dazu eine Stelle aus Chaucer's Troilus and Creseide, die Sh. hier vorgeschwebt haben mochte. — Aus Chaucer's Legend of Good Women kannte Sh. auch die von ihm in Midsummer-Night's Dream eingeflochtene Sage von Pyramus und Thisbe. 2) Ein Weidenzweig und Weidenkranz war das Abzeichen einer verlassenen Geliebten oder eines schmachtenden Liebhabers; so in K. Henry VI. Third Part (A. 3, Sc. 3) *I 'll wear the willow garland for his sake.* 3) *her love* = ihren Geliebten, den Aeneas. Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 1, Anm. 46. 4) Sh. kannte diesen Mythus von der Medea aus Gower's Confessio Amantis. 5) *to out-night* ist hier doppelsinnig = an Nachtwachen übertreffen, länger wachen als ein Anderer, und = in Herzählung von Nächten aus alten Sagen übertreffen, wie sie bis jetzt darin gewetteifert hatten. — Diese Wechselreden sind nachgeahmt in dem Drama Wily Beguiled von anonymem Verfasser in einem Liebesgespräch zwischen Sophos und Lelia: Sophos. *In such a night did Paris win his love.* || Lelia. *In such a night Aeneas prov'd unkind.* || Sophos. *In such a night did Troilus court his dear.* || Lelia. *In such a night fair Phillis was betray'd.* || Sophos. *I 'll prove as true as ever Troilus was.* || Lelia. *And I as constant as Penelope.* Vgl. Einleitung pag. 307. 6) Für *Master* und *Mistress* setzen Qs. und Fol. beide Male *M.* als Abbreviatur. Für *and* steht in den Qs. nur ein Comma und in der Fol. die Abkürzung *&*. Erst die späteren Folioausgg. unterscheiden *Master* und *Mistress*. — Die Cambridge Edd. setzen deshalb *Sola! did you see Master Lorenzo? Master Lorenzo, sola, sola!* 7) Das Blashorn, das den Eilboten charakterisirt, wird von Launcelot mit einem Füllhorn identificirt. 8) Qs. und Fol. theilen *sweet soul* noch der Rede Launcelot's zu. — Die Verbesserung rührt von Rowe her, der jedoch mit den späteren Folioausgg. *love* für *soul* setzte. 9) Q. B. und Fol. haben *Stephen* für *Stephano.* 10) Sanfte nächtliche Stille passt oder stimmt zu den Tönen, welche die süsse Harmonie anschlägt, oder zu den Empfindungen, welche diese Harmonie in uns erregt. 11) *patines*, — *patents* in Q. A., *pattens* in Q. B. und Fol. geschrieben, — eigentlich das metallene, gewöhnlich vergoldete Kelchschüsselchen, das bei der Messe gebraucht wird, erklärt Dyce hier richtig mit *plates, or circular ornaments, of bright gold.* — Als ein solcher Schmuck am Plafond des Himmels werden

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn:
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music. *[Music.*

Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,[13]
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual[14] stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music: therefore, the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,[15]
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted. — Mark the music.

Enter Portia *and* Nerissa, *at a distance.*

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters.[16] Music! hark!

Ner. It is your music, Madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect.[17]
Methinks, it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, Madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended;[18] and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection! —
Peace, ho![19] the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd!

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.

Por. He knows me, as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our husbands' welfare,[20]
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.

Por. Go in, Nerissa:
Give order to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence;[21] —
Nor you, Lorenzo; — Jessica, nor you.
[A tucket sounded.

Lor. Your husband is at hand: I hear his trumpet.[22]
We are no tell-tales, Madam; fear you not.

Por. This night, methinks, is but the day-light sick;
It looks a little paler: 't is a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter Bassanio, Antonio, Gratiano, *and their Followers.*

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.[23]

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light;[24]
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me:[25]
But God sort all! — You are welcome home, my lord.

Bass. I thank you, Madam. Give welcome to my friend:
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound[26] for you.

Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.

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die Sterne gefasst. — Collier liest mit der Folioausg. von 1632 *patterns.* 12) Eben solche musikalische Harmonie wie in dem Gange der Gestirne, die in den Gesang der Engel einstimmen, ist auch in den Seelen der Menschen, nur dass wir sie nicht vernehmen können, so lange das vergängliche Staubgewand sie fleischlich einhüllt. — *it* nach *close* bezieht Collier auf das vorhergehende *souls;* vielleicht wäre es eher auf *such harmony* zu beziehen, wie das *it* nach *hear.* — *close it in* ist die Lesart von Q. B.; Q. A. und die Fol. haben *close in it.* 13) *bellowing loud* geht auf *herd,* und *neighing loud* auf *colts.* 14) *mutual* = im Einverständniss, in Bezug auf die Musik, die sie hören. 15) Die innere musikalische Seelenstimmung wird hier zusammengestellt mit der Empfänglichkeit für die Musik, welche von aussen her zum Ohre dringt. 16) Der Glanz und Rang eines Statthalters verschwindet in Gegenwart eines Königs, wie sich ein Bach aus dem Binnenlande in das grosse Meer ergiesst. 17) Der wirkliche Werth eines Dings erscheint erst, wenn man es in Beziehung auf hinzutretende Verhältnisse auffasst, wie die Musik erst jetzt, da sie in der Nacht erschallt, von der Portia recht gewürdigt wird. 18) Wenn man nicht in rechter Stimmung und zu günstiger Stunde dem Gesang der Lerche zuhört, so klingt er nicht besser als der Ton der Krähe. 19) Mit diesen Worten heisst Portia ihre Musiker schweigen. Derselbe Ausruf = still da! kehrt häufig bei Sh. wieder; so in As you like it (A. 5, Sc. 4) *Peace, ho! I bar confusion,* und in Romeo and Juliet (A. 4, Sc. 5) *Peace, ho! for shame! confusion's cure lives not || In these confusions.* — Qs. und Fol. haben *Peace, how the moon etc.,* was Malone verbesserte. 20) So Q. B. und Fol.; Q. A. *health.* 21) *our being absent* steht ohne Rücksicht auf die Zeit für *our absence:* sie sollen keine Notiz davon nehmen, dass wir abwesend waren. 22) Die Trompete, die seine Ankunft verkündet. So in K. Lear (A. 2, Sc. 4) *What trumpet's that?* — Regan. *I know't, my sister's.* 23) Portia macht durch ihre Erscheinung die Nacht zum Tage, der eigentlich um diese Zeit doch nur auf der entgegengesetzten Erdhälfte bei den Antipoden herrscht. 24) Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 6, Anm. 9, und A. 3, Sc. 2, Anm. 23. 25) scil. *heavy for me* = schwermüthig um meinetwillen. 26) *bound* = verpflichtet, und = gebunden, in

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore, I scant this breathing courtesy.[27]
Gra. *[To* Nerissa.*]* By yonder moon, I swear, you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:
'Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.
Por. A quarrel, ho, already! what 's the matter?
Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me; whose posy[28] was
For all the world like cutlers' poetry
Upon a knife, »Love me, and leave me not.«
Ner. What talk you of the posy, or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your[29] hour of death,
And that it should lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective,[30] and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk! no, God 's my judge,[31]
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on his face, that had it.
Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.
Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.
Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy, a little scrubbed[32] boy,
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk;
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee:
I could not for my heart deny it him.
Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And so riveted[33] with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands:
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief:
An 't were to me, I should be mad at it.
Bass. *[Aside.]* Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear I lost the ring defending it.
Gra. My lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,
Deserv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine;
And neither man, nor master, would take aught
But the two rings.
Por. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.
Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see, my finger
Hath not the ring upon it: it is gone.
Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.
Ner. Nor I in yours,
Till I again see mine.
Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.
Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain the ring,[34]
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted[35] the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe:[36]
I 'll die for 't, but some woman had the ring.
Bass. No, by mine honour, Madam, by my soul,
No woman had it; but a civil doctor,[37]
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring, the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away,[38]
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforc'd to send it after him;
I was beset with shame and courtesy;[39]
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady,
For,[40] by these blessed candles of the night,[41]
Had you been there, I think, you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.
Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house.
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you:
I 'll not deny him any thing I have;
No, not my body, nor my husband's bed.
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it:

Bezug auf den ausgestellten Schuldschein. 27) *breathing courtesy* = Höflichkeit, die nur in Worten, in blossem Hauch besteht. 28) *posy* — in Q. B. *posie*, in Q. A. und Fol. *poesie* — ist der Denkspruch auf dem Ringe. Dieser Denkspruch war ein solcher Gemeinplatz, wie ihn Messerschmiede auf ihre Messer einzuätzen pflegen. So in Ford's Witch of Edmonton: *Some knives have foolish posies upon them, but thine has a villanous one.* 29) *your* in den Qs.; *the* in der Fol. 30) *respective* = rücksichtsvoll, achtsam. 31) Die Fol. hat *but well, I know,* in Folge des Statuts Jacob's I. für das *no, God 's my judge* der Qs., das an *judge's clerk* anknüpft. 32) *scrubbed* = verkümmert im Wuchs, nicht völlig ausgewachsen, von *scrub* = Knirps. 33) Manche Hgg. setzen, des Verses wegen, *riveted so,* im Widerspruch mit Qs. und Fol. — Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 1, Anm. 45. 34) Wenn Ihr gewusst hättet, wie sehr Eure eigene Ehre dabei betheiligt war, dass Ihr den Ring behieltet oder festhieltet. — So in dem Drama Ram Alley: *But that she knows how to contain your secrets.* — Pope las *retain.* 35) *wanted* ist Conditional: Welcher Mann würde so unbescheiden gewesen sein, auf eine Sache zu dringen, die Ihr als einen Gegenstand traditioneller Verehrung hegtet? 36) Sie bezieht sich auf Nerissa's Worte *The clerk will ne'er wear hair on his face, that had it.* 37) *a civil doctor* = ein ehrbarer Doctor. Das Epitheton *civil* protestirt gegen jeden leichtfertigen Missbrauch, der mit dem Ringe getrieben sein könnte. — So in Romeo and Juliet (A. 3, Sc. 2) *come, civil night, thou sober-suited matron.* 38) *to go away displeas'd* in Q. A. 39) *shame and courtesy* ist nach Sh.'s Art, die Copula zu gebrauchen: die Scham, die die Pflicht der Höflichkeit in mir erregte, Scham wegen meiner Unhöflichkeit. 40) *for* in den Qs.; *and* in der Fol. 41) So heissen die Sterne auch in Romeo and

Lie not a night from home; watch me like Argus;
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet mine own,
I 'll have that doctor[42] for my bedfellow.
Ner. And I his clerk; therefore, be well advis'd,
How you do leave me to mine own protection.
Gra. Well, do you so: let not me take him then;
For, if I do, I 'll mar the young clerk's pen.
Ant. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.
Por. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome notwithstanding.
Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And in the hearing of these many friends
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself, —
Por. Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself;
In each eye, one: — swear by your double self,
And there 's an oath of credit.[43]
Bass. Nay, but hear me.
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear,
I never more will break an oath with thee.
Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth,[44]
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.
Por. Then you shall be his surety. Give him this,
And bid him keep it better than the other.
Ant. Here, Lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.
Bass. By heaven! it is the same I gave the doctor.
Por. I had it of him: pardon me,[45] Bassanio,
For, by this ring, the doctor lay with me.
Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano,
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this last night did lie with me.
Gra. Why, this is like the mending of highways
In summer, where[46] the ways are fair enough.
What! are we cuckolds, ere we have deserv'd it?
Por. Speak not so grossly. — You are all amaz'd:[47]
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor;
Nerissa there, her clerk. Lorenzo here
Shall witness, I set forth as soon as you,
And even but now return'd: I have not yet
Enter'd my house. — Antonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in store for you,
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find, three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly.
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.
Ant. I am dumb.
Bass. Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?
Gra. Were you the clerk that is to make me cuckold?
Ner. Ay; but the clerk that never means to do it,
Unless he live until he be a man.
Bass. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow:
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.
Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life, and living,
For here I read for certain that my ships
Are safely come to road.
Por. How now, Lorenzo?
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.
Ner. Ay, and I 'll give them him without a fee. —
There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.[48]
Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.[49]
Por. It is almost morning,
And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let us go in;
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.
Gra. Let it be so: the first inter'gatory,
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day:[50]
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
Till[51] I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I 'll fear no other thing
So sore,[52] as keeping safe Nerissa's ring. *[Exeunt.*

Juliet (A. 3, Sc. 5) *night's candles are burnt out.* 42) *the doctor* in der Fol. 43) *an oath of credit* = ein Eid, dem man glauben darf, sagt Portia ironisch, in Bezug auf *your double self* = Euer doppeltes Selbst, wie es aus zwei Augen wiedergespiegelt wird, und = Euer doppelzüngiges falsches Selbst. 44) *wealth* = Gedeihen, Wohlergehen, Glück. — Die Fol. hat *for thy wealth.* 45) *me* fehlt in der Fol. 46) *where* in der älteren Sprache häufig für *whereas.* — Gratiano vergleicht mit der überflüssigen Verbesserung der Wege im Sommer die vermeintliche Hahnreischaft, die Bassanio und er vor der Zeit sich gefallen lassen sollen. 47) *you are all amaz'd* = Ihr seid ganz bestürzt über das, was Ihr hört, ist an Bassanio gerichtet, dem sie den Brief giebt, welchen sie früher von ihrem Vetter Bellario erhalten hatte. 48) Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 1, Anm. 60. 49) Die Schenkungsurkunde Shylock's kommt dem Lorenzo und der Jessica so gelegen, wie das Manna vom Himmel den hungernden Israeliten in der Wüste. 50) Da es zwei Stunden dauert, bis es Tag wird. 51) *till* in Q. B. und Fol.; Q. A. hat *that.* — Q. A. lässt *doctor's* aus. — Die alte Orthographie *clark* in Qs. und Fol. zeigt den Reim deutlicher, als die jetzige *clerk.* 52) So lange ich lebe, werde ich um nichts so schlimm besorgt sein, wie darum, dass ich Nerissa's Ring hüte. — Zur Vergleichung werde hier verwiesen auf die Art und Weise, wie in der Novelle dieser Scherz mit dem Ringe behandelt ist. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 310.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Einleitung.

Obgleich sich von dem nachstehenden Drama keine zu Shakspere's Lebzeiten erschienene Einzelausgabe bisher hat nachweisen lassen, so muss doch eine solche einmal beabsichtigt gewesen sein, laut folgender Notiz in den Verzeichnissen der Londoner Buchhändlergilde: 4. August. As you like yt, a book. Henry the ffift, a book. Every man in his humour, a book. The Commedie of Much adoo about nothinge, a book. To be staied. — Der Zweck dieser Einzeichnung, welche Malone mit ziemlicher Sicherheit dem Jahre 1600 zuschreibt, war wohl, die Publication der genannten Dramen durch einen unberechtigten Verleger zu verhüten, und wenn auch im Laufe des betreffenden und des nächsten Jahres die drei andern darin namhaft gemachten Schauspiele Shakspere's und Ben Jonson's in den Druck gelangten, scheint das doch mit dem zuerst erwähnten Lustspiele nicht der Fall gewesen, mithin As you like it zuerst in der Gesammtausgabe in Folio (1623) erschienen zu sein. Es steht daselbst als das zehnte Stück der Comedies, in Acte und Scenen eingetheilt, aber ohne Personenverzeichniss, das erst von Rowe (1709) herrührt. Die Correctheit des Textes, der in der zweiten Folioausgabe nur stellenweise verbessert ist, lässt Manches zu wünschen übrig; dennoch bietet das Drama nicht so grosse Schwierigkeiten, wie manche andere, welche sich zuerst in der Folio finden.

Für die chronologische Bestimmung von As you like it gewährt einerseits die oben angeführte Notiz aus den Registern der Buchhändler, wenn sie wirklich, wie kaum zu bezweifeln, dem Jahre 1600 angehört, einen Anhaltspunkt, andererseits die Nichterwähnung dieses Lustspiels in Francis Meres' Wit's Treasury (1598). — Das Drama müsste also zwischen 1598 und 1600 geschrieben und aufgeführt sein, folglich der mittleren Periode unseres Dichters zufallen, auf welche auch die Merkmale des Styls und Verses durchaus hindeuten. — Malone, der geradezu das Jahr 1599 als das der Entstehung von As you like it annimmt, findet einen weiteren chronologischen Fingerzeig in den Worten der Rosalinde (A. 4, Sc. 1) *I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain*, wobei Shakspere an ein bestimmtes Brunnenbild in London gedacht habe. Laut Stowe's Chronik wurde nämlich im Jahre 1596 in Cheapside errichtet *a curious-wrought tabernacle of gray marble, and in the same an alabaster image of Diana, and water conveyed from the Thames, prilling from her naked breast.* — In einer spätern Auflage seines Werkes von 1603 sagt Stowe, dass das Wasser nur eine Zeitlang geflossen sei, dass jetzt aber die Statue in Verfall gerathe. — Ob sich aus diesen beiden Angaben mit irgend welcher Sicherheit auf ein bestimmtes Jahr für As you like it schliessen lasse, wie Malone will, erscheint doch mindestens sehr zweifelhaft, um so mehr, als Stowe's Worte *prilling from her naked breast* wenig zu Shakspere's *I will weep* passen wollen.

Den Stoff zu seinem Drama entlehnte der Dichter in grösserem Umfange, als es sonst bei der Benutzung novellistischer Quellen seine Art ist, aus einer Erzählung von Thomas Lodge, die, zuerst 1590 veröffentlicht, in zweiter Auflage von 1592 folgendes Titelblatt hat: Rosalynde. Euphues golden Legacie, found after his death in his Cell at Silexedra. Bequeathed to Philautus Sonnes, nursed vp with their Father in England. Fetcht from the Canaries by T. L. Gent. — In der Widmung an Lord Hunsdon sagt der Verfasser u. A.: *Having with Captaine Clarke made a voyage to the Ilands of Terceras and the Canaries, to beguile the time with labour I writ this booke.* Von einem Original, das er dabei zu Grunde gelegt, schweigt Lodge, und doch kann kaum ein Zweifel bestehen, dass er ein solches benutzt habe: ein altenglisches Gedicht von unbekanntem Verfasser, das man unkritisch genug eine Zeitlang unter dem Namen The Coke's Tale of Gamelyn den Canterbury Tales von Chaucer einverleibt hatte. — Shakspere scheint dieses Gedicht nicht gekannt, wenigstens nicht benutzt, sondern sich mit Lodge's Rosalynde begnügt zu haben, aus welcher Novelle er, wie die Intrigue seines Lustspiels, so die meisten Charaktere entlehnt hat. Dem verbannten Herzog entspricht bei Lodge König Gerismond von Frankreich; dem Usurpator dessen Bruder Torismond; der Rosalinde die gleichnamige Tochter Gerismond's; der Celia die Tochter Torismond's, Alinda; den drei Söhnen des Sir Rowland de Bois, Oliver, Jaques und Orlando, entsprechen ebenso drei Söhne des Sir John of Bourdeaux, Saladyne, Fernandine und Rosader. Auch Charles der Ringer und Adam finden sich bei Lodge; ebenso die Schäfer Corin und Silvius als Coridon und Montanus, und die Schäferin Phebe unter demselben Namen. Nur Touchstone, der melancholische Jaques, Audrey und William haben keine Vorbilder in der Novelle, sondern scheinen freie Erzeugnisse Shakspere's zu sein, der freilich auch die übrigen Charaktere theils neu zu schaffen, theils feiner zu nüanciren hatte. Reichliche Auszüge aus der Novelle werden, mit Verweisung auf die Acte und Scenen des Dramas, am besten das Verhältniss, das zwischen Shakspere und Lodge obwaltet, in das gehörige Licht setzen.

A. 1, Sc. 1. Saladin spricht in einem Selbstgespräch die Absicht aus, seinen jüngern Bruder Rosader verkümmern zu lassen, und fährt dann fort:

Let him know litle, so shall he not be able to execute much: suppresse his wittes with a base estate, and though hee be a gentleman by nature, yet forme him anew, and make him a peasant by nourture. So shalt thou keepe him as a slave, and raigne thy selfe sole Lord over all thy fathers possessions. As for Fernandyne, thy middle brother, he is a scholler and hath no minde but on Aristotle: let him reade on Galen while thou rifflest with golde, and pore on his booke til thou doest purchase landes: witte is great wealth; if he have learning it is enough, and so let all rest.

In this humour was Saladyne, making his brother Rosader his foote boy for the space of two or three yeares; keeping him in such servile subjection, as if he had been the sonne of any country vassal. The young gentleman bare all with patience, til on a day, walking in the garden by himselfe, he began to consider how he was the sonne of John of Bourdeaux, a knight renownied for many victories, and a gentleman famozed for his vertues; how, contrarie to the testament of his father, hee was not only kept from his land and intreated as a servant, but smothered in such secret slaverie, as hee might not attaine to any honourable actions. As, quoth hee to himselfe (nature woorking these effectuall passions) why should I that am a gentleman borne, passe my time in such unnatural drudgery? were it not better either in Paris to become a scholler, or in the court a courtier, or in the field a souldier, then to live a foote boy to my own brother! nature hath lent me wit to conceive, but my brother denied mee art to contemplate: I have strength to performe any honorable exployt, but no libertie to accomplish my vertuous indevours: those good partes that God hath bestowed upon mee, the envy of my brother doth smother in obscuritie; the harder is my fortune, and the more his frowardnes. With that casting up his hand he felt haire on his face, and perceiving his beard to bud for choler hee began to blush, and swore and swore to himselfe he would be no more subject to such slaverie. As thus he was ruminating of his melancholie passions in came Saladyne with his men, and seeing his brother in a browne study, and to forget his wonted reverence, thought to shake him out of his dumps thus. Sirha (quoth he) what is your heart on your halfepeny, or are you saying a dirge for your fathers soule? what, is my dinner readie? At this question Rosader, turning his head ascance, and bending his browes as if anger there had ploughed the furrowes of her wrath, with his eyes full of fire, hee made this replie. Doest thou aske mee (Saladyne) for thy cates? aske some of thy churles who are fit for suche an office: I am thine equal by nature, though not by birth, and though thou hast more cardes in the bunch, I have as many trumpes in my handes as thy selfe. Let me question with thee, why thou hast feld my woods, spoyled my manner houses, and made havocke of suche utensalles as my father bequeathed unto mee? I tell thee, Saladyne, either answere mee as a brother, or I wil trouble thee as an enemie.

At this replie of Rosaders Saladyne smiled, as laughing at his presumption, and frowned as checking his folly: he therfore tooke him up thus shortly: What, sirha, wel I see early pricks the tree that wil proove a thorne: hath my familiar conversing with you made you coy, or my good lookes drawne you to be thus contemptuous? I can quickly remedie such a fault, and I wil bend the tree while it is a wand. In faith (sir boy) I have a snaffle for such a headstrong colt. You, sirs, lay holde on him and binde him, and then I wil give him a cooling carde for his choller. This made Rosader halfe mad, that stepping to a great rake that stood in the garden, hee laide such loade uppon his brothers men that hee hurt some of them, and made the rest of them run away. Saladyne seeing Rosader so resolute, and with his resolution so valiant, thought his heeles his best safetie, and tooke him to a loaft adjoyning to the garden, whether Rosader pursued him hotlie. Saladine, afraide of his brothers furie, cried out to him thus: Rosader, be not so rash: I am thy brother and thine elder, and if I have done thee wrong ile make thee amendes: revenge not anger in blood, for so shalt thou staine the vertue of old Sir John Bourdeaux: say wherein thou art discontent and thou shalt bee satisfied. Brothers frownes ought not to be periodes of wrath: what, man, looke not so sowerly; I know we shal be friendes, and better friends then we have been. For, Amantium ira amoris redintegratio est.

These wordes appeased the choller of Rosader (for he was of a milde and curteous nature) so that hee layde downe his weapons, and upon the faith of a gentleman assured his brother hee would offer him no prejudice: wherupon Saladyne came down, and after a little parley they imbraced eache other and became friends; and Saladyne promising Rosader the restitution of all his lands, and what favour els (quoth he) any waies my ability or the nature of a brother may performe, upon these sugred reconciliations they went into the house arme in arme togither, to the great content of all the old servants of Sir John of Bourdeaux. Thus continued the pad hidden in the strawe, til it chaunced that Torismond, king of France, had appointed for his pleasure a day of wrastling and of tournament to busie his commons heades, least, being idle, their thoughts should runne uppon more serious matters, and call to remembrance their old banished king. A champion there was to stand against all commers, a Norman, a man of tall stature and of great strength; so valiant, that in many such conflicts he alwaies bare away the victorie, not onely overthrowing them which hee incountred, but often with the weight of his bodie killing them outright. Saladyne hearing of this, thinking now not to let the ball fal to the ground, but to take opportunitie by the forehead, first by secret meanes convented with the Norman, and procured him with rich rewards to sweare, that if Rosader came within his clawes hee would never more returne to quarrel with Saladyne for his possessions. The Norman desirous of pelfe, as (quis nisi mentis inops oblatum respuit aurum) taking great gifts for litle gods, tooke the crownes of Saladyne to performe the stratagem. Having thus the champion tied to his vilanous determination by oath, hee prosecuted the intent of his purpose thus: — He went to yoong Rosader (who in all his thoughts reacht at honour, and gazed no lower then vertue commanded him), and began to tel him of this tournament and wrastling, how the king should bee there. and all the chiefe peeres of France, with all the beautiful damosels of the countrey. Now, brother (quoth hee) for the honor

of Sir John of Bourdeaux, our renowned father, to famous that house that never hath bin found without men approoved in chivalrie, shewe thy resolution to be peremptorie. For myselfe thou knowest, though I am eldest by birth, yet never having attempted any deedes of armes, I am yongest to performe any martial exploytes, knowing better how to survey my lands then to charge my launce: my brother Fernandyne hee is at Paris poring on a fewe papers, having more insight into sophistrie and principles of philosophie, then anie warlyke indeveurs; but thou, Rosader, the youngest in yeares but the eldest in valour, art a man of strength, and darest doo what honour allowes thee. Take thou my fathers launce, his sword, and his horse, and hye thee to the tournament, and either there valiantly cracke a speare, or trie with the Norman for the palme of activitie. The words of Saladyne were but spurres to a free horse, for hee had scarce uttered them, ere Rosader tooke him in his armes, taking his proffer so kindly, that hee promised in what hee might to requite his curtesie. The next morrow was the day of the tournament, and Rosader was so desirous to shew his heroycal thoughts that he past the night with litle sleep; but assoone as Phœbus had vailed the curteine of the night, and made Aurora blush with giving her the bezoles labres in her silver couch, he gat him up, and taking his leave of his brother, mounted himselfe towardes the place appoynted, thinking every mile ten leagues til he came there. But leaving him so desirous of the journey, to Torismond, the king of France, who having by force banished Gerismond, their lawful king that lived as an outlaw in the forest of Arden, sought now by all meanes to keep the French busied with all sports that might breed their content. Amongst the rest he had appointed this solemne turnament, whereunto hee in most solemne maner resorted, accompanied with the twelve peers of France, who, rather for fear then love, graced him with the shew of their dutiful favours. To feede their eyes. and to make the beholders pleased with the sight of most rare and glistring objects, he had appoynted his owne daughter Alinda to be there, and the fair Rosalynd, daughter unto Gerismond, with al the beautifull dammoselles that were famous for their features in all France.

A. 1, Sc. 2. Den Ringkampf zwischen Charles und Orlando erzählt Lodge so:

With that Rosader vailed bonnet to the king, and lightly leapt within the lists, where noting more the companie then the combatant, he cast his eye upon the troupe of ladies that glistered there lyke the starres of heaven; but at last Love willing to make him as amourous as hee was valiant, presented him with the sight of Rosalynd, whose admirable beautie so inveagled the eye of Rosader, that forgetting himselfe, hee stood and fedde his lookes on the favour of Rosalyndes face; which shee perceiving, blusht, which was such a doubling of her beauteous excellence, that the bashful redde of Aurora at the sight of unacquainted Phaeton, was not halfe so glorious.

The Normane seeing this young gentleman fettered in the lookes of the ladyes drave him out of his memento with a shake by the shoulder. Rosader looking backe with an angrie frowne, as if hee had been wakened from some pleasaunt dreame, discovered to all by the furye of his countenance that hee was a man of some high thoughts: but when they all noted his youth, and the sweetnesse of his visage, with a general applause of favours, they grieved that so goodly a yoong man should venture in so base an action; but seeing it were to his dishonour to hinder him from his enterprise, they wisht him to bee graced with the palme of victorie. After Rosader was thus called out of his memento by the Norman, he roughly clapt to him with so fierce an incounter, that they both fel to the ground, and with the violence of the fal were forced to breathe: in which space the Norman called to minde by all tokens, that this was hee whome Saladyne had appoynted him to kil; which conjecture made him stretch every limbe, and try every sinew, that working his death hee might recover the golde which so bountifuly was promised him. On the contrary part, Rosader while he breathed was not idle, but stil cast his eye upon Rosalynde, who to incourage him with a favour, lent him such an amorous looke, as might have made the most coward desperate: which glance of Rosalynd so fiered the passionate desires of Rosader, that turning to the Norman hee ranne upon him and braved him with a strong encounter. The Norman received him as valiantly, that there was a sore combat, hard to judge on whose side fortune would be prodigal. At last Rosader, calling to minde the beautie of his new mistresse, the fame of his fathers honours, and the disgrace that should fal to his house by his misfortune, rowsed himselfe and threw the Norman against the ground, falling uppon his chest with so willing a weight, that the Norman yelded nature her due, and Rosader the victorie.

A. 1, Sc. 3. Die Verbannung der Rosalinde vom Hofe, Celia's vergebliche Fürsprache, Beider Entschluss zu fliehen, ist bei Lodge ebenso dargestellt. Das Ende lautet:

At this Rosalynd began to comfort her, and after shee had wept a fewe kinde teares in the bosome of her Alinda, shee gave her heartie thankes, and then they sat them downe to consult how they should travel. Alinda grieved at nothing but that they might have no man in their company, saying, it would bee their greatest prejudice in that two women went wandring without either guide or attendant. Tush (quoth Rosalynd) art thou a woman, and hast not a sodeine shift to prevent a misfortune? I (thou seest) am of a tall stature, and would very wel become the person and apparel of a page: thou shalt bee my mistresse, and I wil play the man so properly, that (trust me) in what company so ever I come I wil not be discovered. I will buy me a suite, and have my rapier very handsomly at my side, and if any knave offer wrong, your page wil shew him the poynt of his weapon. At this Alinda smiled, and upon this they agreed, and presently gathered up al their jewels, which they trussed up in a casket, and Rosalynd in all hast provided her of robes; and Alinda being called Aliena, and Rosalynd Ganimede, they traveiled along the vineyardes, and by many by-waies, at last got to the forrest side, where they traveiled by the space of two or three dayes without seeing anye creature, being often in danger of wilde beasts, and payned with many passionate sorrowes.

A. 2, Sc. 4. Rosalindens und Celia's Zusammentreffen mit Corin und Silvius und die Niederlassung der beiden Ersteren in der Schäferei erzählt Lodge ebenfalls und schliesst so:

Montanus had no sooner ended his sonnet, but Coridon with a lowe curtesie rose up, and went with his fellow, and shut their sheepe in the folds; and after returning to Aliena and Ganimede, conducted them home weary to his poore cottage. By the waye there was much good chat with Montanus about his loves, hee resolving Aliena that Phœbe was the fairest shepherdice in al France, and that in his eye her beautie was equal with the nimphs. But, quoth he: as of all stones the diamond is most cleerest, and yet most hard for the lapidorie to cut, as of all flowres the rose is the fairest, and yet guarded with the sharpest prickles: so of al our country lasses Phœbe is the brightest, but the most coy of all to stoop unto desire. But let her take heed quoth he, I have heard of Narcissus, who for his high disdain against love, perished in the folly of his owne love. With this they were at Coridons cottage, where Montanus parted from them, and they went in to rest. Aliena and Ganimede glad of so contented a shelter, made merry with the poore swaine; and though they had but countrey fare and course lodging, yet their welcome was so greate, and their cares so little, that they counted their diet delicate, and slept as soundly as if they had beene in the court of Torismond. The next morne they lay long in bed, as wearyed with the toyle of unaccustomed travaile; but assoone as they got up, Aliena resolved there to set up her rest, and by the helpe of Coridon swapt a bargaine with his landslord, and so became mistres of the farme and the flocke, her selfe putting on the attyre of a shepherdesse, and Ganimede of a yong swaine: everye day leading foorth her flockes, with such delight, that she held her exile happy, and thoght no content to the blisse of a countrey cottage.

A. 2, Sc. 6 und 7. Orlando und Adam, die, in der Wildniss dem Hungertode nahe, dem verbannten Herzog begegnen, schildert Lodge so:

As he was readie to go forward in his passion, he looked earnestly on Rosader, and seeing him chaunge colour, hee rose up and went to him, and holding his temples, said, What cheere, maister? though all faile, let not the heart faint: the courage of a man is shewed in the resolution of his death. At these wordes Rosader lifted up his eye, and looking on Adam Spencer, began to weep. Ah, Adam, quoth he, I sorrow not to dye, but I grieve at the maner of my death. Might I with my launce encounter the enemy, and so die in the field, it were honour, and content: might I (Adam) combate with some wilde beast, and perish as his praie, I were satisfied; but to die with hunger, O, Adam, it is the extreamest of all extreames! Maister (quoth he) you see we are both in one predicament, and long I cannot live without meate; seeing therefore we can finde no food, let the death of the one preserve the life of the other. I am old, and overworne with age, you are yoong, and are the hope of many honours: let me then dye, I will presently cut my veynes, and, maister, with the warme blood relieve your fainting spirites: sucke on that till I ende, and you be comforted. With that Adam Spencer was ready to pull out his knife, when Rosader full of courage (though verie faint) rose up, and wisht A. Spencer to sit there til his returne; for my mind gives me, quoth he, I shall bring thee meate. With that, like a mad man, he rose up, and raunged up and downe the woods, seeking to encounter some wilde beast with his rapier, that either he might carry his friend Adam food, or els pledge his life in pawn for his loyaltie. It chaunced that day, that Gerismond, the lawfull king of France banished by Torismond, who with a lustie crue of outlawes lived in that forest, that day in honour of his birth made a feast to all his bolde yeomen, and frolickt it with store of wine and venison, sitting all at a long table under the shadow of lymon trees. To that place by change fortune conducted Rosader, who seeing such a crue of brave men, having store of that for want of which hee and Adam perished, hee stept boldly to the boords end, and saluted the company thus: —

Whatsoever thou be that art maister of these lustie squiers, I salute thee as graciously as a man in extreame distresse may: know, that I and a fellow friend of mine are here famished in the forrest for want of food: perish wee must, unlesse relieved by thy favours. Therefore, if thou be a gentleman, give meate to men, and to such as are everie way woorthie of life. Let the proudest squire that sits at thy table rise and incounter with mee in any honorable point of activitie whatsoever, and if hee and thou proove me not a man, send me away comfortlesse. If thou refuse this, as a niggard of thy cates, I will have amongst you with my sword; for rather wil I dye valiantly, then perish with so cowardly an extreame. Gerismond, looking him earnestly in the face, and seeing so proper a gentleman in so bitter a passion, was mooved with so great pitie, that rising from the table, he tooke him by the hand and badde him welcome, willing him to sit downe in his place, and in his roome not onely to eat his fill, but be the lord of the feast. Gramercy, sir (quoth Rosader) but I have a feeble friend that lyes hereby famished almost for food, aged and therefore lesse able to abide the extremitie of hunger then my selfe, and dishonour it were for me to taste one crumme, before I made him partner of my fortunes: therefore I will runne and fetch him, and then I wil gratefully accept of your proffer. Away hies Rosader to Adam Spencer, and tels him the newes, who was glad of so happie fortune, but so feeble he was that he could not go; wherupon Rosader got him up on his backe, and brought him to the place. Which when Gerismond and his men saw, they greatly applauded their league of friendship; and Rosader, having Gerismonds place assigned him, would not sit there himselfe, but set downe Adam Spencer.

A. 3, Sc. 1. Oliver's Verbannung stellt Lodge folgendermassen dar:

In the depth of his passion, hee was sent for to the king, who with a looke that threatened death entertained him, and demaunded of him where his brother was? Saladyne made answer, that upon some ryot made against the sheriffe of the shire, he was fled from Bourdeaux, but he knew not whither. Nay, villaine (quoth he) I have heard of the wronges thou hast proffered thy brother, since the death of thy father, and by thy means have I lost a most brave and resolute chevalier. Therefore, in justice to punish thee, I spare thy life for thy fathers sake, but banish thee for ever from the court and countrey of France;

and see thy departure be within tenne dayes, els trust me thou shalt loose thy head. And with that the king flew away in a rage, and left poore Saladyne greatly perplexed; who grieving at his exile, yet determined to bear it with patience, and in penaunce of his former folies to travaile abroade in every coast till he had found out his brother Rosader.

A. 3, Sc. 2. Wie bei Shakspere, macht auch bei Lodge Ganymed den scherzhaften Vorschlag, bei Orlando die Rosalinde vorzustellen:

Ganimede, pittying her Rosader, thinking to drive him out of his amorous melancholy, said, that now the sunne was in his meridionall heat, and that it was high noone, therefore wee shepheards say, tis time to go to dinner; for the sunne and our stomackes are shepheards dials. Therefore, forrester, if thou wilt take such farc as comes out of our homely scrips, welcome shall answere whatsoever thou wantest in delicates. Aliena tooke the entertainment by the ende, and tolde Rosader hee should bee her guest. He thankt them heartily, and sat with them downe to dinner, where they had such cates as countrey state did allow them, sawst with such content, and such sweete prattle, as it seemed farre more sweet than all their courtly junkets.

Assoone as they had taken their repast, Rosader, giving them thankes for his good cheare, would have been gone; but Ganimede, that was loath to let him passe out of her presence, began thus: Nay, forrester, quoth she, if thy busines be not the greater, seeing thou saist thou art so deeply in love, let me see how thou canst wooe: I will represent Rosalynde, and thou shalt bee as thou art, Rosader. See in some amorous eglogue, how if Rosalynd were present, how thou couldst court her; and while we sing of love, Aliena shall tune her pipe and plaie us melodie.

A. 4, Sc. 3. Phebe's Brief an Ganymed lautet bei Lodge so:

Faire shepheard (and therefore is Phœbe infortunate, because thou art so faire), although hitherto mine eyes were adamants to resist love, yet I no sooner saw thy face, but they became amorous to intertaine love; more devoted to fancie, than before they were repugnant to affection, addicted to the one by nature, and drawn to the other by beauty: which being rare, and made the more excellent by many vertues, hath so snared the freedome of Phœbe, as shee restes at thy mercie, either to bee made the most fortunate of all maydens, or the most miserable of all women. Measure not, Ganimede, my loves by my wealth, nor my desires by my degrees; but thinke my thoughts as full of faith, as thy face of amiable favors. Then, as thou knowest thy selfe most beautifull, suppose me most constant. If thou deemest mee hard harted because I hated Montanus, think I was forst to it by fate: if thou saist I am kind hearted, because so lightly I loved thee at the first looke, think I was driven to it by desteny, whose influence, as it is mighty, so is it not to be resisted. If my fortunes were any thing but infortunate love, I would strive with fortune: but he that wrests against the will of Venus, seekes to quench fire with oyle, and to thrust out one thorn by putting in another: If then, Ganimede, love enters at the eye, harbours in the heart, and wil neither be driven out with phisicke nor reason, pittie mee, as one whose malady hath no salve but from thy sweet self, whose griefe hath no ease but through thy grant; and think I am a virgin who is deeply wrongd when I am forst to woo, and conjecture love to be strong, that is more forceable then nature. Thus distressed unless by thee eased, I expect either to live fortunate by thy favour, or die miserable by thy denyall. Living in hope. Farewell.

She that must be thine,
or not be at all.
PHŒBE.

A. 4, Sc. 3. Oliver's und Orlando's Wiederfinden und Aussöhnung hat Lodge so:

All this while did poore Saladyne (banished from Bourdeaux and the court of France by Torismond) wander up and downe in the forrest of Arden, thinking to get to Lyons, and so travail through Germany into Italie: but the forrest beeing full of by pathes, and he unskilfull of the country coast, slipt out of the way, and chaunced up into the desart, not farre from the place where Gerismond was, and his brother Rosader. Saladyne, wearie with wandring up and downe, and hungry with long fasting, finding a little cave by the side of a thicket, eating such fruite as the forest did affoord, and contenting himselfe with such drinke as nature had provided and thirst made delicate, after his repast he fell in a dead sleepe. As thus he lay, a hungry lyon came hunting downe the edge of the grove for pray, and espying Saladyne began to ceaze upon him: but seeing he lay still without any motion, he left to touch him, for that lyons hate to pray on dead carkasses; and yet desirous to have some food, the lyon lay downe and watcht to see if he would stirre. While thus Saladyne slept secure, fortune that was careful of her champion began to smile, and brought it so to passe, that Rosader (having stricken a deere that but slightly hurt fled through the thicket) came pacing downe by the grove with a boare-speare in his hande in great haste. He spyed where a man lay a sleepe, and a lyon fast by him: amazed at this sight, as he stood gazing, his nose on the sodaine bledde, which made him conjecture it was some friend of his. Whereuppon drawing more nigh, he might easily discerne his visage, perceived by his phisnomie that it was his brother Saladyne, which drave Rosader into a deepe passion, as a man perplexed at the sight of so unexpected a chance, marvelling what should drive his brother to traverse those secrete desarts, without any companie, in such distresse and forlorne sorte. But the present time craved no such doubting ambages, for he must eyther resolve to hazard his life for his reliefe, or else steale away, and leave him to the crueltie of the lyon. In which doubt hee thus briefly debated with himselfe. Nach einem längeren Monologe Rosader's fährt die Erzählung fort: *With that his brother began to stirre, and the lyon to rowse himselfe, whereupon Rosader sodainly charged him with the boare speare, and wounded the lion very sore at the first stroke. The beast feeling himselfe to have a mortall hurt, leapt at Rosader, and with his pawes gave him a sore pinch on the*

brest, that he had almost faln; yet as a man most valiant, in whom the sparks of Sir John Bourdeaux remained, he recovered himselfe, and in short combat slew the lion, who at his death roared so lowd that Saladyne awaked, and starting up, was amazed at the sudden sight of so monstrous a beast lying slaine by hym, and so sweet a gentleman wounded. Rosader giebt sich endlich seinem Bruder zu erkennen: *Saladyne casting up his eye, and noting well the phisnomy of the forrester, knew that it was his brother Rosader, which made him so bash and blush at the first meeting, that Rosader was faine to recomfort him, which he did in such sort, that hee shewed how highly he held revenge in scorne. Much ado there was betweene these two brethren, Saladyne in craving pardon, and Rosader in forgiving and forgetting all former injuries; the one submisse, the other curteous; Saladyne penitent and passionate, Rosader kynd and loving, that at length nature working an union of their thoughts, they earnestly embraced, and fell from matters of unkindnesse, to talke of the country life, which Rosader so highly commended, that his brother began to have a desire to taste of that homely content. In this humor Rosader conducted him to Gerismonds lodge, and presented his brother to the king, discoùrsing the whole matter how all had hapned betwixt them.*

A. 5, Sc. 4. Die Lösung der angesponnenen Intrigue fand Shakspere bei Lodge so vorgebildet:

The king noting well the phisnomy of Ganimede, began by his favours to cal to mind the face of his Rosalynd, and with that fetcht a deepe sigh. Rosader, that was passing familiar with Gerismond, demanded of him why he sighed so sore? Because, Rosader (quoth hee), the favour of Ganimede puts mee in minde of Rosalynde. At this word Rosader sight so deeply, as though his heart would have burst. And whats the matter (quoth Gerismond) that you quite mee with such a sigh? Pardon me, sir (quoth Rosader), because I love none but Rosalynd. And upon that condition (quoth Gerismond) that Rosalynd were here, I would this day make up a marriage betwixt her and thee. At this Aliena turnd her head and smilde upon Ganimede, and shee could scarce keep countenance. Yet shee salved all with secrecie; and Gerismond, to drive away his dumpes, questioned with Ganimede, what the reason was he regarded not Phœbes love, seeing she was as faire as the wanton that brought Troy to ruine? Ganimede mildly answered, If I shuld affect the faire Phœbe, I should offer poore Montanus great wrong to winne that from him in a moment, that hee hath labored for so many monthes. Yet have I promised to the bewtiful shepheardesse to wed my selfe never to woman except unto her; but with this promise, that if I can by reason suppresse Phœbes love towards me, she shall like of none but of Montanus. To that, q. Phœbe, I stand; for my love is so far beyond reason, as wil admit no persuasion of reason. For justice, q. he, I appeale to Gerismond: and to his censure wil I stand, q. Phœbe. And in your victory, q. Montanus, stands the hazard of my fortunes; for if Ganimede go away with conquest, Montanus is in conceit loves monarch: if Phœbe winne, then am I in effect most miserable. We wil see this controversie, q. Gerismond, and then we will to church: therefore, Ganimede, let us heare your argument. Nay, pardon my absence a while (quoth shee), and you shall see one in store.

In went Ganimede and drest her self in womans attire, having on a gowne of greene, with kirtle of rich sandall, so quaint, that she seemed Diana triumphing in the forrest: upon her head she wore a chaplet of roses, which gave her such a grace that she looked like Flora pearkt in the pride of all her floures. Thus attired came Rosalynd in, and presented hir self at hir fathers feete, with her eyes full of teares, craving his blessing, and discoursing unto him all her fortunes, how shee was banished by Torismond, and how ever since she lived in that country disguised.

Gerismond, seeing his daughter, rose from his seat and fel upon her necke, uttering the passions of his joy in watry plaints, driven into such an extasie of content, that he could not utter one word. At this sight, if Rosader was both amazed and joyfull, I refer my selfe to the judgement of such as have experience in love, seeing his Rosalynd before his face whom so long and deeply he had affected. At last Gerismond recovered his spirites, and in most fatherly tearmes entertained his daughter Rosalynd, after many questions demanding of her what had past betweene her and Rosader? So much, sir (quoth she) as there wants nothing but your grace to make up the mariage. Why, then (quoth Gerismond) Rosader take her: shee is thine, and let this day solemnize both thy brothers and thy nuptials. Rosader beyond measure content, humbly thankt the king, and imbraced his Rosalynde, who turning to Phœbe, demanded if she had shewen sufficient reason to suppresse the force of her loves. Yea, quoth Phœbe, and so great a perswasive, that if it please you Madame and Aliena to give us leave, Montanus and I will make this day the thirde couple in marriage. She had no sooner spake this word, but Montanus threw away his garland of willow, his bottle, where was painted dispaire, and cast his sonnets in the fire, shewing himselfe as frolicke as Paris when he hanseled his love with Helena. At this Gerismond and the rest smiled, and concluded that Montanus and Phœbe should keepe their wedding with the two brethren. Aliena seeing Saladyne stand in a dumpe, to wake him from his dreame began thus. Why how now, my Saladyne, all a mort? what melancholy, man, at the day of marriage? perchaunce thou art sorrowfull to thinke on thy brothers high fortunes, and thyne owne base desires to chuse so meane a shepheardize. Cheare up thy hart, man; for this day thou shalt bee married to the daughter of a king; for know, Saladyne, I am not Aliena, but Alinda, the daughter of thy mortal enemie Torismond. At this all the company was amazed, espesially Gerismond, who rising up, tooke Alinda in his armes, and said to Rosalynd, Is this that faire Alinda famous for so many vertues, that forsake her fathers court to live with thee exilde in the country? The same, q. Rosalynde. Then, quoth Gerismond, turning to Saladyne, jolly forrester be frolick, for thy fortunes are great, and thy desires excellent: thou hast got a princesse as famous for her perfection, as exceeding in proportion. And she hath with her beauty won (quoth Saladyne) an humble servant, as full of faith as she of amiable favour. While every one was amazed with these comicall eventes, Coridon came skipping in, and told them that the priest was at church, and tarried for their comming. With that Gerismond led

the way, and the rest followed; where to the admiration of all the countrey swains in Arden their mariages were solemnly solemnized.

Endlich ist auch das Auftreten des Jaques de Bois bei Lodge ähnlich motivirt, wenngleich die Botschaft Fernandine's nicht so friedlich lautet, wie die seines Gegenbildes bei Shakspere:

Coridon having thus made them merry, as they were in the midst of their jollitie, word was brought in to Saladyne and Rosader that a brother of theirs, one Fernandine, was arrived, and desired to speake with them. Gerismond overhearing this newes, demaunded who it was? It is, sir (q. Rosader) our middle brother, that lives a scholler in Paris; but what fortune hath driven him to seek us out I know not. With that Saladyne went and met his brother, whom he welcommed with all curtesie, and Rosader gave him no lesse frendly entertainment: brought he was by his two brothers into the parlour where they all sate at dinner. Fernandine, as one that knew as many maners, as he could points of sophistry, and was as wel brought up as well lettered, saluted them all. But when he espied Gerismond, kneeling on his knee, he did him what reverence belonged to his estate, and with that burst forth into these speaches. Although (right mighty prince) this day of my brothers marriage be a daye of mirth, yet time craves another course; and therefore from dantie cates rise to sharpe weapons. And you, the sonnes of Sir John of Bourdeaux, leave off your amors and fal to arms; change your loves into lances, and now this day shew your selves valiant, as hitherto you have been passionate. For know, Gerismond, that harde by at the edge of this forrest the twelve peeres of France are up in arms to recover thy right; and Torismond, troupt with a crue of desperate runnagates, is ready to bid them battaile. The armies are ready to joyne: therefore shewe thy selfe in the field to incourage thy subjects. And you, Saladyne and Rosader, mount you, and shew your selves as hardy soldiers as you have been harty lovers: so shal you for the benefit of your country, discover the idea of your fathers vertues to be stamped in your thoughts, and prove children worthy of so honorable a parent. At this alarum, given him by Fernandine, Gerismond leapt from the boord, and Saladyne and Rosader betooke themselves to their weapons. Nay (q. Gerismond) go with me: I have horse and armor for us all, and then, being well mounted, let us shew that we carry revenge and honor at our fauchons points. Thus they leave the brides full of sorrow, and especially Alinda, who desired Gerismond to be good to her father: hee, not returning a word because his hast was great, hied him home to his lodge, wher he delivered Saladyne and Rosader horse and armour, and himselfe armed royally led the way, not having ridden two leagues before they discovered where in a valley both the battailes were joyned. Gerismond seeing the wing wherein the peeres fought, thrust in there, and cryed S. Denis! laying on such load upon his enemies, that he shewed how highly he did estimate of a crowne. When the peeres perceived that their lawful king was there, they grew more eager; and Saladyne and Rosader so behaved themselves, that none durst stand in their way, nor abide the furie of their weapons. To be short, the peeres were conquerors, Torismonds army put to flight, and himself slain in battaile. The peers then gathered themselves together, and saluted their king, conducted him royally into Paris, where he was received with great joy of all the cittizens. Assoone as all was quiet, and he had received againe the crowne, he sent for Alinda and Rosalynd to the court, Alinda being very passionat for the death of her father, yet brooking it with the more patience, in that she was contented with the welfare of her Saladyne. Wel, assoone as they were come to Paris, Gerismond made a royal feast for the peeres and lords of his land, which continued thirtie dayes, in which time summoning a parliament, by the consent of his nobles, he created Rosader heire apparant to the kingdome: hee restored Saladyne to all his fathers land, and gave him the dukedome of Nameurs: he made Fernandine principall secretarie to himselfe; and that fortune might every way seeme frolicke, he made Montanus lord over all the Forrest of Arden, Adam Spencer Captaine of the Kings Gard, and Coridon maister of Alindas flocks.

Das Buch, dem die Auseinandersetzungen des Narren über Ehrenhändel (vgl. A. 5, Sc. 4) entlehnt sind, erschien im Jahre 1595 und ist betitelt: Vincentio Saviolo his Practice. In two Bookes. The first intreating of the use of the Rapier and Dagger. The second of Honor and honorable Quarrels. Von dem zweiten Theile sagt der Verfasser: *A Discourse most necessarie for all gentlemen that have in regard their honours, touching the giving and receiving of the Lie, whereupon the Duello and the Combats in divers sortes doth insue, and many other inconveniences, for lack only of the true knowledge of honor and the contrarie and the right understanding of wordes.* — Die einzelnen Capitel sind: *1) What the reason is that the partie unto whom the lie is given ought to become Challenger: and of the nature of Lies. — 2) Of the manner and diversitie of Lies. — 3) Of Lies certaine. — 4) Of conditionall Lyes. — 5) Of the Lye in generall. — 6) Of the Lye in particular. — 7) Of foolish Lyes. — 8) A conclusion touching the Challenger and the Defender, and of the wresting and returning back of the Lye, or Dementie.* — Die Worte des vierten Capitels, welche der Narr besonders im Sinne hat, lauten: *Conditionall lyes be such as are given conditionally: as if a man should saie or write these wordes: If thou hast saide that I have offered my Lord abuse, thou lyest; or if thou saiest so hereafter, thou shalt lye. Of these kind of lyes given in this manner often arise much contention in wordes whereof no sure conclusion can arise.*

Die Stelle in Marlowe's Hero and Leander, aus welcher Phebe einen Vers citirt (vgl. A. 3, Sc. 5), lautet im Zusammenhange so:

On this feast-day, — oh, cursed day and hour! —
Went Hero thorough Sestos, from her tower
To Venus' temple where unhappily,
As after chanc'd, they did each other spy.
So fair a church as this had Venus none:
The walls were of discolour'd jasper-stone,
Wherein was Proteus carv'd; and over-head
A lively vine of green sea-agate spread,
Where by one hand light-headed Bacchus hung,
And with the other wine from grapes out-wrung.

Of crystal shining fair the pavement was;
The town of Sestos call'd it Venus' glass:
There might you see the gods, in sundry shapes,
Committing heady riots, incest, rapes;
For know that under neath this radiant flour
Was Danae's statue in a brazen tower;
Jove slily stealing from his sister's bed,
To dally with Idalian Ganymed;
And for his love Europa bellowing loud,
And tumbling with the Rainbon in a cloud;
Blood-quaffing Mars heaving the iron net
Which limping Vulcan and his Cyclops set;
Love kindling fire, to burn such towns as Troy;
Sylvanus weeping for the lovely boy
That now is turn'd into a cypress-tree,
Under whose shades the wood-gods love to be.
And in the midst a silver altar stood:
There Hero, sacrificing turtles' blood,
Vail'd to the ground, veiling her eyelids close;
And modestly they open'd as she rose:
Thence flew Love's arrow with the golden head;
And thus Leander was enamoured.
Stone-still he stood, and evermore he gaz'd,
Till with the fire, that from his countenance blaz'd,
Relenting Hero's gentle heart was strook:
Such force and virtue hath an amorous look.
It lies not in our power to love or hate,
For will in us is over-rul'd by fate.
When two are stript long ere the course begin,
We wish that one should lose, the other win;
And one especially do we affect
Of two gold ingots, like in each respect:
The reason no man knows; let it suffice,
What we behold is censur'd by our eyes.
Where both deliberate, the love is slight:
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE, living in exile.
FREDERICK, his Brother, Usurper of his dominions.
AMIENS, JAQUES, } Lords attending upon the exiled Duke.
LE BEAU, a Courtier.
CHARLES, a Wrestler.
OLIVER, JAQUES, ORLANDO, } Sons of Sir Rowland de Bois.
ADAM, DENNIS, } Servants to Oliver.
TOUCHSTONE, a Clown.
SIR OLIVER MAR-TEXT, a Vicar.
CORIN, SILVIUS, } Shepherds.
WILLIAM, a Country Fellow, in love with Audrey.
HYMEN.

ROSALIND, Daughter to the exiled Duke.
CELIA, Daughter to Frederick.
PHEBE, a Shepherdess.
AUDREY, a Country Wench.

Lords, Pages, Foresters, and Attendants.

The SCENE lies, first, near Oliver's House; afterwards, in the Usurper's Court, and in the Forest of Arden.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

An Orchard, near Oliver's House.

Enter Orlando *and* Adam.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns;[1] and, as thou say'st, charged my brother on his blessing to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit:[2] for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays[3] me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth, for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me, his countenance[4] seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility[5] with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Enter Oliver.

Oli. Now, Sir! what make you here?[6]

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make anything.

Oli. What mar you then, Sir?

Orl. Marry, Sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, Sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.[7]

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion[8] have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, Sir?

Orl. O! Sir, very well: here, in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, Sir?

Orl. Ay, better than him[9] I am before knows me. I know, you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-

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1) Orlando spricht von den testamentarischen Verfügungen seines Vaters. — Manche Hgg., die an der ungenauen Construction Anstoss nehmen, setzen *he* vor *bequeathed,* das eigentlich erst vor *charged* zu suppliren ist. — Für *poor a thousand* der Fol. hat die zweite Folioausg. von 1632 das gewöhnlichere *a poor thousand.* Sh. fasst *a thousand* als ein unzertrennliches Wort. 2) *of his profit* bezieht sich auf *school:* von dem, was er auf der Schule profitirt oder lernt. — So in Othello (A. 3, Sc. 3) *I thank you for this profit.* — Wie *report speaks goldenly* steht in Macbeth (A. 1, Sc. 7) *golden opinions.* 3) Für *stays* schlug Warburton *sties* vor, wie in Tempest (A. 1, Sc. 2) *here you sty me, in this hard rock.* Indess liegt der Nachdruck auf *unkept.* 4) *his countenance* = die Art und Weise, wie er mich unterstützt oder behandelt. — *to seem* lässt sich mit dem adverbialen: augenscheinlich, offenbar, umschreiben. 5) *gentility* = angeborner Adel. — *to mine* = untergraben. 6) Was treibt Ihr hier? *to make* für *to do.* — Der Gegensatz zwischen *to make* = Etwas schaffen, zu Stande bringen, und *to mar* = Etwas vernichten, verderben, ist bei Sh. sehr häufig. 7) *be naught awhile* = seid einmal nichtsnutzig, ist zugleich eine sprichwörtliche Verwünschung. 8) *prodigal portion* = das Erbtheil des verlornen Sohnes im Evangelium, auf den auch die Anspielungen von *keep your hogs* und *eat husks* sich beziehen. 9) Für *him* der Fol. setzen manche Hgg. *he.* So steht *him* für *he* in Hamlet (A. 2, Sc. 1) *Your party in con-*

born;[10] but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.[11]

Oli. What, boy!

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.[12]

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain:[13] I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain, that says, such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast railed on thyself.

Adam. [Coming forward.] Sweet masters, be patient: for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentlemanlike qualities: the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it; therefore, allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery[14] my father left me by testament: with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, Sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will. I pray you, leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you, than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. — God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.

[Exeunt Orlando *and* Adam.

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Hola, Dennis!

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in. *[Exit* Dennis.*]* — 'T will be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter Charles.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good Monsieur Charles, what 's the new news at the new court?

Cha. There 's no news at the court, Sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke, and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore, he gives them good leave[15] to wander.

Oli. Can you tell, if Rosalind, the duke's[16] daughter, be banished with her father?

Cha. O! no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, — being ever from their cradles bred together, — that she[17] would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old duke live?

Cha. They say, he is already in the forest of Arden,[18] and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England. They say, many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.[19]

Oli. What, — you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, Sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, Sir, secretly to understand, that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall.[20] To-morrow, Sir, I wrestle for my credit, and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young, and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must for my own honour if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which, thou shalt find, I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I 'll tell thee, Charles, it is the stubbornest young fellow of France, full of ambition, an envious emulator[21] of every man's good parts, a secret and villanous contriver against me his natural brother:[22] therefore, use thy discretion. I had as lief thou didst break

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verse, him you would sound. 10) Eine völkerrechtliche Begünstigung räumt Euch als Erstgeborenem einen Rang über mir ein. 11) *his reverence* = die Ehrfurcht, die dem Vater zu Theil geworden, und an der auch Oliver, weil er vor dem Orlando da war, nähern Antheil hat, als dieser Letztere. 12) Aus der entsprechenden Stelle bei Lodge ergiebt sich, dass Oliver sich thätlich an Orlando vergreifen will, worauf dieser ihm die Hände festhält und ihn für solches Gebahren zu jung erklärt. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 348. 13) Oliver fasst *villain* = Schurke, Orlando fasst es = von niederer Herkunft. — Bei diesem Worte packt der erzürnte Orlando seinen Bruder an der Kehle. 14) *allottery*, wofür *allotment* gebräuchlicher ist, = das zuerkannte Erbtheil, d. h. die *a thousand crowns*, von denen vorher die Rede war. 15) *good leave* = freien, vollkommenen Urlaub. — *loving* = anhänglich. 16) Hanmer wollte vor *duke's* hier zur bessern Unterscheidung *old*, und ebenso in Charles' Antwort vor *duke's* ein *new* setzen. Aber damit ginge die Sh.'sche Pointe verloren, die in dem doppelsinnigen Gebrauche von *the duke's daughter* liegt. 17) Das *he* der Fol. verbessern so die späteren Folioausgg. 18) Den Ardennenwald fand Sh. bei Lodge. Vgl. u. A. Einleitung pag. 351. — Von Robin Hood, dem in Balladen vielgefeierten Räuber und Wilddieb, der mit seinen lustigen Gesellen in den Wäldern Nordenglands sein Wesen trieb, findet sich bei Sh.'s dramatischen Zeitgenossen manche Erwähnung und Anspielung. 19) *golden world* = das goldene Zeitalter. 20) *fall* = das Niederwerfen des einen Ringers durch den andern im Ringkampf. 21) *envious emulator* = neidischer Anfeinder. So kommt *emulation* vor in Julius Cæsar (A. 2, Sc. 3) *virtue cannot live || Out of the*

his neck as his finger; and thou wert best look to 't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee,[23] he will practise[24] against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee (and almost with tears I speak it), there is not one so young and so villanous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I 'll give him his payment:[25] if ever he go alone[26] again, I 'll never wrestle for prize more; and so, God keep your worship! *[Exit.*

Oli. Farewell, good Charles. — Now will I stir this gamester.[27] I hope, I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he: yet he 's gentle; never schooled, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts[28] enchantingly beloved, and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised. But it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither,[29] which now I 'll go about. *[Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Lawn before the Duke's Palace.

Enter Rosalind *and* Celia.

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of, and would you yet I[1] were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn[2] me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein I see, thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke, my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered, as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know, my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection: by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster. Therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I pr'ythee, do, to make sport withal:[3] but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou may'st in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport then?

Cel. Let us sit, and mock the good housewife,[4] Fortune, from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would, we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'T is true, for those that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favouredly.[5]

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Cel. No: when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? — Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Enter Touchstone.[6]

Ros. Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural[7] the cutter-off of Nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure, this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who, perceiving[8] our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone: for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits.[9] — How now, wit? whither wander you?[10]

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teeth of emulation. 22) Ein heimlicher und schurkischer Ränkeschmied gegen mich, seinen leiblichen Bruder. 23) Wenn er nicht im Ringkampf mit Dir grosse Ehre davonträgt. — *grace* steht im Gegensatz zu dem vorhergehenden *disgrace.* 24) *to practise against* = Jemandem nachstellen. 25) *payment* euphemistisch, wie *to pay* oft gebraucht wird. So in K. Henry IV. First Part (A. 2, Sc. 4) *and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.* 26) *alone* = ohne Stütze. 27) *gamester* = Lebemann, Abenteurer. 28) *sorts* = Stände: er ist von Leuten jedes Standes geliebt, als ob es mit Zauberei zuginge. 29) Als dass ich den Burschen zu dem Ringkampf anfeuere, entflamme. So in Macbeth (A. 1, Sc. 3) *that, trusted home,* || *Might yet enkindle you unto the crown.*

1) *I,* der in der Fol. fehlt, ergänzte Rowe in seiner zweiten Ausgabe. 2) *to learn* ist synonym mit *to teach:* Du musst mich nicht lehren, wie ich mich auf eine ungewöhnliche Heiterkeit besinnen könnte. 3) Um Deinen Spass mit der Liebe zu treiben. — Celia bezieht sich auf Rosalindens Worte *and devise sports.* 4) Als gute Hausfrau bezeichnet Sh. die Fortuna auch in Antony and Cleopatra (A. 4, Sc. 13), weil Beide ein Rad, die Eine ein Spinnrad, die Andere das stets sich drehende Rad des Wechsels haben. Von diesem Rade soll die Glücksgöttin durch den Spott der beiden Mädchen vertrieben und so beständiger und unparteiischer in der Vertheilung ihrer Güter gemacht werden. — *equally* = in unparteiischem Sinne. 5) *honest* = ehrbar; *ill-favouredly* = hässlich von Ansehen. — Die adverbiale Form ist vielleicht doppelsinnig zu fassen: Fortuna macht sie hässlich, und = in hässlicher Stimmung. 6) Die Fol. bezeichnet ihn als *Clown.* 7) *natural* = Einfaltspinsel, Narr. und als Adjectiv von *natural.* Das Wortspiel wird noch fortgesetzt. 8) So die Folioausg. von 1632. — Die Fol. hat *perceiveth,* was Malone beibehält, indem er zugleich hinter *goddesses* ein *and* einschiebt. 9) Der Stumpfsinn des Narren ist der Schleifstein der Witzigen, schärft den Verstand anderer gescheiter Leute. — Einige Hgg. ändern ohne Grund *of his wits.* 10) Die sprichwörtliche Redensart *wit, whither wilt thou?* eigentlich von umherschweifenden Gedanken gebräuchlich, ist hier umschrieben und auf den scherzhaft als *wit* bezeichneten Narren

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?[11]

Touch. Of a certain knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now, I 'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry: now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or, if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes, or that mustard.

Cel. Pr'ythee, who is 't that thou mean'st?

Touch. One that old Frederick,[12] your father, loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honour him enough.[13] Speak no more of him: you 'll be whipped for taxation,[14] one of these days.

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely, what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou say'st true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.[15]

Enter Le Beau.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-cramm'd.

Cel. All the better; we shall be the more marketable. *Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau:* what 's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport? Of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, Madam? How shall I answer you?[16]

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the Destinies decree.

Cel. Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.[17]

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank, —

Ros. Thou losest thy old smell.[18]

Le Beau. You amaze[19] me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning; and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end, for the best is yet to do: and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well, the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man, and his three sons, —

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.[20]

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence; —

Ros. With bills[21] on their necks, — »Be it known unto all men by these presents,« —

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie, the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Touch. But what is the sport, Monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day! it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken music[22] in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? — Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

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angewandt. 11) Im Folgenden wird die modische Betheurung *by mine honour*, die bei jeder geringfügigen Gelegenheit angewandt wurde, persiflirt. 12) Da im Verlaufe des Dramas Celia's Vater Frederick heisst, so hat Theobald die folgende Rede auch der Celia zuertheilt, nicht der Rosalinde, welcher die Fol. sie beilegt. Vielleicht verstand aber Sh. hier unter Frederick den Vater der Rosalinde. 13) Manche Hgg. trennen, im Widerspruch mit der Fol., *enough*, das prägnant dem ersten *enough* gegenübergestellt ist, von dem Satze, und interpungiren: *to honour him. Enough! speak no more etc.* 14) *taxation* = freies Raisonnement, dreistes Reden, wie *to tax* = Jemandem mit Reden arg zusetzen, ihn in Reden vornehmen. — Peitschenhiebe waren die gewöhnliche Strafe des Hofnarren für zu dreistes Reden; so in K. Lear (A. 1, Sc. 4) *Take heed, sirrah; the whip.* 15) *Monsieur the Beu* in der Fol. 16) Der Hofmann weiss auf eine so seltsame Frage, von welcher Farbe der Spass gewesen sei, nichts zu erwiedern. 17) *to lay on with a trowel*, gleichsam = mit einer Maurerkelle auflegen, ist sprichwörtlich = Etwas dick oder derb auftragen. — Celia spricht von der gesuchten Wendung, mit welcher der Narr Rosalindens Worte noch überboten hatte. 18) Dasselbe Wortspiel findet sich in Cymbeline (A. 2, Sc. 1) *'Would he had been one of my rank! — To have smelt like a fool.* 19) *to amaze* = in Verwirrung setzen, aus dem Concept bringen. 20) Wie Le Beau's Bericht fängt auch manches alte Mährchen an. — Eine ähnliche Episode des Ringkampfes findet sich auch bei Lodge: *a lustie Francklin of the country came with two tall men that were his sonnes etc.* 21) *bill* = Axt, und = Zettel, Vorschrift. — Farmer wollte diese Worte im ersteren Sinne dem Le Beau zuertheilen, weil er bei Lodge fand: *Ganimede on a day sitting with Aliena, cast up her eye and saw where Rosader came pacing towards them with his forest-bill on his neck.* — Rosalinde würde dann *bills* im zweiten Sinne fassen und scherzhaft den Anfang solcher gerichtlichen Erlasse oder sonstiger Ankündigungen anführen. Aber auch Rosalinde, wenn ihr mit der Fol. der ganze Satz von *With bills etc.* zuertheilt wird, fasst *bills* vielleicht doppelsinnig, obgleich sie zunächst an *presence* anknüpft und das Wort mit *by these presents* verdreht. 22) *broken music* = Musik von Saiteninstrumenten im Gegensatz zu der von Blasinstrumenten, hier

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke FREDERICK, *Lords,* ORLANDO, CHARLES, *and Attendants.*

Duke F. Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, Madam.

Cel. Alas! he is too young: yet he looks successfully.

Duke F. How now, daughter, and cousin! are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the men.[23] In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do so: I 'll not be by. [DUKE *goes apart.*

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princess' call[24] for you.

Orl. I attend them, with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

Orl. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment,[25] the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young Sir: your reputation shall not therefore be misprised. We will make it our suit to the duke, that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein[26] I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies anything. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious;[27] if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well. Pray heaven, I be deceived in you![28]

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you.

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?[29]

Orl. Ready, Sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orl. You mean to mock me after: you should not have mocked me before; but come your ways.

Ros. Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg [CHARLES *and* ORLANDO *wrestle.*[30]

Ros. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [CHARLES *is thrown. Shout.*

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your grace: I am not yet well breathed.[31]

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away. [CHARLES *is borne out.*] What is thy name, young man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois.

Duke F. I would thou hadst been son to some man else.
The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy:
Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed,
Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth.
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[Exeunt Duke FREDERICK, *Train, and* LE BEAU.

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son; —[32] and would not change that calling,[33]
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father lov'd Sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind.
Had I before known this young man his son,

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scherzhaft für das Rippenzerbrechen. — Sh. hat denselben Ausdruck in Troilus and Cressida (A. 3, Sc. 1) und in K. Henry V. (A. 5, Sc. 2). 23) *men* verbessert Hanmer das *man* der Fol., welches letztere die Einen auf Charles, die Andern auf Orlando deuten möchten. 24) So Dyce, der den Plural *princess'* aus Tempest (A. 1, Sc. 2) belegt. Andere Hgg. lesen entweder *the princesses call* oder *the princess calls,* wie die Fol. *the Princesse cals* hat, letzteres jedoch im Widerspruch mit Orlando's Antwort *I attend them.* 25) Warburton wollte *our eyes* und *our judgment* lesen. Der Sinn ist aber: wenn Ihr Euch nicht über Euch selbst verblendetet, wenn Ihr ein unbefangenes Urtheil über Euch hättet. 26) Die richtige Erklärung von *wherein* giebt Knight mit *in that*: Denkt nicht ungünstig von mir in dem, worin ich mich selbst für sehr schuldig bekenne, dass ich Euch eine Bitte verweigere. — Andere Erklärer bezogen *hard thoughts* auf die ungünstige Meinung, welche Celia und Rosalinde von Orlando's Stärke, dem Ringer gegenüber, hatten. 27) *gracious* = beliebt bei Gott und den Menschen, daher = geehrt, glücklich. 28) Rosalinde wünscht, dass sie sich in ihrer geringen Meinung von Orlando's Körperkraft durch den Erfolg getäuscht sehe. 29) Zweideutig = bei seiner Mutter Erde schlafen, und = an der Erde liegen. — Orlando fasst den ersten Sinn auf. 30) Ueber den Hergang dieses Ringkampfes bei Lodge vgl. Einleitung pag. 349. 31) Orlando wünscht eine Fortsetzung des Ringens, da er bis dahin noch nicht recht angestrengt worden ist, noch nicht recht in Uebung gekommen ist. 32) Malone supplirt zu *more proud* aus dem Vorigen *than to be descended from another house,* als ob Orlando diese Worte dem abgegangenen Herzog nachrufe. — Indess lässt sich *more proud* auch auf das Folgende beziehen: ich bin stolzer darauf, als wenn ich Adoptiverbe des Herzogs wäre.

I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.
Cel. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him, and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart. — Sir, you have well deserv'd:
If you do keep your promises in love
But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,[34]
Your mistress shall be happy.
Ros. Gentleman,
[Giving him a chain from her neck.
Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,[35]
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means. —
Shall we go, coz?
Cel. Ay. — Fare you well, fair gentleman.
Orl. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up
Is but a quintain,[36] a mere lifeless block.
Ros. He calls us back. My pride fell with my fortunes;
I 'll ask him what he would. — Did you call, Sir? —
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.
Cel. Will you go, coz?
Ros. Have with you. — Fare you well.
[Exeunt Rosalind *and* Celia.
Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.
O poor Orlando! thou art overthrown.
Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee.[37]

Re-enter Le Beau.

Le Beau. Good Sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserv'd
High commendation, true applause, and love,
Yet such is now the duke's condition,[38]
That he misconstrues[39] all that you have done.
The duke is humorous:[40] what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive, than I[41] to speak of.
Orl. I thank you, Sir; and, pray you, tell me this:
Which of the two was daughter of the duke,
That here was at the wrestling?
Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners:
But yet, indeed, the smaller[42] is his daughter:
The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you, that of late this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
Grounded upon no other argument,
But that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth. — Sir, fare you well:
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.
Orl. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well.
[Exit Le Beau.
Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;[43]
From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother. —
But heavenly Rosalind! *[Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter Celia *and* Rosalind.

Cel. Why, cousin, why, Rosalind! — Cupid have mercy! — Not a word?
Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.[1]
Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs, throw some of them at me: come, lame me with reasons.
Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up, when the one should be lamed with reasons, and the other mad without any.
Cel. But is all this for your father?
Ros. No, some of it is for my child's father:[2] O, how full of briars is this working-day world!
Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery: if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

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33) *calling* = Name. 34) Wenn Ihr Eure Liebesbetheurungen nur eben so genau haltet, wie Ihr alle Erwartung im Ringkampf übertroffen habt. — Der Gegensatz ist zwischen *to keep* und *to exceed.* — Steevens stösst des Verses wegen *all* aus, und Sidney Walker vermuthete *excell'd* für *exceeded.* 35) *out of suits with fortune* fasst Steevens vielleicht zu speciell: *turned out of her service, and stripped of her livery.* Es ist vielleicht nur = ausser Verbindung, ausser Zusammenhang mit dem Glück. — Bei Lodge heisst es an der entsprechenden Stelle von der Rosalinde: *to make Rosader know she affected him, tooke from her necke a jewel and sent it by a page to the yong gentleman.* 36) *quintain* = eine hölzerne Figur. die bei Wettspielen als Wurfziel oder beim Lanzenreiten als Stechziel diente. — Das folgende *a mere lifeless block* ist zur Erklärung des Wortes hinzugefügt. 37) Orlando denkt an den eben bestandenen Ringkampf zurück und meint, er sei, wenn nicht damals von Charles, doch jetzt von etwas Schwächerem, d. h. von der Rosalinde, überwältigt worden. 38) *condition* = Stimmung, Gemüthsart. 39) Die Fol. hat *misconsters.* 40) *humorous* = von Launen abhängig, wechselnd in der Stimmung. 41) Manche Hgg. verwischen diese Sh.'sche Eigenthümlichkeit, indem sie *me* für *I* setzen. Doch hat auch Ben Jonson in Cynthia's Revels: *Make this gentleman and I friends,* und zu Anfang dieser Scene steht *my father hath no child but I.* 42) So emendirte Malone das *taller* der Fol., das im Widerspruche mit dem steht, was weiterhin über die verschiedene Statur der beiden Prinzessinnen verlautet. — So kommt in Greene's K. James IV. *my small son* vor. — Andere Hgg. setzen *shorter* mit Pope oder *lower,* was Beides indess nicht so leicht mit *taller* zu verwechseln war. Vielleicht schrieb Sh. selbst *taller* aus Unachtsamkeit. Vgl. oben Anm. 12. 43) Sprichwörtlich = aus dem Regen in die Traufe kommen.

1) Celia versteht diese von Rosalinde sprichwörtlich gebrauchte Redensart im eigentlichen Wortsinne. 2) Theobald erklärt diese Lesart der Fol., welche durch Rosalindens folgende Worte *I would try, if I could cry hem, and have him* gesichert wird, ganz richtig mit *for him, whom I hope to marry and have children by.* Rosalinde bekennt ihre Liebe zu Orlando in versteckter Weise. — Viele Hgg., welche an dieser unbefangenen Aeusserung mit der Delicatesse einer späteren Zeit Anstoss nehmen, setzen dafür mit Pope die von Rowe zuerst vor-

Ros. I could shake them off my coat: these burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try, if I could cry hem, and have him.[3]

Cel. Come, come; wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O! they take the part of a better wrestler[4] than myself.

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall. — But, turning these jests out of service,[5] let us talk in good earnest. Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?[6]

Ros. The duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue, that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase,[7] I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly;[8] yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No, 'faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not?[9] doth he not deserve well?

Ros. Let me love him for that;[10] and do you love him, because I do. — Look, here comes the duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter Duke FREDERICK, *with Lords.*

Duke F. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste,[11]
And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

Duke F. You, cousin:
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me.
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires,
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic
(As I do trust I am not), then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your highness.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors:
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself.
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor.
Tell me, whereon the likelihood[12] depends.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter; there 's enough.

Ros. So was I when your highness took his dukedom;
So was I when your highness banish'd him.
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,[13]
What 's that to me? my father was no traitor.
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much,
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke F. Ay, Celia: we stay'd her for your sake;
Else had she with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay:
It was your pleasure, and your own remorse.[14]
I was too young that time to value her;
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,
Why, so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,[15]
Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

Duke F. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
Her very silence, and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more virtuous,
When she is gone.[16] Then, open not thy lips:
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have pass'd upon her. She is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege:
I cannot live out of her company.

Duke F. You are a fool. — You, niece, provide yourself:
If you outstay the time,[17] upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[Exeunt Duke FREDERICK *and Lords.*

Cel. O my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin.
Pr'ythee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the duke
Hath banish'd me, his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No? hath not?[18] Rosalind lacks then the love,
Which teacheth thee[19] that thou and I am one.
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?
No: let my father seek another heir.
Therefore, devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us:

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geschlagene Aenderung *for my father's child*, d. h. für Rosalinde selbst. 3) Wortspiel zwischen *hem* und *him*. — *to cry hem* als ein Mittel, das Herz zu erleichtern, kommt auch in Much Ado about Nothing (A. 5, Sc. 1) vor: *cry hem, when he should groan.* 4) Sie denkt an den Ringkampf Orlando's mit Charles. — Mit derselben Anspielung gebraucht Celia dann doppelsinnig *to try* und *fall*. Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1, Anm. 20. 5) *to turn out of service* = verabschieden, aus dem Dienste entlassen. 6) Celia denkt an Orlando's Worte in der vorigen Scene: *I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,* || *His youngest son.* 7) *chase* = Verfolgung einer Jagdspur, hier eines Raisonnements, Schlussfolgerung. 8) *dear* wird von der Innigkeit der Liebe wie des Hasses gesagt. So in Twelfth-Night (A. 5, Sc. 1) *in terms so bloody and so dear.* 9) Genau genommen sollte Celia antworten *Why should I?* scil. *hate him.* — Sh. verwirrt die Construction sehr häufig in Folge der Negationen. 10) *for that* bezieht sich auf *deserve well.* 11) *safest haste* = die Eile, die für Eure Sicherheit die gerathenste ist. 12) Worauf der Anschein meines Hochverraths beruht, sich gründet. — Die Fol. hat *likelihoods.* 13) *friends* = Verwandte, Geschlechtsangehörige. 14) *remorse* = Gewissensregung, Gefühl. 15) Die beiden Schwäne, welche den Wagen der Juno ziehen. 16) Dein Werth wird sich glänzender zeigen, wenn sie fort ist. — Bei Lodge sagt der König zu seiner Tochter u. A.: *Thou, fond girl, measurest all by present affection, and as thy heart loves, thy thoughts censure; but if thou knowest that in liking Rosalynd thou hatchest up a bird to pecke out thine own eyes, thou wouldst intreat as much for hir absence as now thou delightest in her presence.* 17) scil. *ten days*, wie der Herzog vorher sagte. 18) Singer versteht dies *No hath not!* = Kein »hat nicht«!

And do not seek to take your change upon you,[20]
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I 'll go along with thee.
Ros. Why, whither shall we go?
Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.
Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.
Cel. I 'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber[21] smirch my face.
The like do you: so shall we pass along,
And never stir assailants.[22]
Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,[23]
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe[24] upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and, in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will,
We 'll have a swashing[25] and a martial outside;
As many other mannish cowards have,
That do outface[26] it with their semblances.
Cel. What shall I call thee, when thou art a man?
Ros. I 'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page,
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be[27] call'd?
Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state:
No longer Celia, but Aliena.
Ros. But, cousin, what if we essay'd to steal
The clownish fool[28] out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?
Cel. He 'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him. Let 's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together,
Devise the fittest time, and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content[29]
To liberty, and not to banishment. *[Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The Forest of Arden.

Enter DUKE *Senior*, AMIENS, *and other Lords, like foresters.*[1]

Duke S. Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,[2]
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but[3] the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference; as the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which when it bites, and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,
This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;[4]
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,[5]
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.
Ami. I would not change it.[6] Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.
Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,[7]
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads,[8]
Have their round haunches gor'd.

Sage mir nicht, dass er mich nicht verbannt hat. 19) Warburton wollte *me* für *thee* lesen. — *which teaches thee* ist = die Liebe, welche Dir die Lehre an's Herz legt, welche Dich lehren sollte. 20) Suche nicht Deinen Glückswechsel für Dich allein zu tragen. — Manche Hgg. lesen *charge* mit der zweiten Folioausg. für *change* der Fol. 21) *umber* = Okererde. — In K. Henry V. (A. 4, Chorus) kommt in übertragenem Sinne *umber'd face* vor. — *to smirch* = beschmutzen, dunkel färben. 22) So werden wir die Leute nimmer anreizen, dass sie sich an uns machen. 23) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 2, Anm. 42. — In demselben Sinne spricht Rosalinde bei Lodge. — Vgl. Einleitung pag. 349. 24) *curtle-axe*, entstellt aus *cutlace*, französisch *coutelas* = ein kurzes breites Schwert. 25) *swashing* = renommistisch. 26) *to outface it* = seine Rolle mit dreister Miene durchführen. — Das *it* steht wie in *to carry it* und ähnlich. 27) Die Fol. liest *by* für *be*. 28) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 2, Anm. 6. 29) So die Folioausg. von 1632. — Die Fol. hat *now go in we content*, was Malone nicht geradezu verwerfen möchte, insofern *content* adjectivisch sich fassen liesse. Indess spricht schon der nicht auf *in* liegende Ton für die Verbesserung.

1) Dieses Costüm wird schon in der Fol. angegeben. 2) *exile* betont Sh. bald auf der ersten, bald auf der zweiten Sylbe. 3) *but* setzt Theobald für *not* der Fol., welche ältere Lesart dem widerspricht, was der Herzog bald nachher von demselben *penalty of Adam* sagt: *these are counsellors* || *That feelingly persuade me what I am.* — *not* und *but* wird in den alten Drucken häufig verwechselt. — Staunton, der *not* im Texte stehen lässt, schlägt in der Anmerkung *yet* dafür vor und ebenso *At the icy fang — — I smile.* Erstere Conjectur ist plausibler als die letztere. — Mit *as the icy fang etc.* wird ein Beispiel von *the seasons' difference* angeführt. 4) Von diesem fabelhaften Stein heisst es in Fenton's Secrete Wonders of Nature (1569) *That there is found in the heades of old and great toades a stone which they call Borax or Stelon: it is most commonly founde in the head of a hee toad, of power to repulse poysons, and that it is a most sovereigne medicine for the stone.* 5) Sh. dachte vielleicht an einen Passus in Sidney's Arcadia: *Thus both trees and each thing else be the books to a fancy.* — Zwischen *books* und *brooks* ist ein Gleichklang beabsichtigt. 6) Die Worte *I would not change it* legt Dyce nach Upton's Vorschlag noch als Schlusswort der Rede dem Herzog bei. Indess enthalten sie die Antwort auf die Frage, welche der Herzog in den ersten Zeilen an seine Genossen richtet, und können daher dem Amiens nicht genommen werden. 7) Einen ähnlichen Ausdruck zur Bezeichnung des Wildes fand Sh bei Lodge: *About her wondring stood* || *The citizens of the wood;* sowie in Sidney's Arcadia: *the wild burgesses of the forest.* — Zur Vergleichung mit *poor dappled fools* citirt Dyce aus Skelton's Don Quixote (1612) *Then he stroking once or twice his pretty goat said thus: Lie down, pied fool, by me, for we shall have time enough to return home again.* 8) *forked heads* = die mit Widerhaken versehenen Spitzen der

1. Lord. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp,
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day my lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish: and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase: [9] and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1. Lord. O! yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping into [10] the needless stream;
»Poor deer,« quoth he, »thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much.« [11] Then, being there alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends; [12]
»'T is right,« quoth he; »thus misery doth part
The flux of company.« Anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him: »Ay,« quoth Jaques,
»Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'T is just the fashion: wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?«
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the [13] country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life; swearing, that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what 's worse, [14]
To fright the animals, and to kill them up
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

2. Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke S. Show me the place.
I love to cope him [15] in these sullen fits,
For then he 's full of matter.

2. Lord. I 'll bring you to him straight. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter Duke FREDERICK, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Duke F. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be: some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this. [1]

1. Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed; and, in the morning early,
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

2. Lord. My lord, the roynish [2] clown, at whom so oft
Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses, that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler, [3]
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

Duke F. Send to his brother: [4] fetch that gallant hither;
If he be absent, bring his brother to me,
I 'll make him find him. Do this suddenly,
And let not search and inquisition quail [5]
To bring again these foolish runaways. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Before OLIVER's House.

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM, *meeting.*

Orl. Who 's there?

Adam. What! my young master? — O my gentle master!

Jagdpfeile. — *confines* wird bald auf der ersten, bald auf der zweiten Sylbe betont. 9) In den Noten zu Drayton's Polyolbion heisst es: *the hart weepeth at his dying: his tears are hold to be precious medicine.* 10) Für *into* änderte Pope des Verses wegen *in*. — *needless stream* = der Strom, der selbst Wasser genug hat und daher der Thränen nicht bedurfte. — So in Lover's Complaint: *in a river,* || *Upon whose weeping margent she was set;* || *Like usury, applying wet to wet.* 11) *must* in der Fol., was die zweite Folioausg. von 1632 verbessert. — Denselben Gedanken, fast mit denselben Worten, hat Sh. in K. Henry VI. Third Part (A. 5, Sc. 4) *With tearful eyes add water to the sea,* || *And give more strength to that which hath too much.* 12) *velvet friends* bezieht sich zugleich auf das sammetweiche Fell der Hirsche, und, in der Metapher, auf die in Sammet gekleideten Freunde, welche in ihrer Pracht und Herrlichkeit von dem Armen nichts mehr wissen wollen. — *friends* verbesserte Rowe das *friend* der Fol. 13) *the*, das in der Fol. fehlt, ergänzt die zweite Folioausg. — Es ist das Land im Gegensatze zur Stadt und zum Hofe gemeint. Auf *country* bezieht sich Jaques' erste Bemerkung von den *worldlings*, auf *city* die letzte von den *fat and greasy citizens*, und auf *court* die von den *velvet friends*. — *invectively* = anzüglich, mit Invectiven. 14) Und dass wir noch schlimmer als Wüthriche *(tyrants)* sind, wenn wir die Thiere anfscheuchen und tödten. — Das verstärkende *up* wie bei *kill* hat Sh. auch sonst. 15) *to cope him* = es mit Jemandem aufnehmen, sich mit ihm einlassen.

1) Sind im Einverständniss und haben es geschehen lassen. — Der Herzog spricht von der Flucht seiner Tochter und seiner Nichte *(saw them)*. Bei dem folgenden *see her* ist nur Celia gemeint. 2) *roynish*, eigentlich = mit der Krätze behaftet, steht hier als blosser Ausdruck der Geringschätzung. — Staunton vermuthet ziemlich plausibel, dass das Wort hier für *roguish* verdruckt sei. — Zwei Zeilen weiter hat die Fol. *Hisperia*, von Warburton verbessert. 3) *wrestler* ist dreisylbig *(wresteler)* zu lesen. 4) M. Mason wollte *brother's* lesen, weil *that gallant* Orlando, nicht Oliver, ist. Indess ist solche Constructionslicenz Sh. eigenthümlich. 5) *to quail* = schlaff werden, nachlassen. So in The Choice of Change: *Hunger cureth love; for hunger quaileth, when good cheer faileth.*

O my sweet master! O you memory[1]
Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The boney priser of the humorous duke?[2]
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some[3] kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours:[4] your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.[5]
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!
Orl. Why, what 's the matter?[6]
Adam. O unhappy youth!
Come not within these doors: within this roof[7]
The enemy of all your graces lives.
Your brother — (no, no brother: yet the son —
Yet not the son — I will not call him son
Of him I was about to call his father) —
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off.
I overheard him, and his practices.
This is no place;[8] this house is but a butchery:
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.
Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?
Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.
Orl. What! wouldst thou have me go and beg my food,
Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do;
Yet this I will not do, do how I can.[9]
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.[10]
Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse,
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown.
Take that; and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold:
All this I give you. Let me be your servant:
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious[11] liquors in my blood;
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly. Let me go with you:
I 'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.
Orl. O good old man! how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion,
And having that, do choke their service up[12]
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways, we 'll go along together,
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We 'll light upon some settled low content.
Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee
To the last gasp with truth and loyalty.
From seventeen[13] years, till now almost fourscore,
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
But at fourscore it is too late a week:[14]
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better,
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Forest of Arden.

Enter Rosalind *in boy's clothes,* Celia *dressed like a shepherdess, and* Touchstone.[1]

Ros. O Jupiter! how weary[2] are my spirits!
Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

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1) Orlando erinnert in seinem Aeussern wie in seinem Wesen an seinen verstorbenen Vater. 2) Warum waret Ihr so versessen darauf, den starken Preisringer des launenhaften Herzogs zu überwinden? --- *boney* = von starkem Knochenbau, ist Warburton's Emendation für *bonny (bonnie)* der Fol., was manche Hgg. = stattlich, beibehalten. 3) *seeme* in der Fol. verbessert schon die zweite Folioausg. zu *some.* 4) So dienen auch Eure guten Gaben Euch nur als Feinde. — Das vorhergehende *them* bezieht sich auf *to some kind of men.* 5) Eure Tugenden, indem sie Euch gefährliche Feindschaften zuziehen, verrathen Euch gleichsam unter einer frommen und heiligen Aussenseite. So in Hamlet (A. 1, Sc. 3) *Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,* || *The better to beguile.* 6) Diese Worte theilt die Fol. irrig dem Adam zu. 7) Wie Dyce bemerkt, steht *roof* häufig für *house;* so in Chapman's Odyssey: *If time and food and wine enough accrue* || *Within your roof to us.* 8) *place* = Sitz, Wohnsitz. So in Lover's Complaint: *Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place.* — M. Mason dagegen erklärt: *this is no place for you.* 9) Möge es mir gehen, wie es mir gehen kann. — *to do* wird in diesen Versen doppelsinnig gebraucht. 10) *diverted blood* ist das entartete Blut seines blutsverwandten Bruders und bildet den Uebergang zu *bloody brother,* wo das Wort in anderer Bedeutung wiederkehrt. So in Macbeth (A. 2, Sc. 3) *the near' in blood, the nearer bloody.* — *to divert* = aus der rechten Richtung, vom rechten Wege ableiten. 11) *rebellious* ist dem Sinne nach auch mit *in my blood* zu verbinden: Getränke, welche in dem Blute Empörung stiften, welche das Blut erhitzen und aufregen. — Wie hier Unmässigkeit im Trinken, so ist im Folgenden entnervende geschlechtliche Ausschweifung gemeint. 12) Und wenn sie diese Beförderung haben, so vernichtet diese Beförderung selbst den Dienst; so hören sie auf zu dienen, weil sie befördert sind. — *to choke up* steht in demselben uneigentlichen Sinne wie in Macbeth (A. 1, Sc. 2) *As two spent swimmers, that do cling together* || *And choke their art.* 13) *seventeen* verbesserte Rowe das *seventy* der Fol. — Das folgende *seventeen* steht in der Fol. richtig. 14) Um eine Woche zu spät, um Etwas zu spät. — *a week* steht auch sonst als eine allgemeine Zeitbezeichnung.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat:[3] therefore, courage, good Aliena!

Cel. I pray you, bear with me: I can go no further.

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you:[4] yet I should bear no cross, if I did bear you; for I think you have no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool I: when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers must be content.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone. — Look you; who comes here? a young man, and an old, in solemn talk.[5]

Enter Corin *and* Silvius.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

Cor. I partly guess, for I have lov'd ere now.

Sil. No, Corin; being old, thou canst not guess,
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy love were ever like to mine,
As sure I think did never man love so,
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O! thou didst then ne'er love so heartily.
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd:
Or if thou hast not sat, as I do now,
Wearing[6] thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not lov'd:
Or if thou hast not broke from company,
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not lov'd. — O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe! *[Exit.*

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,[7]
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And I mine. I remember, when I was in love I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile; and I remember the kissing of her batlet,[8] and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopped hands had milked; and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her, from whom[9] I took two cods, and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears,[10] »Wear these for my sake.« We, that are true lovers, run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal[11] in folly.

Ros. Thou speakest wiser than thou art 'ware of.

Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be 'ware of mine own wit, till I break my shins against it.

Ros. Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.

Touch. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man,
If he for gold will give us any food:
I faint almost to death.

Touch. Holla, you clown!

Ros. Peace, fool: he 's not thy kinsman.[12]

Cor. Who calls?

Touch. Your betters, Sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I say. —
Good even to you, friend.[13]

Cor. And to you, gentle Sir; and to you all.

Ros. I pr'ythee, shepherd, if that love, or gold,
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves, and feed.
Here 's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,
And faints for succour.

Cor. Fair Sir, I pity her,
And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her;
But I am shepherd to another man,
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze;
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks[14] to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality.
Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed,[15]
Are now on sale: and at our sheepcote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

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1) Die Fol. hat *Enter Rosaline for Ganimed, Celia for Aliena, and Clown, alias Touchstone.* 2) *weary*, Theobald's Emendation für *merry* der Fol., wird gerechtfertigt durch Rosalindens folgende Rede, sowie durch die Replik des Narren. 3) *petticoat* bezeichnet scherzhaft die Celia, wie *doublet and hose* die als Mann gekleidete Rosalinde. 4) Dasselbe Wortspiel von *to bear with* = Nachsicht mit Jemandem haben, und *to bear* = Jemanden tragen, findet sich in K. Richard III. (A. 3, Sc. 1) *You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me.* — So ist das folgende Wortspiel von *cross* = Leid, Widerwärtigkeit, und = Münze mit dem Gepräge des Kreuzes, bei Sh. und seinen Zeitgenossen häufig, so in Love's Labour's Lost (A. 1, Sc. 2) *crosses love not him.* 5) In ernstem Gespräch. 6) Für *wearing* der Fol. setzt die zweite Folioausg. das mattere *wearying.* 7) *thy wound* verbesserte Rowe das *their wound* der zweiten Folioausg. — Die erste Fol. hat ganz sinnlos *they would.* 8) *batlet* = Waschbläuel, Diminutiv von *bat.* — Die Fol. hat *batler.* 9) *from whom* geht auf *peascod:* Touchstone nahm zwei Erbsen aus der Erbsenschale, mit der er schönthat, und gab sie ihr dann wieder. — Es liegt ein obscöner Doppelsinn darin, da *cod* zugleich = Hode, ist. 10) *weeping tears* ist eine tautologische Zusammenstellung, die häufig vorkommt und die Sh. u. A. auch bei Lodge fand. 11) *mortal in folly* = tödtlich vernarrt, unheilbar närrisch, steht im Gegensatz zu *mortal in nature* = sterblich von Natur. — *all nature in love* = alle verliebten Wesen. — Johnson fasst mit einem Provinzialismus *mortal in folly* als *abounding in folly.* 12) Touchstone gebraucht *clown* = Bauerbursche, Rosalinde fasst es = Narr, Rüpel, wie Touchstone diese Bühnenfigur vertritt. — Eben so doppelsinnig ist *your betters*, welches Touchstone fasst = Leute von höherem Range als Ihr, Eure Vorgesetzten; Corin dagegen = Leute, die besser daran sind. 13) Die Fol. hat *to your friend*, was die zweite Folioausg. verbessert. 14) *to reck* = in Anschlag bringen: er macht sich wenig daraus, durch Gastfreundschaft sich den Weg in den Himmel zu bahnen. 15) *bounds of feed* = Weidebezirk, dasselbe, was nachher *pasture* heisst. 16) Er ist so mit seiner Liebe beschäftigt, dass es ihm gleichgültig ist, ob er diese Schäferei kauft oder nicht. — Damit wird Rosalindens Gedanke motivirt, dieses Besitzthum für sich und Celia zu erwerben. — Vgl. zu dieser Scene die entsprechende Stelle bei Lodge, Einleitung pag. 350.

Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?
Cor. That young swain that you saw here but ere-while,
That little cares for buying anything.[16]
Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.
Cel. And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.
Cor. Assuredly, the thing is to be sold.
Go with me: if you like, upon report,
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter Amiens, Jaques, *and Others.*

Song.

Ami. *Under the greenwood tree,*
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn[1] *his merry note*
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more! I pr'ythee, more.
Ami. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.
Jaq. I thank it. More! I pr'ythee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More! I pr'ythee, more.
Ami. My voice is ragged;[2] I know I cannot please you.
Jaq. I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanza. Call you 'em stanzas?[3]
Ami. What you will, Monsieur Jaques.
Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing.[4] Will you sing?
Ami. More at your request than to please myself.
Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I 'll thank you: but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes;[5] and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks.[6] Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.
Ami. Well, I 'll end the song. — Sirs, cover the while;[7] the duke will drink under this tree. — He hath been all this day to look you.[8]
Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable[9] for my company: I think of as many matters as he, but I give heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble; come.

Song.

Who doth ambition shun, [All together here.[10]
And loves to live[11] *i' the sun,*
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I 'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.
Ami. And I 'll sing it.
Jaq. Thus it goes —

If it do come to pass,
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.

Ami. What 's that *ducdame?*[12]
Jaq. 'T is a Greek invocation to call fools into a circle. I 'll go sleep if I can; if I cannot, I 'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.[13]
Ami. And I 'll go seek the duke: his banquet is prepared. *[Exeunt severally.*

SCENE VI.

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter Orlando *and* Adam.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further: O! I die for food.[1] Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.
Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If

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1) Manche Hgg. ändern mit Pope *tune* für *turn (turne)* der Fol., ohne Grund. — So in Hall's Satires: *While threadbare Martial turns his merry note,* || *To beg of Rufus a cast winter-coat.* 2) *ragged* = uneben, rauh. So kommt in Nashe's Apologie for Pierce Pennilesse *ragged verses* vor. — Rowe setzt das synonyme *rugged* dafür. 3) In der Fol. steht *stanzo* und *stanzos.* — Jaques will den fremden und affectirten Modeausdruck verspotten. 4) Ich brauche ihre Namen nicht zu wissen, da ich sie nicht als ihr Gläubiger vor Gericht einzuklagen habe. 5) Was man Compliment nennt, das ist, als wenn zwei Affen gegen einander Gesichter schneiden. 6) *beggarly thanks* = Dank, wie ihn ein Bettler für ein Almosen sagt. 7) Ihr Herren, deckt unterdess, während ich singe, den Tisch für den Herzog. 8) Er ist den ganzen Tag darüber aus gewesen, Euer ansichtig zu werden. 9) *disputable* = zum Disputiren geneigt. So gebraucht Sh. die Adjectiva auf *—able* und *—ible* häufig im activen Sinne, z. B. *comptible* in Twelfth-Night (A. 1, Sc. 5). 10) So in der Fol. 11) Einige Hgg. setzen willkürlich *lie* für *live.* 12) Bei *ducdame* denkt Farmer an eine Zusammenstellung von *duck* und *dame* aus einem alten Liede: *Dame, what makes your ducks to die?* || *Duck, duck, duck.* || *Dame, what makes your chicks to cry?* || *Chuck, chuck, chuck.* — und Hanmer findet darin eine Umstellung des lateinischen *duc ad me* = bringe ihn zu mir. — Wahrscheinlich ist *ducdame* ein sinnloser Refrain, mit dessen Deutung Jaques den Amiens nur zum Besten hat. — *circle* ist der Kreis, den die Geisterbeschwörer ziehen, wie *invocation* die Beschwörungsformel. 13) Sprichwörtlich: alle vornehmen und reichen Leute. Die Bezeichnung ist aus der englischen Bibel, 2. Buch Mose (Cap. 12, V. 29) *the Lord smote all the first-born in the land of Egypt.*

this uncouth forest yield any thing savage,[2] I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable,[3] hold death awhile at the arm's end, I will here be with thee presently, and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die; but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour.[4] Well said! thou look'st cheerily; and I 'll be with thee quickly. — Yet thou liest in the bleak air: come, I will bear thee to some shelter, and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VII.

Another Part of the Forest.[1]

A table set out. Enter Duke *Senior*, Amiens, *Lords, and Others.*

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beast,
For I can nowhere find him like a man.[2]

1. Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence:
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke S. If he, compact of jars,[3] grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres. —
Go, seek him: tell him, I would speak with him.

1. Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.

Enter Jaques.

Duke S. Why, how now, Monsieur! what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company?
What, you look merrily.

Jaq. A fool, a fool! — I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool — a miserable world![4] —
As I do live by food, I met a fool,
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.
»Good morrow, fool,« quoth I: — »No, Sir,« quoth he,
»Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune.«[5]
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, »It is ten o'clock:
Thus may we see,« quoth he, »how the world wags:[6]
'T is but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 't will be eleven;
And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale.« When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral[7] on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,[8]
That fools should be so deep-contemplative;
And I did laugh, sans intermission,[9]
An hour by his dial. — O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley 's the only wear.[10]

Duke S. What fool is this?

Jaq. O worthy fool! — One that hath been a courtier,
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it; and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage, he hath strange places[11] cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms. — O, that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke S. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only suit;[12]
Provided that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them,
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal,[13] as large a charter as the wind,[14]
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have:
And they that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh. And why, Sir, must they so?
The why is plain as way to parish church:
He, that a fool doth very wisely hit,
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to[15] seem senseless of the bob; if not,

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1) d. h. aus Mangel an Nahrung. So vorher (A. 2, Sc. 4) *and faints for succour*, und ähnlich in Two Gentlemen of Verona (A. 1, Sc. 2) *Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.* 2) Orlando denkt an ein wildes Thier, das er erlegen will, wenn er nicht selbst ihm zur Beute wird. 3) *comfortable* = für Trost empfänglich, der Ermuthigung fähig oder zugänglich. 4) So treibst Du Dein Spiel mit der Mühe, die ich mir mache, so vereitelst Du meine Anstrengung. — Da Adam bei diesen Worten lächelt, so fährt Orlando fort: *Well said!* = brav! — Vgl. zu dieser Scene Einleitung pag. 350.

1) Manche Hgg. bezeichnen diese Scene und die vorhergehende sechste mit *The Same*, was für die Sh.'sche Bühne ganz richtig ist, aber für die jetzigen Theatereinrichtungen nicht passt. Die sechste Scene muss durchaus an einem andern Orte gedacht werden, als die fünfte, auf deren Schauplatz dagegen die siebente Scene uns zurückführt. — *A table set out* ist derselbe Tisch, der vorher gedeckt worden. Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 5, Anm. 7. — Die Fol. hat hier nur *Enter Duke Sen. and Lord, like Out-lawes.* Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 1, Anm. 1. 2) Der Herzog kann den Jaques nirgend in Gestalt eines Menschen finden und vermuthet deshalb scherzhaft, derselbe müsse wohl in ein Thier des Waldes verwandelt sein. 3) *compact of jars* = zusammengefügt aus Dissonanzen. 4) Dieser parenthetische Ausruf bezeichnet entweder Jaques' Misanthropie im Allgemeinen, oder geht auf die kläglichen Zustände der Welt, dass er sich an einem Narren erbauen muss. 5) Das lateinische Sprichwort *Fortuna favet fatuis* wird auch in Ben Jonson's Alchimist angeführt: *Fortune, that favours fools, these two short hours || We wish away.* 6) *to wag* familiär für *to go* oder *to pass.* 7) *to moral* = moralisiren, Betrachtungen anstellen über Etwas. 8) *chanticleer* = Hahn, wegen seiner hellen Stimme so genannt: Jaques schlug eine helle Lache an. 9) *sans* für *without*, zunächst in affectirter Rede, dann aber auch wegen des bequemeren Gebrauchs in Versen: ohne Unterbrechung eine Stunde lang nach der Uhr des Narren. 10) Das bunte Narrencostüm ist die einzige Tracht, die sich schickt, ist das beste Costüm in unserer Zeit. 11) *strange places* = seltsame Stellen aus Schriften, auffallende Citate, voll von Beobachtungsgabe, mit denen der Narr sein ausgetrocknetes Gehirn vollgestopft hat. — Das folgende *the which* bezieht sich auf *strange places.* 12) *suit* ist zugleich = Gesuch, Bitte, und = Tracht, sowie *only* zugleich = einzig, und = auserlesen. 13) *withal* = zugleich mit der Narrentracht. 14) So in K. Henry V. (A. 1, Sc. 1) *The air, a charter'd libertine, is still.* 15) *not to* ergänzte Theobald zur Vervollständigung des Sinnes wie des Verses: Derjenige, den ein Narr mit seinen Reden trifft, handelt sehr thöricht, wenn er sich nicht das Ansehen giebt, als sei er unempfindlich für den Stich, so sehr er sich auch verletzt fühlen mag. Thut er das nicht,

The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley: give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
If they [16] will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Jaq. What, for a counter, [17] would I do but good?

Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself; [18]
And all the embossed sores, and headed evils, [19]
That thou with license of free foot [20] hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the weary very means do ebb? [21]
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say, the city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in, [22] and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function,
That says, his bravery [23] is not on my cost,
Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech? [24]
There then; how then? what then? Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free, [25]
Why, then my taxing like a wild-goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man. — But who comes [26] here?

Enter ORLANDO, *with his sword drawn.*

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of?

Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress,
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orl. You touch'd my vein at first: [27] the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility; yet am I inland bred, [28]
And know some nurture. [29] But forbear, I say:
He dies that touches any of this fruit,
Till I and my affairs are answered.

Jaq. An you will not be answered with reason, I must die.

Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force,
More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought, that all things had been savage here,
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are,
That in this desert inaccessible, [30]
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time,
If ever you have look'd on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast,
If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,
And know what 't is to pity, and be pitied,
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke S. True is it that we have seen better days,
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,
And sat at good men's feasts, and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd;
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command [31] what help we have,
That to your wanting may be minister'd.

Orl. Then, but forbear your food a little while.
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. [32] There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love: till he be first suffic'd, —

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so wird seine hinter der Weisheit versteckte Thorheit blossgelegt schon durch die sich überallhin zerstreuenden Streifschüsse des Narren. — *he* zu Anfange des Satzes ist identisch mit dem folgenden *the wise man.* 16) *they* geht auf *world:* die Menschen auf dieser kranken Welt. — *to cleanse* steht im ärztlichen Sinne für das gewöhnliche *to purge.* 17) *for a counter* = für einen Rechenpfennig, den Jaques auf die Behauptung verwetten will, dass er als privilegirter Narr nur Gutes bewirken würde. 18) So sinnlich wie der fleischliche Trieb, der sich im unvernünftigen Thiere regt. 19) *headed* ist synonym mit dem vorhergehenden *embossed:* die Uebel, die wie ein Geschwür eine Spitze gewonnen, sich gesammelt haben und zum Ausbruch reif sind. 20) Indem Dir in Deinen Lüsten freie Bewegung gestattet war. — So in Hamlet (A. 3, Sc. 3) *For we will fetters put upon this fear,* || *Which now goes too free-footed.* 21) So die Fol.: bis dass die erschöpften Mittel selbst zur Befriedigung des hoch einherfluthenden Stolzes ebben oder schwinden. — Die meisten Hgg. lesen mit Pope *the very very means;* plausibler ist, wenn doch am alten Texte geändert werden soll, Staunton's Vorschlag, *the very-weary* oder *weary-very means* zu lesen. — Singer liest *the wearer's very means.* 22) *to come in* = vor Gericht kommen, klagend auftreten. 23) *bravery* = Kleiderstaat, Prunk: der Niedrigstgestellte, der auf meine allgemeinen Bemerkungen versetzt, sein Kleiderprunk gehe mich nichts an, da ich nicht dafür zu bezahlen brauche. 24) Er meint, dass ich auf ihn ziele, aber er passt seine eigene Narrheit nur dem Geiste meiner Rede an, bringt sie damit in Verbindung. — Für das folgende *there then* vermuthete Malone *where then?* 25) *free* = unverletzt, ohne Schuldbewusstsein. — Zu *taxing* vgl. A. 1, Sc. 2, Anm. 14. 26) Die Fol. hat *come,* was die zweite Folioausg. verbessert. 27) *at first* = gleich zuerst, in der ersten Vermuthung, scil. *Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress?* — Vgl. zu dieser Rede Orlando's die entsprechende bei Lodge, Einleitung pag. 350. 28) *inland bred* = im innern Lande aufgezogen. Das innere Land als Sitz feinerer Cultur wird dem *upland* oder *outland,* dem Sitze grösserer Rohheit, gegenübergestellt. 29) *nurture* = Erziehung, Bildung. 30) Sh. fand denselben Ausdruck in B. Riche's Adventures of Simonides (1580) *and only acquainted himself with the solitariness of this unaccessible desert.* 31) *upon command* erklärt Steevens mit *at your own command,* und Dyce mit *at your will and pleasure.* 32) Dasselbe Bild kehrt wieder in Venus and Adonis: *Like a*

Oppress'd with two weak evils,[33] age and hunger, —
I will not touch a bit.
Duke S. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.
Orl. I thank ye, and be bless'd for your good comfort!
[Exit.

Duke S. Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.[34]
Jaq. All the world 's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:[35]
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
Then,[36] the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then, the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then, a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden[37] and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the justice,
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,[38]
Full of wise saws and modern instances;[39]
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,[40]
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
Sans[41] teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Re-enter ORLANDO, *with* ADAM.

Duke S. Welcome. Set down your venerable burden,
And let him feed.
Orl. I thank you most for him.
Adam. So had you need:
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.
Duke S. Welcome; fall to: I will not trouble you
As yet to question you about your fortunes.
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

SONG.

Ami. *Blow, blow, thou winter wind,*
Thou art not so unkind[42]
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,[43]
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then,[44] *heigh, ho! the holly!*
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,[45]
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd[46] *not.*
Heigh, ho! sing, etc.

Duke S. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,
As you have whisper'd faithfully, you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly limn'd, and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither. I am the duke,
That lov'd your father. The residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me. — Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master[47] is.
Support him by the arm. — Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. *[Exeunt.*

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milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ache, || Hasting to feed her fawn hid in some brake. 33) *two weak evils* = zwei Uebel, welche den Menschen matt und schwach machen. 34) Die Wiederholung der Präposition am Ende eines Relativsatzes oder Fragesatzes ist bei Sh. sehr gewöhnlich. So in Coriolanus (A. 2, Sc. 1) *In what enormity is Marcius poor in, that you two have not in abundance?* 35) Der lateinische Denkspruch des Petronius: *Totus mundus agit histrionem* war als Motto in dem Sh.'schen Globustheater angebracht, und in Edwards' altem Drama Damon and Pythias steht *Pythagoras said that this world was like a stage || Whereon many play their parts.* — Die zuerst dem Hippokrates zugeschriebene Eintheilung in sieben Lebensalter war lange vor Sh. vielfach in Schriften und bildlichen Darstellungen ausgeführt. 36) Manche Hgg. setzen des Verses wegen mit Pope *and then.* 37) *sudden* = jähzornig, rasch aufbrausend. 38) Der ehrbar und regelrecht zugestutzte Bart des Richters unterscheidet sich charakteristisch von dem vorhererwähnten wild flatternden, ungestutzten Soldatenbart (*bearded like the pard).* 39) *modern instances* = Gemeinplätze. — *modern* = gewöhnlich, herkömmlich, ist Sh.'sch. 40) *pantaloon*, ital. *Pantalone*, die stehende Figur des geprellten und eifersüchtigen Alten auf dem italienischen Theater. — Sh. hat das Wort auch in Taming of the Shrew (A. 3, Sc. 1) *that we might beguile the old pantaloon.* — Er wurde in Pantoffeln und mit der Brille auf der Nase dargestellt, wie er hier geschildert wird. 41) Vgl. oben Anm. 9. 42) Wenn der Winterwind scharf bläst, so thut er nur seiner Natur gemäss, während der Undank des Menschen den natürlichen Regungen widerstrebt. 43) Der schneidende Frost des Windes ist leichter zu ertragen, als der Undank des Menschen, weil er uns nicht sichtlich entgegentritt, nicht auch dem Auge sich aufdrängt, welches den Anblick des Undankbaren zu ertragen hat. 44) *then* verbessert Rowe das *the* der Fol. 45) *to warp* = schrumpfen, zusammenziehen, deuten die Commentatoren hier theils von dem Frost, der das Wasser zu Eise gefrieren lässt, theils von dem Winde, der das Wasser stürmisch bewegt. Die erstere Erklärung ist die plausiblere. Ein altes angelsächsisches Sprichwort lautet genau übersetzt: *Winter shall warp water.* 46) *remember'd* erklärt Malone hier mit *remembering*, weil *to be remembered* = an eine Sache sich erinnern, heisst. — Natürlicher scheint hier die gewöhnliche Bedeutung des passiven Particips: wie ein Freund, der vergessen wird, wie das Vergessen eines Freundes. 47) So verbessert die zweite Folioausg. das *masters* der ersten Fol. — Auf diese Scene bezieht sich die Tradition, welche den Dichter selbst als Darsteller des Adam auf seiner Bühne uns überliefert hat. Vgl. Biographische Nachrichten, Erläuterungen und Beilagen, 24.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter Duke FREDERICK, OLIVER, *and Attendants.*

Duke F. Not see him since?[1] Sir, Sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument[2]
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it:
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle;[3] bring him, dead or living,
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call thine,
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth,
Of what we think against thee.

Oli. O, that your highness knew my heart in this!
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke F. More villain thou. — Well, push him out of doors;
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon[4] his house and lands.
Do this expediently,[5] and turn him going. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Forest of Arden.

Enter ORLANDO, *with a paper.*

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:
And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night,[1] survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I 'll character,
That every eye, which in this forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.
Run, run, Orlando: carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive[2] she. *[Exit.*

Enter CORIN *and* TOUCHSTONE.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life, but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Cor. No more, but that I know, the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding,[3] or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher.[4] Wast ever in court, shepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damned.

Cor. Nay, I hope. —

Touch. Truly, thou art damned, like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.[5]

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners[6] must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous[7] state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country, as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me, you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands: that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes, and their fells, you know, are greasy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say; come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner: shallow again. A more sounder instance; come.

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1) Oliver hat so eben betheuert, dass er den Orlando seit seiner Rückkehr von dem Ringkampfe nicht gesehen habe: *I did not see him since* oder so. 2) *argument of revenge* = Thema, mit dem die Rache sich zu beschäftigen hat, daher = Gegenstand der Rache. 3) Steevens citirt dazu aus der englischen Bibel, Evang. Luc. (Cap. 15, V. 8) *if she lose one piece, doth she not light a candle, — and seek diligently till she find it?* 4) *to make an extent upon* = Beschlag auf Etwas legen. 5) *expediently* = fördersam, thunlichst rasch. — Sh. sagt überall *expedient* und *expedience* für *expeditious* und *expedition.* — Vgl. zu dieser Scene Einleitung pag. 350 u. 351.

1) So heisst es von der Luna in Midsummer-Night's Dream (A. 5, Sc. 2) *the triple Hecate's team,* und ebenso in Chapman's Hymns: *Nature's bright eye-sight, and the Night's fair soul,* || *That with thy triple forehead dost control* || *Earth, seas, and hell.* 2) *unexpressive* = was sich nicht darstellen, nicht schildern lässt, ein Sh.'sches Wort, wie es scheint. — Bei Lodge gräbt Rosader seine Verse in die Rinde der Bäume ein: *desirous to discover his woes to the woodes he engraved with his knife on the bark of a mir tre, this pretie estimate of his mistress perfection.* 3) *may complain of good breeding* erklärt Johnson richtiger mit *may complain of the want of good breeding,* als Malone mit *may complain of a good education for being so inefficient, of so little use to him.* — Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 6, Anm. 1. 4) *natural philosopher* = Naturphilosoph, und = ursprünglicher, ungeschulter Philosoph. 5) *all on one side* bezieht sich auf *ill-roasted:* ein Ei, das nur an einem Ende, also schlecht, geröstet ist. So wird auch der Schäfer in der Hölle geröstet werden, weil er nicht am Hofe gewesen ist. 6) *manners* = Lebensart, Manierlichkeit im Aeussern, und = Gesittung, Moral im Innern. 7) *parlous,* aus *perilous* entstellt, ist schon vor Sh. häufig. 8) So heisst es in Much Ado about

Cor. And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.[8]

Touch. Most shallow man! Thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh, indeed! — Learn of the wise, and perpend: civet is of a baser birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat.[9] Mend the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me: I 'll rest.

Touch. Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee![10] thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harm;[11] and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

Touch. That is another simple[12] sin in you, to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be bawd to a bell-wether, and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth, to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds: I cannot see else how thou shouldst scape.

Cor. Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter Rosalind, *reading a paper.*

Ros. *From the east*[13] *to western Ind,*
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures, fairest lin'd,[14]
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the fair[15] *of Rosalind.*

Touch. I 'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right butter-women's rank to market.[16]

Ros. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taste: —

»If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So, be sure, will Rosalind.
Winter garments[17] must be lin'd,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind,
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick, and Rosalind.«

This is the very false gallop[18] of verses: why do you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace! you dull fool: I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I 'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar:[19] then it will be the earliest fruit i' the country; for you 'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that 's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touch. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Ros. Peace!
Here comes my sister, reading: stand aside.

Enter Celia, *reading a paper.*

Cel. *Why should this a desert be?*[20]
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I 'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings[21] *show.*
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age.
Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence' end,
Will I Rosalinda write;
Teaching all that read, to know
The quintessence of every sprite

Nothing (A. 3, Sc. 2) von Benedick, der den feinen Herrn zu spielen anfängt, u. A.: *nay, he rubs himself with civet.* 9) Mit *cat* ist hier die Zibethkatze gemeint, *musk-cat* wie sie in All's well that ends well (A. 5, Sc. 2) genannt wird. 10) Gott curire Dich! — *to make incision* bezeichnet eigentlich eine chirurgische Operation. — *raw* = roh, unwissend. 11) Ich klage nicht über das mir beschiedene Ungemach, finde mich in mein Leid. 12) *simple sin* = Sünde, die aus der Einfalt entspringt, und = einfache, unzweifelhafte Sünde. 13) *cast* ist adjectivisch und gehört wie *western* zu *Ind.* So in Merry Wives of Windsor (A. 1, Sc. 3) *they shall be my East and West Indies.* — Die beiden Indien werden hier als die juwelenreichen Länder aufgefasst. 14) *to line* = skizziren, zeichnen, von dem substantivischen *line* = Linie, Strich. Die Fol. hat *Lind.* — Manche Hgg. setzen ohne Noth *limn'd* dafür. — *fair* = schön, und = hellfarbig, ist der gewöhnliche Gegensatz zu *black* = dunkelfarbig, und = hässlich. — *to Rosalind* = im Vergleich mit, im Verhältniss zu Rosalinde. 15) *fair* = Schönheit, in demselben Sinne wie bei Lodge: *And hers the fair which all men do respect.* — Die späteren Folioausgg. lesen den Vers *But the most fair Rosalind,* was auch Rowe noch beibehielt. — Pope setzte *face* für *fair.* 16) Die Verse gehen, alle mit demselben Reime, so einer hinter dem andern her, wie die Weiber, die Butter zu Markt tragen, eine hinter der andern hergehen. — *rank* = Reihe, ist von manchen Hggn. mit Hanmer ohne Grund in *rate* verändert. 17) So verbessern die letzten Folioausgg. das *wintred garments* der Fol. und zweiten Folioausg. von 1632. 18) *false gallop* ist, wenn das Pferd mit dem verkehrten Fusse anspringt und so zu galoppiren fortfährt. Von hinkenden Versen hatte schon vor Sh. Nashe in seinem Apologie for Pierce Pennilesse (1593) dieses Gleichniss gebraucht: *I would trot a false gallop through the rest of his ragged verses.* 19) Das Wortspiel von *medlar* = Mispel, und *meddler* = Zwischenträger, der sich in fremde Angelegenheiten mischt, hat Sh. auch in Timon of Athens (A. 4, Sc. 3). — Die Mispel, die sonst die späteste Frucht im Jahr und erst angefault essbar ist, wird die früheste Frucht werden, wenn man sie mit dem schon vor der Reife verfaulten Narren impft. 20) *a* vor *desert* fügte Rowe ein. — Manche Hgg. lesen dagegen mit Tyrwhitt: *Why should this desert silent be?* — Das folgende *for* steht für *because.* 21) *civil sayings* = Sprüche aus dem civilisirten Leben, aus der gebildeten Menschenwelt, im Gegensatz zu *a desert.* 22) *in little* = in Miniatur, zu einem Bilde

Heaven would in little show.[22]
Therefore Heaven Nature charg'd
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide enlarg'd:
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her[23] *heart,*
Cleopatra's majesty,
Atalanta's better part,[24]
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod[25] *was devis'd,*
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches dearest priz'd.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.[26]

Ros. O most gentle Jupiter! — what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, »Have patience, good people!«

Cel. How now? back-friends.[27] — Shepherd, go off a little: — go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.[28] *[Exeunt* Corin *and* Touchstone.

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. O! yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That 's no matter: the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear without wondering, how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder,[29] before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree: I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat,[30] which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you, who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck.[31] Change you colour?

Ros. I pr'ythee, who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.[32]

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I pr'ythee, now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O, wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful! and after that, out of all whooping![33]

Ros. Good my complexion![34] dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery;[35] I pr'ythee, tell me, who is it, quickly, and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I pr'ythee, take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful. Let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels and your heart, both in an instant.

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im Kleinen zusammengefasst: indem Orlando überall Rosalindens Namen einschreibt, will er Jeden, der lesen kann, erkennen lehren, dass der Himmel in ihr die Quintessenz aller Geister vereinigt zeigen wollte. 23) Die Fol. hat *his*, was Rowe verbesserte. 24) Die Commentatoren streiten darüber, was Sh. unter *Atalanta's better part* verstanden habe: ihre geistigen oder ihre körperlichen Vorzüge, ihre Jungfräulichkeit oder ihre im Wettlauf erprobte Schnelligkeit. Am einfachsten erscheint Steevens' Vermuthung, dass Sh. keine bestimmte und besondere Eigenschaft im Auge gehabt, sondern nur: *the best part about her, such as was most commended.* 25) *synod* gebraucht Sh. vorzugsweise von der Versammlung der Götter im Olymp: so wurde Rosalinde durch Götterbeschluss geschaffen und zusammengesetzt aus vielen einzelnen Gaben, die sonst an Andern sich nur zerstreut finden, aus verschiedenen Angesichtern, Augen und Herzen, so dass sie in sich alle Züge *(touches)* vereinigt, die am theuersten geschätzt werden. 26) Der Himmel wollte, dass ich als ihr Sklave leben und sterben soll. 27) *back-friends* = Freunde hinterm Rücken, ruft Celia aus, da sie plötzlich sich von Rosalinde und den Andern belauscht sieht. — Manche Hgg. interpungiren *back, friends* = zurück, Freunde. — *back-friend* hat Sh. in Comedy of Errors (A. 4, Sc. 2). 28) *scrippage* ist aus *scrip* = Hirtentasche, so gebildet wie *baggage* aus *bag*. — Letzteres wird von dem Rückzug eines Kriegsheeres gesagt, und passt daher nicht auf Hirten, wie Corin und Touchstone. 29) Ein Wunder hält nach dem Sprichwort neun Tage vor. So in K. Henry VI. Third Part (A. 3, Sc. 2) Gloster. *That would be ten days' wonder at the least.* — Clarence. *That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.* 30) Dass man in Irland die Ratten durch gereimte Zaubersprüche bannte und tödtete, wird auch bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen erwähnt, so in Ben Jonson's Poetaster: *Rhyme them to death, as they do Irish rats || In drumming tunes.* — Anspielungen auf die Lehre des Pythagoras von der Seelenwanderung hat Sh. an verschiedenen Stellen, so in Twelfth-Night (A. 4, Sc. 2) und in Merchant of Venice (A. 4, Sc. 1). 31) Sie spielt an auf die Kette, welche Rosalinde dem Orlando (A. 1, Sc. 2 am Schlusse) überreicht hatte. 32) Ein Sprichwort in Ray's Sammlung lautet: *Friends may meet, but mountains never greet.* — Sh. fand in Holland's Plinius: *Two hills removed by an earthquake, encountered together, charging as it were, and with violence assaulting one another, and retiring again with a most mighty noise.* 33) *out of all whooping* = über alles Geschrei hinaus, über die Massen. — Gewöhnlicher heisst es *out of all cry.* 34) Nach Malone's Meinung redet damit Rosalinde scherzhaft ihr eignes weibliches Naturell an, das sich vor Neugierde nicht länger hält. — Natürlicher erscheint es, dass der Ausruf der Celia gelte, vielleicht in Bezug auf deren frühere Worte *Change you colour?* 35) Farmer las *off* für *of* und erklärte: eine Entdeckung, die so fern liegt wie die Südsee. — Ungefähr derselbe Sinn lässt sich jedoch auch mit der alten Lesart verbinden: wenn ich nur einen Zoll weit von der Kunde entfernt bleibe, wer der Mann ist, so ist das ebenso, als wenn es eine ganze Südsee wäre, die zu erforschen oder zu entdecken bliebe. — Johnson vermuthete *a South-sea*

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak sad brow, and true maid.[36]

Cel. I' faith, coz, 't is he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? — What did he, when thou saw'st him? What said he? How look'd he? Wherein went he?[37] What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee, and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth[38] first: 't is a word[39] too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say, ay, and no, to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies, as to resolve the propositions of a lover:[40] but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance.[41] I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

Ros. It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.[42]

Cel. Give me audience, good Madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretch'd along like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.[43]

Cel. Cry, holla! to thy tongue,[44] I pr'ythee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

Ros. O ominous! he comes to kill my heart.[45]

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bring'st me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet,[46] say on.

Cel. You bring me out.[47] — Soft! comes he not here?

Ros. 'T is he: slink by, and note him.

[Rosalind *and* Celia *retire.*

Enter Orlando *and* Jaques.

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orl. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaq. Good bye, you: let 's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no more[48] of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you, when he was christened.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conn'd them out of rings?[49]

Orl. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.[50]

Jaq. You have a nimble wit: I think 't was made of Atalanta's heels.[51] Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world,[52] but myself, against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have, is to be in love.

Orl. 'T is a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

Orl. He is drown'd in the brook: look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool, or a cypher.

Jaq. I 'll tarry no longer with you. Farewell, good Signior Love.[53]

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discovery. 36) Sprich mit ernster Miene und als ein aufrichtiges Mädchen. — So wird *to speak* auch sonst construirt, z. B. in Othello (A. 2, Sc. 3) *drunk? and speak parrot?* und in K. Henry V. (A. 5, Sc. 2) *I speak to thee plain soldier.* 37) In welcher Tracht ging er? wie trug er sich? 38) Gargantua, der fabelhafte Riese des französischen Satyrikers Rabelais, der fünf Pilger in einer Salatschüssel auf einmal verschlang, war zu Sh.'s Zeit auch in England durch Volksbücher, wie The History of Gargantua (1594), vielfach bekannt. 39) d. h. ein Wort, das auf alle neun Fragen Rosalindens Antwort geben könnte. 40) Die Fragen oder Räthsel beantworten oder lösen, die ein Verliebter uns vorlegt. 41) Manche Hgg. ändern ohne Grund *with a good observance.* 42) *such* ergänzt erst die zweite Folioausg. von 1632. — *it* steht, als ob Celia *oak* statt *tree* gesagt hätte; doch ist die Eiche hinlänglich durch *dropped acorn* bezeichnet. — Als Baum des Jupiter wird die Eiche auch erwähnt in Tempest (A. 5, Sc. 1) *Jove's stout oak.* 43) Ein solcher Anblick steht dem Boden gut an, ziert den Boden. So in Hamlet (A. 5, Sc. 2) *such a sight as this becomes the field.* 44) *thy tongue* setzt Rowe für *the tongue* der Fol. — *holla!* ist der Zuruf, mit dem der Reiter das wild courbettirende Pferd zum Stillstehen bringt und beruhigt. So in Venus and Adonis: *What recketh he his rider's angry stir,* || *His flattering holla, or his „Stand, I say"?* — Steevens und Malone setzen ohne Autorität *very* vor *unseasonably.* 45) Das Wortspiel zwischen *heart* und *hart* ist Sh. sehr geläufig. 46) *sweet*, ein Ausruf schmeichelnden Zuredens oder der Ermuthigung. 47) Du bringst mich aus dem Concept. 48) Die Fol. hat das veraltete *moe* für *more.* 49) Solche sinnreiche Sprüche wurden in Ringe eingegraben, und Orlando lernte sie vermuthlich in Goldschmiedläden kennen, als er mit den Weibern der Goldschmiede sich zu schaffen machte. 50) Auf den alten Wandtapeten waren oft neben einander stehende menschliche Figuren gemalt, aus deren Munde Sprüche, in Gestalt von Rede und Antwort, hervorgingen. Von diesen hat Jaques die Frage, Orlando die entsprechende Antwort studirt. — *to answer right painted cloth* = genau im Styl der Tapeten antworten, ist construirt wie vorher *to speak* (vgl. oben Anm. 36). 51) Vgl. oben Anm. 24. 52) Kein athmendes oder lebendes Wesen auf der Welt. So hat Sh. in den Sonnets (81) *When all the breathers of this world are dead.* 53) Auf den affectirten Titel *Signior* antwortet Orlando mit dem eben so affectirten *Monsieur;* Beide in persiflirender Absicht. So kommt eben so höhnisch in Pericles (A. 1, Sc. 2) *Signior Sooth*, und in K. Henry IV. First Part (A. 1, Sc. 2) *Monsieur Remorse* vor. 54) scil. *I do hear very well.* 55) Dieselbe

Orl. I am glad of your departure. Adieu, good Monsieur[53] Melancholy.

[Exit JAQUES. — ROSALIND *and* CELIA *come forward.*

Ros. *[Aside to* CELIA.*]* I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him. — Do you hear, forester?

Orl. Very well:[54] what would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is 't o'clock?

Orl. You should ask me, what time o'day: there 's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then, there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute,[55] and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of Time? had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, Sir. Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I 'll tell you, who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I pr'ythee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard[56] with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful[57] learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury. These Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how Time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the cony, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.[58]

Ros. I have been told so of many: but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man;[59] one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God, I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences, as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal: they were all like one another, as half-pence are; every one fault seeming monstrous, till its fellow fault came to match it.

Orl. I pr'ythee, recount some of them.

Ros. No; I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger,[60] I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shaked.[61] I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are[62] not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye,[63] and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable[64] spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not: — but I pardon you for that, for simply, your having[65] in beard is a younger brother's revenue. — Then, your hose should be ungartered,[66] your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man: you are rather point-device[67] in your accoutrements; as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it? you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do, than to confess she does; that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason[68] can express how much.

Zeitrechnung ist in K. Richard II. (A. 5, Sc. 5) *so sighs, and tears, and groans, show minutes, times, and hours.* 56) *to trot hard* muss nach dem Zusammenhange hier eine schwerfällige, lästig stossende Bewegung des Pferdes andeuten, im Gegensatz zu dem folgenden *to amble*, das einen leichten, angenehmen und bequemen Passgang bezeichnet. 57) *wasteful* = verzehrend, abzehrend, bestimmt näher den Begriff des vorhergehenden *lean* = abmagernd. 58) *to purchase* = sich aneignen; *removed* = entlegen, abgelegen. 59) Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 7, Anm. 28. — Auf *inland* bezieht sich das folgende *there he fell in love.* 60) *fancy-monger*, der sich mit Liebesschwärmerei befasst, sich ein Geschäft daraus macht, verliebt zu sein. — *deifying* verbessern die späteren Folioausgg. das *defying* der Fol. 61) *love-shaked* = von der Liebe geschüttelt, wie vom Fieber, bezieht sich auf *quotidian of love* = ein täglich wiederkehrendes Liebesfieber. — In Othello (A. 2, Sc. 1) findet sich dasselbe Particip *wind-shaked.* 62) *you art* in der Fol. 63) *blue eye* = Auge mit blauen Rändern. So in Tempest (A. 1, Sc. 2) *this blue-ey'd hag.* 64) *unquestionable* = mit dem sich nicht sprechen lässt, wortkarg. 65) *having* = Besitzthum: was Ihr an Bart besitzt, ist so gering, wie das Einkommen eines jüngern Bruders. 66) Dieses Merkmal eines Liebhabers, der, in Gedanken vertieft, sein Aeusseres vernachlässigt und seine Kniegürtel festzubinden vergisst, hat Sh. auch in Two Gentlemen of Verona (A. 2, Sc. 1) *when you chid at Sir Proteus for going ungartered.* 67) *point-device* = der pedantisch auf alles Aeusserliche hält. 68) Dieselbe sprichwörtliche Zusammenstellung ist in Comedy of Errors (A. 2, Sc. 2) *When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither rhyme*

Ros. Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house[69] and a whip as madmen do; and the reason why they are not so punished and cured, is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers[70] are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress, and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish[71] youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are, for the most part, cattle of this colour; would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madness,[72] which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart,[73] that there shall not be one spot of love in 't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will. Tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I 'll show it you; and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind. — Come, sister, will you go? *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY; JAQUES *behind, observing them.*

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey: I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features? Lord warrant us! what features?[1]

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.[2]

Jaq. [Aside.] O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatched house![3]

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child Understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room.[4] — Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is. Is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly, for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry, may be said, as lovers they do feign.[5]

Aud. Do you wish then, that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly; for thou swear'st to me, thou art honest: now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd,[6] for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaq. [Aside.] A material fool.[7]

Aud. Well, I am not fair, and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.[8]

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness: sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee; and to that end, I have been with Sir Oliver Mar-text, the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

Jaq. [Aside.] I would fain see this meeting.

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nor reason. 69) *dark house* = Zelle für Irre. 70) *whippers* = die Leute, welche eigentlich die Peitsche bei den Verrückten handhaben sollten, sie aber nicht handhaben, weil sie selber verliebt sind. 71) *moonish* = veränderlich wie der Mond, launisch. 72) Manche Hgg. setzen, um einen vollkommneren Gegensatz zu dem Vorhergehenden zu gewinnen: *to a loving humour of madness.* Indess lässt sich die alte Lesart rechtfertigen, sei es, dass man *living* mit Knight im Sinne von *actual, positive* fasst, oder wie Malone *a living humour of madness* als *a mad humour of life* versteht. Letztere Erklärung wird gestützt durch das folgende *which was, to forswear etc.* 73) Steevens dehnt die Vergleichung auch auf das Ausspülen und Reinwaschen des Herzens eines geschlachteten Schafes aus. Vielleicht ist aber nur der Sinn der, dass Rosalinde die Leber, den Sitz der Leidenschaft, von aller Liebe so rein waschen will, wie ein gesundes Schafherz davon rein ist. — Rosalinde spricht in ihrem angenommenen Charakter als Schäfer. Vgl. zu diesem Dialog zwischen Orlando und Rosalinde das Entsprechende bei Lodge, Einleitung pag. 351.

1) Audrey versteht das Wort *feature*, = körperliche Bildung im Allgemeinen, nicht. 2) Dass Sh. ein Wortspiel zwischen *goats* und *Goths* beabsichtigte, ist klarer, als dass er, wie einige Commentatoren wollen, bei *capricious* an das lateinische *caper* gedacht hat. 3) *ill-inhabited* = schlecht einquartiert: mit schlechterer Wohnung versehen als Jupiter unter einem Strohdach. — Diese Anspielung auf Jupiter's Bewirthung in ländlicher Hütte bei Philemon und Baucis findet sich deutlicher in Much Ado about Nothing (A. 2, Sc. 1) D. Pedro. *My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.* — Hero, *Why, then your visor should be thatch'd.* 4) Sh. dachte bei dieser scherzhaften Vergleichung vielleicht an den Doppelsinn von *bill* = Rechnung, und = Hellebarde, den er in Timon of Athens (A. 3, Sc. 4) zum Wortspiel benutzt: *knock me down with 'em.* 5) Was die Liebesleute poetisch betheuern, das, kann man sagen, erheucheln oder dichten sie als Liebesleute. — *to feign* in diesem Doppelsinne kommt auch in Twelfth-Night (A. 1, Sc. 5) vor: Viola. *Alas! I took great pains to study it, and 't is poetical.* — Olivia. *It is the more like to be feigned.* 6) *hard-favoured* = von hässlichem Aeussern. 7) *material* = gehaltvoll, wie (A. 2, Sc. 1) der Herzog von Jaques gesagt hatte: *I love to cope him in these sullen fits,* || *For then he's full of matter.* 8) *foul* = hässlich, unscheinbar von Ansehen, also nicht der Verführung ausgesetzt. 9) Aber was

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though?[9] Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary.[10] It is said, — many a man knows no end of his goods: right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end[11] of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife: 't is none of his own getting. Horns? Even so. — Poor men alone?[12] — No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal.[13] Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defence is better than no skill,[14] by so much is a horn more precious than to want. Here comes Sir Oliver.

Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.

Sir Oliver Mar-text, you are well met: will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give[15] the woman?

Touch. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. [Coming forward.] Proceed, proceed: I 'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good Master What-ye-call 't: how do you, Sir? You are very well met: God 'ild you for your last company.[16] I am very glad to see you. — Even a toy in hand here,[17] Sir. — Nay; pray, be cover'd.

Jaq. Will you be married, motley?

Touch. As the ox hath his bow,[18] Sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells,[19] so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Touch. [Aside.] I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another; for he is not like to marry me well, and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey:
We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.
Farewell, good Master Oliver! Not, —
O sweet Oliver!
O brave Oliver!
Leave me not behind thee:
but, —
Wind away,
Begone, I say,
I will not to wedding with thee.[20]

[Exeunt Jaques, Touchstone, *and* Audrey.

Sir Oli. 'T is no matter: ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. *[Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Another Part of the Forest. Before a Cottage.

Enter Rosalind *and* Celia.

Ros. Never talk to me: I will weep.

Cel. Do, I pr'ythee; but yet have the grace to consider, that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire: therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's.[1] Marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. I' faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the only colour.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

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macht das? — *though* familiär = doch. 10) *necessary* = unvermeidlich, vom Schicksal unabwendlich verhängt. — Die gewöhnliche Sh.'sche Anspielung auf das Horn des Hahnrei kehrt auch hier wieder. 11) Wortspiel zwischen *end* = Ende, Grenze, und *end* = Ende, Spitze des Horns. 12) Hörner? fragt der Narr und beantwortet sich selbst die Frage mit: Allerdings. — Dann fragt er weiter: Haben nur arme Leute Hörner? und antwortet abermals: Nein, nein! — Der Satz steht in der Fol. ohne Interpunction sinnlos so: *hornes, even so poor men alone: No, no, the noblest deer etc.* — Dyce ändert: *Horns? ever to poor men alone?* 13) *rascal* = elendes, mageres Wild. 14) *defence* = Mittel zur Vertheidigung, Schutzwehr, im Gegensatz zu *no skill*, wobei *defence* zu suppliren ist, = Wehrlosigkeit. — Manche Erklärer fassen hier *defence* = Fechtkunst, was aber der Zusammenhang mit dem Vorhergehenden und dem Folgenden nicht verstattet. Die Vertheidigungswaffe ist eben das Horn. 15) *to give* für *to give away*, der technische Ausdruck bei der Hochzeit von dem Brautführer, der die Braut dem Bräutigam zuführt. — Touchstone versteht *to give* ohne diese Beziehung im gewöhnlichen Sinne des Wortes. 16) Gott lohne es Euch, dass Ihr mir neulich Gesellschaft leistetet. — Er meint die Begegnung, von der Jaques (A. 2, Sc. 7) dem Herzog erzählt hatte. — Die Fol. schreibt *goddild* = *God yield.* 17) Ich habe hier gerade eine Kleinigkeit um die Hand, ich will mich gerade verheirathen. 18) *bow* = das krumme Joch, unter das ein Ochs gespannt wird. 19) *bells* = die Schellen, die an die Kappe des Jagdfalken befestigt werden. — Knight citirt dazu aus Gervase Markham's Boke of St. Albans: *The bells which your hawks shall wear, look in any wise that they be not too heavy, whereby they overload her, neither that one be heavier than another, but both of like weight: look also that they be well sounding and shrill, yet not both of one sound, but one at least a note under the other.* 20) Der Narr citirt Bruchstücke aus zwei einander entsprechenden Balladen, von denen sich nur die Anfangsworte in den Registern der Buchhändler (1582—85) erhalten haben. — Manche Hgg. setzen *Not — O sweet Oliver* und *But wind away*, als ob *not* und *but* in den Text des Liedes gehörten.

1) Das englische Publicum war gewohnt, Judas und andere Heuchler und Verräther auf dem Theater mit herkömmlichem rothen Kopf- und Barthaar erscheinen zu sehen. — Darauf geht auch *dissembling colour.* 2) Ein Paar abgelegte Lippen der Diana. — Für *cast* der Fol. lesen die späteren Folioausgg. *chaste*, was auch Rowe noch beibehielt. 3) Sh. fingirt hier eine klösterliche Genossenschaft des Winters, um die Kälte und Keuschheit derselben

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana:[2] a nun of winter's sisterhood[3] kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes: I think he is not a pick-purse, nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet,[4] or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright, he was.

Cel. *Was* is not *is:* besides, the oath of a[5] lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster;[6] they are both the confirmers[7] of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

Ros. I met the duke yesterday, and had much question[8] with him. He asked me, of what parentage I was: I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Cel. O, that 's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puny tilter,[9] that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose. But all 's brave, that youth mounts, and folly guides. — Who comes here?

Enter Corin.

Cor. Mistress, and master, you have oft inquir'd
After the shepherd that complain'd of love,
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love,
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Ros. O! come, let us remove:
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love. —
Bring us to[10] this sight, and you shall say
I 'll prove a busy actor in their play. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter Silvius *and* Phebe.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe:
Say that you love me not; but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives[1] by bloody drops?

Enter Rosalind, Celia, *and* Corin, *behind.*

Phe. I would not be thy executioner:
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me, there is murder in mine eye:
'T is pretty, sure,[2] and very probable,
That eyes — that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies, —
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee;
Now counterfeit to swoon,[3] why, now fall down;
Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame!
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee:
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean[4] upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure[5]
Thy palm some moment keeps, but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can[6] do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe,
If ever (as that ever may be near)
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,[7]
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But till that time
Come not thou near me; and when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not,
As till that time I shall not pity thee.

Ros. [Advancing.] And why, I pray you? Who might be your mother,

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zu bezeichnen. — In ähnlicher Ideenassociation steht in Coriolanus (A. 5, Sc. 3) *chaste as the icicle, || That 's curdied by the frost from purest snow, || And hangs on Dian's temple.* 4) Der Deckel liegt nur auf dem Becher, wenn er leer ist, und bildet so eine Höhlung. 5) *a*, das die Fol. zufällig auslässt, ergänzt die zweite Folioausg. 6) So in Timon of Athens (A. 4, Sc. 3) *Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters that bade welcome, || To knaves, and all approachers.* 7) Die Fol. hat *confirmer.* 8) *question* = Gespräch. Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 2, Anm. 64. 9) Die rücksichtslose Art, wie Orlando sein der Rosalinde gegebenes Versprechen gebrochen hat, wird verglichen mit der Art, wie ein ungeübter Reiter im Turnier seine Lanze schlecht gegen die Brust seines Gegners führt und sie regelwidrig zerbricht. — Sh. hat dasselbe Gleichniss auch sonst von ungeschickten und verfehlten Angriffen; so in Much Ado about Nothing (A. 5, Sc. 1) *Nay, then give him another staff: this last was broke cross.* — *lover* = die Geliebte. 10) Malone setzte des Verses wegen *unto* für *to* der Fol. — Vielleicht wollte Sh. *bring 's* für *bring us* gelesen haben.

1) *to die and live by* = bei Etwas leben und sterben, sein Lebenlang mit Etwas zu thun haben. — Steevens vermuthet in *dies* das Sh. und seinen Zeitgenossen sehr geläufige Wortspiel von *to die* = sterben, und *to dye* = färben. Doch ist der Sinn auch ohne diese Annahme verständlich genug. 2) *sure* = fürwahr, sicherlich, parenthetisch eingeschoben. 3) *swound* in der Fol. 4) So die Fol. — Manche Hgg. fügen mit der zweiten Folioausg. *but* hinter *lean* ein. 5) *cicatrice*, hier in ungewöhnlichem Sinne = Kerbe, Einschnitt in die Hand durch die Binse, worauf sie sich stützt, wird näher erklärt durch das folgende *capable impressure* = der Eindruck, der die Binse in sich aufnimmt, der für die Binse empfänglich ist. 6) *that can* hängt von *no force* ab. 7) *fancy* = Liebe, Liebesgedanke. 8) Von welcher Mutter habt Ihr den Hochmuth geerbt, dass Ihr den Unglücklichen verhöhnt und über ihn triumphirt und Alles das zu gleicher Zeit? — Sh. gebraucht sonst *to insult* im Sinne des

That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? [8] What though you have no beauty [9]
(As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed),
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you, than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work. [10] — Od's my little life! [11]
I think she means to tangle my eyes too.
No, 'faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:
'T is not your inky brows, your black silk [12] hair,
Your bugle eyeballs, [13] nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame [14] my spirits to your worship. —
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain? [15]
You are a thousand times a properer man,
Than she a woman: 't is such fools as you,
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children. [16]
'T is not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper,
Than any of her lineaments can show her. —
But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love;
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can: you are not for all markets.
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer. [17]
So, take her to thee, shepherd. — Fare you well.
Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together. [18]
I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.
Ros. He 's fallen in love with your foulness, [19] and she 'll fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I 'll sauce her with bitter words. — Why look you so upon me?
Phe. For no ill will I bear you.
Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not. — If you will know my house,
'T is at the tuft of olives, here hard by. —
Will you go, sister? — Shepherd, ply her hard. —
Come, sister. — Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in sight as he. [20]
Come, to our flock. *[Exeunt* Rosalind, Celia, *and* Corin.
Phe. Dead shepherd! [21] now I find thy saw of might:
»Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?«
Sil. Sweet Phebe, —
Phe. Ha! what say'st thou, Silvius?
Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.
Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.
Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.
Phe. Thou hast my love: is not that neighbourly?
Sil. I would have you.
Phe. Why, that were covetousness.
Silvius, the time was that I hated thee,
And yet it is not [22] that I bear thee love;
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure, and I 'll employ thee too;
But do not look for further recompense,
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.
Sil. So holy, and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, [23] and that I 'll live upon.
Phe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?
Sil. Not very well; but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage, and the bounds,
That the old carlot [24] once was master of.
Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him.
'T is but a peevish boy: — yet he talks well: —
But what care I for words? yet words do well,
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth: — not very pretty: —
But, sure, he 's proud; and yet his pride becomes him.
He 'll make a proper man: the best thing in him

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jetzigen *to exult.* — Für *all* wollte Warburton *rail* lesen, indess gebraucht Sh. *all* auch sonst von zwei Dingen, für *both.* 9) So die Fol. mit gutem Sinne, da Rosalinde der Phebe gar keine Schönheit und mithin kein Recht zum Sprödethun zugestehen will. — Theobald liess *no* weg, und Malone und Steevens setzten *mo* und *more* dafür. 10) In der gewöhnlichen Handwerkerarbeit, welche die Natur für den Verkauf liefert. 11) Eine verkleinernde Erweiterung der gewöhnlichen Betheurung: *Od's* (scil. *God's*) *life,* wie *God's bodikin* für *God's body.* 12) Manche Hgg. bilden ein Compositum *black-silk* = von schwarzer Seide; doch scheint nur schwarzes, seidnes Haar gemeint zu sein. 13) *bugle eyeballs* = Augen von Glaskugeln, oder wie Glaskugeln. 14) *to entame* = zahm machen, beugen. — *to your worship* = zu Eurem Dienst, so dass ich Euch huldige. 15) Rosalinde vergleicht die Thränen und Seufzer des verliebten Schäfers mit dem Regen und Winde, die der feuchte Südwind bringt. 16) Indem ihr solche hässliche Weiber, die Ihr für schön haltet, freit und mit ihnen dann eben so hässliche Kinder zeugt. 17) Die Hässliche ist am hässlichsten, wenn sie den Freier mit Spott zurückweist, da sie doch hässlich ist. — *to be a scoffer* ist mit *most foul* zu verbinden. 18) *a year together* = in Einem fort, ununterbrochen ein Jahr lang. 19) Hanmer änderte ohne Grund *her foulness.* — Rosalinde redet nacheinander die Phebe und den Silvius an. 20) Wenn auch alle Welt ihre Sehkraft üben wollte, so könnte doch Niemand so sich täuschen wie Silvius, der nur Euch für schön hält. — Johnson erklärt wohl zu speciell: *though all mankind could look on you.* 21) Der todte Schäfer ist der bei der ersten Aufführung von As you like it längst verstorbene Dichter Marlowe, in dessen nach dem Musäus gearbeiteten Epos Hero and Leander sich der folgende Vers findet. — Vgl. Einleitung pag. 353 u. 354. — Auf dasselbe Gedicht spielt Sh. vielleicht in Two Gentlemen of Verona (A. 1, Sc. 1) an. 22) Und auch noch ist die Zeit nicht da, dass ich Dich liebe. 23) Das Bild von dem Aehrenleser, der hinter dem Schnitter hergeht, wird auch in *a scatter'd smile* fortgesetzt. Das Lächeln der Phebe ist gleichsam eine Garbe, die sie hie und da fallen lässt, und von der Silvius leben will. 24) Die Fol. und auch Rowe drucken *Carlot* als Eigennamen in Cursiv. Dasselbe Wort, von *carle* gebildet, = Bauer, Landmann, kommt auch in Drayton's The Barons' Wars vor: *Who in his castle, carelessly defended,* || *That crafty carlet closely apprehended.* — Vielleicht wollte Sh. *Carlot* wirklich als Eigennamen des Schäfers verstanden wissen, von dem Corin (A. 2, Sc. 4) der

Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall; yet for his years he 's tall.
His leg is but so so; and yet 't is well.
There was a pretty redness in his lip;
A little riper, and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek: 't was just the difference
Betwixt the constant red, and mingled damask.[25]
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels,[26] as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him; but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
Have[27] more cause to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said, mine eyes were black, and my hair black;
And, now I am remember'd,[28] scorn'd at me.
I marvel, why I answer'd not again:
But that 's all one; omittance is no quittance.
I 'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it; wilt thou, Silvius?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. I 'll write it straight;
The matter 's in my head, and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him, and passing short.
Go with me, Silvius. *[Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

The Forest of Arden.

Enter Rosalind, Celia, *and* Jaques.

Jaq. I pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me be[1] better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say, you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so: I do love it[2] better than laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure[3] worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 't is good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why then, 't is good to be a post.[4]

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice;[5] nor the lover's, which is all these; but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels; which, by often rumination,[6] wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad. I fear, you have sold your own lands, to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad. I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too![7]

Enter Orlando.

Orl. Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind.

Jaq. Nay then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse. *[Exit.*

Ros. Farewell, Monsieur Traveller.[8] Look you lisp, and wear strange suits; disable[9] all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity; and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are: or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola.[10] — Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover? — An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him, that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder,[11] but I 'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail?

Ros. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head, a better jointure, I think, than you make[12] a woman. Besides, he brings his destiny with him.

Orl. What 's that?

Ros. Why, horns; which such as you are fain to be beholding[13] to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.[14]

Rosalinde erzählt hatte. 25) *constant red* = das eigentliche, entschiedene Roth. — *mingled damask* = das mit hellen Farben nüancirte Hochroth. 26) *in parcels* = in seinen Einzelnheiten, im Detail. 27) Manche Hgg. fügen mit der zweiten Folioausg. *I* vor *have* ein. 28) Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 7, Anm. 46.

1) *be*, das in der Fol. fehlt, ergänzt die zweite Folioausg. 2) scil. *melancholy*, als Substantiv gefasst. 3) *modern* = gewöhnlich, gemein; *censure* = Beurtheilung: Diejenigen, welche zu viel lachen oder aus blosser Affectation schwermüthig thun, stellen sich für jedes gewöhnliche Urtheil, für Jedermanns Urtheil, schlimmer als Trunkenbolde bloss. 4) Wenn man ernst aussehen und nichts sagen will, so könnte man auch eben so gut ein Thürpfosten sein. 5) *nice* = wer sich mit geringfügigen Dingen zu schaffen macht, oder was auf geringfügigen Dingen beruht, daher = kleinlich, geziert. 6) Die Fol. hat *in which by often rumination etc.* — Malone strich das erste *in;* andere Hgg. lesen mit der zweiten Folioausg. *in which my often rumination.* 7) Und noch dazu reisen, lediglich um melancholisch zu werden! 8) Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 2, Anm. 53. 9) *to disable* = Etwas für untauglich erklären, schlecht machen, herabsetzen. 10) Oder ich will kaum glauben, dass Ihr in Venedig waret. — *gondola* und *gondolier* als charakteristisch für Venedig, den damaligen Lieblingsaufenthalt reicher und müssiger Engländer, hat Sh. auch in Merchant of Venice (A. 2, Sc. 8) und in Othello (A. 1, Sc. 1). — Die Fol. liest *Gundello* für *gondola.* 11) Cupido hat ihm vielleicht freundschaftlich auf die Schulter geklopft, aber sein Herz hat er nicht verwundet. — *heart-whole* = heil, unverletzt im Herzen. — Ebenvorher hat die Fol. *thousand part* für *thousandth part*, wie sie überall *eight* für *eighth* setzt. 12) Hanmer las willkürlich *you can make.* 13) *to be beholding* = Jemandem verpflichtet sein für Etwas, sich an Jemanden halten in Bezug auf Etwas. — Die meisten Hgg. vertauschen das Sh.'sche *beholding* mit *beholden.* 14) Ein Liebhaber wie die Schnecke kommt

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker, and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer[15] than you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent. — What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

Orl. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us!)[16] matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress, or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.[17]

Orl. What, of my suit?[18]

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say — I will not have you.

Orl. Then, in mine own person, I die.

Ros. No, 'faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club;[19] yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer-night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drowned, and the foolish chroniclers[20] of that age found it was — Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies: men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind, for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, 'faith will I; Fridays, and Saturdays, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What say'st thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing? — Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us. — Give me your hand, Orlando. — What do you say, sister?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin, — »Will you, Orlando,« —

Cel. Go to. — Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why, now, as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say, — »I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.«

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but, — I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: — there 's a girl goes before the priest;[21] and certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts: they are winged.

Ros. Now tell me how long you would have her, after you have possessed her.

Orl. For ever, and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the ever. No, no, Orlando: men are April when they woo, December when they wed; maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled[22] than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain,[23] and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen,[24] and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O! but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder. Make the doors[25] upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that,

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schon in dem ihm bestimmten Schicksal, in den Hörnern, und beugt so dem üblen Ruf vor, den seine Frau sich zuziehen würde, wenn sie erst ihm die Hörner aufsetzte. 15) *leer* = Gesicht, Gesichtsfarbe. — Eine scherzhafte Anspielung auf den künstlichen Teint, den Rosalinde sich zugelegt hat, um unerkannt zu bleiben. Vgl. A. 1. Sc. 3, Anm. 21. 16) Gott behüte uns davor, dass uns Liebesleuten der Stoff zur Unterhaltung ausgehe. 17) Wäre ich Eure Geliebte, so würde ich, wenn anders mein Witz meiner Tugend nichts nachgäbe, Euch schon mit Eurer Werbung aus der Fassung bringen. 18) scil. *out of my suit* = aus dem Concept der Liebeswerbung. — Gleich nachher wird *suit* doppelsinnig = Werbung, und = Tracht, Kleidung, gefasst. 19) Dieses Ende des Troilus hat Sh. nicht mehr in Troilus and Cressida. — In Chaucer's Troilus and Creseide steht jedoch *Dispitously him slough the fierce Achill.* 20) Für *chroniclers* wollte Hanmer *coroners* lesen, weil *to find* der technische Ausdruck von dem Verdict der Geschworenen oder der Todtenbeschauer ist. — Indess macht Sh. mit seinem *the chroniclers found* scherzhaft die Chronisten selbst gleichsam zu Geschworenen, die über Leander's Todesart ihr Urtheil abzugeben hatten und die dann erklärten, Leander sei aus Liebe zur Hero gestorben. 21) Rosalinde wartet nicht ab, dass der Priester ihr die Trauungsformel vorspricht, sondern spricht sie selbst. — Farmer änderte ohne Grund *there a girl.* 22) *new-fangled* = auf alles Neue erpicht. 23) Wie eine Statue der Diana, aus deren Augen Wasser in das Brunnenbecken lief, auf dem sie stand. — Ueber die Anspielung, die man hier zur chronologischen Bestimmung dieses Dramas hat finden wollen, vgl. Einleitung pag. 347. — So in Mayne's City-Match: *Now could I cry* || *Like any image in a fountain, which* || *Runs lamentation.* 24) Douce citirt dazu aus Bartholomaeus' De proprietatibus rerum von der Hyäne: *He commeth to houses by night, and faineth*

and 't will out at the key-hole; stop that, 't will fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say, — »Wit, whither wilt?« [26]

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ros. Marry, to say, — she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue: [27] O! that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, [28] let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool. [29]

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love! I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orl. I must attend the duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways. — I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less: — that flattering tongue of yours won me: — 't is but one cast away, [30] and so, — come, death! — Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, [31] if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetical break-promise, [32] and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful. Therefore, beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion, than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so, adieu.

Ros. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try. Adieu.

[*Exit* Orlando.

Cel. You have simply [33] misused our sex in your love-prate. We must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest. [34]

Ros. O! coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But I cannot be sounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or, rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No; that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, [35] conceived of spleen, and born of madness, that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love. — I 'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando. I 'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I 'll sleep. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter Jaques *and Lords, like foresters.* [1]

Jaq. Which is he that killed the deer?

1. Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let 's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head for a branch of victory. — Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

2. Lord. [2] Yes, Sir.

Jaq. Sing it: 't is no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

Song.

What shall he have, that kill'd the deer?
His leather skin, and horns to wear.
Then sing him home. [3]
Take thou no scorn, to wear the horn; [4]
It was a crest ere thou wast born.
Thy father's father wore it,
And thy father bore it:
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn. [*Exeunt.*

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mannes voyce as he may. 25) *to make the door* = die Thüre schliessen. 26) Eine sprichwörtliche Redensart. Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 2, Anm. 10. 27) Eine Frau, wenn sie von ihrem Manne auf irgend einem Fehltritte ertappt wird, weiss sich immer zu verantworten, so lange sie nur noch eine Zunge hat. 28) Johnson erklärt ganz richtig *represent her fault as occasioned by her husband.* — Für *occasion* änderte Hanmer willkürlich *accusation*, und Staunton schlug, plausibler jedenfalls, *confusion* vor. 29) So sagt Iago in Othello (A. 2, Sc. 1) von einer ehrbaren Frau: *She was a wight, — if ever such wight were, —* || *To suckle fools.* 30) Es ist nur eine verlassene Geliebte mehr zu den vielen, die schon dieses Schicksal erfuhren. 31) Keine gotteslästerlichen Flüche und Schwüre, die das Seelenheil gefährden. 32) *pathetical* deutet Malone auf den tiefen Schmerz, den die Geliebte über den Treubruch des Liebhabers empfindet. Talbot erklärt es mit *contemptible.* — Nach der Sh.'schen Licenz lässt sich *pathetical* auf *promise* beziehen: der ein mit allem Pathos, feierlich, gegebenes Versprechen bricht. 33) *simply* = geradezu, ohne Umschweife. Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 2, Anm. 12. 34) So bei Lodge: *I pray you, quoth Aliena, if your robes were off, what mettle are you made of, that you are so satirical against women? Is it not a foul bird defileth her own nest?* 35) *thought* = Grübelei, Melancholie.

1) Die Bühnenweisung der Fol. lautet *Enter Jaques and Lords, Foresters,* was Rowe erklärt *Lords and Foresters.* Vgl. jedoch A. 2, Sc. 1, Anm. 1. 2) Die Fol. unterscheidet die beiden Lords nicht. — Rowe theilt diese Antwort dem *Forester* zu. Vgl. Anm. 1. 3) Die Fol. druckt in einer Zeile als Theil des Liedes: *Then sing him home, the rest shall bear this burthen.* — Letzteres ist offenbar eine Bühnenweisung, welche erstere Worte im Chor von Allen wiederholen lässt. Wahrscheinlich muss auch zum Schluss des Liedes noch einmal der Chor mit *Then sing him home* einfallen. — Andere fassen indess auch *Then sing him home* als Theil der Bühnenweisung. — Das Lied wird in einigen Ausgg. auch dergestalt unter zwei Sänger vertheilt, dass der Eine die erste Zeile, der Andere die zweite singt. — In Bezug auf diese zweite citirt Malone eine entsprechende Stelle bei Lodge: *What news, forester? Hast thou wounded some deer and lost him in the fall? Care not, man, for so small a loss; thy fees was but the skin, the shoulders, and the horns.* 4) So in dem alten K. John, den Sh. seinem Drama zum Grunde legte: *But let the foolish Frenchman take no scorn,* || *If Philip front him with an English horn.*

SCENE III.

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and here much[1] Orlando!

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love, and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth — to sleep. Look, who comes here.

Enter SILVIUS.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth. —
My gentle Phebe did[2] bid me give you this:
[Giving a letter.
I know not the contents; but, as I guess
By the stern brow, and waspish action,
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenour. Pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer:[3] bear this, bear all.[4]
She says, I am not fair; that I lack manners;
She calls me proud, and that she could not love me,
Were man as rare as phœnix. Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:
Why writes she so to me? — Well, shepherd, well;
This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest; I know not the contents:
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand:[5] she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colour'd hand: I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 't was her hands:
She has a housewife's hand; but that 's no matter.
I say, she never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention, and his hand.[6]

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, 't is a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers: why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian. Woman's[7] gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance. — Will you hear the letter?

Sil. So please you; for I never heard it yet,
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She phebes[8] me. Mark how the tyrant writes.
»Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?« —
Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. »Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?«
Did you ever hear such railing? —
»Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.«[9] —
Meaning me a beast. —
»If the scorn of your bright eyne[10]
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack! in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect?
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move?
He that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this love in me:
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind[11]
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;[12]
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I 'll study how to die.«

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no; he deserves no pity. — Wilt thou love such a woman? — What, to make thee an instrument, and play false strains upon thee?[13] not to be endured! — Well, go your way to her, (for I see, love hath made thee a tame snake,)[14] and say this to her: — that if she love me, I charge her to love thee; if she will not, I will never have her, unless thou entreat for her. — If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word, for here comes more company. *[Exit* SILVIUS.

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones. Pray you, if you know,
Where in the purlieus[15] of this forest stands
A sheep-cote, fenc'd about with olive-trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom:
The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,
Left on your right hand,[16] brings you to the place.

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1) *much*, ironisch im Sinne des Gegentheils. So in Ben Jonson's Every Man in his Humour: *Much wench, or much son!* — Die Fol. druckt diese ersten Reden als Verse, was sie offenbar nicht sind. 2) Die zweite Folioausg. lässt *did* aus, und so manche Hgg. 3) Die Geduld würde sich geberden wie ein Raufbold und Renommist, der bei jedem Anlass auffährt und Händel sucht. 4) Wenn man sich dies gefallen lässt, so lässt man sich Alles gefallen. 5) Eine so plumpe, von grober Arbeit mitgenommene Hand, wie die der Phebe, war nicht im Stande, so zierlich zu schreiben, so feine Striche zu machen, wie dieser Brief sie enthält. 6) *invention* ist der Inhalt und Styl des Briefes, *hand* die Handschrift. 7) *woman's* setzte Rowe für *women's* der Fol. 8) Sh. bildet scherzhaft ein Verbum *to phebe* = wie Phebe behandeln, wie in Coriolanus (A. 2, Sc. 1) *to fidius* von *Aufidius*. — Vgl. mit diesem Briefe den entsprechenden bei Lodge, Einleitung pag. 351. 9) Der Nachdruck liegt auf *man* im Gegensatz zu *god:* So lange das Auge eines Mannes, keines Gottes, um mich warb, so konnte mir das keinen Schaden thun, so blieb ich ungerührt. — Rosalinde fasst aber in geflissentlichem Missverständnisse *beast* als Gegensatz zu *man*. 10) Die veraltete Form *eyne* für *eyes* gebraucht Sh. häufig im Reime. 11) *kind* = natürlicher Hang und Trieb, natürliche Neigung. 12) *make* erklärt Malone mit *raise as profit from any thing;* Knight deutet es plausibler mit *make up*. 13) *instrument* = Werkzeug, und = musikalisches Instrument, auf welchem Phebe falsch spielt. 14) Knight findet mit grosser Wahrscheinlichkeit darin eine Anspielung auf Schlangen, welche der orientalische Schlangenbändiger zu zähmen versteht, so dass sie nicht mehr beissen, sondern sich Alles gefallen lassen. — Andere Commentatoren halten *snake* für einen blossen Ausdruck der Verachtung, = *a poor contemptible fellow*. 15) *purlieu* = der Bezirk, der unmittelbar an einen Wald stösst und noch mit zu dessen Jagdgehege gehört. 16) *left* gehört zu *rank of osiers:* der Strich von Weiden, den Ihr beim Gehen zur

But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
There 's none within.
Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,[17]
Then should I know you by description;
Such garments, and such years: — »The boy is fair,
Of female favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister:[18] the woman low,
And browner than her brother.« Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for?
Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say, we are.
Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both;
And to that youth, he calls his Rosalind,
He sends this bloody napkin.[19] Are you he?
Ros. I am. What must we understand by this?
Oli. Some of my shame; if you will know of me,
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was stain'd.
Cel. I pray you, tell it.
Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour;[20] and, pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,[21]
Lo, what befell! he threw his eye aside,
And, mark, what object did present itself!
Under an old[22] oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who with her head,[23] nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush; under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 't is
The royal disposition of that beast,
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.
Cel. O! I have heard him speak of that same brother;
And he did render[24] him the most unnatural
That liv'd 'mongst[25] men.
Oli. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.
Ros. But, to Orlando. — Did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?
Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so;
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,[26]
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him: in which hurtling[27]
From miserable slumber I awak'd.
Cel. Are you his brother?
Ros. Was it you he rescu'd?
Cel. Was 't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?
Oli. 'T was I; but 't is not I. I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.
Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?
Oli. By and by.
When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
As, how[28] I came into that desert place: —
In brief,[29] he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array, and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love:
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself; and here, upon his arm,
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,[30]
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise; and to give this napkin,
Dy'd in his blood,[31] unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

[ROSALIND *swoons*.

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede? sweet Ganymede!
Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.
Cel. There is more in it. — Cousin! — Ganymede![32]
Oli. Look, he recovers.

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rechten Seite liegen lasset. 17) Wenn mein Auge sich belehren lassen konnte durch das, was Orlando's Zunge mir gesagt hat. 18) Er benimmt sich oder er giebt sich in seinem Benehmen wie eine völlig ausgewachsene Schwester. — Es wird damit das Uebergewicht der Rosalinde über die Celia angedeutet. — Für *a ripe sister* schlug Lettsom sinnreich *a right forester* vor. — Sollte *forester* Sh.'s Wort sein, so wäre dem Verse auch ohne die Lesart der zweiten Folioausg. *but the woman low* aufgeholfen. 19) *napkin* synonym mit *handkercher*, wie es in Orlando's nächster Rede heisst. Für *handkercher* der Fol. änderte Rowe *handkerchief*. 20) Johnson wollte verbessern *within two hours*, in Uebereinstimmung mit dem, was Orlando vorher (A. 4, Sc. 1) gesagt hatte: *For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.* — Indess ist Sh. in solchen Zeitbestimmungen nicht immer consequent. 21) Sh. fand bei Lodge: *I have noted the variable disposition of fancy a bitter pleasure wrapt in sweet prejudice.* — *to chew* in demselben übertragenen Sinne = nachdenken, grübeln über Etwas, in Julius Cæsar (A. 1, Sc. 2) *chew upon this.* — Staunton liest, um das Bild noch weiter fortzuführen, *cud* für *food*. — *fancy* ist auch hier = Liebe. 22) Steevens strich *old* als pleonastisch und verswidrig. 23) Der rasche Uebergang von *itself* auf *her head* ist in Sh.'s Manier. 24) *to render* = Etwas mit Worten wiedergeben, beschreiben. 25) Die Fol. hat *amongst*. — Vielleicht wäre zu lesen *that lived amongst men.* 26) *his just occasion* = der gerechte Anlass oder Beweggrund, den er hatte, seinen Bruder seinem Schicksale zu überlassen. 27) *hurtling* = lärmender Zusammenstoss, wie hier zwischen Orlando und der Löwin. So in Julius Cæsar (A. 2, Sc. 2) *The noise of battle hurtled in the air.* 28) *As, how etc.* bezieht sich auf *our recountments:* die Erzählung z. B. wie ich u. s. w. 29) Die Fol. hat *I brief.* — Dieses *in brief* schneidet die weiteren Umstände der Begegnung der beiden Brüder kurz ab. — Vgl. Einleitung pag. 351 u. 352. 30) Da er gutes Muthes war, da er sich erholt hatte. 31) *his* setzt die zweite Folioausg. für *this* der Fol., was manche Hgg. beibehalten. 32) Celia in ihrem Schrecken fällt aus der Rolle und redet zuerst Rosalinde als ihre Base, dann, indem sie sich besinnt, als ihren Bruder Ganymed an. — Dyce verwischt diesen Zug, indem er *Cousin Ganymede!* interpungirt,

Ros. I would I were at home.
Cel. We 'll lead you thither. — I pray you, will you take him by the arm?
Oli. Be of good cheer, youth. — You a man? You lack a man's heart.
Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah![33] a body would think this was well counterfeited. I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited. — Heigh-ho! —
Oli. This was not counterfeit: there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.
Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.
Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.
Ros. So I do; but, i' faith, I should have been a woman by right.
Cel. Come; you look paler and paler: pray you, draw homewards. — Good Sir, go with us.
Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back,
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.
Ros. I shall devise something. But, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him.[34] — Will you go?
[Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

The Forest of Arden.

Enter Touchstone *and* Audrey.

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey: patience, gentle Audrey.[1]
Aud. 'Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.[2]
Touch. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey; a most vile Mar-text. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.
Aud. Ay, I know who 't is: he hath no interest in me in the world. Here comes the man you mean.

Enter William.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown.[3] By my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for: we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.
Will. Good even, Audrey.
Aud. God ye good even, William.
Will. And good even to you, Sir.
Touch. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head, nay, pr'ythee, be covered. How old are you, friend?
Will. Five-and-twenty, Sir.
Touch. A ripe age. Is thy name William?
Will. William, Sir.
Touch. A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?
Will. Ay, Sir, I thank God.
Touch. Thank God; — a good answer. Art rich?
Will. 'Faith, Sir, so, so.
Touch. So, so, is good, very good, very excellent good: — and yet it is not; it is but so, so. Art thou wise?
Will. Ay, Sir, I have a pretty wit.
Touch. Why, thou say'st well. I do now remember a saying, »The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.« The heathen philosopher,[4] when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth, meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?
Will. I do, Sir.
Touch. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?
Will. No, Sir.
Touch. Then learn this of me. To have, is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent,[5] that *ipse* is he: now, you are not *ipse*, for I am he.
Will. Which he, Sir?
Touch. He, Sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon, — which is in the vulgar, leave, — the society, — which in the boorish is, company, — of this female, — which in the common is, woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage. I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel: I will bandy with thee in faction;[6] I will o'errun thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble, and depart.
Aud. Do, good William.
Will. God rest you merry, Sir.[7] *[Exit.*

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our master and mistress seek you: come, away, away!
Touch. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey. — I attend, I attend. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter Orlando *and* Oliver.

Orl. Is 't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persever[1] to enjoy her?
Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question,[2] the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her[3] sudden consenting; but say with me, I love

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33) Manche Hgg. setzen mit Pope *Sir* für *sirrah*, das häufig in familiärer Rede und Anrede gebraucht wurde.
34) Rühmt ihm, wie geschickt ich mich verstellte, als ich eine Ohnmacht fingirte.

1) Wie es scheint, hatte Audrey auf schleunige Verheirathung gedrungen. 2) Unter *old gentleman* ist Jaques gemeint. Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 3, zum Schluss. 3) Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 4, Anm. 12. 4) Touchstone hat hier wohl kaum eine bestimmte Persönlichkeit im Sinne, sondern fingirt die Tradition einer Anekdote, die durch ihren nichtssagenden Inhalt komisch wirken soll. — Die Ideenverbindung mit dem Folgenden liegt klarer vor in einer Stelle bei Lodge: *Phebe is no latice for your lips, and her grapes hang so hie, that gaze at them you may, but touch them you cannot.* 5) *to consent* = übereinstimmen, einer Meinung sein. 6) Ich will eine Partei gegen Dich aufbringen, im Parteikampf mit Dir anbinden. 7) Gott erhalte Euch bei guter Laune.

1) Bleibt Ihr dabei, dass Ihr sie besitzen wollt? — *to persever* mit betonter zweiter Sylbe ist Sh.'s Wort. 2) Zieht weder das Unüberlegte, Unbedachte der Sache in Betracht. — Die folgenden Worte zeigen, worin *the*

Aliena; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's, will I estate [4] upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke, and all his contented followers. [5] Go you, and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Enter Rosalind.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister. [6] *[Exit.*

Ros. O! my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf.

Orl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon, [7] when he showed me your handkercher?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O! I know where you are. — Nay, 't is true: there was never anything so sudden, but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of — »I came, saw, and overcame:« [8] for your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked, but they loved; no sooner loved, but they sighed; no sooner sighed, but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent [9] before marriage. They are in the very wrath of love, and they will together: clubs [10] cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. [11] But, O! how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then (for now I speak to some purpose), that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit. I speak not this, that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say, I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. [12] Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things. I have, since I was three years old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her. I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger. [13]

Orl. Speak'st thou in sober meaning?

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. [14] Therefore, put you in your best array, bid your friends, [15] for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall, and to Rosalind, if you will. Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Enter Silvius *and* Phebe.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,
To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not, if I have: it is my study
To seem [16] despiteful and ungentle to you.
You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd:
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 't is to love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears; [17]
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty, and observance;

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giddiness of it besteht. 3) Das unentbehrliche *her* fügte zuerst Rowe ein. 4) *to estate upon* = als erbliches Besitzthum auf Jemanden übertragen. 5) *all his contented followers* = alle seine Diener, die mit ihrem Dienst, mit ihrer bescheidenen Stellung bei dem verbannten Herzog zufrieden sind, die nach nichts Höherem streben. — Die Fol., welche aus dieser Prosa Verse zu machen sucht, setzt deshalb *all 's* für *all his*. 6) Oliver geht ein auf den zwischen Orlando und Ganymed verabredeten Scherz, dass Letzterer die Rosalinde des Ersteren vorstellen solle, und begrüsst deshalb den vermeintlichen Ganymed als Schwester, d. h. als Schwägerin, wie Ganymed ihn als Bruder, d. h. als Schwager, begrüsst. — Das folgende *Exit* fehlt in der Fol. und in den meisten Ausgg. und wurde zuerst von Capell ergänzt. 7) Die Fol. schreibt *sound* für *swoon;* eine Orthographie, die sich in ihr neben *swoond* und *swound* häufiger findet. Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 5, Anm. 3. 8) Julius Cäsar's bekanntes *veni, vidi, vici* wird als grosssprecherisch auch erwähnt in Cymbeline (A. 3, Sc. 1) *a kind of conquest* || *Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag* || *Of „came", and „saw", and „overcame".* — Die Fol. hat *overcome*. 9) *incontinent* = unmittelbar, sogleich, als Adverb, und = unenthaltsam, als Adjectiv. 10) *clubs! clubs!* war der gewöhnliche Ruf in London, um ein Handgemenge oder eine Rauferei auf der Strasse auseinander zu bringen. — Hier ist das scherzhaft übertragen auf das enge Zusammenhalten der Liebenden, wie ebenvorher *wrath of love* in uneigentlichem Sinne stand. 11) *nuptial* als Singular bei Sh. — *to bid* = einladen. 12) Ich strebe nicht nach einer grösseren Achtung bei Euch für mich, als nur so weit, dass Ihr mir die Fähigkeit zutraut, Euch Gutes zu erweisen; nicht aber strebe ich nach dieser Achtung, um mich damit in Euren Augen zu schmücken. 13) In menschlicher, leibhafter Gestalt, und ohne etwa gefährliche Zauberkünste anzuwenden. 14) Rosalinde, indem sie eingesteht, dass sie zaubern könne, setzt sich der Gefahr aus, dass man ihr wegen der Zauberei den Process mache und sie zum Tode verurtheile. 15) Ladet Eure Freunde zu Eurer Hochzeit ein. 16) *to seem* = sich zeigen, erscheinen. 17) Es ist, ganz aus Seufzern und Thränen zu bestehen. 18) Für das erste oder für das zweite *observance*, das in solcher

All humbleness, all patience, and impatience;
All purity, all trial, all observance; [18]
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. *[To* Rosalind.*]* If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Sil. *[To* Phebe.*]* If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Ros. Who do you speak to, [19] »Why blame you me to love you?«

Orl. To her, that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this: 't is like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon. [20] — *[To* Silvius*]* I will help you, if I can: — *[to* Phebe*]* I would love you, if I could. — To-morrow meet me all together. — *[To* Phebe*]* I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I 'll be married to-morrow: — *[to* Orlando*]* I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow: — *[to* Silvius*]* I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow. — *[To* Orlando*]* As you love Rosalind, meet: — *[to* Silvius*]* as you love Phebe, meet: and as I love no woman, I 'll meet. — So, fare you well: I have left you commands.

Sil. I 'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter Touchstone *and* Audrey.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey: to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart, and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world. [1] Here come two of the banished duke's pages.

Enter Two Pages.

1. Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song.

2. Page. We are for you: sit i' the middle.

1. Page. Shall we clap into 't roundly, [2] without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the only [3] prologues to a bad voice?

2. Page. I' faith, i' faith; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse. [4]

Song.

It was a lover, and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass,
In the spring time, the only pretty ring [5] *time,*
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, etc.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, etc.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, etc.

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable. [6]

1. Page. You are deceived, Sir: we kept time; we lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be wi' you; and God mend your voices. Come, Audrey. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter Duke *Senior*, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, *and* Celia.

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not,
As those that fear; they hope, and know they fear. [1]

Wiederholung unstatthaft wäre, hat Sh. ein anderes, ähnliches Wort: *obedience*, wie Malone will, oder noch plausibler *obeisance*, wie Ritson vorschlägt, geschrieben. 19) So änderte Rowe das *why do you speak too* der Fol. 20) So bei Lodge: *I tell thee, Montanus, in courting Phœbe, thou barkest with the wolves of Syria, against the moon.* — In Midsummer-Night's Dream (A. 5, Sc. 2) *Now the hungry lion roars,* || *And the wolf behowls the moon.*

1) *to be a woman of the world* = sich verheirathen, wie in Much Ado about Nothing (A. 2, Sc. 1) *to go to the world* in demselben Sinne steht. — Steevens citirt dazu aus der Bibel, Evang. Luc. (Cap. 20, V. 34) *the children of this world marry, and are given in marriage.* 2) *roundly* = geradezu, ohne Umschweife oder Complimente. 3) *only* = auserlesen, vortrefflich, wird in diesem Sinne mit dem bestimmten Artikel gesetzt: die rechte, gehörige Einleitung. 4) Wie zwei Zigeuner auf einem Pferde reiten, so wollen die Beiden aus einem Tone singen. — Das folgende Lied ist in der Fol. verkehrt arrangirt, indem die letzte, vierte Strophe die Stelle der zweiten einnimmt. Die von Thirlby herrührende richtige Strophenfolge hat seitdem ihre Bestätigung gefunden in einer mit Noten begleiteten Abschrift des Liedes, die sich in der Advocatenbibliothek in Edinburgh findet. 5) Die Fol. hat *rang time*, wofür Johnson *rank time* setzte. Das Richtige fand Steevens: *ring time* = Zeit zum Ringewechseln, zum Heirathen. So liest auch die Edingburgher Handschrift. 6) In Bezug auf die Antwort des Pagen änderte Theobald *untimeable* für *untuneable* der Fol. — Indess ist bei Sh. *time* und *tune* synonym, wie gleich nachher das ihm geläufige Wortspiel von *time* = Zeitmass, Takt, und = Zeit, wiederkehrt.

1) Diese Zeile giebt nach der alten Interpunction *As those that fear they hope, and know they fear* keinen Sinn, wohl aber nach der von Henley vorgeschlagenen: Ich schwanke zwischen Glauben und Unglauben,

Enter Rosalind, Silvius, *and* Phebe.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd.[2] —
[To the Duke.*]* You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,
You will bestow her on Orlando here?
Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.
Ros. *[To* Orlando.*]* And you say, you will have her, when I bring her?
Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.
Ros. *[To* Phebe.*]* You say, you 'll marry me, if I be willing?
Phe. That will I, should I die the hour[3] after.
Ros. But if you do refuse to marry me,
You 'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?
Phe. So is the bargain.
Ros. *[To* Silvius.*]* You say, that you 'll have Phebe, if she will?
Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.
Ros. I have promis'd to make all this matter even.
Keep you your word, O duke! to give your daughter; —
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter; —
Keep you[4] your word, Phebe, that you 'll marry me,
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd; —
Keep your word, Silvius, that you 'll marry her,
If she refuse me: — and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.
[Exeunt Rosalind *and* Celia.
Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd-boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.
Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him,
Methought he was a brother to your daughter;
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born,
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies[5] by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.
Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of very strange beasts,[6] which in all tongues are called fools.

Enter Touchstone *and* Audrey.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all.
Jaq Good my lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded[7] gentleman, that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.
Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation.[8] I have trod a measure;[9] I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors;[10] I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.
Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?
Touch. 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.[11]
Jaq. How seventh cause? — Good my lord, like this fellow.
Duke S. I like him very well.
Touch. God 'ild you,[12] Sir; I desire you of the like.[13] I press in here, Sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear, and to forswear, according as marriage binds, and blood breaks.[14] — A poor virgin, Sir, an ill-favoured thing, Sir, but mine own: a poor humour of mine, Sir, to take that no man else will. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, Sir, in a poor house, as your pearl in your foul oyster.
Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift[15] and sententious.
Touch. According to the fool's bolt, Sir, and such dulcet diseases.
Jaq. But, for the seventh cause, how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?
Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed. — Bear your body more seeming, Audrey. — As thus, Sir. I did dislike[16] the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the »retort courteous«. If I sent him word again it was not well cut, he would send me word he cut it to please himself: this is called the »quip modest«. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled[17] my judgment: this is called the »reply churlish«. If

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wie Diejenigen, welche Zweifel hegen; sie hoffen dabei im Stillen und wissen doch, dass sie zweifeln, dass sie Grund zum Zweifeln haben. — Der Nachdruck liegt auf *know* im Gegensatze zu *hope*. 2) Die Anwesenden sollen sich still verhalten, während Rosalinde den Einzelnen den mit ihnen abgemachten Vertrag noch einmal in's Gedächtniss zurückruft, wie dies im Folgenden geschieht. 3) *hour* ist hier, wie oft, zweisylbig zu lesen. 4) Manche Hgg. streichen mit Pope *you*. 5) *desperate studies* = bedenkliche Studien, Studien, zu denen ein tollkühner Muth gehört. — Vgl. zu der vorhergehenden Aeusserung des Herzogs die entsprechende bei Lodge, Einleitung pag. 352. 6) Bei dem Herannahen der Sündfluth flüchten sich Paare von allen Thiergattungen in die Arche des Noah, und darunter figuriren als ein Paar seltsamer Thiere auch Touchstone und Audrey. 7) *motley-minded* bezeichnet, dass Touchstone nicht bloss die Narrentracht trägt, sondern auch im Geiste dem entsprechend närrisch ist. — So in Twelfth-Night (A. 1, Sc. 5) *I wear not motley in my brain.* 8) *purgation* bezieht sich auf *doubt:* gerichtliche und eidliche Rechtfertigung von dem Verdachte, dass ich etwa kein Hofmann gewesen sei. 9) *to tread a measure* = eine Menuet tanzen. 10) Auf die Sitte vornehmer Leute, ihren Schneider nicht zu bezahlen, geht auch ein Spruch in K. Lear (A. 3, Sc. 2) *When nobles are their tailors' tutors.* 11) *seventh cause* wird nachher näher bestimmt als *a lie seven times removed*. Das Ganze ist eine Satyre auf ein Buch von Vincentio Saviolo: Of Honor and honorable Quarrels (1595), dem die Einzelnheiten des von Touchstone auseinandergesetzten Systems ziemlich genau entlehnt sind. Vgl. darüber Einleitung pag. 353. 12) Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 3, Anm. 16. 13) Diese Construction mit dem Accusativ der Person und *of* der Sache = Jemanden um Etwas ersuchen, kommt bei *to desire* und synonymen Verben häufig vor. 14) *to swear* = Treue schwören, gehört zu *as marriage binds; to forswear* = den Treuschwur brechen, gehört zu *as blood breaks* = wie die Leidenschaft den Mann dazu hinreisst. 15) *swift* = rasch und gewandt, in Auffassung und Antwort, treffend. So in Much Ado about Nothing (A. 3, Sc. 1) *Having so swift and excellent a wit,* || *As she is priz'd to have.* — Auf das dem Narren gespendete Compliment bezieht sich das folgende *according to the fool's bolt* = wie der Bolzen eines Narren zum Ziel trifft; es ist das eine sprichwörtliche Redensart, die der Narr zu ähnlichen solchen, komisch als *dulcet diseases* bezeichneten Redensarten einreiht. 16) *to dislike* = sein Missfallen zu erkennen geben. So in Measure for Measure (A. 1, Sc. 2) *I never heard any soldier dislike it.* 17) Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 1, Anm. 9. 18) *lie circumstantial,*

again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the »reproof valiant«. If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: this is called the »countercheck quarrelsome:« and so to the »lie circumstantial«, and the »lie direct«.[18]

Jaq. And how oft did you say, his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no further than the »lie circumstantial«, nor he durst not give me the »lie direct«; and so we measured swords, and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touch. O Sir, we quarrel in print;[19] by the book, as you have books for good manners:[20] I will name you the degrees. The first, the retort courteous; the second, the quip modest; the third, the reply churlish; the fourth, the reproof valiant; the fifth, the countercheck quarrelsome; the sixth, the lie with circumstance; the seventh, the lie direct. All these you may avoid, but the lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an *if*. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *if*, as *if you said so, then I said so;* and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your *if* is the only[21] peace-maker; much virtue in *if*.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he 's as good at anything, and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse,[22] and under the presentation of that, he shoots his wit.

Enter Hymen, *leading* Rosalind *in woman's clothes, and* Celia.

Still Music.[23]

Hym. *Then is there mirth in heaven,*
When earthly things made even
Atone together.[24]
Good duke, receive thy daughter,
Hymen from heaven brought her;
Yea, brought her hither,
That thou mightst join her hand with his,
Whose heart within her bosom is.[25]

Ros. *[To* Duke *S.]* To you I give myself, for I am yours.
[To Orlando.*]* To you I give myself, for I am yours.

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.
Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.
Phe. If sight and shape be true,
Why then, my love adieu!
Ros. *[To* Duke *S.]* I 'll have no father, if you be not he: —
[To Orlando*]* I'll have no husband, if you be not he: —
[To Phebe*]* Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.
Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion.
'T is I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events:
Here 's eight that must take hands,
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.[26]
[To Orlando *and* Rosalind*]* You and you no cross shall part:
[To Oliver *and* Celia*]* You and you are heart in heart:
[To Phebe*]* You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord:
[To Touchstone *and* Audrey*]* You and you are sure together,
As the winter to foul weather.
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning,
That reason[27] wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

Song.

Wedding is great Juno's crown:
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'T is Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock then be honoured.[28]
Honour, high honour, and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke S. O my dear niece! welcome thou art to me:
Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.
Phe. *[To* Silvius.*]* I will not eat my word,[29] now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.[30]

Enter Jaques de Bois.[31]

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or two.
I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,

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oder, wie es nachher heisst, *lie with circumstance*, ist: wenn man Jemanden unter hinzutretenden Umständen und Bedingungen, also indirect, zum Lügner erklärt; *lie direct:* wenn das geradezu geschieht. Ersteres heisst auch *lie conditional*, Letzteres *lie certain*. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 353. 19) *in print* = vorschriftsgemäss, wie gedruckt. So in Two Gentlemen of Verona (A. 2, Sc. 1) *All this I speak in print, for in print I found it.* — Ebenso wird *by the book* in uneigentlichem Sinne gebraucht in Romeo and Juliet (A. 1, Sc. 5) *You kiss by the book.* 20) Solcher Bücher führen die Commentatoren mehrere an, z. B. The Boke of Nurture, or Schoole of Good Maners, for Men, Servants, and Children (1577), von Hugh Rhodes. 21) Vgl. A. 5, Sc. 3, Anm. 3. 22) *stalking-horse* = ein wirkliches, zu dem Zweck dressirtes Pferd, oder, in Ermangelung dessen, ein aus Leinwand u. s. w. nachgemachtes, hinter welchem der Jäger das wilde Geflügel belauerte. So schiesst auch der Narr hinter der Schutzwehr seiner Narrheit desto sicherer die Pfeile seines Witzes ab. 23) d. h. sanfte Musik leitet die Erscheinung Hymen's ein und begleitet seinen Gesang. 24) *to atone* = in Einklang kommen, sich versöhnen. 25) Die Fol. hat *his hand* und *his bosom*. Ersteres ist schon in den späteren Folioausgg. verbessert; letzteres verbesserte erst Malone: Orlando hat sein Herz schon längst an Rosalinde verschenkt. So in K. Richard III. (A. 1, Sc. 2) *Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart.* — Vgl. mit dieser Scene das Entsprechende bei Lodge, Einleitung pag. 352 u. 353. — Im Folgenden rühren die näheren Bezeichnungen der von Rosalinde und Hymen angeredeten Personen erst von den späteren Hggn. her und fehlen in der Fol. — Dasselbe gilt nachher von der Abschiedsrede des Jaques. 26) Wenn die Wahrheit einen wahren, ihr selber gemässen, Inhalt hat. 27) *reason* = vernünftige Besprechung, welche dem Erstaunen über unser Zusammentreffen abhelfen soll. — Diese Besprechung findet dann während des folgenden Gesanges statt. 28) *high* ist als Adverbium mit *honoured* zu verbinden. Vgl. *high honour* in der folgenden Zeile. 29) *to eat one's word* = sein Wort zurücknehmen, sich selber Lügen strafen. 30) *to combine* = binden, verknüpfen. So in Measure for Measure (A. 4, Sc. 3) *I am combined by a sacred*

That bring these tidings to this fair assembly. —
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd[32] a mighty power, which were on foot
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here, and put him to the sword.
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came,
Where, meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise, and from the world;
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restor'd to them[33] again,
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
I do engage my life.
Duke S. Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:
To one, his lands withheld; and to the other,
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest, let us do those ends
That here were well begun, and well begot;[34]
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us,
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry. —
Play, music! and you brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy,[35] to the measures fall.
Jaq. Sir, by your patience. — If I heard you rightly,
The duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?
Jaq. de B. He hath.
Jaq. To him will I: out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd. —
[To Duke *S.]* You to your former honour I bequeath;
Your patience, and your virtue, well deserve it: —
[To Orlando*]* You to a love, that your true faith doth merit: —
[To Oliver*]* You to your land, and love, and great allies:[36]
[To Silvius*]* You to a long and well deserved bed: —
[To Touchstone*]* And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victuall'd. — So, to your pleasures:
I am for other than for dancing measures.
Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.
Jaq. To see no pastime, I: — what you would have,
I 'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. *[Exit.*
Duke S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,
As[37] we do trust they 'll end in true delights.
[A dance.

EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome, than to see the lord the prologue.[38] If it be true that good wine needs no bush,[39] 't is true that a good play needs no epilogue; yet to good wine they do use good bushes, and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play? I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is, to conjure you; and I 'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women! for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you: and I charge you, O men! for the love you bear to women (as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hates[40] them), that between you and the women, the play may please. If I were a woman,[41] I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me,[42] and breaths that I defied not; and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell.
[Exeunt.

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vow. 31) Die Fol. hat *Enter Second Brother.* — Der Name ergiebt sich aus der ersten Rede Orlando's (A. 1, Sc. 1). — Vgl. Einleitung pag. 353. 32) *to address* = rüsten. 33) *him* in der Fol., von Rowe verbessert. 34) Die Zwecke, die im Walde wohl begonnen und wohl beschafft wurden, sind die Vermählungen der verschiedenen Paare. 35) *measure heap'd in joy* = das aufgehäufte Mass der Freude, ist ein Wortspiel mit *measures* = Tänze. 36) *great allies* = die Verwandtschaft mit dem wiedereingesetzten Herzog. 37) Manche Hgg. setzen willkürlich *and* für *as*. — Die folgenden Bühnenweisungen *A dance* und *Epilogue* fehlen in der Fol., welche dagegen hinter der Rede des Herzogs *Exit* setzt. 38) Der Prolog wurde in der Regel nicht von dem Schauspieler gesprochen, der in dem Stücke die Rolle des grossen Herrn hatte, sondern von einem untergeordneten Darsteller. 39) Dieses Sprichwort, das auf die Sitte anspielt, einen Busch, meistens von Epheu, an der Thüre einer Weinschenke aufzuhängen, wird u. A. in Gascoigne's Glass of Government (1775) erwähnt: *Now a days the good wyne needeth none ivye garland.* 40) Manche Hgg. setzen *hate* für *hates* der Fol. 41) Zu Sh.'s Zeit wurden die Frauenrollen von Jünglingen oder Knaben dargestellt. 42) *that liked me* = welche mir zusagten, gefielen. Diese Construction von *to like* kehrt öfter bei Sh. wieder; so in Hamlet (A. 2, Sc. 2) *it likes us well.*

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Einleitung.

In der Folioausgabe der Shakspere'schen Dramen (1623) steht, als das elfte Stück unter den Comedies, The Taming of the Shrew. Es ist daselbst, freilich nur mangelhaft und ungenau, in Acte eingetheilt; eine Bezeichnung der Scenen und ein Personenverzeichniss, das zuerst Rowe in seiner Ausgabe (1709) gab, fehlen. Der Text gehört zu den besseren der Folio und bietet nur geringe Schwierigkeiten.

Dass Shakspere's Taming of the Shrew schon vorher in einer etwa jetzt verloren gegangenen Einzelausgabe in Quarto erschienen wäre, wird uns weder durch eine sonstige Notiz bezeugt, noch durch irgend eine Eintragung in die Register der Buchhändlergilde wahrscheinlich gemacht. Zwar haben auch die Verleger der Folioausgabe unter denjenigen Dramen Shakspere's, die vorher nicht einem andern Verleger angehört hatten und also noch besonders eingetragen werden mussten, dieses Lustspiel nicht namhaft gemacht; aber diese Uebergehung, sowie die Nichterwähnung desselben in Francis Meres' Palladis Tamia (1598), erklärt sich am einfachsten aus der Annahme, dass weder die Herausgeber der Folio noch Francis Meres in The Taming of the Shrew ein eigentliches Originalwerk unseres Dichters, diesem allein angehörig, zu erkennen vermochten, sondern lediglich eine Shakspere'sche Bearbeitung eines älteren Dramas unter fast gleichlautendem Namen, das dem Publicum sowohl durch wiederholte Auflagen als durch die Aufführungen auf einer andern Bühne hinlänglich bekannt geworden, vielleicht auch häufig mit dem Shakspere'schen Lustspiel schon verwechselt war. Dieses ältere Drama erschien nachweislich zuerst im Druck 1594 mit folgendem Titelblatt: A Pleasant Conceited Historie, called The Taming of a Shrew. As it was sundry times acted by the Right honorable the Earle of Pembrook his seruants. Printed at London by Peter Short and are to be sold by Cutbert Burbie, at his shop at the Royall Exchange. 1594. — Eine zweite Auflage vom Jahre 1596 und eine dritte vom Jahre 1607 bezeugen die fortdauernde Popularität dieses Lustspiels, welche vielleicht darin ihren Grund hatte, dass das Lesepublicum, dem das Shakspere'sche Drama im Drucke vorenthalten wurde, sich für die Lectüre, wie mit einem Surrogate, mit diesem, denselben Stoff in äusserlich wenigstens gleicher Bearbeitung darbietenden Stücke begnügen musste. Denn auf dieses ältere Taming of a Shrew hat Shakspere sein Taming of the Shrew in ungefähr derselben Weise begründet, wie sein King John das ältere Drama von dem Troublesome Raigne of John King of England zu seiner Grundlage hat. Um das Verfahren des Dichters bei dieser Benutzung eines fremden Originals zu charakterisiren, ist es, wie in der Einleitung zum King John, zunächst unsere Aufgabe, die Aehnlichkeiten und Verschiedenheiten der beiden Dramen hervorzuheben und aus dem älteren Taming of a Shrew so viel zu citiren, wie zu diesem Zwecke nöthig erscheint.*)

Die Personen des Vorspiels sind fast dieselben in beiden Dramen, nur dass Shakspere an die Stelle des Zapfers die Wirthin gesetzt hat. Der eine Schauspieler, der Clown der Gesellschaft, wird nach der Rolle, die er späterhin in dem eigentlichen Drama zu spielen hat, schon vorher als Sander bezeichnet. Das Vorspiel selbst lautet in der älteren Fassung, nach dem Texte der ersten Ausgabe von 1594, wörtlich und buchstäblich abgedruckt, folgendermassen:

Enter a Tapster, beating out of his doores *Slie Droonken.*

Tapster.

You whorson droonken slaue, you had best be gone,
And empty your droonken panch some where else.
For in this house thou shalt not rest to night.
[Exit Tapster.

Slie. Tilly, vally, by crisee Tapster Ile fese you anon.
Fils the tother pot and alls paid for, looke you
I doo drinke it of mine owne Instegation, Omne bene
Heere Ile lie awhile, why Tapster I say,
Fils a fresh cushen heere.
Heigh ho, heers good warme lying. [He fals asleepe.

Enter a Noble man and his men from hunting.

Lord. Now that the gloomie shaddow of the night,
Longing to view Orions drisling lookes,
Leapes from th' antarticke world vnto the skie,
And dims the Welkin with her pitchie breath,
And darkesome night oreshades the christall heauens,
Here breake we off our hunting for to night;
Cupple vppe the hounds and let vs hie vs home,

*) Der evidenten Thatsache gegenüber, dass Shakspere seinem Drama das ältere Taming of a Shrew zu Grunde gelegt, bedarf es kaum der Erwähnung zweier abweichender Hypothesen: derjenigen Pope's, der beide Dramen für Werke Shakspere's hielt und demnach ganze Stücke aus dem ältern in das jüngere hinübernahm, und einer andern, sinnreichern Hypothese von Hickson, dass das Lustspiel des Anonymus eine Nachahmung des Shakspere'schen Lustspiels sei.

And bid the huntsman see them meated well,
For they haue all deseru'd it well to daie,
But soft, what sleepie fellow is this lies heere?
Or is he dead, see one what he dooth lácke?
Seruingman. My lord, tis nothing but a drunken sleepe,
His head is too heauie for his bodie,
And he hath drunke so much that he can go no furder.
Lord. Fie, how the slauish villaine stinkes of drinke.
Ho, sirha arise. What so sound asleepe?
Go take him vppe and beare him to my house,
And beare him easilie for feare he wake,
And in my fairest chamber make a fire,
And set a sumptuous banquet on the boord,
And put my richest garmentes on his backe,
Then set him at the Table in a chaire:
When that is doone against he shall awake,
Let heauenlie musicke play about him still,
Go two of you awaie and beare him hence,
And then Ile tell you what I haue deuisde,
But see in any case you wake him not.

[Exeunt two with *Slie.*

Now take my cloake and gyue me one of yours,
Al fellowes now, and see you take me so,
For we will waite vpon this droonken man,
To see his countinance when he dooth awake
And finde him selfe clothed in such attire,
With heauenlie musicke sounding in his eares,
And such a banquet set before his eies,
The fellow sure will thinke he is in heauen,
But we will be about him when he wakes,
And see you call him Lord, at everie word,
And offer thou him his horse to ride abroad,
And thou his hawkes and houndes to hunt the deere,
And I will aske what sutes he meanes to weare,
And what so ere he saith, see you doo not laugh,
But still perswade him that he is a Lord.

Enter one.

Mes. And it please your honour your plaiers be com
And doo attend your honours pleasure here.
Lord. The fittest time they could haue chosen out,
Bid one or two of them come hither straight,
Now will I fit my selfe accordinglie,
For they shall play to him when he awakes.

Enter two of the players with packs at their backs, and a boy.

Now sirs, what store of plaies haue you?
San. Marrie my lord you maie haue a Tragicall
Or a comoditie, or what you will.
The other. A Comedie thou shouldst say, souns thout shame vs all.
Lord. And whats the name of your Comedie?
San. Marrie my lord tis calde The taming of a shrew
Tis a good lesson for vs my lord, for vs yt are married men.
Lord. The taming of a shrew, thats excellent sure,
Go see that you make you readie straight,
For you must play before a lord to night,
Say you are his men and I your fellow,
Ilees something foolish, but what so ere he saes,
See that you be not dasht out of countenance.
And sirha go you make you ready straight,
And dresse your selfe like some louelie ladie,
And when I call see that you come to me,
For I will say to him thou art his wife,
Dallie with him and hug him in thine armes,
And if he desire to goe to bed with thee,
Then faine some scuse and say thou wilt anon.
Be gone I say, and see thou doost it well.
Boy. Feare not my Lord, Ile dandell him well enough
And make him thinke I loue him mightilie.

[Ex. boy.

Lord. Now sirs go you and make you ready to,
For you must play assoone as he dooth wake.
San. O braue, sirha Tom, we must play before
A foolish Lord, come lets go make us ready,
Go get a dishclout to make cleane your shooes,
And Ile speake for the properties, My Lord, we must
Haue a shoulder of mutton for a propertie,
And a little vinegre to make our Diuell rore.
Lord. Very well: sirha see that they want nothing.

[Exeunt Omnes.

Enter two with a table and a banquet on it, and two other with *Slie* asleepe in a chaire, richlie apparelled, and the musicke plaieng.

One. So: sirha now go call my Lord,
And tel him that all things is ready as he wild it.
Another. Set thou some wine vpon the boord
And then Ile go fetch my Lord presentlie. [Exit.

Enter the Lord and his men.

Lord. How now, what is all thinges readie?
One. I my Lord.
Lord. Then sound the musick, and Ile wake him straight,
And see you doo as earst I gaue in charge.
My lord, My lord, he sleepes soundlie: My Lord.
Slie. Tapster, gis a little small ale. Heigh ho.
Lord. Heers wine my lord, the purest of the grape.
Slie. For which Lord?
Lord. For your honour my Lord.
Slie. Who I, am I a Lord? Jesus what fine apparell haue I got.
Lord. More richer farre your honour hath to weare,
And if it please you I will fetch them straight.
Wil. And if your honour please to ride abroad
Ile fetch you lustie steedes more swift of pace
Then winged Pegasus in all his pride,
That ran so swiftlie ouer the Persian plaines.
Tom. And if your honour please to hunt the deere,
Your hounds stands readie cuppeld at the doore.
Who in running will oretake the Row,
And make the long breathde Tygre broken winded.
Slie. By the masse I thinke I am a Lord indeed,
Whats thy name?
Lord. Simon and it please your honour.
Slie. Simon, thats as much to say Simion or Simon
Put foorth thy hand and fill the pot.
Give me thy hand, Sim am I a lord indeed?
Lord. I my gratious Lord, and your louelie ladie
Long time hath moorned for your absence heere,
And now with ioy behold where she dooth come
To gratulate your honours safe returne.

Enter the boy in Womans attire.

Slie. Sim. Is this she?
Lord. I my Lord.
Slie. Masse tis a prettie wench, whats her name?
Boy. Oh that my louelie Lord would once vouchsafe
To looke on me, and leaue these frantike fits,
Or were I now but halfe so eloquent,
To paint in words what ile performe in deedes,
I know your honour then would pittie me.
Slie. Harke you mistrese, will you eat a peece of bread,
Come sit downe on my knee, Sim drinke to hir Sim,
For she and I will go to bed anon.
Lord. May it please you, your honors plaiers be come;
To offer your honour a plaie.
Slie. A plaie Sim, O braue, be they my plaiers?
Lord. I my Lord.
Slie. Is there not a foole in the plaie?
Lord. Yes my lord.
Slie. When wil they plaie Sim?
Lord. Euen when it please your honor, they be readie.
Boy. My lord Ile go bid them begin their plaie.
Slie. Doo, but looke that you come againe.
Boy. I warrant you, my lord, I will not leaue you thus. [Exit boy.
Slie. Come Sim, where be the plaiers? Sim stand by me and weele flout the plaiers out of their cotes.
Lord. Ile cal them my lord. Hoe where are you there?

Die Personen des eigentlichen Stückes, das nun beginnt, sind folgende, wobei in Klammern die Personen der Shakspere'schen Umarbeitung, so weit sie den älteren Figuren entsprechen, angegeben sind: Alfonso, Kaufmann in Athen (Baptista) — Kate, seine älteste Tochter (Katharina) — Emelia und Phylema, seine beiden jüngeren Töchter (Bianca) — Herzog von Sestos (Vincentio) — Aurelius, sein Sohn (Lucentio) — Ferando (Petruchio) — Sander, dessen Diener (Grumio) — Polidor, Freund des Aurelius — Valeria, Diener des Aurelius (Tranio) — Philotus, ein Kaufmann (Pedant) — Schneider und Modehändler (wie bei Shakspere). — Die Handlung geht theils in Athen (Padua) vor sich, theils in Ferando's Landhaus (Petruchio's Landhaus).

Wie schon das Personenverzeichniss ergiebt, hat Shakspere aus dem älteren Drama, dem fast beibehaltenen Titel entsprechend, Alles beibehalten, was sich auf die Zähmung der Keiferin bezieht. Auch das Auftreten des Lucentio, der seiner Studien wegen nach Padua kommt, unter falschem Namen, seine plötzliche Verliebtheit und Werbung um Bianca, fand Shakspere in dem Aurelius des älteren Dramas vorgebildet, ebenso die Verkleidung des Pedanten in den angeblichen Vater, welcher dann die Erscheinung des wirklichen Vaters ein Ende macht. Dagegen enthält das ältere Drama nichts von der Rivalität dreier Bewerber (Gremio, Lucentio und Hortensio) um Baptista's jüngere Tochter, da gleich zu Anfang Polidor als Freier der Emelia erscheint, Aurelius sich in die Phylema verliebt. Die Scenen, in welchen diese Rivalitäten und Verkleidungen in Baptista's Hause spielen, sind also Shakspere's freie Erfindung, und nur die Idee, den Hortensio als Musiklehrer in Baptista's Familie einzuführen, entlehnte er aus dem älteren Drama, insofern als dort Valeria, der Diener des Aurelius, diese Rolle, jedoch nur bei der Keiferin, spielt und in der von Shakspere beibehaltenen Manier von ihr abgefertigt wird. Wie sehr aber unser Dichter auch in den übrigen Scenen, in denen er sich dem Gange des älteren Taming of a Shrew anschloss, trotz Beibehaltung sogar einzelner Spässe und Witze, die das Publicum nicht entbehren mochte, die Charakteristik und die Sprache selbständig zu schaffen hatte, mögen einige weitere Citate zur Vergleichung darthun.

Zu A. 1, Sc. 2 (zum Schluss) und A. 2, Sc. 1. Petruchio's erstes Auftreten bei Baptista und seine erste Zusammenkunft mit Katharina ist auf folgende Scene des Taming of a Shrew begründet:

Enter *Ferando* and his man *Saunders* with a blew coat.

Pol. Here comes the man that I did tel you of.
Feran. Good morrow gentlemen to all at once.
How now Polidor, what man still in loue?
Euer wooing and canst thou neuer speed,
God send me better luck when I shall woo.
San. I warrant you maister & you take my councell.
Feran. Why sirha, are you so cunning?
San. Who I, twere better for you by fiue marke
And you could tel how to doo it as well as I.
Pol. I would thy maister once were in the vaine,
To trie himselfe how he could woe a wench.
Feran. Faith I am euen now a going.
San. I faith sir, my maisters going to this geere now.
Pol. Whither in faith Ferando, tell me true.
Feran. To bonie Kate, the patientst wench aliue
The diuel himselfe dares scarce venter to woo her,
Signior Alfonso's eldest daughter,
And he hath promisde me six thousand crownes
If I can win her once to be my wife,
And she and I must woo with skoulding sure,
And I will hold hir toot till she be wearie,
Or else Ile make her yeeld to graunt me loue.
Pol. How like you this Aurelius, I thinke he knew
Our mindes before we sent to him,
But tell me, when doo you meane to speake with her?
Feran. Faith presentlie, doo you but stand aside
And I will make her father bring hir hither,
And she, and I, and he, will talke alone.
Pol. With al our heartes, Come Aurelius
Let vs be gone and leaue him heere alone. [Exit.
Feran. Ho Signiour Alfonso, whose within there?
Alfon. Signiour Ferando your welcome hartilie,
You are a stranger sir vnto my house
Harke you sir, looke what I did promise you
Ile performe, if you get my daughters loue.
Feran. Then when I haue talkt a word or two with hir,
Doo you step in and giue her hand to me
And tell her when the marriage daie shal be
For I doo know she would be married faine,
And when our nuptiall rites be once performde
Let me alone to tame hir well enough,
Now call hir foorth that I may speake with hir.

Enter *Kate.*

Alfon. Ha Kate, Come hither wench & list to me,
Vse this gentleman friendlie as thou canst.
Feran. Twentie good morrowes to my louely Kate.

Kate. You iest I am sure, is she yours alreadie?
Feran. I tell thee Kate I know thou lou'st me well.
Kate. The deuill you doo, who told you so?
Feran. My mind sweet Kate doth say I am the man,
Must wed, and bed, and marrie bonnie Kate.
Kate. Was euer seene so grose an asse as this?
Feran. I, to stand so long and neuer get a kisse.
Kate. Hands off I say, and get you from this place;
Or I wil set my ten commandments in your face.
Feran. I prethe doo Kate; they say thou art a shrew,
And I like thee the better for I would haue thee so.
Kate. Let go my hand for feare it reech your eare.
Feran. No Kate, this hand is mine and I thy loue.
Kate. In faith sir no, the woodcock wants his taile,
Feran. But yet his bil wil serue, if the other faile.
Alfon. How now, Ferando, what saies my daughter?
Feran. Shees willing sir and loues me as hir life.
Kate. Tis for your skin then, but not to be your wife.
Alfon. Come hither Kate and let me giue thy hand
To him that I haue chosen for thy loue,
And thou tomorrow shalt be wed to him.
Kate. Why father what do you meane to do with me,
To giue me thus vnto this brainsick man,
That in his mood cares not to murder me?
[She turnes aside and speakes.
But yet I will consent and marrie him,
For I methinkes haue liude too long a maid,
And match him to, or else his manhoods good.
Alfon. Giue me thy hand Ferando loues thee wel
And will with wealth and ease maintaine thy state,
Here Ferando take her for thy wife,
And Sunday next shall be your wedding day.
Feran. Why so, did I not tell thee I should be the man
Father, I leaue my louelie Kate with you,
Prouide your selues against our mariage daie;
For I must hie me to my countrie house
In hast to see prouision may be made,
To entertaine my Kate when she dooth come.
Alfon. Doo so come Kate why doost thou looke
So sad, be merrie wench thy wedding daies at hand.
Sonne fare you well, and see you keepe your promise. [Exit *Alfonso* and *Kate.*

Zu A. 3, Sc. 2. Petruchio's Erscheinung zur Hochzeit und der Gang zur Trauung in die Kirche lautet in dem älteren Drama so:

Enter *Ferando* baselie attired, and a red cap on his head.

Feran. Godmorow father, Polidor well met,
You wonder I know that I haue staid so long.
Alfon. I marrie son, we were almost perswaded,
That we should scarse haue had our bridegroome heere,
But say, why art thou thus basely attired?
Feran. Thus richlie father you should haue said,
For when my wife and I am married once,
Shees such a shrew, if we should once fal out
Sheele pul my costlie sutes ouer mine eares,
And therefore am I thus attired awhile,
For manie thinges I tell you's in my head,
And none must know thereof but Kate and I,
For whe shall liue like lammes and Lions sure,
Nor Lammes to Lions neuer was so tame,
If once they lie within the Lions pawes
As Kate to me if we were married once,
And therefore come let vs to church presently.
Pol. Fie Ferando not thus atired for shame
Come to my Chamber and there sute thy selfe,
Of twentie sutes that I did neuer were.
Feran. Tush Polidor I haue as many sutes
Fantasticke made to fit my humor so
As any in Athens and as richlie wrought
As was the Massie Robe that late adornd,
The stately legate of the Persian King,
And this from them haue I made choise to weare.
Alfon. I prethie Ferando let me intreat
Before thou goste vnto the church with vs
To put some other sute vpon thy backe.
Feran. Not for the world if I might gaine it so,
And therefore take me thus or not at all.

Enter *Kate.*

But soft se where my Kate doth come,
I must salute hir: how fares my louely Kate?
What art thou readie? shall we go to church?
Kate. Not I with one so mad, so basely tirde,
To marrie such a filthie slauish groome
That as it seemes sometimes is from his wits,
Or else he would not thus haue come to vs.
Feran. Tush Kate these words addes greater loue in me
And makes me thinke thee fairrer then before,
Sweete Kate the louelier then Dianas purple robe,
Whiter then are the snowie Apenis,
Or icie haire that groes on Boreas chin.
Father I sweare by Ibis golden beake,
More faire and Radiente is my bonie Kate,
Then siluer Zanthus when he doth imbrace,
The ruddie Simies at Idas feete,
And care not thou swete Kate how I be clad,
Thou shalt haue garments wrought of Median silke
Enchast with pretious Iewells fecht from far,
By Italian Marchants that with Russian stemes,
Plous vp huge forrowes in the Terren Maine,
And better farre my louely Kate shall weare,
Then come sweet loue and let vs to the church,
For this I sweare shall be my wedding sute.
[Exeunt Omnes

Ebendaselbst. Die Rückkehr von der Kirche und der Abschied Petruchio's und Katharina's:

Enter *Ferando* and *Kate* and *Alfonso* and *Polidor* and *Amelia* and *Aurelius* and *Philema*.

Feran. Father farwell, my Kate and I must home,
Sirra go make ready my horse presentlie.
Alfon. Your horse? What son I hope you doo but iest
I am sure you will not go so suddainly.
Kate. Let him go or tarry I am resolu'de to stay,
And not to trauell on my wedding day.
Feran. Tut Kate I tell thee we must needes go home,
Villaine hast thou saddled my horse?
San. Which horse, your curtall?
Feran. Sounes you slaue stand you prating here?
Saddell the bay gelding for your Mistris.
Kate. Not for me: for Ile not go.
San. The ostler will not let me haue him you owe tenpence
For his meate and 6 pence for stuffing my Mistris saddle.
Feran. Here villaine go pay him straight.
San. Shall I giue them another pecke of lauender.
Feran. Out slaue and bring them presently to the dore.
Alfon. Why son I hope at least youle dine with vs.
San. I pray you maister lets stay till dinner be don.
Feran. Sounes villaine art thou here yet? [Ex. *Sander.*
Come Kate our dinner is prouided at home.
Kate. But not for me, for here I meane to dine
Ile haue my will in this as well as you,
Though you in madding mood would leaue your frends
Despite of you Ile tarry with them still.
Feran. I Kate so thou shalt at but some other time,
When as thy sisters here shall be espousd,
Then thou and I will keepe our wedding day,
In better sort then now we can prouide,
For here I promise thee before them all,
We will ere long returne to them againe,
Come Kate stand not on termes we will awaie,
This is my day, tomorrow thou shalt rule,
And I will doo what euer thou commandes.
Gentlemen farwell, wele take our leues,
It will be late before that we come home.
[Exit *Ferando* and *Kate.*
Pol. Farwell Ferando since you will be gone.
Alfon. So mad a cupple did I neuer see.
Emel. They're euen as well macht as I would wish.
Phile. And yet I hardly thinke that he can tame her.
For when he has don she will do what she list.
Aurel. Her manhood then is good I do beleeve.
Pol. Aurelius or else I misse my marke
Her toung will walke if she doth hold her handes,
I am in dout ere halfe a month be past
Hele curse the priest that married him so soone.
And yet it may be she will be reclaimde,
For she is verie patient grone of late.
Alfon. God hold it that it may continue still
I would be loth that they should disagree
But he I hope will holde her in a while.
Pol. Within this two daies I will ride to him,
And see how louingly they do agree.

Zu A. 4, Sc. 1. Die Ankunft der Neuvermählten auf Petruchio's Landsitz:

Enter *Ferando* and *Kate.*

Feran. Now welcome Kate: where's these villains
Here, what? not supper yet vppon the borde:
Nor table spred nor nothing don at all,
Wheres that villaine that I sent before.
San. Now, ad sum, sir.
Feran. Come hether you villaine. Ile cut your nose,
You Rogue: helpe me of with my bootes: wilt please
You to lay the cloth? sounes the villaine
Hurts my foote? pull easely I say; yet againe.
[He beates them all.
[They couer the bord and fetch in the meate.
Sounes? burnt and skorcht who drest this meate?
Will. Forsouth Iohn cooke.
[He throwes downe the table and meate and all, and beates them.
Feran. Go you villaines bringe you me such meate,
Out of my sight I say and beare it hence,
Come Kate wele haue other meate prouided,
Is there a fire in my chamber sir?
San. I forsooth. [Exit *Ferando* and *Kate.*
[Manent seruing men and eate vp all the meate.
Tom. Sounes? I thinke of my conscience my Masters
Mad since he was maried.
Will. I laft what a boxe he gaue Sander
For pulling of his bootes.

Enter *Ferando* againe.

San. I hurt his foote for the nonce man.
Feran. Did you so you damned villaine.
[He beates them all out againe.
This humor must I holde me to awhile,
To bridle and holde backe my headstrong wife,
With curbes of hunger: ease: and want of sleepe.
Nor sleepe nor meate shall she inioie to night,
Ile mew her vp as men do mew their hawkes,
And make her gentlie come vnto the lure,
Were she as stuborne or as full of strength
As were the Thracian horse Alcides tamde,
That King Egeus fed with flesh of men,
Yet would I pull her downe and make her come
As hungry hawkes do flie vnto there lure. [Exit.

Zu A. 4, Sc. 3. Der weitere Fortgang der Zähmung wird in dem älteren Drama so vorgeführt:

Enter *Sander* and his Mistres.

San. Come Mistris.
Kate. Sander I prethe helpe me to some meate,
I am so faint that I can scarsely stande.
San. I marry mistris but you know my maister
Has giuen me a charge that you must eate nothing,
But that which he himselfe giueth you.
Kate. Why man thy Maister needs never know it.

San. You say true indede: why looke you Mistris,
What say you to a peese of beeffe and mustard now?
Kate. Why I say tis excellent meate, canst thou helpe me to some?
San. I, I could helpe you to some but that
I doubt the mustard is too colerick for you,
But what say you to a sheepes head and garlick?
Kate. Why any thing, I care not what it be.
San. I but the garlike I doubt will make your breath stincke,
and then my maister will course me for letting
You eate it: But what say you to a fat Capon?
Kate. Thats meate for a King sweet Sander helpe
Me to some of it.
San. Nay ber lady then tis too deere for vs, we must
Not meddle with the Kings meate.
Kate. Out villaine dost thou mocke me,
Take that for thy sawsinesse.
[She beates him.
San. Sounes are you so light fingerd with a murrin,
Ile keepe you fasting for it this two daies.
Kate. I tell thee villaine Ile tear the flesh of
Thy face and eate it and thou prates to me thus.
San. Here comes my Maister now hele course you.

Enter *Ferando* with a peece of meate vppon his daggers point, and *Polidor* with him.

Feran. Se here Kate I haue prouided meate for thee
Here take it what ist not worthie thankes,
Goe sirra? take it awaie againe you shal be
Thankefull for the next you haue.
Kate. Why I thanke you for it.
Feran. Nay now tis not worth a pin go sirray and take it hencc I say.
San. Yes sir Ile Carrie it hence: Maister let her
Haue none for she can fight as hungrie as she is.
Pol. I pray you sir let it stand, for Ile eate
Some with her my selfe.
Feran. Well sirra set it downe againe.
Kate. Nay nay I pray you let him take it hencc,
And keepe it for your owne dietc for Ile none,
Ilc nere be beholding to you for your Meate,
I tell thec flatlie here vnto thy teethe
Thou shalt not keepe me nor feede me as thou list,
For I will home againe vnto my fathers house;
Feran. I, when you'r meeke and gentell but not
Before, I know your stomack is not yet come downe,
Therefore no maruell thou canste not eate,
And I will goe vnto your fathers house;
Come Polidor let vs goe in againe,
And Kate come in with vs I know ere longe
That thou and I shall louingly agree. [Exeunt Omnes.

Daran schliesst sich weiterhin die Scene mit dem Schneider und dem Modehändler:

Enter *Ferando* and *Kate* and *Sander.*

San. Master the haberdasher has brought my Mistresse home hir cappe here.
Feran. Come hither sirra: what haue you there?
Habar. A veluet cappe sir and it please you.
Feran. Who spoake for it? didst thou Kate?
Kate. What if I did, come hither sirra, giuc mc
The cap, Ile see if it will fit me.
[She sets it one hir head.
Feran. O monstrous, why it becomes thee not,
Let me see it Kate: here sirra take it hence
This cappe is out of fashion quite.
Kate. The fashion is good inough: belike you
Meane to make a foole of me.
Feran. Why true he meanes to make a foole of thee
To haue thee put on such a curtald cappe,
Sirra begon with it.

Enter the Taylor with a gowne.

San. Here is the Taylor too with my Mistris gowne.
Feran. Let me see it Taylor: what with cuts and iagges.
Sounes you villaine, thou hast spoiled the gowne.
Taylor. Why sir I made it as your man gaue me direction.
You may reade the note here.
Feran. Come hither sirra Taylor reade the note.
Taylor. Item, a faire round compast cape.
San. I thats true.
Taylor. And a large truncke sleeue.
San. Thats a lie maister. I sayd two truncke sleeues.
Feran. Well sir goe forward.
Taylor. Item a loose bodied gowne.
San. Maister if euer I sayd loose bodies gowne,
Sew me in a seame and beate me to death,
With bottome of browne thred.
Taylor. I made it as the note bad me.
San. I say the note lies in his throute and thou too
And thou sayst it.
Taylor. Nay nay nere be so hot sirra, for I feare you not.
San. Doost thou heare Taylor, thou hast braued
Many men: braue not me.
Thou'st faste many men.
Taylor. Well sir.
San. Face not me Ile neither be fastc nor braued
At thy handes I can tell thee.
Kate. Comc come I like the fashion of it well enough,
Heres more a do then needs Ile haue it, I
And if you do not like it hide your eies,
I thinke I shall haue nothing by your will.
Feran. Go I say and take it vp for your maisters vse.
San. Souns villaine not for thy life touch it not,
Souns take vp my mistris gowne to his
Maisters vse?
Feran. Well sir whats your conceit of it.
San. I haue a deeper conceite in it then you thinke for, take vp my mistris gowne
To his maisters vse?
Feran. Tailor come hether; for this time take it
Hence againe, and Ile content thee for thy paines.
Taylor. I thanke you sir. [Exit Taylor.
Feran. Come Kate we now will go see thy fathers house
Euen in these honest meane abilliments,

Our purses shall be rich our garments plaine,
To shrowd our bodies from the winter rage,
And thats inough, what should we care for more
Thy sisters Kate to morrow must be wed,
And I haue promised them thou shouldst be there
The morning is well vp lets hast away,
It will be nine a clocke ere we come there.
Kate. Nine a clock, why tis allreadie past two
In the after noone by all the clocks in the towne.
Feran. I say tis but nine a clock in the morning.
Kate. I say tis two a clock in the after noone.
Feran. It shall be nine then ere we go to your fathers,
Come backe againe we will not go to day.
Nothing but crossing of me still,
Ile haue you say as I doe ere you go.
[Exeunt Omnes.

Zu A. 4, Sc. 5. Petruchio's und Katharina's Heimkehr und ihre Begegnung mit Vincentio ist folgender Scene des älteren Dramas nachgebildet:

Enter *Ferando* and *Kate* and *Sander.*

Feran. Sirra go fetch our horsses forth and bring
Them to the backe gate presentlie.
San. I will sir I warrant you. [Exit *Sander.*
Feran. Come Kate the Moone shines cleare to night
Methinkes.
Kate. The moone? why husband you are deceiued
It is the sun.
Feran. Yet againe come backe againe it shall be
The moone ere we come at your fathers.
Kate. Why Ile say as you say it is the moone.
Feran. Jesus saue the glorious moone.
Kate. Jesus saue the glorious moone.
Feran. I am glad Kate your stomack is come downe,
I know it well thou knowest it is the sun,
But I did trie to see if thou wouldst speake,
And crosse me now as thou hast donne before,
And trust me Kate hadst thou not named the moone,
We had gon back againe as sure as death,
But soft whose this thats comming here.

Enter the Duke of *Cestus* alone.

Duke. Thus all alone from Cestus am I come,
And left my princelie courte and noble traine,
To come to Athens, and in this disguise,
To see what course my son Aurelius takes
But stay, heres some it may be Trauells thether,
Good sir can you derect me the way to Athens?
[*Ferando* speakes to the olde man.
Faire louely maide yoong and affable,
More cleere of hew and far more beautifull,
Then pretious Sardonix or purple rockes,
Of Amithests or glistering Hiasinthe,
More amiable farre then is the plain
Where glistring Cepherus in siluer boures,
Gaseth vpon the Giant Andromede,
Sweete Kate entertaine this louely woman.
Duke. I thinke the man is mad he calls me a woman.
Kate. Faire louely lady brighte and Christalline,
Bewteous and stately as the eie traind bird,
As glorious as the morning washt with dew,
Within whose eies she takes her dawning beames,
And golden sommer sleepes vpon thy checkes,
Wrap vp thy radiations in some cloud,
Least that thy bewty make this stately towne
Inhabitable like the burning Zone
With sweet reflections of thy louely face.
Duke. What is she mad to? or is my shape transformd,
That both of them perswade me I am a woman,
But they are mad sure, and therefore Ile begon,
And leaue their companies for feare of harme,
And vnto Athens hast to seeke my son. [Exit *Duke.*
Feran. Why so Kate this was friendly done of thee,
And kindly too, why thus must we two liue,
One minde, one heart and one content for both,
This good old man dos thinke that we are mad,
And glad he is I am sure, that he is gonne,
But come sweet Kate for we will after him,
And now perswade him to his shape againe.
[Ex. Omnes.

Zu A. 5, Sc. 2. Die Wette um den Gehorsam der drei Frauen und ihr Ausgang zu Gunsten Petruchio's ist in dem älteren Drama so durchgeführt:

Enter *Ferando, Aurelius* and *Polidor* and his boy and *Valeria* and *Sander.*

Feran. Come gentlemen now that suppers donne
How shall we spend the time till we go to bed?
Aurel. Faith if you will in triall of our wiues,
Who will come sownest at their husband's call.
Pol. Nay then Ferando he must needes sit out,
For he may call I thinke till he be weary,
Before his wife will come before she list.
Feran. Tis well for you that haue such gentle wiues
Yet in this triall will I not sit out,
It may be Kate will come as soone as yours.
Aurel. My wife comes soonest for a hundred pound.
Pol. I take it. Ile lay as much to youres,
That my wife comes as soone as I do send.
Aurel. How now Ferando you dare not lay belike.
Feran. Why true I dare not lay indeede;
But how so little mony on so sure a thing,
A hundred pound: why I haue layd as much
Vpon my dogge, in running at a Deere,
She shall not come so farre for such a trifle,
But will you lay five hundred markes with me,
And whose wife soonest comes when he doth call,
And shewes her selfe most louing vnto him,
Let him inioye the wager I haue laid,
Now what say you? dare you aduenture thus?
Pol. I weare it a thousand pounds I durst presume
On my wiues loue: and I will lay with thee.

Enter *Alfonso.*

Alfon. How now sons what in conference so hard,
May I without offence, know whereabouts.
Aurel. Faith father a waighty cause about our wiues

Fiue hundred markes already we haue layd,
And he whose wife doth shew most loue to him,
He must inioie the wager to himselfe.
Alfon. Why then Ferando he is sure to lose,
I promise thee son thy wife will hardly come,
And therefore I would not wish thee lay so much.
Feran. Tush father were it ten times more,
I durst aduenture on my louely Kate,
But if I lose Ile pay, and so shall you.
Aurel. Vpon mine honour if I loose Ile pay.
Pol. And so will I vpon my faith I vow.
Feran. Then sit we downe and let vs send for them.
Alfon. I promise thee Ferando I am afraid thou wilt losc.
Aurel. Ile send for my wife first, Valeria
Go bid your Mistris come to me.
Val. I will my Lord. [Exit *Valeria.*
Aurel. Now for my hundred pound.
Would any lay ten hundred more with me,
I know I should obtaine it by her loue.
Feran. I pray God you haue not laid too much already.
Aurel. Trust me Ferando I am sure you haue,
For you I dare presume haue lost it all.

Enter *Valeria* againe.

Now sirra what saies your mistris?
Val. She is something busie but shele come anon.
Feran. Why so, did I not tell you this before,
She is busie and cannot come.
Aurel. I pray God your wife send you so good an answere.
She may be busie yet she sayes shele come.
Feran. Well well: Polidor send you for your wife.
Pol. Agreed: Boy desire your mistris to come hither.
Boy. I will sir. [Ex. Boy.
Feran. I so so he desiers her to come.
Alfon. Polidor I dare presume for thee,
I thinke thy wife will not deny to come,
And I do maruell much Aurelius,
That your wife came not when you sent for her.

Enter the Boy againe.

Pol. Now wheres your Mistris?
Boy. She bad me tell you that she will not come.
And you haue any businesse you must come to her.
Feran. Oh monstrous intollerable presumption,
Worse then a blasing starre, or snow at midsommer,
Earthquakes or any thing vnseasonable,
She will not come: but he must come to her.
Pol. Well sir I pray you lets here what
Answere your wife will make.
Feran. Sirra command your Mistris to come
To me presentlie. [Exit *Sander.*
Aurel. I thinke my wife for all she did not come,
Will proue most kinde for now I haue no feare,
For I am sure Ferandos wife she will not come.
Feran. The mores the pittie: then I must lose.

Enter *Kate* and *Sander.*

But I haue won for see where Kate doth come.
Kate. Sweet husband did you send for me?
Feran. I did my loue I sent for thee to come,
Come hither Kate, whats that vpon thy head.
Kate. Nothing husband but my cap I thinke.
Feran. Pull it of and treade it vnder thy feete,
Tis foolish I will not haue thee weare it.
[She takes of her cap and treads on it.
Pol. O wounderfull metamorphosis.
Aurel. This is a wonder almost past beleefe.
Feran. This is a token of her true loue to me,
And yet Ile trie her further you shall see,
Come hither Kate where are thy sisters.
Kate. They be sitting in the bridall chamber.
Feran. Fetch them hither and if they will not come,
Bring them perforce and make them come with thee.
Kate. I will.
Alfon. I promise thee Ferando I would haue sworne
Thy wife would nere haue donne so much for thee.
Feran. But you shall see she will do more then this
For see where she brings her sisters forth by force.

Enter *Kate* thrusting *Phylema* and *Emelia* before her, and makes them come vnto their husbands call.

Kate. See husband I haue brought them both.
Feran. Tis well don Kate.
Eme. I sure and like a louing peece your worthy
To haue great praise for this attempt.
Phyle. I for making a foole of her selfe and vs.
Aurel. Beshrew thee Phylema, thou hast
Lost me a hundred pound to night,
For I did lay that thou wouldst first haue come.
Pol. But thou Emelia hast lost me a great deale more.
Eme. You might haue kept it better then,
Who bad you lay?
Feran. Now louely Kate before there husbands here,
I prethe tell vnto these hedstrong women
What dutie wiues doo owe vnto their husbands.
Kate. Then you that liue thus by your pompered wills
Now list to me and marke what I shall say.
The'ternall power that with his only breath,
Shall cause this end and this beginning frame,
Not in time, nor before time, but with time, confusd,
For all the course of yeares, of ages, moneths,
Of seasons temperate, of dayes and houres,
Are tund and stopt, by measure of his hand,
The first world was a forme without a forme,
A heape confusd a mixture all deformd,
A gulfe of gulfes, a body bodiles,
Where all the elements were orderles,
Before the great commander of the world
The King of Kings the glorious God of heauen,
Who in six daies did frame his heauenly worke
And made all things to stand in perfit course,
Then to his image he did make a man,
Olde Adam and from his side asleepe,
A rib was taken, of which the Lord did make,
The woe of man so termd by Adam then,
Woman for that, by her came sinne to vs,
And for her sin was Adam doomd to die,
As Sara to her husband so should we
Obey them, loue them, keepe, and nourish them
If they by any meanes doo want our helpes,
Laying our handes vnder theire feete to tread,
If that by that we might procure there ease,

And for a president Ile first begin
And lay my hand vnder my husbands feete.
[She laies her hand vnder her husbands feete.
Feran. Inough sweet, the wager thou hast won,
And they I am sure cannot denie the same.
Alfon. I Ferando the wager thou hast won,
And for to shew thee how I am pleasd in this,
A hundred poundes I freely giue thee more,
Another dowry for another daughter,
For she is not the same she was before.
Feran. Thankes sweet father, gentlemen godnight
For Kate and I will leaue you for to night,
Tis Kate and I am wed, and you are sped.
And so farwell for we will to our beds.
[Exit *Ferando* and *Kate* and *Sander.*
Alfon. Now Aurelius what say you to this?
Aurel. Beleeue me father I reioice to see
Ferando and his wife so louingly agree.
[Exit *Aurelius* and *Phylema* and *Alfonso* and *Valeria.*
Eme. How now Polidor in a dump, what sayst thou man?
Pol. I say thou art a shrew.
Eme. Thats better then a sheepe.
Pol. Well since tis don let it go, come lets in.
[Exit *Polidor* and *Emelia.*

Zum Schluss erscheint in dem Taming of a Shrew noch einmal Slie, der auch durch das ganze Stück hindurch die Aufführung mit seinen Anmerkungen begleitet hat, während er bei Shakspere schon nach dem Schluss der ersten Scene des ersten Actes ganz verschwindet:

Then enter two bering of Slie in his
Owne apparrell againe and leaues him
Where they found him, and then goes out.
Then enter the Tapster.

Tapster. Now that the darkesome night is ouer-past,
And dawning day appeares in chrystall sky,
Now must I hast abroad: but soft whose this?
What Slie oh wondrous hath he laine here allnight,
Ile wake him, I thinke he's starued by this,
But that his belly was so stuft with ale,
What how Slie, Awake for shame.
Slie. Sim gis some more wine, whats all the Plaiers gon: am not I a Lord?
Tapster. A lord with a murrin: come art thou dronken still?
Slie. Whose this? Tapster, oh Lord sirra, I haue had
The brauest dreame to night, that euer thou Hardest in all thy life.
Tapster. I marry but you had best get you home,
For your wife will course you for dreaming here tonight.
Slie. Will she? I know now how to tame a shrew.
I dreamt vpon it all this night till now,
And thou hast wakt me out of the best dreame
That euer I had in my life, but Ile to my
Wife presently and tame her too,
And if she anger me.
Tapster. Nay tarry Slie for Ile go home with thee,
And heare the rest that thou hast dreamt to night.
[Exeunt Omnes.

Der Verfasser dieses älteren Dramas ist unbekannt geblieben, doch hat Dyce an dem hohlen Bombast der Liebesscenen, der mit mythologischem Prunk aller Art und gesuchtem Bilderkram ausstaffirt ist, eine geflissentliche Nachahmung des Marlowe'schen Styles nachgewiesen. Daraus, sowie aus der platten Formlosigkeit der derbkomischen Scenen, ergiebt sich denn auch mit grosser Wahrscheinlichkeit, dass dieses Taming of a Shrew nicht erst im Jahre 1594, wo es im Druck erschien, auf die Bühne gebracht worden ist, sondern mehrere Jahre vorher. Die spätere Veröffentlichung durch den Druck im Jahre 1594 bietet zugleich einen chronologischen Fingerzeig für die Entstehung des Shakspere'schen Taming of the Shrew, insofern als die Popularität dieser damals zuerst auf die Bühne gebrachten neuen Bearbeitung den Cuthbert Burbie, den späteren Verleger von Shakspere's Love's Labour's Lost und Romeo and Juliet, veranlassen mochte, statt des Shakspere'schen Taming of the Shrew das ältere Taming of a Shrew dem Lesepublicum darzubieten. Ist diese Hypothese begründet, so mag auch eine Notiz in dem Tagebuche des Theaterdirectors Henslowe über die Aufführungen auf dem Theater zu Newington aus dem Jahre 1594 sich auf das Shakspere'sche Stück beziehen, obgleich der Titel, in dessen Bezeichnung Henslowe überall sehr ungenau ist, buchstäblich auf das ältere Stück zu gehen scheint: *11 of June 1594 Rd.* (d. h. *Received*) *at the tamynge of a shrowe — — IX s.* — Auf dem Theater in Newington bei London spielten damals gleichzeitig die Henslowe'sche Truppe und die des Blackfriarstheaters, welcher unser Dichter angehörte (*In the name of God Amen beginning at Newington my Lord Admiralle and my Lorde chamberlen men as foloweth. 1594* — wie Henslowe diesen Abschnitt seines Tagebuches überschreibt). Das ältere Drama war aber, nach dem Titelblatt, von einer andern Schauspielergesellschaft, der Pembroke'schen, aufgeführt worden, und zwar höchst wahrscheinlich in vollständigerer Gestalt, als es uns gedruckt vorliegt.

Die Verkleidungen Lucentio's, Hortensio's und Tranio's, die Figur des alten Gremio, die Anwerbung des Pedanten, dessen Auftreten als Vincentio u. s. w., was in dem Taming of a Shrew theils nur flüchtig skizzirt, theils gar nicht sich findet, entlehnte Shakspere aus einem Lustspiel, das Gascoigne unter dem Namen The Supposes aus dem italienischen Gli Suppositi des Ariost übersetzt und im Jahre 1566 schon herausgegeben hatte. Indess hat unser Dichter in diesem Theile seines Stückes sein Vorbild nur in einzelnen Zügen und dabei so frei benutzt, dass ein Nachweis zur Vergleichung unnöthig erscheint.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

A Lord.
CHRISTOPHER SLY, a Tinker. } Persons in the
Hostess, Page, Players, Hunts- } Induction.
men, and Servants.

BAPTISTA, a rich Gentleman of Padua.
VINCENTIO, an old Gentleman of Pisa.
LUCENTIO, Son to Vincentio.
PETRUCHIO, a Gentleman of Verona.
GREMIO, } Suitors to Bianca.
HORTENSIO, }

TRANIO, } Servants to Lucentio.
BIONDELLO, }
GRUMIO, } Servants to Petruchio.
CURTIS, }
A Pedant.

KATHARINA, } Daughters to Baptista.
BIANCA, }
Widow.

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on Baptista and Petruchio.

SCENE, sometimes in Padua, and sometimes in Petruchio's House in the Country.

INDUCTION.[1]

SCENE I.

Before an Ale-house on a Heath.

Enter Hostess and Sly.[2]

Sly. I 'll pheeze[3] you, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y' are a baggage: the Slys are no rogues;[4] look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror.[5] Therefore, *paucas pallabris;*[6] let the world slide. Sessa!

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?[7]

Sly. No, not a denier. Go by, Saint Jeronimy:[8] go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Host. I know my remedy: I must go fetch the third-borough.[9] *[Exit.*

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I 'll answer him by law. I 'll not budge an inch, boy: let him come, and kindly. *[Lies down on the ground, and falls asleep.*

Wind Horns. Enter a Lord from hunting, with Huntsmen and Servants.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:
Brach Merriman, the poor cur is emboss'd,[10]
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.[11]
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault?[12]
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

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1) *Induction* = Einleitung, Vorspiel. Diese Bezeichnung ist von Pope gemacht; in der Fol. und noch bei Rowe ist das Vorspiel dem ersten Act einverleibt. 2) Die Fol. nennt ihn *Begger* und *Christophero Sly.* 3) *to pheeze* = zwacken, zausen. Dieses provinzielle Wort steht an der entsprechenden Stelle in dem älteren Drama (vgl. Einleitung pag. 391), und Sh. hat es in Troilus and Cressida (A. 2, Sc. 3) *An 'a be proud with me, I 'll pheeze his pride.* 4) Die *Slys* sind aus alter Familie, keine Vagabunden ohne Herkunft und Heimath, die man in den Fussblock stecken lässt. 5) Er meint *William the Conqueror*, mit dem so Viele vom ältesten Adel in's Land kamen. 6) *paucas pallabris* ist entstellt aus spanisch *pocas palabras* = wenig Worte, kurz gesagt, was auch sonst als ausländische Modephrase in den Dramen der Zeit vorkommt; so in Kyd's Spanish Tragedy: *pocas palabras, mild as the lamb.* — Scherzhaft entstellt wie hier hat Sh. es auch in Much Ado about Nothing (A. 3, Sc. 5) *Comparisons are odorous: palabras, neighbour Verges.* — *to let the world slide* = der Welt ihren Lauf lassen, ist sprichwörtlich, und in Verbindung damit ist vielleicht das folgende *sessa!* aufzufassen = sei ruhig, höre auf, von dem französischen *cessez.* 7) *to burst* = zerbrechen. 8) Die Fol. hat die gewöhnliche Abkürzung *S. Jeronimy.* — Sly verwechselt den heil. Hieronymus mit dem Helden von Kyd's Spanish Tragedy, der u. A. auf die vorwurfsvolle Frage des Königs von Spanien: *Who is he that interrupts our business?* antwortet: *Not I: Hieronimo beware, go by, go by.* — Dieser Passus, sowie ein anderer, vorhergehender desselben Dramas: *What outcries pluck me from my naked bed?* wurden von den zeitgenössischen Dramatikern häufig parodirt und citirt, wie hier von Sh., und die erstere Stelle war förmlich sprichwörtlich geworden. So in Webster's und Dekker's Lustspiel Westward Hoe: *she's like a play; if new, very good company; but if stale, like old Jeronimo, go by, go by.* — Die Cambridge Edd. halten das *S* vor *Jeronimy* für verdruckt aus einem Fragezeichen (?), das in den Handschriften jener Zeit statt des Ausrufungszeichens (!) gebraucht wird, und setzen deshalb, wie schon die Q. von 1631 that, *go by, Jeronimy.* 9) *thirdborough* = Constabler, liest Theobald für *headborough* der Fol. — Sly's Antwort zeigt die Nothwendigkeit dieser Emendation. 10) Für *brach*, das am Ende des nächsten Verses wiederkehrt, wäre allerdings der Imperativ eines Verbums zu vermuthen, zu dem *Merriman*, der Name des Jagdhundes, als Object stände. So schlug Hanmer *leech* vor für *brach*, Johnson *bathe*, Mitford *breathe*, und Dyce endlich *trash Merriman.* — *to trash* ist: einen Jagdhund, der zu hitzig ist, oder, wie hier, in Folge der grossen Anstrengung am Munde schäumt *(embossed)*, an der Leine zurückhalten. 11) Ein Jagdhund, der sich durch ein besonders tiefes Gebell auszeichnet. 12) *to make it good* und *coldest fault* sind technische Jagdausdrücke = auf der kältesten Fährte die Spur des Wildes verfolgen. Ebenso das folgende

1. Hun. Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the merest loss,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.
Lord. Thou art a fool: if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well, and look unto them all:
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.
1. Hun. I will, my lord.
Lord. What 's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?
2. Hun. He breathes, my lord. Were he not warm'd with ale,
This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.
Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave[13] attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself?
1. Hun. Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.
2. Hun. It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd.
Lord. Even as a flattering dream, or worthless fancy.
Then take him up, and manage well the jest.
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures;
Balm his foul head with warm distilled waters,[14]
And burn sweet wood[15] to make the lodging sweet.
Procure me music ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,
And, with a low submissive reverence,
Say, »What is it your honour will command?«
Let one attend him with a silver bason,
Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
And say, »Will 't please your lordship cool your hands?«
Some one be ready with a costly suit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease.
Persuade him, that he hath been lunatic;
And, when he says he is —,[16] say, that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do, and do it kindly, gentle Sirs:
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.[17]
1. Hun. My lord, I warrant you, we will play our part,
As he shall think, by our true diligence,
He is no less than what we say he is.
Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him,
And each one to his office when he wakes. —
[Sly *is borne out. A trumpet sounds.*
Sirrah, go see what trumpet 't is that sounds:[18] —
[Exit Servant.
Belike, some noble gentleman, that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here. —

Re-enter Servant.

How now? who is it?
Serv. An it please your honour,
Players that offer service to your lordship.[19]
Lord. Bid them come near.

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.
Players. We thank your honour.
Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?
A Play. So please your lordship to accept our duty.
Lord. With all my heart. — This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son: —
'T was where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well.
I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.
A Play. I think, 't was Soto that your honour means.[20]
Lord. 'T is very true: thou didst it excellent.
Well, you are come to me in happy time,
The rather for I have some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning[21] can assist me much.
There is a lord will hear you play to-night;
But I am doubtful of your modesties,[22]
Lest, over-eying of his odd behaviour,
(For yet his honour never heard a play,)
You break into some merry passion,
And so offend him; for I tell you, Sirs,
If you should smile he grows impatient.
A Play. Fear not, my lord: we can contain ourselves,
Were he the veriest antick in the world.
Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,[23]
And give them friendly welcome every one:
Let them want nothing that my house affords. —
[Exeunt Servant and Players.

He cried etc.: als das Wild schon so gut wie verloren war, gab er durch sein Gebell dessen Spur an. 13) *brave* = stattlich gekleidet. So hat A. 1, Sc. 2 die Fol. *Enter Tranio brave.* 14) *distilled waters* = wohlriechende Essenzen, mit denen der schmutzige und übelriechende Kopf Sly's gewaschen werden soll. 15) *sweet wood* = wohlriechendes Lorbeerholz. 16) Der Gedankenstrich, der übrigens in der Fol. nicht steht, soll nach Blackstone's Erklärung andeuten, dass der Lord nicht weiss, wie Sly sich bei seinem Erwachen nennen werde. — Rowe las *and when he says he is poor*, Johnson *he's Sly*. Dyce vermuthet den Ausfall eines vorhergehenden Verses. 17) *modesty* = Masshaltung: wenn die Sache ohne Uebertreibung betrieben wird. — In demselben Sinne steht zwei Zeilen vorher *kindly* = natürlich, sachgemäss. 18) Mit einem Trompetenstoss kündigt auch in Hamlet (A. 2, Sc. 2) die wandernde Schauspielertruppe ihre Ankunft an. 19) Der Dienst, den die Schauspieler anbieten, besteht in einer dramatischen Aufführung, wie solche zu Sh.'s Zeit durch herumziehende Schauspielertruppen auf den Landsitzen der Grossen stattfanden. 20) Sh. bezieht sich hier wahrscheinlich auf ein verloren gegangenes Drama der Zeit, denn in Fletcher's Women Pleased, einem Lustspiel, das jedenfalls später erschien als The Taming of the Shrew, kommt zwar ein Soto, der Sohn eines Pächters, vor, aber das Uebrige — *where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well* — passt nicht auf ihn. — Diese Rede des Schauspielers ist in der Fol. mit *Sincklo* bezeichnet. So hiess ein Mitglied der Shakspere'schen Truppen, dem diese Rolle wohl übertragen war. 21) *your cunning* = Eure Geschicklichkeit als Schauspieler. 22) Ich fürchte, dass Ihr Euch beim Spiel nicht gehörig in Schranken haltet. Vgl. Anm. 17. 23) *buttery* = Vorrathskammer, wo Besucher von untergeordnetem Range, wie diese wandernden Schauspieler, gespeist und getränkt wurden. So in Twelfth-Night (A. 1, Sc. 3) *bring your hand*

[To a Servant.] Sirrah, go you to Barthol'mew my page,[24]
And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber;
And call him Madam, do him obeisance.[25]
Tell him from me, as he will win my love,
He bear himself with honourable action,[26]
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
Unto their lords by them accomplished:
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesy;
And say, »What is 't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,
May show her duty, and make known her love?«
And then, with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom,[27]
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd
To see her noble lord restor'd to health,
Who, for this seven years,[28] hath esteemed him
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar.
And if the boy have not a woman's gift,
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift,[29]
Which, in a napkin being close convey'd,
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
See this despatch'd with all the haste thou canst:
Anon I 'll give thee more instructions. *[Exit Servant.*
I know, the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman:
I long to hear him call the drunkard husband,
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,
When they do homage to this simple peasant.
I 'll in to counsel them: haply, my presence
May well abate the over-merry spleen,
Which otherwise would grow into extremes.[30]
[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

A Bedchamber in the Lord's House.

SLY *is discovered in a rich night-gown, with Attendants; some with apparel, others with bason, ewer and other appurtenances. Enter* LORD, *dressed like a servant.*[1]

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale![2]
1. Serv. Will 't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?
2. Serv. Will 't please your honour taste of these conserves?
3. Serv. What raiment will your honour wear to-day?
Sly. I am Christophero Sly; call not me honour, nor lordship: I ne'er drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef. Ne'er ask me what raiment I 'll wear, for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometime, more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the overleather.
Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour!
O, that a mighty man, of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit![3]
Sly. What! would you make me mad?[4] Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son, of Burton-heath,[5] by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd,[6] and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale,[7] score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom. What! I am not bestraught.[8] Here 's —
1. Serv. O! this it is that makes your lady mourn.
2. Serv. O! this it is[9] that makes your servants droop.

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to the buttery-bar, and let it drink. — In dem älteren Drama sagt an einer anderen Stelle Polidor: *take Saunder on with you and have him to the buttery presently.* 24) In dem älteren Stück ist der Page auf der Bühne anwesend und erhält den Auftrag direct. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 392. 25) *obeisance* = Verbeugung, Huldigung, scheint Sh. auf der ersten Sylbe zu betonen, wie Chaucer und Gower ebenfalls thun. — *call* und *do* sind construirt, als ob statt *conduct* ein Wort wie *bid* oder *let* voranginge. 26) Dass er sich mit anständiger Haltung und Geberde benehmen solle. — Auf *honourable action* bezieht sich das folgende *such* und *accomplished.* 27) Und indem der Page sein Haupt an die Brust des Kesselflickers legt. 28) Theobald änderte *for twice seven years*, weil in der nächsten Scene *these fifteen years* angegeben wird. Indess ist Sh. in solchen Berechnungen niemals sehr genau. — *seven* ist einsylbig, *esteemed* dreisylbig zu lesen, und *him* steht für *himself.* 29) So auch von erheuchelten Thränen in Antony and Cleopatra (A. 1, Sc. 2) *the tears live in an onion, that should water this sorrow.* 30) Die allzu muntre Lachlust der Dienerschaft möchte es sonst zu arg machen und damit das ganze Spiel verderben.

1) Die Fol. hat *Enter aloft the drunkard with attendants, some with apparel, bason and ewer, and other appurtenances, and Lord.* — Es erhellt daraus, dass auf dem Sh.'schen Theater der Kesselflicker und die Uebrigen auf dem Balcon des Hintergrundes erschienen und von dort aus der Aufführung des eigentlichen Dramas, die auf der untern Bühne vor sich ging, zuschauten. 2) *small ale* = Dünnbier, dasselbe was *small beer.* 3) Die angebliche Verrücktheit des Herrn wird einem bösen Geiste zugeschrieben, von dem er besessen ist. 4) Wollt Ihr mich für einen Verrückten ausgeben? 5) Wahrscheinlich ist damit *Barton-on-the-Heath* gemeint, ein Dorf in Warwickshire. — Ebenso scheint Sh. mit *Wincot* eine bestimmte Localität seiner väterlichen Grafschaft im Sinne gehabt zu haben: *Wilnecote* oder *Wincot*, ein Dorf in der Nähe von Stratford, der Wohnsitz von Sh.'s mütterlichem Grossvater. Vielleicht mochte die Wirthin daselbst, dieselbe, die zu Anfang des Stückes auftritt, eine zu Sh.'s Zeit wohlbekannte Persönlichkeit sein. 6) *bear-herd* entstellt aus *bear-ward.* 7) *sheer ale* = reines Bier, ohne andere beigemischte Zuthat. Da in Warwickshire *shearing* für *reaping* gebraucht wird, so hat man auch Erntebier darunter verstanden und demnach *shear ale* gesetzt. 8) *bestraught* kommt auch bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen als Synonym von *distraught* oder *distracted* vor. 9) Die Fol. hat hier *this is it.* 10) Die früher vernünftigen Gedanken, welche der Wahnsinn gleichsam in's Exil getrieben hat. — *thoughts* ist Gegensatz zu *dreams.* 11) Adonis wird ähnlich geschildert in Sh.'s Venus and Adonis: *When he beheld his shadow in the brook,* || *The fishes spread on it their golden gills.* — Auch die folgenden Zeilen *And Cytherea etc.* beziehen sich auf dasselbe Bild, das Adonis und Venus zusammen darstellt. 12) Das Blut der Daphne ist so natürlich gemalt, dass

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shuns your house,
As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.
O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth;
Call home thy ancient thoughts[10] from banishment,
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.
Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck:
Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays, *[Music.*
And twenty caged nightingales do sing:
Or wilt thou sleep? we 'll have thee to a couch
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed
On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.
Say thou wilt walk, we will bestrew the ground:
Or wilt thou ride, thy horses shall be trapp'd,
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar
Above the morning lark: or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1. Serv. Say thou wilt course, thy greyhounds are as swift
As breathed stags, ay, fleeter than the roe.

2. Serv. Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight
Adonis painted by a running brook,[11]
And Cytherea all in sedges hid,
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We 'll show thee Io as she was a maid,
And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

3. Serv. Or Daphne roaming through a thorny wood,
Scratching her legs, that one shall swear she bleeds;[12]
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:
Thou hast a lady, far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.[13]

1. Serv. And, till the tears that she hath shed for thee,
Like envious floods, o'erran her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world;
And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?
I do not sleep; I see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things.[14] —
Upon my life, I am a lord indeed,
And not a tinker, nor Christopher Sly.[15] —
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

2. Serv. Will 't please your mightiness to wash your hands?
[Servants present an ewer, bason, and napkin.
O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd!
O, that once more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream,
Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap.
But did I never speak of all that time?

1. Serv. O! yes, my lord, but very idle words; —
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door,
And rail upon the hostess of the house,
And say you would present her at the leet,[16]
Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd quarts.
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.[17]

3. Serv. Why, Sir, you know no house, nor no such maid,
Nor no such men, as you have reckon'd up, —
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,[18]
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell,
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. Amen.

Sly. I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page, as a lady, with Attendants.

Page. How fares my noble lord?

Sly. Marry, I fare well,[19] for here is cheer enough.
Where is my wife?

Page. Here, noble lord: what is thy will with her?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me husband?
My men should call me lord: I am your goodman.[20]

Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband;
I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well. — What must I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Al'ce Madam, or Joan Madam?[21]

Lord. Madam, and nothing else: so lords call ladies.

Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd
And slept above some fifteen year or more.[22]

Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'T is much. — Servants, leave me and her alone. —
Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

Page. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two;
Or if not so, until the sun be set:
For your physicians have expressly charg'd,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed.
I hope, this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands[23] so, that I may hardly tarry so long; but I would be loath to fall into my dreams again: I will therefore tarry, in despite of the flesh and the blood.

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man schwören sollte, es sei wirkliches; dasselbe gilt von den Thränen Apollo's, der auf demselben Gemälde mit dargestellt ist. 13) In dieser Zeit, in welcher die Schönheit der Weiber immer mehr schwindet. 14) *soft things* sind die weichen Kissen, auf denen er ruht. 15) So die Fol. Manche Hgg. setzen mit den späteren Folioausgg., wie vorher, *Christophero Sly.* 16) *leet* für *court-leet* = Gerichtstag bei einem Patrimonialgericht. Dort wollte der Kesselflicker die Wirthin verklagen, weil sie ihren Gästen das Bier in steinernen Krügen, nicht in geaichten, das richtige Viertelmass haltenden Gefässen vorsetzte. 17) *maid* ist hier, wie der Name *Cicely Hacket* zeigt, die Tochter der Wirthin, die vorhin *Marian Hacket* genannt war. 18) *Greece* ist vielleicht scherzhaft entstellt aus *grease* und soll die fette Corpulenz des Mannes andeuten. — Hanmer änderte *old John Naps o' th' Green*, wie in K. Henry IV. Second Part (A. 3, Sc. 2) Einer *Peter Bull-calf of the Green* heisst. 19) Der Page versteht *to fare* = sich befinden, Sly versteht das Wort = eine Mahlzeit halten. 20) *goodman* nennt die Frau ihren Ehemann in den niederen Ständen und auf dem Lande. 21) Sly hält die ihm unbekannte Anrede *Madam* für den

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy;
For so your doctors hold it very meet,
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy:
Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will; let them play it. Is not a commonty[24] a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling-trick?

Page. No, my good lord: it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff?

Page. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we 'll see 't. Come, madam wife, sit by my side,
And let the world slip:[25] we shall ne'er be younger.

[They sit down.[26]

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Padua. A public Place.

Enter LUCENTIO *and* TRANIO.

Luc. Tranio, since for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company,
My trusty servant, well approv'd in all;
Here let us breathe, and haply[1] institute
A course of learning, and ingenious[2] studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.[3]
Vincentio's son,[4] brought up in Florence,
It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,[5]
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue,[6] and that part of philosophy
Will I apply, that treats of happiness
By virtue specially to be achiev'd.
Tell me thy mind; for I have Pisa left,
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.[7]

Tra. *Mi perdonate,* gentle master mine,[8]
I am in all affected as yourself,
Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral discipline,
Let 's be no stoics, nor no stocks,[9] I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks,[10]
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd.
Balk logic[11] with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetoric in your common talk:
Music and poesy use to quicken you.[12]
The mathematics, and the metaphysics,
Fall to them,[13] as you find your stomach serves you.
No profit grows, where is no pleasure ta'en. —
In brief, Sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,[14]
We could at once put us in readiness,
And take a lodging fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.
But stay awhile: what company is this?

Tra. Master, some show,[15] to welcome us to town.

Familiennamen seiner Frau. 22) So die Fol., von manchen Hggn. in *and more* verändert. 23) *to stand* in obscönem Doppelsinn. 24) Wie Sly hier *commonty* aus *comedy* macht, so sagt in dem älteren Drama der eine Schauspieler *commodity* für *comedy* (vgl. Einleitung pag. 392). Die Fol. interpungirt *I will let them play, it is not a Commontie etc.* — Unter *Christmas gambol* versteht Sly eine Pantomime mit Tanz, wie sie zu Weihnacht aufgeführt wird. 25) Vgl. Induction Sc. 1, Anm. 6 zu *let the world slide.* 26) Die Fol. hat hier keine Bühnenweisung, noch bezeichnet sie den Anfang des ersten Acts. Vgl. Anm. 1 dieser Scene.

1) *haply* = mit gutem Glück, auf gut Glück. — Manche Hgg. setzen *happily* dafür. 2) Da in dem alten Drucke zwischen *ingenious* und *ingenuous* nicht unterschieden wird, so ist es möglich, dass Sh. hier auch an *ingenuous studies* = edle Studien, dachte. 3) *Vincentio, come etc.* = Vincentio, der von der Familie der Bentivolii stammt, ist, wie das vorhergehende *A merchant etc.*, Apposition zu *my father*, welches letztere, wenn es nicht coordinirt zu *my being* gefasst wird, sondern als Nominativ steht, vermöge eines Sh.'schen Anakoluths kein Verbum hinter sich hat. — *Vincentio* setzte Hanmer für das *Vincentio's* der Fol., die hinter *world* ein Colon und hinter *Bentivolii* ein Comma setzt. 4) Zur Vervollständigung des Verses las Pope *Vincentio his son* in dem Sinne von *Vincentio's son:* es wird mir, als Vincentio's Sohn, geziemen. 5) scil. *conceiv'd of him* = alle Hoffnungen, die man von dem Sohne Vincentio's hegt. 6) *virtue, and that part etc.* ist Object zu *apply* = Etwas betreiben, üben. So in Gascoigne's Supposes: *I fear he applies his study so that he will not leave the minute of an hour from his book.* 7) Seinen Durst bis zur vollsten Genüge löschen. — Die Fol. schreibt *sacietie.* 8) Diese italienische Phrase emendirte erst Capell aus dem *Me Pardonato* der Fol. 9) Wortspiel zwischen *stoics* und *stocks.* 10) *checks* erklärt Steevens: *the harsh rules of Aristotle;* Malone setzt hinzu: *such as tend to check and restrain the indulgence of the passions.* Das Wort ist also in Verbindung mit dem folgenden Verse aufzufassen. — Blackstone schlug vor, *ethics* für *checks* zu lesen. 11) So die Fol., von Rowe ohne Grund in *talk logic* verändert. — *to balk* = disputiren, kommt in demselben Sinne wie hier in Spenser's Faerie Queene vor: *But to occasion him to further talk,* || *To feed her humour with his pleasing style,* || *Her list in stryful terms with him to balk.* 12) Pfleget die Musik und die Dichtkunst, um Euch zu beleben, Euch anzuregen. 13) *fall to* = langt zu, greift zu, wie bei einer Mahlzeit, zur Mathematik und Metaphysik. 14) Diese pathetische Apostrophe an den abwesenden Diener Biondello hat allerdings etwas Auffallendes. Dyce liest *If Biondello now were come ashore.* Vielleicht wäre für *thou* hier *then* zu vermuthen. 15) Tranio erklärt die Auftretenden scherzhaft für einen Festaufzug, der den beiden Fremdlingen entgegengeschickt wurde, um sie in

Enter Baptista, Katharina, Bianca, Gremio, *and* Hortensio.[16] Lucentio *and* Tranio *stand aside.*

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no further,
For how I firmly am resolv'd you know;
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter,
Before I have a husband for the elder.
If either of you both love Katharina,
Because I know you well, and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.
Gre. [Aside.] To cart[17] her rather: she 's too rough for me. —
There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?
Kath. [To Bap.*]* I pray you, Sir, is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?[18]
Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates for you,
Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.
Kath. I' faith, Sir, you shall never need to fear:
I wis,[19] it is not half way to her heart;
But, if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.
Hor. From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us!
Gre. And me too, good Lord!
Tra. Hush, master! here is some good pastime toward:
That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.
Luc. But in the other's silence do I see
Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.
Peace, Tranio!
Tra. Well said, master: mum! and gaze your fill.
Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said,[20] — Bianca, get you in:
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca,
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.
Kath. A pretty peat![21] it is best
Put finger in the eye, — an she knew why.
Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent. —
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
My books, and instruments, shall be my company,
On them to look,[22] and practise by myself.
Luc. Hark, Tranio! thou may'st hear Minerva speak.
Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?[23]
Sorry am I, that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.
Gre. Why, will you mew her up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?
Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolv'd. —
Go in, Bianca. *[Exit* Bianca.
And for I know, she taketh most delight
In music, instruments, and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. — If you, Hortensio,
Or Signior Gremio, you, know any such,
Prefer them hither; for to cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing-up;[24]
And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay,
For I have more to commune with Bianca. *[Exit.*
Kath. Why, and I trust, I may go too; may I not?
What! shall I be appointed hours, as though, belike,
I knew not what to take, and what to leave? Ha! *[Exit.*
Gre. You may go to the devil's dam: your gifts[25] are so good, here 's none will hold you. — Their love[26] is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly out: our cake 's dough on both sides. Farewell: — yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father.[27]
Hor. So will I, Signior Gremio: but a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brook'd parle, know now, upon advice,[28] it toucheth us both, — that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love, — to labour and effect one thing specially.
Gre. What 's that, I pray?
Hor. Marry, Sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Padua zu bewillkommnen. 16) Die Fol. charakterisirt die beiden Letztgenannten näher: *Gremio a Pantalowne* (d. h. Pantalon, die italienische Charaktermaske eines närrischen, verliebten Alten) und *Hortensio suitor to Bianca.* — *suitor* ist in der Fol. zu *sister* verdruckt. 17) Wortspiel zwischen *to court* und *to cart.* — Es war eine Strafe für böse Weiber, an einen Karren gebunden und ausgepeitscht zu werden. 18) *stale* ist alles zur Schau oder als Köder Ausgestellte, wie Katharina hier von ihrem Vater dem Gremio und Hortensio angeboten wird. — Douce findet eine Anspielung auf den Ausdruck im Schachspiel *stale-mate*, wo der König sich nicht von der Stelle bewegen kann, ohne in Schach zu kommen. Hortensio fasst das von Katharina verächtlich = Gesell, Cumpan, gebrauchte *mates* in anderem Sinne = Ehegenosse. 19) *I wis*, eigentlich = ich weiss, steht als Betheuerung = fürwahr. — Katharina spricht hier von sich selbst in der dritten Person. 20) Baptista unterbricht den begonnenen Satz, den er ohne Nachsatz lässt, indem er sich an Bianca wendet. 21) *peat*, ein Liebkosungsausdruck = verzogenes, zartes Wesen, das jetzige *pet.* — Katharina behandelt die Schwester wie ein verzogenes Kind, das sich anstellt, als weine es, ohne zu wissen, weshalb. — Dyce hält die gereimten Worte *Put finger etc.* für ein Citat aus einem Liede oder einer Ballade. 22) *to look* bezieht sich auf *books*, *to practise* auf *instruments* = musikalische Instrumente. 23) *strange* erklärt Johnson hier mit *so odd, so different from others in your conduct.* Es ist wohl = zurückhaltend, spröde, kalt, wie in Merchant of Venice (A. 1, Sc. 1) *you grow exceeding strange.* 24) Indem Baptista sich gegen tüchtige, gescheite Männer freundlich erweist, ist er zugleich freigebig gegen seine Kinder in der guten Erziehung, die er ihnen geben lässt. 25) *gifts* erklärt Malone mit *endowments;* eher sind damit wohl ironisch die bösen Worte gemeint, mit denen Katharina so freigebig ist. 26) *their love* bezieht Knight wohl mit Recht auf die gegenseitige Zuneigung zwischen Katharina und ihrem Vater, welche für jetzt zwar einer Bewerbung um Bianca in den Weg tritt, aber nicht auf die Dauer, wenn Gremio und Hortensio es nur ruhig abwarten. — M. Mason las mit einer späteren Folioausg. *our love*, Malone vermuthete *your love*, Dyce endlich *this love.* — Das folgende *our cake 's dough on both sides* ist sprichwörtlich: unsere beiderseitigen Hoffnungen sind vereitelt. 27) *to wish* = auffordern, rathen: so will ich ihn bitten, zu ihrem Vater zu gehen. So in Much Ado about Nothing (A. 3, Sc. 1) *To wish him wrestle with affection.* — Vielleicht ist *to wish* auch geradezu = empfehlen. 28) *upon advice* = wenn wir es recht überlegen. 29) *high-cross* = das steinerne Kreuz auf dem Marktplatz,

Gre. A husband! a devil.
Hor. I say, a husband.
Gre. I say, a devil. Think'st thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?
Hor. Tush, Gremio! though it pass your patience and mine, to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.
Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition, — to be whipped at the high-cross [29] every morning.
Hor. 'Faith, as you say, there 's small choice in rotten apples. But, come; since this bar in law [30] makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained, till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to 't afresh. [31] — Sweet Bianca! — Happy man be his dole! [32] He that runs fastest gets the ring. How say you, Signior Gremio?
Gre. I am agreed: and 'would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on. *[Exeunt* Gremio *and* Hortensio.
Tra. [Advancing.] [33] I pray, Sir, tell me, is it possible,
That love should of a sudden take such hold?
Luc. O Tranio! till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible, or likely;
But see! while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness; [34]
And now in plainness do confess to thee, —
That art to me as secret, and as dear,
As Anna to the queen of Carthage was, [35] —
Tranio, I burn, I pine; I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl.
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst:
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.
Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart: [36]
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so, —
Redime te captum, quam queas minimo. [37]
Luc. Gramercies, lad; go forward: this contents;
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel 's sound.
Tra. Master, you look'd so longly [38] on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what 's the pith of all.
Luc. O! yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor had,
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand. [39]
Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not, how her sister
Began to scold, and raise up such a storm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?
Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air:
Sacred, and sweet, was all I saw in her.
Tra. Nay, then, 't is time to stir him from his trance. —
I pray, awake, Sir: if you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:
Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd,
That, till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she will [40] not be annoy'd with suitors.
Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father 's he!
But art thou not advis'd, he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?
Tra. Ay, marry, am I, Sir; and now 't is plotted. [41]
Luc. I have it, Tranio.
Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.
Luc. Tell me thine first.
Tra. You will be schoolmaster,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That 's your device.
Luc. It is: may it be done?
Tra. Not possible; for who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua, here, Vincentio's son;
Keep house, and ply his book, welcome his friends,
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?
Luc. *Basta,* [42] content thee; for I have it full. [43]
We have not yet been seen in any house,
Nor can we be distinguished by our faces,
For man or master: then, it follows thus: —
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house, and port, [44] and servants, as I should.

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an dem die öffentlichen Züchtigungen vollzogen werden. 30) *bar in law* = Hinderniss zu seinem Rechte zu gelangen, seine Sache gerichtlich zu verfolgen. Hortensio versteht darunter die von Baptista ausgesprochene Bedingung, erst die ältere Tochter zu verheirathen, ehe die jüngere an die Reihe komme. — Das folgende *it* bezieht sich nicht auf *this bar*, sondern auf ein aus *makes us friends* zu supplirendes Wort, wie *our friendship*. 31) Und dann fängt unsere Nebenbuhlerschaft von Neuem an. 32) Eine sprichwörtliche Phrase, hier in Bezug auf Den, dem Bianca endlich zu Theil wird: Möge sein Theil sein, sich einen glücklichen Mann zu nennen! — Das folgende Sprichwort *He that runs etc.* spielt zugleich auf den Trauring und den Ring im Carrouselreiten an. Auf den letztern Sinn beziehen sich dann Gremio's Worte *the best horse in Padua*. 33) Lucentio und Tranio haben mittlerweile ihr Zwiegespräch im Hintergrunde der Bühne fortgesetzt und Ersterer dem Andern seine plötzlich entstandene Liebe zu Bianca entdeckt. 34) *in idleness* bezieht sich auf das vorhergehende *idly:* während ich müssig oder gedankenlos zuschaute, fand ich, wie die Liebe aus solcher müssigen Gedankenlosigkeit erwächst. 35) Anna, die Schwester der Dido und ihre Vertraute in der Liebe zum Aeneas, kannte Sh. wahrscheinlich aus Marlowe's Drama Dido Queen of Carthage. 36) Die Liebe lässt sich aus dem Herzen nicht wegschelten, wenn sie einmal darin ist. 37) Ein Citat aus dem Eunuchus des Terenz, das Sh. jedoch in dieser abgekürzten Fassung aus Lilly's Grammatik entlehnte. 38) *longly* = sehnsüchtig, verlangend. — Das Wort kommt sonst kaum vor für *longingly*. 39) Auf den Mythus von Zeus und der Europa, der Tochter Agenor's, spielt Sh. auch sonst an; so in Much Ado about Nothing (A. 5, Sc. 4) und in Merry Wives of Windsor (A. 5, Sc. 5). 40) Die meisten Hgg. setzen mit Rowe *shall* für *will*. — Tranio spricht seine Meinung, nicht die des Baptista aus: weil sie, eingesperrt, nicht von Bewerbern belästigt werden wird. 41) Der Plan, den ich zu Euren Gunsten auf Baptista's Absicht baue, ist jetzt reif. 42) *basta* = genug! Diese italienische Phrase, die auch bei seinen Zeitgenossen gesprächsweise vorkommt, hat Sh. nur an dieser Stelle. Vgl. oben Anm. 8. 43) Ich habe meinen ganzen Plan fertig. So hatte Lucentio schon vorher gesagt *I have it, Tranio.* 44) *to keep port* = äusserlich

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I will some other be; some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.[45]
'T is hatch'd, and shall be so: — Tranio, at once
Uncase thee, take my colour'd hat and cloak:
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.[46]
Tra. So had you need. *[They exchange habits.*
In brief, Sir, sith it your pleasure is,[47]
And I am tied to be obedient
(For so your father charg'd me at our parting;
»Be serviceable to my son,« quoth he,
Although, I think, 't was in another sense),
I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.
Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves,
And let me be a slave,[48] to achieve that maid
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter Biondello.

Here comes the rogue. — Sirrah, where have you been?
Bion. Where have I been? Nay, how now? where are you?
Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your clothes,
Or you stol'n his, or both? pray, what 's the news?
Luc. Sirrah, come hither: 't is no time to jest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my escape have put on his;
For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,
I kill'd a man, and fear I was descried.
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my life.
You understand me?
Bion. I, Sir? ne'er a whit.[49]
Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth:
Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.
Bion. The better for him; 'would I were so too!
Tra. So could[50] I, 'faith, boy, to have the next wish after,
That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.
But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's, I advise
You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies:
When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;
But in all places else, your master, Lucentio.[51]

Luc. Tranio, let 's go. —
One thing more rests, that thyself execute;
To make one among these wooers: if thou ask me why,
Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty.
[Exeunt.[52]

1. Serv. My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.
Sly. Yes, by Saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely: comes there any more of it?
Page. My lord, 't is but begun.
Sly. 'T is a very excellent piece of work, madam lady: 'would 't were done!

SCENE II.

The Same. Before Hortensio's House

Enter Petruchio *and* Grumio.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua; but, of all,
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio; and, I trow, this is his house. —
Here, sirrah Grumio! knock, I say.
Gru. Knock, Sir! whom should I knock? is there any man has rebused[1] your worship?
Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.
Gru. Knock you[2] here, Sir? why, Sir, what am I, Sir, that I should knock you here, Sir?
Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate;
And rap me well, or I 'll knock your knave's pate.
Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome. — I should knock you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.
Pet. Will it not be?
'Faith, sirrah, an you 'll not knock, I 'll wring[3] it:
I 'll try how you can *sol, fa*, and sing it.[4]
[He wrings Grumio *by the ears.*
Gru. Help, masters,[5] help! my master is mad.
Pet. Now, knock when I bid you: sirrah! villain!

Enter Hortensio.

Hor. How now? what 's the matter? — My old friend Grumio, and my good friend Petruchio! — How do you all at Verona?
Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?[6]
Con tutto il core ben trovato, may I say.

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eine stattliche Haltung beobachten. den angesehenen Mann spielen. 45) Ein Pisaner von geringerem Stande als ich selber bin. 46) *to charm* = Jemanden gleichsam durch Zauberkraft zum Stillschweigen binden. — Kürzer sagt Sh. sonst auch *to charm a tongue.* — Die folgende Bühnenweisung rührt von Theobald her. 47) Steevens und Malone fügen zur Verbesserung des Verses hinter *brief* ein *then* ein. 48) Lass mich die Rolle eines Dieners oder Sklaven spielen, da ich doch durch den Anblick eines Mädchens in Knechtschaft gerathen bin. — *slave* ist mit *thrall'd* in Verbindung zu setzen. 49) Dyce hält es für möglich, dass *Ay, Sir.* — *Ne'er a whit* zu lesen sei. 50) Zu *could* ist aus dem Vorhergehenden und Folgenden ein Wort wie *wish* zu ergänzen. — Die meisten Hgg. setzen mit den späteren Folioausgg. *would* für *could.* — Die Fol. druckt diese Rede Tranio's, die sich als Knittelverse allerdings nicht vollständig in das metrische Schema fügt, als Prosa. 51) Die Fol. hat *you master Lucentio;* verbessert von der zweiten Folioausg. von 1632. 52) Das folgende kurze Zwischengespräch wird in der Fol. eingeleitet mit *The Presenters above speak* = die Darsteller auf der oberen Bühne, d. h. Sly und die Leute des Lord, sprechen. Zum Schluss der Scene heisst es dann in der Fol.: *They sit and mark.* — Das ältere Drama hat an dieser Stelle keine Zwischenreden.

1) *rebused* entstellt Grumio aus *abused* oder *rebuked.* 2) *me,* das Petruchio als Dativ versteht, missversteht Grumio geflissentlich als Accusativ. 3) Wortspiel zwischen *to ring* = die Thürklingel ziehen, und *to wring by the ears* = bei den Ohren ziehen. — Die Fol. hat *ring* hier und auch *rings* in der folgenden Bühnenweisung. 4) Ich will versuchen, wie Du die Tonleiter verstehst und singst. 5) *masters* verbesserte Theobald das *mistress* der alten Ausgg., das in der Handschrift wahrscheinlich in einer Abbreviatur geschrieben stand. 6) Das Handgemenge zwischen Herrn und Diener. So in Much Ado about Nothing (A. 5, Sc. 1) *you are*

Hor. *Alla nostra casa ben venuto; molto honorato signior mio Petruchio.*
Rise, Grumio, rise: we will compound this quarrel.
Gru. Nay, 't is no matter, Sir, what he 'leges in Latin. [7] — If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service, — look you, Sir, — he bid me knock him, and rap him soundly, Sir: well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so; being, perhaps, (for aught I see) two-and-thirty, — a pip [8] out?
Whom, 'would to God, I had well knock'd at first,
Then had not Grumio come by the worst.
Pet. A senseless villain! — Good Hortensio,
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.
Gru. Knock at the gate? — O heavens!
Spake you not these words plain, — »Sirrah, knock me here,
Rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly«?
And come you now with knocking at the gate?
Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.
Hor. Petruchio, patience: I am Grumio's pledge.
Why, this' [9] a heavy chance 'twixt him and you,
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.
And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale
Blows you to Padua, here, from old Verona?
Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the world,
To seek their fortunes further than at home,
Where small experience grows. But, in a few, [10]
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:
Antonio, my father, is deceas'd,
And I have thrust myself into this maze, [11]
Haply to wive, and thrive, as best I may.
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.
Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly [12] to thee,
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife?
Thou 'dst thank me but a little for my counsel;
And yet I 'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich: — but thou 'rt too much my friend,
And I 'll not wish thee to her.
Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we
Few words suffice; and therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife
(As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance), [13]
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love, [14]
As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xanthippe, or a worse:
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me, — were she as rough [15]
As are the swelling Adriatic seas:
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.
Gru. Nay, look you, Sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: why, give him gold enough and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby; [16] or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two-and-fifty horses: [17] why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.
Hor. Petruchio, since we are stepp'd thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jest.
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous,
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman:
Her only fault, and that is faults enough, [18]
Is, that she is intolerable [19] curst,
And shrewd, and froward; so beyond all measure,
That, were my state far worser than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.
Pet. Hortensio, peace! thou know'st not gold's effect. —
Tell me her father's name, and 't is enough;
For I will board her, though she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.
Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman;
Her name is Katharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.
Pet. I know her father, though I know not her,
And he knew my deceased father well.
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this first encounter, [20]
Unless you will accompany me thither.
Gru. I pray you, Sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him. She may, perhaps, call him half a score knaves, or so; [21] why, that 's nothing: an he begin once, he 'll rail in his rope-tricks. [22] I 'll tell you what, Sir, — an she stand him [23]

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almost come to part almost a fray. 7) Grumio hält die italienischen Begrüssungsphrasen, welche Petruchio und Hortensio mit einander austauschen, für lateinische Floskeln, mit denen sein Herr sein Verfahren gegen den Diener dem Hortensio gegenüber rechtfertigen wolle. 8) *pip* = Auge in der Karte, ist Rowe's Emendation für *peepe* der Fol. 9) scil. *this is.* — Dyce schreibt deshalb mit Recht *this'*. 10) *in a few* scil. *words.* — Die Fol. interpungirt *Where small experience grows but in a few.* 11) Auf solchen Irrweg, auf dem Du mich siehst, auf ein glücklich Ungefähr eine Frau zu nehmen und mein Glück zu machen. Zu *haply* vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1, Anm. 1. 12) *roundly* = geradaus. Zu dem folgenden *wish thee* vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1, Anm. 27. 13) Reichthum ist der Refrain meiner Brautwerbungsmelodie; Reichthum gehört durchaus dazu, wenn ich freien soll. 14) Die Geschichte des jungen Ritters Florent, Neffen des Kaisers Claudius, der ein hässliches Weib heirathete, weil sie ein Räthsel gelöst hatte, von dem sein Leben abhing, fand Sh. in Gower's Confessio Amantis. 15) So verbessert die zweite Folioausg. das *were she is as rough* der ersten Fol. 16) *aglet-baby* = ein Püppchen so klein wie ein geschnitztes Figürchen, das den Kopf einer Tuchnadel bildet. 17) Wie Malone aus dem Pseudo-Sh.'schen A Yorkshire Tragedy citirt: *O stumbling jade! the spavin o'ertake thee! the fifty diseases stop thee!* so scheinen *the fifty diseases of a horse* sprichwörtlich gewesen zu sein. 18) Und der eine Fehler begreift schon Fehler genug in sich. 19) *intolerable* steht adverbial, wie Sh. auch sonst die Adjectiva auf *—able* so gebraucht. Manche Hgg. ändern stillschweigend *intolerably.* 20) Verzeiht, dass ich mir die Freiheit nehme, Euch gleich bei unsrer ersten Begegnung im Stich zu lassen. 21) Sie mag ihn zehnmal nacheinander Schelm oder ähnlich nennen. 22) *rope-tricks* = Streiche, für die man den Strick verdient. Aehnlich kommt in Chapman's May-day vor: *Lord, how you roll in your rope-ripe terms.* — Collier vermuthet, dass Grumio *rhetorics* sagen wolle, und bezieht darauf das folgende *figure* = Redefigur. 23) *to stand him* = ihm Stand halten, ihm die Spitze bieten.

but a little, he will throw a figure in her face,[24] and so disfigure her with it, that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat. You know him not, Sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee,
For in Baptista's keep[25] my treasure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca,
And her withholds from me, and other more[26]
Suitors to her, and rivals in my love;
Supposing it a thing impossible,
For those defects I have before rehears'd,
That ever Katharina will be woo'd:
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,[27]
That none shall have access unto Bianca,
Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

Gru. Katharine the curst!
A title for a maid of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace,
And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes,
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
Well seen[28] in music, to instruct Bianca;
That so I may, by this device, at least
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And unsuspected court her by herself.[29]

Enter Gremio, *and* Lucentio *disguised, with books under his arm.*

Gru. Here 's no knavery![30] See, to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together! Master, master, look about you: who goes there? ha!

Hor. Peace, Grumio: 't is the rival of my love.
Petruchio, stand by awhile.

Gru. A proper stripling, and an amorous![31]

[They retire.

Gre. O! very well; I have perus'd the note.[32]
Hark you, Sir; I 'll have them very fairly bound:
All books of love, see that at any hand,[33]
And see you read no other lectures to her.
You understand me. — Over and beside
Signior Baptista's liberality,
I 'll mend it with a largess. — Take your papers,[34] too,
And let me have them very well perfum'd,
For she is sweeter than perfume itself,
To whom they go to.[35] What will you read to her?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I 'll plead for you,
As for my patron, stand you so assur'd,
As firmly as yourself were still in place;[36]
Yea, and perhaps with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, Sir.

Gre. O, this learning! what a thing it is!

Gru. O, this woodcock![37] what an ass it is!

Pet. Peace, sirrah!

Hor. Grumio, mum! — *[Coming forward.]* God save you, Signior Gremio!

Gre. And you 're well met, Signior Hortensio. Trow you,
Whither I am going? — To Baptista Minola.
I promis'd to inquire[38] carefully
About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca;[39]
And, by good fortune, I have lighted well
On this young man; for learning, and behaviour,
Fit for her turn; well read in poetry,
And other books, — good ones, I warrant ye.

Hor. 'T is well: and I have met a gentleman,
Hath promis'd me to help me[40] to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress:
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.

Gre. Belov'd of me, and that my deeds shall prove.

Gru. And that his bags shall prove.

Hor. Gremio, 't is now no time to vent our love.
Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,
I 'll tell you news indifferent[41] good for either.
Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,[42]
Will undertake to woo curst Katharine;
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well. —
Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

Pet. I know, she is an irksome, brawling scold:
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

Gre. No, say'st me so, friend? What countryman?

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's[43] son:
My father dead, my fortune lives for me;
And I do hope good days and long to see.

Gre. O! Sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange;
But if you have a stomach, to 't o' God's name:
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wild-cat?

Pet. Will I live?

Gru. Will he woo her? ay, or I 'll hang her.

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears?

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24) So wird er mit einem Faustschlag ihr Gesicht zeichnen, ihr eine Zeichnung in's Gesicht werfen. 25) *keep* = Hut, Obhut. 26) Die Fol. lässt *and* aus und beginnt mit *other more* einen neuen Satz. Die Emendation rührt von Thirlby her. 27) *to take order* = eine Massregel oder Anordnung treffen. 28) *well seen* = wohl bewandert, eigentlich = der sich wohl umgesehen hat in Etwas. 29) *by herself* = wenn sie für sich, allein, ist. 30) Die Negation steht hier ironisch als verstärkte Affirmation. So in Merchant of Venice (A. 2, Sc. 2) *I cannot get a service, — no; I have ne'er a tongue in my head.* 31) So spricht Grumio ironisch von dem alten Gremio: ein stattlicher Jüngling und einer, der recht zur Liebe geschaffen ist. — Zu *amorous* ist *one* scil. *stripling* zu suppliren. 32) Das Verzeichniss der Bücher, welche der als Lehrer verkleidete Lucentio mit Bianca lesen soll. 33) *at any hand* = auf jeden Fall. In demselben Sinne steht in All's well that ends well (A. 3, Sc. 6) *in any hand.* 34) *papers* sind die schriftlichen Aufsätze im Gegensatz zu den vorher erwähnten gedruckten Büchern. — *papers* setzte Pope für *paper* der Fol. 35) Die Wiederholung einer Präposition am Ende eines relativen oder interrogativen Satzes ist ebenso in Sh.'s Manier, wie die Weglassung derselben am Anfang und Ende. — Rowe verwischte diese Eigenthümlichkeit, indem er das zweite *to* strich. 36) Ich will so standhaft Eure Sache führen, als ob Ihr stets zugegen wäret. 37) *woodcock*, eigentlich = Schnepfe, auch sonst = Einfaltspinsel. 38) *inquire* ist hier dreisylbig zu lesen, wie *fire* öfter zweisylbig bei Sh. 39) Steevens las des Verses wegen *for fair Bianca.* 40) *me* verbesserte Rowe das *one* der Fol. 41) *indifferent*, in adverbialem Sinne mit *good* verbunden, bezieht sich auf *either*: Nachrichten, die für den Einen von uns eben so vortheilhaft lauten, wie für den Andern. 42) Nach einer Uebereinkunft zwischen uns und seiner eignen Neigung. 43) Die Fol. hat *Butonios;*

Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow[44] to hear
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?
Tush! tush! fear boys with bugs.[45]
Gru. For he fears none.
Gre. Hortensio, hark.
This gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My mind presumes, for his own good, and ours.[46]
Hor. I promis'd we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.
Gre. And so we will, provided that he win her.
Gru. I would, I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter TRANIO, *bravely apparelled;*[47] *and* BIONDELLO.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you! If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of Signior Baptista Minola?
Gre. He that has the two fair daughters: — is 't he you mean?
Tra. Even he. — Biondello!
Gre. Hark you, Sir: you mean not her too?[48]
Tra. Perhaps, him and her, Sir: what have you to do?
Pet. Not her that chides, Sir, at any hand,[49] I pray.
Tra. I love no chiders, Sir. — Biondello, let 's away.[50]
Luc. *[Aside.]* Well begun, Tranio.
Hor. Sir, a word ere you go.
Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea, or no?
Tra. An if I be, Sir, is it any offence?
Gre. No; if without more words you will get you hence.
Tra. Why, Sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me, as for you?
Gre. But so is not she.
Tra. For what reason, I beseech you?
Gre. For this reason, if you 'll know,
That she 's the choice love of Signior Gremio.
Hor. That she 's the chosen of Signior Hortensio.
Tra. Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right; hear me with patience.
Baptista is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown;
And were his daughter fairer than she is,
She may more suitors have, and me for one.
Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;
Then, well one more may fair Bianca have,
And so she shall. Lucentio shall make one,
Though Paris came in hope to speed alone.
Gre. What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.[51]
Luc. Sir, give him head: I know, he 'll prove a jade.
Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?
Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?
Tra. No, Sir; but hear I do, that he hath two,
The one as famous for a scolding tongue,
As is the other for beauteous modesty.
Pet. Sir, Sir, the first 's for me; let her go by.
Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules,
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.[52]
Pet. Sir, understand you this of me: in sooth,
The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all access of suitors,
And will not promise her to any man,
Until the elder sister first be wed;
The younger then is free, and not before.
Tra. If it be so, Sir, that you are the man
Must stead us all, and me among the rest;
And if you break the ice, and do this feat,[53]
Achieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access, — whose[54] hap shall be to have her
Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate.
Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive;
And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholding.[55]
Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign whereof,
Please ye we may contrive[56] this afternoon,

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verbessert von Rowe nach einem vorhergehenden Verse dieser Scene: *Antonio, my father, is deceas'd.* 44) *blow* = Explosion, Losplatzen. Wenn man das Wort so auffasst, ist *to hear* ohne Noth von Hanmer in *to th' ear* verwandelt: die Zunge eines Weibes explodirt nicht einmal so laut wie eine Kastanie, die in der heissen Asche eines ländlichen Herdes gebraten wird und platzt. 45) *to fear* = Jemandem bange machen. — *bug* = Popanz, wesenloses Gespenst. 46) *ours* emendirte Theobald das *yours* der Fol. 47) Die Fol. hat *Enter Tranio brave.* Vgl. Induction Sc. 1, Anm. 13. 48) So vertheilt und interpungirt Tyrwhitt die letzten drei Verse, welche die meisten Hgg. nach der Fol. so lesen: Bion. *He that has the two fair daughters: is 't* [Aside to Tranio] *he you mean?* — Tra. *Even he, Biondello.* — Gre. *Hark you, Sir: You mean not her to* —. Hier soll, nach Malone's Meinung, Tranio Gremio's Frage, die etwa mit *woo* schliessen würde, unterbrechen. — Gremio scheint aber besorgt zu sein, dass Tranio nicht bloss den Vater, sondern auch die Tochter, d. h. Bianca, meine *(her too).* 49) Vgl. oben Anm. 33. 50) Zum Weggehen forderte vorher schon Tranio den Diener auf mit *Biondello!* als Gremio ihn zurückrief: *Hark you, Sir etc.* 51) Dieser Herr wird durch seine schönen Reden uns Alle bei der Bianca ausstechen. — Darauf bezieht sich auch Lucentio's Antwort mit der Metapher von einem Pferde, dem man getrost den Zügel schiessen lassen mag, weil es doch nur eine Mähre ist. 52) Lasst es für mehr als die zwölf Heldenthaten des Hercules gelten, wenn Petruchio die Katharina sein nennen darf. 53) *feat* verbesserte Rowe das *seeke* der Fol. 54) Vor *whose* ist ein *he* zu suppliren, auf das sich *will not so graceless be* bezieht. 55) Für *beholding*, das Sh. überall setzt, ändern viele Hgg. mit Rowe auch hier *beholden* = verpflichtet. 56) *to contrive* = verbringen, hinbringen. So in der von Sh. für Romeo and Juliet benutzten Novelle aus Paynter's Palace of Pleasure: *Juliet — — retired for the day into her chamber, and contrived that whole night more in weeping than sleeping*, und in Edwards' Drama Damon and Pythias: *in travelling countries we three have contrived full many a year.* — Theobald änderte ohne Noth *convive.* — In dem folgenden Verse vermuthet Sidney Walker *mistress'* als Abkürzung für *mistresses'*. 57) Wie Sachwalter, die vor Gericht die Sache streitender Parteien führen, aber zu Hause in collegialischer Verbindung leben. 58) *ben*

And quaff carouses to our mistress' health;
And do as adversaries do in law,[57]
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.
Gru., Bion. O excellent motion! Fellows, let 's be gone.
Hor. The motion 's good indeed, and be it so. —
Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto.*[58] *[Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The Same. A Room in Baptista's House.

Enter Katharina *and* Bianca.

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me:
That I disdain; but for these other gawds,[1]
Unbind my hands, I 'll pull them off myself,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
Or what you will command me, will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.
Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee,[2] tell
Whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble not.
Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive,
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.
Kath. Minion, thou liest. Is 't not Hortensio?
Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear,
I 'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.
Kath. O! then, belike, you fancy riches more:
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.[3]
Bian. Is it for him you do envy[4] me so?
Nay, then you jest; and now I well perceive,
You have but jested with me all this while.
I pr'ythee, sister Kate, untie my hands.
Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.
[Strikes her.

Enter Baptista.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence? —
Bianca, stand aside: — poor girl! she weeps. —
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her. —
For shame, thou hilding[5] of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?
Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I 'll be reveng'd.
[Flies after Bianca.[6]
Bap. What! in my sight? — Bianca, get thee in.
[Exit Bianca.
Kath. What![7] will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see,
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.[8]
Talk not to me: I will go sit and weep,
Till I can find occasion of revenge. *[Exit.*
Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I? —
But who comes here?

Enter Gremio, *with* Lucentio *in the habit of a mean man;*[9] Petruchio, *with* Hortensio *as a musician; and* Tranio, *with* Biondello *bearing a lute and books.*

Gre. Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.
Bap. Good morrow, neighbour Gremio. God save you, gentlemen!
Pet. And you, good Sir. Pray, have you not a daughter,
Call'd Katharina, fair, and virtuous?
Bap. I have a daughter, Sir, call'd Katharina.
Gre. You are too blunt: go to it orderly.
Pet. You wrong me, Signior Gremio: give me leave. —
I am a gentleman of Verona, Sir,
That, hearing of her beauty, and her wit,
Her affability, and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,
Am bold to show myself a forward guest[10]
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,[11]
I do present you with a man of mine,
[Presenting Hortensio.
Cunning in music and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant.
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong:
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.
Bap. You 're welcome, Sir; and he, for your good sake.
But for my daughter Katharine, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.
Pet. I see, you do not mean to part with her,
Or else you like not of my company.
Bap. Mistake me not; I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, Sir? what may I call your name?
Pet. Petruchio is my name, Antonio's son;
A man well known throughout all Italy.
Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.
Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too.
Backare![12] you are marvellous forward.

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venuto im Italienischen = willkommen. Sh. scheint hier sagen zu wollen, dass Hortensio den Petruchio willkommen heissen will, bei sich oder bei Baptista. So in Love's Labour's Lost (A. 4, Sc. 2) *I will — — undertake your* ben venuto.

1) *gawds* = bunter Tand, d. h. die Putzsachen, welche Bianca an sich hat, ist Theobald's Emendation für *goods* der Fol. 2) *thee*, das in der Fol. fehlt, ergänzt die zweite Folioausg. 3) Damit Gremio Dich im Putz hübsch halte. 4) *to envy* betont Sh. bald auf der ersten, bald auf der letzten Sylbe. 5) *hilding* wird auch sonst als Schimpfwort für ein Mädchen gebraucht; so in Romeo and Juliet (A. 3, Sc. 5) *Out on her, hilding!* Es ist = gemeines, niedriges Geschöpf. 6) Diese Bühnenweisung, sowie die vorige *Strikes her*, ist aus der Fol. 7) Manche Hgg. streichen *what*, des Verses wegen. 8) Eine sprichwörtliche Bezeichnung für alte Jungfern, die nach ihrem Tode Affen in der Hölle am Gängelbande führen, da sie auf Erden sich nicht mit Kindern befasst haben. So in dem Pseudo-Sh.'schen London Prodigal: *women dying maids lead apes in hell.* — In Much Ado about Nothing (A. 2, Sc. 1) hat Sh., abweichend von dieser Erklärung: *lead his apes into hell.* 9) So die Fol. — Lucentio erscheint nicht als Cavalier gekleidet, sondern in schlichter Tracht, wie sie für einen jungen Gelehrten sich ziemt. 10) Ein Gast, der von selbst auftritt, ohne eingeladen zu sein. 11) Um den Empfang, den ich bei Euch hoffe, einzuleiten. 12) *backare* = zurück! weicht zurück! kommt öfter sprichwörtlich vor in der

Pet. O! pardon me, Signior Gremio; I would fain be doing.[13]

Gre. I doubt it not, Sir; but you will curse your wooing. —
Neighbour,[14] this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it.
To express the like kindness, myself that have been more
kindly beholding to you than any, freely give unto you
this young scholar *[presenting* Lucentio*]*, that hath
been long studying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, La-
tin, and other languages, as the other in music and ma-
thematics. His name is Cambio: pray accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio; welcome,
good Cambio. — *[To* Tranio.*]* But, gentle Sir, methinks,
you walk like a stranger: may I be so bold to know the
cause of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, Sir, the boldness is mine own,
That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair, and virtuous.
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister.
This liberty is all that I request, —
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,[15]
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free access and favour as the rest.
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books:
If you accept them, then their worth is great.[16]

Bap. Lucentio is your name?[17] of whence, I pray?

Tra. Of Pisa, Sir; son to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa; by report[18]
I know him well: you are very welcome, Sir. —
[To Hor.*]* Take you the lute, *[to* Luc.*]* and you the
set of books;
You shall go see your pupils presently.
Holla, within!

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen
To my daughters; and tell them both,[19]
These are their tutors: bid them use them well.

[Exit Servant, with Hortensio, Lucentio, *and* Biondello.

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.[20]
You knew my father well, and in him, me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd:
Then tell me, — if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands,
And in possession twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And, for that dowry, I 'll assure her of
Her widowhood,[21] be it that she survive me,
In all my lands and leases whatsoever.
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
That is, her love; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all;
So I to her, and so she yields to me,
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well may'st thou woo, and happy be thy speed!
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.[22]

Pet. Ay, to the proof,[23] as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.[24]

Re-enter Hortensio, *with his head broken.*

Bap. How now, my friend? why dost thou look so pale?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

Hor. I think, she 'll sooner prove a soldier:
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Redensart *Backare! quoth Mortimer to his son.* So auch in Lyly's Midas: *The masculine gender is more worthy than the feminine, and therefore, Licio, backare!* 13) *to be doing* = thätig sein, fördern, mit frivolem erotischen Nebensinn, den Gremio auffasst. So auch in K. Henry V. (A. 3, Sc. 7) *Doing is activity, and he will still be doing.* 14) *neighbour* = wie Gremio den Baptista anredet, ist Theobald's Emendation für *neighbours* der Fol. — Das Folgende ist in der Fol. mit Unrecht als Vers gedruckt, ebenso Baptista's Antwort. — Das vor *freely give* von den meisten Hggn. eingefügte *I* streichen, mit der Fol., die Cambridge Edd. mit Recht, indem sie zwischen *kindness* und *myself* ein Comma setzen. Für *unto you* hat die Fol. nur *unto.* 15) Sobald Ihr wisst, von welcher Verwandtschaft oder Familie ich bin. 16) Auf *then* liegt der Nachdruck: die Laute und die Bücher erhalten als Geschenke ihren Werth erst dadurch, dass Baptista sie nicht verschmäht. 17) Malone vermuthet, dass hier eine Zeile ausgefallen, in welcher Tranio sich dem Baptista als Lucentio zu erkennen gegeben; nach Theobald's Meinung geschah das in einem Zwiegespräch, das sie bei Seite führten. Ein anderer Commentator meint, Lucentio's Name stehe auf dem Bücherpacket, das Tranio überreicht. Das Wahrscheinlichste ist, dass Sh. ein Versehen beging. 18) Die Interpunction der Fol. und mancher Hgg. verbindet *by report* mit dem Vorhergehenden, und Malone fasst demgemäss *I know him well* = ich weiss wohl, wer er ist; ich kenne ihn von Hörensagen. 19) Die zweite Folioausg., welche oft mit allerlei Flickwörtern unmetrische Zeilen der Fol. vervollständigt, hat auch hier *To my two daughters, and then tell them both.* 20) Steevens citirt dazu einen Vers aus einem Interlude von Puttenham: *I cannot come a wooing every day*, und ebenso einen Refrain aus einer alten Ballade, The Ingenious Braggadoccio, der so lautet: *And I cannot come every day to woo.* 21) *widowhood* = das Witthum, das Petruchio der Katharina zusichern will. — *to assure* mit dem Accusativ der Person und *of* der Sache = Jemanden in Bezug auf Etwas sicher stellen. — Dieses Witthum will er ihr auf seine liegenden Gründe anweisen, und es soll ein articulirter Vertrag deshalb zwischen ihm und Baptista gerichtlich aufgesetzt werden, damit die Uebereinkunft beiderseits gehalten werde. — Auf *specialties* bezieht sich dann *the special thing* = das, worauf es besonders ankommt. 22) *some unhappy words* = einige böse Worte, wie Katharina sie dem Petruchio sagen wird. 23) scil. *armed to the proof* = undurchdringlich gerüstet gegen jeden Angriff. 24) *that* bezieht sich

Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?
Hor. Why, no, for she hath broke the lute to me.[25]
I did but tell her she mistook her frets,[26]
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,
When, with a most impatient, devilish spirit,
»Frets call you these?« quoth she; »I 'll fume with them:«
And with that word she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute,[27]
While she did call me rascal fiddler,
And twangling Jack,[28] with twenty such vile terms,
As had she[29] studied to misuse me so.
Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench!
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
O, how I long to have some chat with her!
Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited:
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
She 's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns. —
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?
Pet. I pray you do; I will attend her here,
[Exeunt Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, *and* Hortensio.
And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say, that she rail; why, then I 'll tell her plain,
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:
Say, that she frown; I 'll say, she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:
Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word;
Then I 'll commend her volubility,[30]
And say, she uttereth piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me pack, I 'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week:
If she deny to wed, I 'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married. —
But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter Katharina.

Good morrow, Kate, for that 's your name, I hear.
Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing:[31]
They call me Katharine, that do talk of me.
Pet. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom;
Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates:[32] and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me,[33] Kate of my consolation: —
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.
Kath. Mov'd! in good time: let him that mov'd you hither,
Remove you hence. I knew you at the first,
You were a moveable.
Pet. Why, what 's a moveable?
Kath. A joint-stool.[34]
Pet. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.
Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.
Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.
Kath. No such jade as bear you, if me you mean.[35]
Pet. Alas, good Kate! I will not burden thee;
For, knowing thee to be but young and light, —
Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch,
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.
Pet. Should be?[36] should buzz.
Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.
Pet. O slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?
Kath. Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.
Pet. Come, come, you wasp; i' faith, you are too angry.
Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.
Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.
Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.
Pet. Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting?
In his tail.
Kath. In his tongue.
Pet. Whose tongue?
Kath. Yours, if you talk of tails; and so farewell.
Pet. What! with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again:
Good Kate, I am a gentleman.
Kath. That I 'll try. *[Striking him.*
Pet. I swear I 'll cuff you, if you strike again.
Kath. So may you lose your arms:[37]
If you strike me, you are no gentleman,
And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.
Pet. A herald, Kate? O! put me in thy books.[38]
Kath. What is your crest? a coxcomb?

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auf *mountains, they* auf *winds.* 25) *to break her to the lute* = sie einüben auf der Laute; *to break the lute to me* = die Laute an mir zerschlagen. 26) *frets* = der Bund am Halse der Laute, wo die Saiten auslaufen. — Katharina fasst *frets* = leidenschaftliche Stimmung. 27) Hortensio vergleicht die zerbrochene Laute, durch die sein Kopf hindurchgefahren ist, mit einem Halseisen, mit dem die Verbrecher an den Pranger befestigt werden. 28) *twangling Jack* = ein klimpernder Hans, schlechter Lautenspieler. — In der vorigen Zeile ist *fiddler* dreisylbig *(fiddeler)* zu lesen. 29) *as had she* für *as if she had*, wie *had she* für *if she had* stehen kann. — Die meisten Hgg. ändern ohne Noth mit Rowe *as she had.* 30) *volubility* = Zungengeläufigkeit, auch ohne den Zusatz von *tongue* oder *words.* 31) Ein Wortspiel zwischen *heard* und *hard*, die in alter Aussprache eher mit einander verwechselt wurden, als jetzt. 32) Wortspiel zwischen *Kate* und *cates* = Leckerbissen, Lebensmittel. 33) *take this of me* = höre das von mir, erfahre das von mir. 34) Anspielung an die auch in K. Lear (A. 3, Sc. 6) vorkommende Redensart *Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool*, eine grobe oder höhnische Entschuldigung, wenn man Jemanden geflissentlich übersehen hat. Die Fol. hat *ioyn'd stoole.* — *moveable* bezieht sich auf *move* und *remove.* 35) Ich bin keine solche Mähre, dass ich Euch tragen möchte, wenn Ihr es auf mich abgesehen habt. — *bear* fügte Dyce ein. — Die meisten Hgg. schieben statt dessen mit der zweiten Folioausg. ein unwahrscheinliches Flickwort *Sir* ein und lesen *No such jade, Sir, as you etc.* 36) Wortspiel zwischen *be* = sein, und *bee* = Biene, wie gleich darauf zwischen *to buzz* = summen, und *buzzard* = Mäusefalk. 37) Das Wortspiel zwischen *arms* = Arme, und *arms* = Waffen, Wappen, kehrt wieder in Hamlet (A. 5, Sc. 1). — In dem älteren Drama droht die Keiferin nur mit Schlägen. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 394. 38) In den Büchern des heraldischen Amts *(Herald's Office)* mussten die Wappen zur Beglaubigung verzeichnet stehen. Zugleich ist *put me in thy books* = nimm Notiz von mir, behalte mich in gutem Andenken. 39) Wortspiel zwischen *coxcomb* = Narren-

Pet. A combless cock,[39] so Kate will be my hen.
Kath. No cock of mine; you crow too like a craven.[40]
Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.
Kath. It is my fashion when I see a crab.[41]
Pet. Why, here 's no crab, and therefore look not sour.
Kath. There is, there is.
Pet. Then show it me.
Kath. Had I a glass, I would.
Pet. What, you mean my face?
Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one.[42]
Pet. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.
Kath. Yet you are wither'd.
Pet. 'T is with cares.
Kath. I care not.
Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth, you 'scape not so.
Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry: let me go.
Pet. No, not a whit: I find you passing gentle.
'T was told me, you were rough, and coy, and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar;
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers.
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.
Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?
O slanderous world! Kate, like the hazel-twig,
Is straight, and slender; and as brown in hue
As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.
O! let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.
Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.
Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove,
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O! be thou Dian, and let her be Kate,
And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful.
Kath. Where did you study all this goodly speech?
Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.
Kath. A witty mother! witless else her son.
Pet. Am I not wise?
Kath. Yes; keep you warm.[43]
Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed.
And therefore, setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms: — your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And, will you, nill you,[44] I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,
Thou must be married to no man but me:
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate,
And bring you from a wild Kate[45] to a Kate
Conformable, as other household Kates.
Here comes your father: never make denial;
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, *and* TRANIO.

Bap. Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you with my daughter?
Pet. How but well, Sir? how but well?
It were impossible I should speed amiss.
Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine? in your dumps?
Kath. Call you me daughter? now, I promise you,
You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatic;
A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,[46]
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.
Pet. Father, 't is thus: — yourself and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her.
If she be curst, it is for policy,
For she 's not froward, but modest as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;[47]
For patience she will prove a second Grissel,[48]
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity;
And to conclude, — we have 'greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.
Kath. I 'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.
Gre. Hark, Petruchio: she says, she 'll see thee hang'd first.
Tra. Is this your speeding? nay then, good night our part.[49]
Pet. Be patient, gentlemen, I choose her for myself:
If she and I be pleas'd, what 's that to you?
'T is bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.
I tell you, 't is incredible to believe
How much she loves me. O, the kindest Kate!
She hung about my neck, and kiss on kiss
She vied[50] so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink she won me to her love.
O! you are novices: 't is a world to see,[51]
How tame, when men and women are alone,[52]
A meacock[53] wretch can make the curstest shrew. —
Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day. —
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;
I will be sure, my Katharine shall be fine.
Bap. I know not what to say; but give me your hands:[54]
God send you joy, Petruchio! 't is a match.

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kappe, und *cock's comb* = Hahnenkamm. 40) *craven* = ein feiger, überwundener Hahn. 41) *crab* = ein Holzapfel, der so sauer ist, dass man selbst dabei sauer aussieht; zugleich = ein Murrkopf, Sauertopf. 42) Dafür, dass Ihr noch so jung seid, habt Ihr meine Meinung gut genug getroffen. 43) Das Sprichwort ist ausführlicher angedeutet in Much Ado about Nothing (A. 1, Sc. 1) *if he have wit enough to keep himself warm.* 44) Und mögt Ihr wollen oder nicht. So in Edwards' Drama Damon and Pythias: *Need hath no law; will I or nill I, it must be done.* 45) *wild Kate* erinnert an *wild cat*, ebenso *household Kates* an *household cats.* 46) *a swearing Jack* = ein Flucher. Vgl. oben zu *twangling Jack* Anm. 28. Ebenso ist *oath* = Fluchwort. 47) *hot* und *temperate* beziehen sich auf das Temperament der Katharina, das mit der Temperatur des kühleren Morgens im Gegensatz zum heissen Mittag verglichen wird. 48) Sh. kannte die Geschichte der Griseldis wahrscheinlich aus dem Clerkes Tale in den Canterbury Tales von Chaucer. — *a second* ist auch zu suppliren zu dem folgenden *Roman Lucrece.* 49) Wenn Ihr so schlecht fahrt, so haben wir für unsern Theil gar nichts zu hoffen, so müssen wir auf Bianca ganz verzichten. 50) *to vie* = überbieten, eine Karte im Kartenspiel mit der andern decken. 51) *'t is a world to see*, eine sprichwörtliche Redensart, die Steevens mit *it is wonderful to see* erklärt. 52) d. h. wenn ein Mann mit einem Weibe allein ist. 53) *meacock*, gewöhnlich substantivisch = Memme, weibischer Mann, steht hier adjectivisch in demselben Sinne. 54) *your hands* = die Hand Petruchio's

Gre., Tra. Amen, say we: we will be witnesses.
Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu.
I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace.
We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday.[55]
[Exeunt Petruchio *and* Katharina, *severally.*
Gre. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?
Bap. 'Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,
And venture madly on a desperate mart.
Tra. 'T was a commodity lay fretting by you:
'T will bring you gain, or perish on the seas.
Bap. The gain I seek is — quiet in[56] the match.
Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch. —
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter.
Now is the day we long have looked for:
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.
Tra. And I am one, that love Bianca more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.
Gre. Youngling,[57] thou canst not love so dear as I.
Tra. Grey-beard, thy love doth freeze.
Gre. But thine doth fry.
Skipper, stand back: 't is age, that nourisheth.
Tra. But youth, in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.
Bap. Content you, gentlemen; I 'll compound this strife:
'T is deeds must win the prize; and he, of both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall have Bianca's love.[58] —
Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure her?
Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold:
Basins, and ewers, to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry;
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;[59]
In cypress chests my arras, counterpoints,[60]
Costly apparel, tents,[61] and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needle-work,
Pewter and brass, and all things that belong
To house, or housekeeping: then, at my farm,
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess;
And if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If whilst I live she will be only mine.[62]
Tra. That »only« came well in. — Sir, list to me:
I am my father's heir and only son:
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I 'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
Old Signior Gremio has in Padua;
Besides two thousand ducats by the year
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure. —
What, have I pinch'd you, Signior Gremio?
Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year of land!
My land amounts not to so much in all:[63]
That she shall have; besides an argosy,
That now is lying in Marseilles'[64] road. —
What, have I chok'd you with an argosy?
Tra. Gremio, 't is known, my father hath no less
Than three great argosies, besides two galliasses.
And twelve tight galleys:[65] these I will assure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.
Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more;
And she can have no more than all I have: —
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.
Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,[66]
By your firm promise. Gremio is out-vied.[67]
Bap. I must confess, your offer is the best;
And, let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own; else, you must pardon me:
If you should die before him, where 's her dower?
Tra. That 's but a cavil: he is old, I young.
Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old?
Bap. Well, gentlemen,
I am thus resolv'd. — On Sunday next, you know,
My daughter Katharine is to be married:
Now, on the Sunday following shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;
If not, to Signior Gremio:
And so I take my leave, and thank you both. *[Exit.*
Gre. Adieu, good neighbour. — Now I fear thee not:
Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool
To give thee all, and, in his waning age,
Set foot under thy table. Tut! a toy!
An old Italian fox[68] is not so kind, my boy. *[Exit.*
Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!
Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.[69]
'T is in my head to do my master good: —
I see no reason, but suppos'd Lucentio
Must get a father, call'd — suppos'd Vincentio;

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und Katharina's, die er ineinander legen will. 55) Collier citirt nach mündlicher Ueberlieferung ein Stück aus einem Liede, das Sh. gekannt haben muss. Es lautet: *To church away!* || *We will have rings* || *And fine array* || *With other things* || *Against the day,* || *For I 'm to be married on Sunday.* 56) *in* verbesserte Rowe das *me* der Fol. 57) *youngling* = junger, unreifer Mensch, in verächtlichem Sinn. 58) Die Fol. wiederholt durch ein Versehen das *my* der vorigen Zeile vor *Bianca's.* 59) *my crowns* = mein gemünztes Gold. 60) *counterpoints* = Bettdecken, zu Sh.'s Zeit aus taftenen Stoffen kunstreich zusammengesetzt und gestickt, werden auch sonst neben *arras* = gestickten oder gewirkten Tapeten, zu den Kostbarkeiten eines Hausrathes gerechnet. — Die Fol. hat kein Comma zwischen *arras* und *counterpoints.* 61) *tents* sind wahrscheinlich die zeltartig aufgesteckten Vorhänge eines Bettes. 62) *only* gehört nicht zu *mine,* sondern nur *will be:* wenn sie sich nur entschliessen will, die Meinige zu werden. — Tranio verbindet *only* mit *mine.* 63) Da Gremio's Ertrag von seinen Grundstücken nicht völlig zweitausend Ducaten beträgt, so soll Bianca zu diesem Ertrage als ihr ausgesetztes Witthum noch ein Kauffahrteischiff erhalten, das gerade auf der Rhede von Marseille liegt. 64) Die Fol. schreibt *Marcellus.* — *Marseilles* ist auch an anderer Stelle bei Sh. dreisylbig zu lesen. 65) *galliass* wird von Kersey mit *a great double galley* erklärt. 66) Mein vor allen Uebrigen. 67) *to out-vie* = überbieten, übertrumpfen, im Kartenspiel. Vgl. oben Anm. 50. 68) Die Schlauheit, als charakteristisch für die Italiener, wird auch in Cymbeline (A. 5, Sc. 5) hervorgehoben: *mine Italian brain* || *'Gan in your duller Britain operate.* 69) Nach Staunton's plausibler Erklärung bezeichnet *to face it with a card of ten* die Dreistigkeit, mit der ein Spieler im Besitz der Zehn im Kartenspiel es aufnimmt mit dem Mitspieler, der Bilder in der Karte, also eine höhere Karte hat. 70) Steevens, um einen Schlussreim zu gewinnen, schlug *doing* für *cunning* vor.

And that 's a wonder: fathers, commonly,
Do get their children; but in this case of wooing,
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning.[70]
[Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A Room in Baptista's House.

Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, *and* Bianca.

Luc. Fiddler, forbear: you grow too forward, Sir.
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katharine welcom'd you withal?
Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is[1]
The patroness of heavenly harmony:
Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.
Luc. Preposterous ass, that never read so far[2]
To know the cause why music was ordain'd!
Was it not to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies, or his usual pain?[3]
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And while I pause serve in[4] your harmony.
Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves[5] of thine.
Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,[6]
To strive for that which resteth in my choice.
I am no breeching scholar[7] in the schools;
I 'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down: —
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;
His lecture will be done, ere you have tun'd.
Hor. You 'll leave his lecture, when I am in tune?
[Retires.
Luc. That will be never: — tune your instrument.
Bian. Where left we last?
Luc. Here, Madam: —

Hic ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.[8]

Bian. Construe[9] them.
Luc. *Hic ibat*, as I told you before, — *Simois*, I am Lucentio, — *hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa, — *Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love; — *Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a-wooing, — *Priami*, is my man Tranio, — *regia*, bearing my port,[10] — *celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old pantaloon.[11]
Hor. *[Returning.]* Madam, my instrument 's in tune.
Bian. Let 's hear. [Hor. *plays.*] O fie! the treble jars.
Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.
Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it:
Hic ibat Simois, I know you not; — *hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not; — *Hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not; — *regia*, presume not; — *celsa senis*, despair not.
Hor. Madam, 't is now in tune.
Luc. All but the base.
Hor. The base is right; 't is the base knave that jars.[12]
How fiery and forward our pedant is![13]
Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:
Pedascule,[14] I 'll watch you better yet.
Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.
Luc. Mistrust it not; for, sure, Æacides
Was Ajax, call'd so from his grandfather.[15]
Bian. I must believe my master; else, I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt:
But let it rest. — Now, Licio, to you.
Good masters,[16] take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.
Hor. *[To* Lucentio.*]* You may go walk, and give me leave awhile:
My lessons make no music in three parts.[17]
Luc. Are you so formal, Sir? *[Aside.]* Well, I must wait,
And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,
Our fine musician groweth amorous.
Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade:
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.
Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.
Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.
Bian. *[Reads.]* »Gamut *I am, the ground of all accord*,[18]
A re, *to plead Hortensio's passion;*
B mi, *Bianca, take him for thy lord,*
C fa ut, *that loves with all affection:*

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1) Einzelne Hgg. suchen den Vers auf verschiedene Art zu vervollständigen; so Hanmer: *But, wrangling pedant, know this lady is.* — Vielleicht ist *pedant* hier auf der zweiten Sylbe zu betonen, und *wrangling* dreisylbig *(wrangeling)* zu lesen. 2) Der Du nie so weit in Deinen Studien gekommen bist, dass Du wüsstest. 3) *usual pain* = die gewohnte tägliche Arbeit. — Der Nachdruck liegt auf *after:* die Musik darf erst nach der Arbeit kommen. 4) *to serve in* = auftischen, wie ein Gericht bei der Mahlzeit. 5) *braves* = prahlerische Reden, Grosssprecherei. 6) *double wrong* = Unrecht beiderseits: Ihr thut mir Beide Unrecht. 7) *breeching scholar* = ein Schüler, der noch körperlicher Züchtigung, wobei ihm die Hose heruntergezogen wird, unterliegt. So in Marlowe's King Edward II.: *Whose looks were as a breeching to a boy.* 8) Die Stelle ist aus Ovid's Heroiden, aus einem Briefe der Penelope an Ulysses. 9) Die Fol. hat *conster*, eine in Büchern jener Zeit viel verbreitete Schreibweise; doch hat die Fol. an andern Stellen auch *construe.* 10) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1, Anm. 44. 11) *Pantalowne* in der Fol., d. h. Gremio. Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1, Anm. 16. 12) Wortspiel zwischen *base* = Bass, und *base knave* = elender Wicht; sowie zwischen *to jar* = dissoniren, und = zanken. — Die nächsten vier Verse theilt die Fol. irrig dem Lucentio zu, die dann folgenden zwei *Mistrust it* — — *grandfather* der Bianca, endlich die sich daran schliessenden fünf *I must believe* — — *with you both* dem Hortensio. — Die richtige Personenbezeichnung rührt von Pope her. 13) *fiery* ist dreisylbig zu lesen, und *pedant* auf der letzten Sylbe zu betonen. Vgl. oben Anm. 1. 14) Woher Sh. diesen scherzhaft aus *pedant* und *didascalos* gebildeten lateinischen Vocativ hat, ist nicht mehr auszumachen. 15) Lucentio fingirt mit diesen Worten, im Unterricht der Bianca begriffen zu sein, um den Hortensio irre zu leiten. 16) *masters* verbessert Pope das *master* der Fol. — *pleasant* = scherzhaft. 17) *music in three parts* = Trio's, Terzette, so dass ein Dritter daran Theil nehmen kann. 18) Die Scala

D sol re, *one cliff, two notes have I:*
E la mi, *show pity, or I die.*"
Call you this gamut? tut! I like it not:
Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,
To change true rules for odd inventions.[19]

Enter a Servant.[20]

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,
And help to dress your sister's chamber up:
You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewell, sweet masters both: I must be gone.
[Exeunt Bianca *and Servant.*

Luc. 'Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay.
[Exit.

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant:
Methinks, he looks as though he were in love. —
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,
To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale,[21]
Seize thee that list: if once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. *[Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Same. Before Baptista's House.

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katharina, Bianca, Lucentio, *and Attendants.*

Bap. Signior Lucentio, this is the 'pointed day,
That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.
What will be said? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage!
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Kath. No shame but mine: I must, forsooth, be forc'd
To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen;
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour;
And to be noted for a merry man,
He 'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite them,[1] and proclaim the banns;
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
And say, — »Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,
If it would please him come and marry her.«

Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too.
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word:
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
Though he be merry, yet withal he 's honest.

Kath. 'Would Katharine had never seen him though!
[Exit, weeping, followed by Bianca *and Others.*

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep,
For such an injury would vex a very saint,
Much more a shrew of thy[2] impatient humour.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Master, master! old news,[3] and such news as you never heard of!

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news to hear of Petruchio's coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, Sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

Tra. But, say, what to thine old news?[4]

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat, and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turned; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases,[5] one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town-armoury, with a broken hilt, and chapeless;[6] with two broken points:[7] his horse hipped, with an old mothy saddle, and stirrups of no kindred;[8] besides, possessed with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions,[9] full of windgalls, sped with spavins, rayed with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots, swayed in the back,[10] and shoulder-shotten; ne'er-legged before,[11] and with a half-

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steigt von dem tiefsten Ton G *(Gamut)* durch die Töne A, B, C, D bis zur höchsten Note E empor. 19) *change* setzt die zweite Folioausg. für *charge* der Fol., und *odd* verbesserte Theobald das *old* der Fol. — Malone vermuthete weniger plausibel *To change new rules for old inventions.* 20) *Enter a Messenger* in der Fol. — Vor seiner Rede wird er als *Nicke* bezeichnet, wahrscheinlich der Vorname *(Nick* oder *Nicholas)* des Schauspielers. Vgl. Induction Sc. 1, Anm. 20. 21) *stale* = Köder. Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1, Anm. 18.

1) *them*, das in der Fol. fehlt, fügte zuerst Malone ein. Andere Hgg. lesen mit der Folioausg. von 1632: *Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the banns.* Unter *friends* sind die Verwandten der Braut gemeint. 2) *thy* fehlt in der Fol. und wird zuerst in der zweiten Folioausg. ergänzt. 3) *old* fügte Rowe vor *news* ein, nach Massgabe von Baptista's nächster Rede. Andere Hgg. lesen *news, old news.* — *old* fasst Biondello = überreichlich, mehr als genug. So in Merchant of Venice (A. 4, Sc. 2) *we shall have old swearing,* || *That they did give the rings away to men.* 4) So interpungirt die Fol.: Sprich, was betrifft Deine alten Neuigkeiten? — Andere Hgg. lesen *But, say, what:* — *To thine old news.* 5) Die Stiefel waren so abgenutzt, dass man schon angefangen hatte, Talglichter darin aufzubewahren. 6) *chapeless* = ohne Schnallhaken, also ein Schwert, das sich nicht anschnallen lässt. 7) *two broken points* sind die Nesteln an Petruchio's Beinkleid, und beziehen sich nicht mehr auf das Schwert. 8) *stirrups of no kindred* = Steigbügel, die nicht zusammen gehören. 9) *fashions*, eigentlich *farcins* = Räude, eine Pferdekrankheit. — So wird *fives* = Feifel, eine Mandelentzündung der Pferde, gewöhnlich *vives* geschrieben. — Die übrigen Pferdekrankheiten sind: *glanders* = Drüse, Geschwulst in der Kehle; *to mose in the chine* = an der Rückendarre leiden; *lampass* = Froschgeschwulst, im Maule des Pferdes; *windgalls* = Geschwulst am Knie oder Fesselgelenk des Pferdes; *spavins* = Spath, Entzündung der Sprunggelenkknochen beim Pferde; *yellows* = Gelbsucht, Krankheit der Galle; *staggers* = Schwindel, Hirnkrankheit der Pferde; *bots* = Würmer im Darmcanal. Letztere Krankheit erwähnt Sh. auch in K. Henry IV. First Part (A. 2, Sc. 1). 10) Die Fol. hat *waid* für *swayed in the back* = rückenlahm. Die Verbesserung rührt von Hanmer her. — *shoulder-shotten* = buglahm. 11) *ne'er-legged before* = mit schwachen Vorderfüssen.

checked bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather; which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots; one girth six times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure,[12] which hath two letters for her name fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. O, Sir! his lackey, for all the world[13] caparisoned like the horse; with a linen stock[14] on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list; an old hat, and »the humour of forty fancies«[15] pricked in 't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel, and not like a christian footboy, or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'T is some odd humour pricks him to this fashion; Yet oftentimes he goes but mean-apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he is come, howsoe'er he comes.

Bion. Why, Sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say, he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petruchio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Bion. No, Sir; I say, his horse comes, with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that 's all one.

Bion. Nay, by Saint Jamy,
I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man
Is more than one,
And yet not many.[16]

Enter Petruchio *and* Grumio.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who 's at home?

Bap. You are welcome, Sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparell'd,
As I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better,[17] I should rush in thus.
But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride? —
How does my father?[18] — Gentles, methinks you frown:
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

Bap. Why, Sir, you know, this is your wedding-day.
First were we sad, fearing you would not come;
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fie! doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-sore to our solemn festival.

Tra. And tell us what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?[19]

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to digress;[20]
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse
As you shall well be satisfied withal.
But, where is Kate? I stay too long from her:
The morning wears, 't is time we were at church.

Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent robes.
Go to my chamber: put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me: thus I 'll visit her.

Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore ha'[21] done with words:
To me she 's married, not unto my clothes.
Could I repair what she will wear in me,[22]
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'T were well for Kate, and better for myself.
But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,
And seal the title[23] with a lovely kiss!

[Exeunt Petruchio, Grumio, *and* Biondello.

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire.
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I 'll after him, and see the event of this.

[Exit.

Tra. But to her love[24] concerneth us to add
Her father's liking: which to bring to pass,
As I[25] before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man, — whate'er he be,
It skills not much, we 'll fit him to our turn, —
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa,
And make assurance, here in Padua,
Of greater sums than I have promised.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'T were good, methinks, to steal our marriage;
Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,
I 'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business.
We 'll overreach the grey-beard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola,

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12) *a woman's crupper* = Schwanzriem von einem Damensattel, mit den Anfangsbuchstaben des Namens der Besitzerin darauf gestickt. 13) *for all the world:* eine emphatische Betheuerung. 14) *linen stock* = leinene Strumpfhose. 15) Warburton hält *the humour of forty fancies* für den Titel einer jetzt verloren gegangenen Balladensammlung, welche Grumio statt der Feder an den Hut befestigt habe. — Malone weist nach, dass *fancy* einen modischen Hutschmuck bedeutete, und nimmt an, dass der Reitknecht vierzig solche Bänder oder Cocarden aus Laune zusammengefügt und an den Hut gesteckt habe. 16) Collier vermuthet, dass dies ein Stück aus einer Ballade sei. 17) *better* bezieht sich auf *well apparell'd:* Wäre meine Kleidung auch besser, so würde ich doch so hereinstürzen. 18) Eine höfliche Erkundigung nach Baptista's Befinden. 19) *so unlike yourself* = in einem Aufzug, der Euch so wenig entspricht, Euer so wenig würdig ist. 20) Obwohl ich theilweise von meinem gegebenen Worte abweichen muss, obwohl ich mein Wort nur theilweise erfüllen kann. 21) *ha'* in der Fol.; familiäre Abkürzung von *have*, was die meisten Hgg. hier in den Text setzen. 22) Wenn ich eben so leicht das, was Katharina in mir abnutzen wird, wieder herstellen könnte. 23) scil. *the title of a bride.* — *lovely* = liebevoll, zärtlich. 24) So emendirt Grant White das *but, Sir, love* der Fol. — Tranio meint Bianca's Liebe, welche Lucentio bereits gewonnen und zu der es wichtig sei, auch die Billigung ihres Vaters hinzuzufügen. — Vor *concerneth* ist ein *it* zu suppliren. — Theobald las *but, Sir, to our love.* — Knight setzt *but, Sir, to love*, wie auch Staunton. — Indess ist *her* vor *love* kaum zu entbehren. 25) *I* fehlt in der Fol. 26) *quaint musician* = der geschickte Musiker und der sich auf diese Geschicklichkeit viel einbildet. 27) *fool* = ein armes Närrchen, das

The quaint musician,[26] amorous Licio;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

Re-enter Gremio.

Signior Gremio, came you from the church?
Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.
Tra. And is the bride, and bridegroom, coming home?
Gre. A bridegroom say you? 't is a groom indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.
Tra. Curster than she? why, 't is impossible.
Gre. Why, he 's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.
Tra. Why, she 's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.
Gre. Tut! she 's a lamb, a dove, a fool[27] to him.
I 'll tell you, Sir Lucentio: when the priest
Should ask, if Katharine should be his wife,
»Ay, by gogs-wouns,«[28] quoth he; and swore so loud,
That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book;
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest:
»Now take them up,« quoth he, »if any list.«
Tra. What said the wench, when he arose again?
Gre. Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd, and swore,
As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine: — »A health!« quoth he; as if
He had been aboard, carousing to his mates
After a storm: — quaff'd off the muscadel,
And threw the sops[29] all in the sexton's face;
Having no other reason,
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck,
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,
That, at the parting, all the church did echo.
And I, seeing this, came thence for very shame;
And after me, I know, the rout is coming:
Such a mad marriage never was before.
Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play.[30] *[Music.*

Enter Petruchio, Katharina, Bianca, Baptista, Hortensio, Grumio, *and Train.*

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains.
I know, you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer;
But, so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.
Bap. Is 't possible you will away to-night?
Pet. I must away to-day, before night come.
Make it no wonder: if you knew my business,
You would entreat me rather go than stay. —
And, honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife.
Dine with my father, drink a health to me,
For I must hence: and farewell to you all.
Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.
Pet. It may not be.
Gre. Let me entreat you.
Pet. It cannot be.
Kath. Let me entreat you.[31]
Pet. I am content.
Kath. Are you content to stay?
Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay,
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.
Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.
Pet. Grumio, my horse!
Gru. Ay, Sir, they be ready: the oats have eaten the horses.[32]
Kath. Nay, then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, nor[33] till I please myself.
The door is open, Sir, there lies your way,
You may be jogging whiles your boots are green;
For me, I 'll not be gone, till I please myself. —
'T is like you 'll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.[34]
Pet. O, Kate! content thee: pr'ythee, be not angry.
Kath. I will be angry. What hast thou to do?[35] —
Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.
Gre. Ay, marry, Sir, now it begins to work.
Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner.
I see, a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.
Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command. —
Obey the bride, you that attend on her:
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,[36]
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves.
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;
I will be master of what is mine own.
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
My household stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass,[37] my anything;
And here she stands; touch her whoever dare,
I 'll bring mine action on the proudest he[38]
That stops my way in Padua. — Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon; we 're beset with thieves:

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sich nicht zu helfen weiss. So heisst es in K. Lear (A. 5, Sc. 3) von Cordelia: *And my poor fool is hang'd!* 28) Ein Fluchwort, entstellt aus *by God's wounds*, gewöhnlich abgekürzt zu *'sounds*. — In Tranio's nächster Frage ist *arose again* eine Emendation von Reed für *rose again* der Fol. — Die spätern Folioausgg. vervollständigen den Vers mit *rose up again*, was die meisten Hgg. beibehalten. 29) Es war Sitte der Zeit, unmittelbar nach der Trauung noch in der Kirche Wein und Kuchen, der in den Wein getaucht wurde *(sops)*, zu präsentiren. So in Dekker's Satiromastix: *and when we are at church, bring the wine and cakes.* 30) Die Musikanten ziehen vor den aus der Kirche heimkehrenden Hochzeitleuten einher. — Diese Rede Gremio's druckt die Fol. als Prosa. 31) Bei *Let me entreat you* legt Gremio den Nachdruck auf *entreat*, Katharina auf *me*. 32) Steevens meint, Grumio wolle damit sagen, dass Petruchio's schlechte Pferde des guten Hafers nicht werth seien. — Wahrscheinlich ist es eine blosse Wortverdrehung, wie sie überall für die Redeweise der Sh.'schen Clowns gebräuchlich und charakteristisch ist. 33) *nor* verbessert Rowe das *not* der Fol. 34) Dass Ihr Euch gleich anfangs so geradezu, so ungenirt anstellt. 35) Was hast Du zu thun, dass Du nicht hier bleiben kannst? 36) *to domineer* = den grossen Herrn spielen, herrlich und in Freuden leben. 37) Ritson findet hier eine Anspielung auf ein Stück des Dekalogs: *thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, nor his ox, nor his ass.* 38) Ich will meine Klage vorbringen gegen den stolzesten Mann, der mich u. s. w. — So in K. Henry VI. Third Part (A. 1, Sc. 1)

Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man. —
Fear not, sweet wench; they shall not touch thee, Kate:
I'll buckler thee against a million.

[Exeunt Petruchio, Katharina, *and* Grumio.

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.
Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.
Tra. Of all mad matches never was the like!
Luc. Mistress, what 's your opinion of your sister?
Bian. That, being mad herself, she 's madly mated.[39]
Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.
Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants
For to supply the places at the table,
You know, there wants no junkets at the feast. —
Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place,
And let Bianca take her sister's room.
Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?[40]
Bap. She shall, Lucentio. — Come, gentlemen, let 's go.

[Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A Hall in Petruchio's Country House.

Enter Grumio.

Gru. Fie, fie, on all tired jades, on all mad masters, and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so rayed?[1] was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot, and soon hot,[2] my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me; but, I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself, for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, ho! Curtis!

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is that calls so coldly?
Gru. A piece of ice: if thou doubt it, thou may'st slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck.[3] A fire, good Curtis.
Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?
Gru. O! ay, Curtis, ay; and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water.[4]
Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she 's reported?
Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost; but, thou know'st, winter tames man, woman, and beast,[5] for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.
Curt. Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.
Gru. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I at the least.[6] But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?[7]
Curt. I pr'ythee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?
Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire. Do thy duty, and have thy duty,[8] for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.
Curt. There 's fire ready; and therefore, good Grumio, the news.
Gru. Why, »Jack, boy! ho, boy!«[9] and as much news as thou wilt.
Curt. Come, you are so full of cony-catching.[10]
Gru. Why, therefore, fire: for I have caught extreme cold. Where 's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed,[11] cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, their[12] white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair[13] without, the carpets laid, and every thing in order?
Curt. All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, news.
Gru. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.[14]
Curt. How?
Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.
Curt. Let 's ha't, good Grumio.
Gru. Lend thine ear.

The proudest he that holds up Lancaster. 39) *madly mated* = mit einem tollen Gatten vermählt. Dem entspricht dann das *Kated* der nächsten Zeile = mit einer Käthe versehen; vielleicht auch hier mit dem Wortspiel von *cat* (vgl. A. 2, Sc. 1, Anm. 45). 40) *to bride it* = die Braut oder die Neuvermählte spielen. — Vgl. zu dieser Scene die entsprechende des älteren Dramas, Einleitung pag. 394 u. 395.

1) *to ray* = übel zurichten, erklärt Johnson *marked with lashes*, Tollet besser mit *made dirty* d. h. von dem Schmutze des Weges, in Bezug auf *all foul ways.* 2) Sprichwörtlich von einem Kochtopf, der, je kleiner er ist, desto eher heiss wird. Zugleich eine Anspielung auf die kleine Statur Grumio's, welche nachher auch mit *three-inch fool* = drei Zoll langer Narr, verspottet wird. 3) Grumio ist so zu Eis gefroren, dass Curtis an ihm hinunterglitschen kann, von der Schulter bis zur Ferse so rasch, als ginge es nur vom Kopfe zum Halse. 4) Blackstone citirt dazu einen Canon, der so lautet: *Scotland burneth, Scotland burneth.* || *Fire, fire; fire, fire;* || *Cast on some more water.* 5) In Ray's Collection of Proverbs kommt vor: *Wedding and ill wintering tame both man and beast.* — Mit *beast* identificirt dann Grumio nicht nur sich selbst, sondern auch den Curtis, da er ihn als seinesgleichen bezeichnet: *and myself, fellow Curtis*, was der Letztere zurückweist. — So erklärt, bedarf die Stelle zu ihrem richtigen Verständniss nicht der von Staunton empfohlenen Conjectur Warburton's: *thyself* für *myself.* 6) Ich bin doch wenigstens einen Fuss lang, so lang wie das Horn des Hahnrei, das dem Curtis von seiner Frau aufgesetzt ist. 7) *cold comfort* = kalter Trost, Unbehaglichkeit, im Gegensatz zu *hot office* = Curtis' Amt, ein Feuer anzumachen. 8) Wenn Du thust, was Dir gebührt, so erhältst Du auch, was Dir gebührt. 9) Der Anfang eines alten Trinkliedes. — *as thou wilt* in der zweiten Folioausg.; *as wilt thou* in der ersten. 10) *cony-catching* = Prellerei, Gaunerstreich. — Grumio verdreht es zu *cold-catching* oder *catching cold.* 11) Die Binsen wurden auf den Fussboden der Zimmer gestreut, wie jetzt Matten gelegt werden. 12) *their* verbessern die spätern Folioausgg. das *the* der ersten Fol. 13) Wortspiel zwischen *jack* = ein Trinkgefäss von schwarzem Leder, *jill* = ein metallnes Trinkgefäss, und *Jack* = Hans, ein allgemeiner Mannsname für Leute niederen Standes, Knechte, wie *Jill* = Grete, Bäuerin, Magd. So in Love's Labour's Lost (A. 5, Sc. 2) *Jack hath not Jill.* — *carpets* sind die Decken, mit denen die Tische bedeckt werden. 14) *fallen out* = in Streit gerathen, wie Curtis

Curt. Here.
Gru. There. *[Striking him.*
Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.
Gru. And therefore 't is called a sensible tale;[15] and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress, —
Curt. Both of[16] one horse?
Gru. What 's that to thee?
Curt. Why, a horse.
Gru. Tell thou the tale: — but hadst thou not crossed me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard, in how miry a place; how she was bemoiled;[17] how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore; how she prayed, that never prayed before; how I cried; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst;[18] how I lost my crupper; — with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.
Curt. By this reckoning he is more shrew[19] than she.
Gru. Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this? — Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest: let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats[20] brushed, and their garters of an indifferent knit:[21] let them curtsy with their left legs, and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horsetail, till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?
Curt. They are.
Gru. Call them forth.
Curt. Do you hear? ho! you must meet my master, to countenance my mistress.[22]
Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.
Curt. Who knows not that?
Gru. Thou, it seems, that callest for company to countenance her.
Curt. I call them forth to credit her.
Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter several Servants.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio.
Phil. How now, Grumio?
Jos. What, Grumio!
Nich. Fellow Grumio!
Nath. How now, old lad?
Gru. Welcome, you; — how now, you; — what, you; — fellow, you; — and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?
Nath. All things is ready. How near is our master?
Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not — Cock's passion, silence! — I hear my master.

Enter Petruchio *and* Katharina.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What! no man at door,
To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse?
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip? —
All Serv. Here, here, Sir; here, Sir.
Pet. Here, Sir! here, Sir! here, Sir! here, Sir!
You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!
What, no attendance? no regard? no duty? —
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?
Gru. Here, Sir; as foolish as I was before.
Pet. You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge![23]
Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?
Gru. Nathaniel's coat, Sir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel;[24]
There was no link to colour Peter's hat,[25]
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;
The rest were ragged, old,[26] and beggarly;
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.
Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in. —
[Exeunt Servants.
[Sings.] *Where is the life that late I led*[27] —
Where are those —? Sit down, Kate, and welcome.
Soud, soud, soud, soud![28]

Re-enter Servants, with supper.

Why, when, I say? — Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains! When?[29]
[Sings.] *It was the friar of orders grey,*
As he forth walked on his way: —
Out,[30] you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:
Take that, and mend the plucking of the other.[31] —
[Strikes him.
Be merry, Kate. — Some water, here; what, ho! —
Where 's my spaniel Troilus? — Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:
[Exit Servant.

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versteht; = aus dem Sattel gefallen, wie Grumio meint. 15) *a sensible tale* = eine vernünftige Geschichte, und = eine fühlbare, merkliche Geschichte, in Bezug auf *to feel a tale*, und auf die Ohrfeige, die Grumio dem Curtis giebt. — Die Fol. hat *this 't is to feel a tale.* 16) *of* für *on*, wie oft bei Sh. 17) *to bemoil* = mit Koth bedecken. 18) Vgl. Induction Sc. 1, Anm. 7. 19) *shrew* wird im älteren Englisch auch von Männern gebraucht. So in Gower's Confessio Amantis: *He took to his counsel a shrew.* 20) *blue-coat* = Tracht der Diener, Livree. 21) Die Kniegürtel leidlich, anständig geknüpft. — Malone bezieht *indifferent* auf die Farbe und meint, Grumio habe *different* sagen wollen = *party-coloured garters.* Andere verstehen darunter, dass beide Kniegürtel gleichmässig geknüpft sind. 22) *to countenance my mistress* versteht Curtis = meiner Herrin ein Ansehen geben, ihr Ehre machen; Grumio verdreht es = ihr ein Gesicht geben. — Ebenso verdreht er das von Curtis mit *to countenance* synonym gebrauchte *to credit her* = ihr Credit bewilligen. 23) *malt-horse*, eigentlich = Bierbrauerpferd, substantivisch = Tölpel, gebraucht in Comedy of Errors (A. 3, Sc. 1), steht hier adjectivisch in demselben Sinne = tölpelhaft. 24) Die Schuhe waren hinten in ihren Nestellöchern losgegangen, so dass der Schuhriemen nicht festhielt. 25) Der Russ von einer angebrannten Pechfackel diente dazu, den Hut schwarz zu färben. 26) *old* = in ihren alten, abgetragenen Kleidern, im Gegensatz zu *fine* = in neuen Kleidern, hübsch, geputzt. 27) Die erste Zeile eines Liedes, die sich nur als Titel und Angabe der Melodie in einer Balladensammlung erhalten hat. Sie wird auch citirt in K. Henry IV. Second Part (A. 5, Sc. 3). 28) Wahrscheinlich ein Ausruf der Ungeduld, vielleicht auch der Müdigkeit. 29) Ausruf der Ungeduld: Wird's bald? — Ebenso in der vorigen Zeile. 30) Manche Hgg. setzen mit Pope *out* zweimal. 31) Zieh mir den andern Stiefel geschickter aus.

One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with. —
Where are my slippers? — Shall I have some water? [32]

Enter a Servant with a bason and ewer.

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily. —
You whoreson villain! will you let it fall? *[Strikes him.*

Kath. Patience, I pray you; 't was a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave!
Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I? [33]
What 's this? mutton?

1. Serv. Ay.

Pet. Who brought it?

1. Serv. I.

Pet. 'T is burnt; and so is all the meat.
What dogs are these! — Where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all.
[Throws the meat, etc. at them.
You heedless joltheads, and unmanner'd slaves!
What! do you grumble? I 'll be with you straight.

Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet:
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 't was burnt and dried away,
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger.
And better 't were, that both of us did fast,
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,
Than feed it [34] with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient, [35] to-morrow 't shall be mended,
And for this night we 'll fast for company.
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.
[Exeunt Petruchio, Katharina, *and* Curtis.

Nath. Peter, didst ever see the like?

Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter Curtis.

Gru. Where is he?

Curt. In her chamber,
Making a sermon of continency to her;
And rails, and swears, and rates, that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
Away, away! for he is coming hither. *[Exeunt.*

Re-enter Petruchio.

Pet. Thus have I politicly begun my reign,
And 't is my hope to end successfully.
My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty,
And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd, [36]
For then she never looks upon her lure. [37]
Another way I have to man my haggard, [38]
To make her come, and know her keeper's call;
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites,
That bate, [39] and beat, and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not:
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I 'll find about the making of the bed;
And here I 'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets: —
Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend, [40]
That all is done in reverent care of her;
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night:
And, if she chance to nod, I 'll rail and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;
And thus I 'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak: 't is charity to show. *[Exit.*

SCENE II.

Padua. Before Baptista's House.

Enter Tranio *and* Hortensio.

Tra. Is 't possible, friend Licio, that Mistress Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
I tell you, Sir, she bears me fair in hand. [1]

Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.
[They stand aside.

Enter Bianca *and* Lucentio.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

Bian. What, master, read you? first resolve me that.

Luc. I read that I profess, the Art to Love. [2]

Bian. And may you prove, Sir, master of your art!

Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart. *[They retire.*

Hor. *[Coming forward.]* Quick proceeders, [3] marry!
Now tell me, I pray,
You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
Lov'd none [4] in the world so well as Lucentio.

Tra. O despiteful love! unconstant womankind! —
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

Hor. Mistake no more: I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be,
But one that scorns to live in this disguise,

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32) Es war Sitte, sich die Hände vor und nach Tische zu waschen. 33) *to give thanks* = das Tischgebet sprechen. 34) *it* bezieht sich auf ein aus *choleric* zu supplirendes Substantiv, wie *choler*. 35) *patient* ist dreisylbig, wie das *'t shall be* der Fol. andentet, wofür manche Hgg. *it shall be* setzen. 36) Der Jagdfalke darf nicht eher satt gefüttert werden, als bis er gelernt hat, auf den Wink des Herrn sich niederzulassen auf dessen Hand. — Mit der Zähmung des weiblichen Falken wird nun die Zähmung der Katharina verglichen. — *full-gorged* = vollgefressen, steht entgegen dem *empty* = leer im Magen. Vgl. mit diesem Monolog den entsprechenden des älteren Dramas, Einleitung pag. 395. 37) Wenn der Falke nicht hungrig ist, so achtet er nicht auf den Köder, mit welchem der Jäger ihn zu sich zurücklockt. 38) Ausser dieser Methode der Zähmung durch Hunger hat Petruchio noch eine zweite, seinen wilden Falken zu zähmen, nämlich durch Wachhalten. Auf dieselbe Methode eines Falkoniers spielt Sh. auch an in Troilus and Cressida (A. 3, Sc. 2) *you must be watched ere you be made tame.* 39) *to bate* = mit den Flügeln schlagen, erhält seine nähere Erklärung in *and beat.* 40) *to intend* = als Absicht zu erkennen geben, vorschützen.

1) Sie foppt mich offenbar, sie hält mich geradezu hin mit nichtigem Anschein. 2) Eine Anspielung auf Ovid's Gedicht Ars Amandi, ein Buch, das er mit Bianca liest. 3) *quick proceeders* = Leute, die schnell die akademischen Würden erlangen, von *to proceed* = promoviren; in Bezug auf *master of your art* und *mistress,*

For such a one, as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a cullion.[5]
Know, Sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.
Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire[6] affection to Bianca;
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you, if you be so contented,
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.
Hor. See, how they kiss and court! — Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more; but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd her[7] withal.
Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,
Never to marry with her, though she would entreat.
Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court him.
Hor. 'Would all the world, but he, had quite forsworn![8]
For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days pass, which hath as long lov'd me,
As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard.
And so farewell, Signior Lucentio. —
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love: — and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before.
[Exit Hortensio. — Lucentio *and* Bianca *advance.*
Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace,
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love,
And have forsworn you, with Hortensio.
Bian. Tranio, you jest. But have you both forsworn me?
Tra. Mistress, we have.
Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.
Tra. I' faith, he 'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.
Bian. God give him joy!
Tra. Ay, and he 'll tame her.[9]
Bian. He says so, Tranio.
Tra. 'Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.
Bian. The taming-school! what, is there such a place?
Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master;
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,[10]
To tame a shrew, and charm[11] her chattering tongue.

Enter Biondello, *running.*

Bion. O master, master! I have watch'd so long
That I 'm dog-weary; but at last I spied
An ancient angel[12] coming down the hill,
Will serve the turn.
Tra. What is he, Biondello?
Bion. Master, a mercatant, or a pedant,[13]
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely[14] like a father.
Luc. And what of him, Tranio?
Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
I 'll make him glad to seem Vincentio,
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in[15] your love, and then let me alone.
[Exeunt Lucentio *and* Bianca.

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, Sir!
Tra. And you, Sir! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the furthest?
Ped. Sir, at the furthest for a week or two;
But then up further, and as far as Rome,
And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.
Tra. What countryman, I pray?
Ped. Of Mantua.
Tra. Of Mantua, Sir? — marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?
Ped. My life, Sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.
Tra. 'T is death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?
Your ships are stay'd at Venice; and the duke,
For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly.
'T is marvel; but that you are but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.
Ped. Alas, Sir! it is worse for me than so;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.
Tra. Well, Sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this I will advise you. —
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?
Ped. Ay, Sir, in Pisa have I often been;
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.[16]
Tra. Among them, know you one Vincentio?

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zugleich = Leute, die rasch verfahren. 4) *none* verbessert Rowe das *me* der Fol. 5) Um eines Mädchens willen, das einen anständigen Mann im Stich lässt und aus solchem gemeinen Gesellen einen Gott macht, solchen Cujon vergöttert. 6) *entire* = ungetheilt, rückhaltlos. 7) *her* setzen die späteren Folioausgg. für *them* der Fol. 8) scil. *forsworn her* oder *her love.* 9) Das Folgende bis *Petruchio is the master* ist fast wörtlich aus dem älteren Drama: *But tell me my Lord, is Ferando married then?* || Aurel. *He is, and Polidor shortly shall be wed,* || *And he meanes to tame his wife erelong.* || Vale. *He saies so.* || Aurel. *Faith he 's gone unto the taming schoole.* || Vale. *The taming schoole; why is there such a place?* || Aurel. *I: and Ferando is the Maister of the schoole.* 10) Eine scherzhafte Bezeichnung, wie lang diese Künste sind, und wie weit sie reichen. 11) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1, Anm. 46. 12) Dem Biondello erscheint der vom Berge niedersteigende Wanderer wie ein ihnen zu Hülfe gesandter Engel, und, weil der Pedant bejahrt ist, nennt er ihn scherzhaft *an ancient angel.* — Theobald u. A. lesen für das *angel* der Fol. *engle* in der übrigens nicht zu belegenden Bedeutung = Einfaltspinsel. — In Cotgrave's Lexikon wird das französische *Angelot à la grosse escaille* erklärt: *An old angell; and by metaphor a fellow of the old sound, honest and worthie stamp.* — Demgemäss wäre *angel* hier in dem Sinne der bekannten englischen Goldmünze zu fassen, und *an ancient angel* würde einen alten, gediegenen Biedermann bezeichnen. 13) Die Fol. hat *Master, a Marcantant, or a pedant. — mercatante,* italienisch = Kaufmann, kommt in den Dramen der Zeit öfter vor und ist hier in einer italienischen Komödie besonders an seiner Stelle. — Sh. beabsichtigte wohl einen Reim zwischen *mercatant* und *pedant,* das er als italienisch auf der letzten Sylbe betont. Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 1, Anm. 1. — Die meisten Hgg. lesen mit Capell, um *pedant* = Magister, Hauslehrer, nach englischer Art auf der ersten Sylbe zu betonen: *Master, a mercatantè, or a pedant.* 14) So die

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him:
A merchant of incomparable wealth.
Tra. He is my father, Sir; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.
Bion. [Aside.] As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one.
Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to Sir Vincentio.
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd.
Look, that you take upon you as you should! [17]
You understand me, Sir; — so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city.
If this be courtesy, [18] Sir, accept of it.
Ped. O! Sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.
Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good.
This, by the way, I let you understand:
My father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage [19]
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here:
In all these circumstances [20] I 'll instruct you.
Go with me, [21] to clothe you as becomes you. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in Petruchio's House.

Enter Katharina *and* Grumio.

Gru. No, no, forsooth; I dare not, for my life.
Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears.
What, did he marry me to famish me?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty, have a present alms; [1]
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
But I, who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I should entreat,
Am starv'd for meat, [2] giddy for lack of sleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed. [3]
And that which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love;
As who should say, if I should sleep, or eat,
'T were deadly sickness, or else present death.
I pr'ythee go, and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.
Gru. What say you to a neat's foot?
Kath. 'T is passing good: I pr'ythee let me have it.
Gru. I fear, it is too choleric [4] a meat.
How say you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd?
Kath. I like it well: good Grumio, fetch it me.
Gru. I cannot tell; I fear, 't is choleric.
What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard?
Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.
Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.
Kath. Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.
Gru. Nay, then I will not: you shall have the mustard,
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.
Kath. Then both, or one, or anything thou wilt.
Gru. Why, then the mustard without the beef.
Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave, *[Beats him.*
That feed'st me with the very name of meat.
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my misery!
Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter Petruchio, *with a dish of meat, and* Hortensio.

Pet. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all a-mort? [5]
Hor. Mistress, what cheer?
Kath. 'Faith, as cold [6] as can be.
Pet. Pluck up thy spirits; look cheerfully upon me.
Here, love; thou seest how diligent I am,
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee:
[Sets the dish on a table.
I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.
What! not a word? Nay then, thou lov'st it not,
And all my pains is sorted to no proof. [7] —
Here, take away this dish.
Kath. I pray you, let it stand.
Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks,
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.
Kath. I thank you, Sir.
Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame.
Come, Mistress Kate, I 'll bear you company.
Pet. [Aside.] Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st me. —
Much good do it unto thy gentle heart! [8]
Kate, eat apace. — And now, my honey love,

Fol. Die zweite Folioausg. hat *surly*, was Rowe und Theobald beibehielten. 15) *in* emendirte Theobald das *me* der Fol. 16) Derselbe Vers kam schon A. 1, Sc. 1 in Lucentio's erster Rede vor. 17) Seht, dass Ihr Euch so benehmt oder geberdet, wie Ihr als Vincentio müsst. 18) Wenn Euch das als eine Freundlichkeit erscheint, die ich Euch erweise. 19) Um die Abtretungsurkunde einer Mitgift gerichtlich festzustellen. 20) *circumstances* = Details, die zur Sache gehören. 21) Die späteren Folioausgg. fügen zur Vervollständigung des Verses *sir* hinter *me* ein. — Die Fol. beginnt mit der folgenden dritten Scene erst den vierten Act des Dramas. — Vgl. zu dieser dritten Scene das ältere Drama, Einleitung pag. 395—397.

1) Erhalten sogleich ein Almosen, sobald sie nur darum bitten. 2) scil. *for want of meat.* Solche Ungenauigkeit des Ausdrucks findet sich häufig bei Sh. So in Two Gentlemen of Verona (A. 1, Sc. 2) *Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.* 3) Ich werde wachgehalten durch die lauten Flüche Petruchio's und bekomme statt Speise und Trank nur sein lärmendes Gezänke. 4) So die Fol. Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 1, Anm. 34. — Manche Hgg. lesen mit der zweiten Folioausg. *phlegmatic* für *choleric*, eine Lesart, die sich aus der Art der Sh.'schen Clowns, im Gebrauch von Fremdwörtern sich zu vergreifen und das Gegentheil des Beabsichtigten zu sagen, allenfalls rechtfertigen liesse. — Doch hat das ältere Drama an der entsprechenden Stelle ebenfalls *choleric: the mustard is too choleric for you.* 5) *a-mort* = am Verenden, todt; von dem Jagdausdruck *mort* = das Verenden des erlegten Wildes; hier scherzhaft von der niedergeschlagenen, muthlosen Stimmung Katharina's. 6) scil. *cold cheer* = traurige, muthlose Stimmung, im Gegensatz zu *good cheer* = guter Muth, fröhliche Stimmung. 7) *to sort to* = zu Etwas ausschlagen, sich zu Etwas fügen: und alle meine Mühe hat sich als nichtig erwiesen, hat nicht die Probe bestanden. 8) Wohl bekomme Dir das Essen! — *gentle heart* ist ironisch gemeint. 9) *bravely* bezieht sich auf

Will we return unto thy father's house,
And revel it as bravely as the best,[9]
With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things;[10]
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,[11]
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.
What, hast thou din'd? The tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling[12] treasure.

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;
Lay forth the gown. —

Enter Haberdasher.

What news with you, Sir?

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer;[13]
A velvet dish: — fie, fie! 't is lewd and filthy.
Why, 't is a cockle or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap:
Away with it! come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. I 'll have no bigger: this doth fit the time,[14]
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle,[15] you shall have one too;
And not till then.

Hor. [Aside.] That will not be in haste.

Kath. Why, Sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak,
And speak I will; I am no child, no babe:
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind,
And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or else my heart, concealing it, will break:
And, rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true: it is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin,[16] a bauble, a silken pie.
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Kath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap,
And it I will have, or I will have none.

[Exit Haberdasher.

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay: — come, tailor, let us see 't.
O, mercy, God! what masking stuff is here?
What 's this? a sleeve? 't is like a demi-cannon:
What! up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?
Here 's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop.[17] —
Why, what, o' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

Hor. [Aside.] I see, she 's like to have neither cap nor gown.

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did: but if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, Sir.
I 'll none of it: hence! make your best of it.

Kath. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable.
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.[18]

Tai. She says, your worship means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread,[19]
Thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail!
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou! —
Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread?
Away! thou rag, thou quantity,[20] thou remnant,
Or I shall so be-mete[21] thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st!
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

Tai. Your worship is deceiv'd: the gown is made
Just as my master had direction.
Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order; I gave him the stuff.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be made?

Gru. Marry, Sir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not request to have it cut?

Gru. Thou hast faced many things.

Tai. I have.

Gru. Face[22] not me: thou hast braved many men; brave not me: I will neither be faced nor braved. I say unto thee, — I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: *ergo*, thou liest.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in 's throat, if he say I said so.

Tai. »Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown.«

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die hübschen Kleider, in denen sie die Lustbarkeiten mitmachen wollen *(revel it)*. — Vgl. Induction Sc. 1, Anm. 13. 10) *and things* = und was sonst noch dazu gehört, und alles Mögliche. 11) *double change of bravery* = zwei vollständige Prachtanzüge, mit denen sie wechseln wollen. 12) *to ruffle* = rauschen, wird auch bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen von dem Rauschen seidener Gewänder und sonstiger Putzsachen gebraucht. So in Lyly's Euphues and his England: *Shall I ruffle in new devices, with rings, with robes;* und Drayton hat in seinem Battaile of Agincourt: *With ruffling banners that do brave the sky.* 13) Die Haube ist nach dem Muster einer Suppenschüssel geformt. So in K. Henry VIII. (A. 5, Sc. 3) *railed upon me till her pink'd porringer fell off her head.* — Eben so humoristisch bezeichnet Petruchio die sammtne Haube gleich nachher als *a velvet dish* = eine Schüssel von Sammt. 14) *time* = die jetzige Zeit: solche Haube ist jetzt in der Mode. 15) *gentle* = freundlich, sanft, bezieht sich auf *gentlewomen* = Damen von Stande. 16) *custard-coffin* = der erhöhte Deckel eines Eierkuchens. — So bezeichnet auch Ben Jonson in seinem Bartholomew Fair eine Haube: *for all her velvet custard on her head.* — In der Fol. und in den meisten Ausgg. ist der Weggang des Modehändlers nicht angegeben. 17) In den Barbierstuben, wo immer ein grosser Zusammenfluss von Menschen stattfand, standen zur Verbesserung der Luft Rauchfässer von Metall fabricirt und mit vielen Einschnitten versehen, aus denen der Rauch hervordrang. Mit solchen Einschnitten vergleicht Petruchio die Einschnitte in dem Staatskleide Katharina's. 18) *a puppet* versteht Katharina = eine Puppe, die ohne allen Willen sich von ihrem Gatten lenken lässt; Petruchio versteht darunter = eine Puppe, die der Schneider mit seinen Kleidern aus ihr macht. 19) Ritson wollte *thou thread* streichen, weil gleich nachher *a skein of thread* wiederkehrt. 20) *quantity* = Stück, als Gegensatz zu einem Ganzen. 21) *to be-mete* = Einem das Mass nehmen, Einen messen. 22) *to face* = wenden, von der Schneiderarbeit beim Kleidermachen, und = Einem in's Gesicht trotzen. Eben so doppelsinnig ist das folgende *to brave* = Jemanden hübsch machen, putzen, und = Jemandem trotzen. — Beides ist aus dem älteren

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied[23] gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread. I said, a gown.
Pet. Proceed.
Tai. »With a small compassed[24] cape.«
Gru. I confess the cape.
Tai. »With a trunk sleeve.«
Gru. I confess two sleeves.
Tai. »The sleeves curiously[25] cut.«
Pet. Ay, there 's the villany.
Gru. Error i' the bill, Sir; error i' the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sewed up again; and that I 'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.
Tai. This is true, that I say: an I had thee in place where, thou shouldst know it.
Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill,[26] give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.
Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio, then he shall have no odds.
Pet. Well, Sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.
Gru. You are i' the right, Sir: 't is for my mistress.
Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.
Gru. Villain, not for thy life! Take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use![27]
Pet. Why, Sir, what 's your conceit in that?
Gru. O, Sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for. Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!
O, fie, fie, fie!
Pet. *[Aside.]* Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid. —
Go take it hence; be gone, and say no more.
Hor. Tailor, I 'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow:
Take no unkindness of his hasty words.
Away, I say; commend me to thy master.[28]
[Exit Tailor.
Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's,
Even in these honest mean habiliments.
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor:
For 't is the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious[29] than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
O! no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture, and mean array.
If thou account'st[30] it shame, lay it on me;
And therefore frolic: we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy father's house. —
Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end;
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot. —
Let 's see; I think, 't is now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner-time.
Kath. I dare assure you, Sir, 't is almost two,
And 't will be supper-time, ere you come there.
Pet. It shall be seven, ere I go to horse.
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it. — Sirs, let 't alone:
I will not go to-day; and ere I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.
Hor. Why, so this gallant will command the sun.
[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Padua. Before Baptista's House.

Enter Tranio, *and the Pedant dressed like* Vincentio.

Tra. Sir,[1] this is the house: please it you, that I call?
Ped. Ay, what else? and, but I be deceived,[2]
Signior Baptista may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,
Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.[3]
Tra. 'T is well; and hold your own,[4] in any case,
With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

Enter Biondello.

Ped. I warrant you. But, Sir, here comes your boy;
'T were good he were school'd.
Tra. Fear you not him.[5] Sirrah Biondello,
Now do your duty throughly, I advise you:
Imagine 't were the right Vincentio.
Bion. Tut! fear not me.
Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?
Bion. I told him, that your father was at Venice,
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.
Tra. Thou 'rt a tall fellow:[6] hold thee that to drink.[7]
Here comes Baptista. — Set your countenance, Sir. —

Enter Baptista *and* Lucentio.[8]

Signior Baptista, you are happily met. —
Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of.
I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.[9]
Ped. Soft, son! —
Sir, by your leave: having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio

Drama. 23) *loose-bodied* = mit weiter Taille; zugleich mit der Anspielung auf *loose body* = eine lockere, unkeusche Person. Der Witz tritt deutlicher hervor in der entsprechenden Stelle des ältern Dramas, wo der Diener mit *loose bodies gown* replicirt. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 396. 24) *compassed* = abgerundet, rund. 25) *curiously cut* = sorgsam modisch ausgeschnitten. 26) Das Wortspiel mit *bill* = Rechnung, und = Hellebarde, findet sich auch in Timon of Athens (A. 3, Sc. 4). — *mete-yard* = Schneiderelle zum Massnehmen. 27) *to take up* = Etwas bewahren, einstecken, und = aufheben, von dem Saum eines Kleides gesagt. 28) Hortensio spricht diese Worte zum Schneider so, dass Katharina sie nicht hört. 29) *precious* = geschätzt nach dem eigentlichen Werthe. 30) *accounted'st* in der Fol., von Rowe verbessert.

1) *Sir* verbessert Theobald das *Sirs* der Fol. 2) Wenn ich mich nicht irre. 3) Diese Zeile theilt die Fol. dem Tranio zu, Theobald mit Recht dem Pedanten. — Ein Pegasus war das Abzeichen des Hauses, in welchem sie logirten. 4) Behauptet was Euch zukommt, führt Eure Rolle durch. 5) Seid um seinetwillen unbesorgt. Ebenso bald nachher *fear not me.* 6) *tall* = tüchtig, hier von den Leistungen, nicht von der Persönlichkeit. 7) Nimm hier das Trinkgeld. 8) Die Fol. fügt hinzu *and Pedant booted and bare-headed*, eine Bühnenweisung, die schon oben an ihrem Platze gewesen wäre. — *booted* zeigt an, dass der falsche Vincentio erst eben von der Reise kommt und vom Pferde gestiegen ist; *bare-headed* = kahlköpfig, bezeichnet das Alter, in dem er erscheint. 9) Verschafft mir Bianca, indem Ihr mein Erbtheil ihr als Mitgift zusichert, gebt mir Bianca um den Preis meines

Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself:
And, for the good report I hear of you,
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him, — to stay him not too long, [10]
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd; and, if you please to like
No worse than I, [11] upon some agreement,
Me shall you find ready and willing
With one consent [12] to have her so bestow'd;
For curious [13] I cannot be with you,
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say:
Your plainness, and your shortness please me well.
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections;
And, therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And pass [14] my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done:
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, Sir. Where then do you know best,
We be affied, [15] and such assurance ta'en, [16]
As shall with either part's agreement stand?

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, [17] and I have many servants.
Besides, old Gremio is hearkening still,
And, happily, [18] we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you: [19]
There doth my father lie, [20] and there this night
We 'll pass the business privately and well.
Send for your daughter by your servant here;
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this, — that, at so slender warning,
You 're like to have a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well: — Cambio, hie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready [21] straight;
And, if you will, tell what hath happened:
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,
And how she 's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Luc. I pray the gods she may, with all my heart! [22]

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone. —
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
Welcome: one mess is like to be your cheer. [23]
Come, Sir; we will better it in Pisa.

Bap. I follow you.

[Exeunt Tranio, *Pedant, and* Baptista.

Bion. Cambio! —

Luc. What say'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bion. 'Faith, nothing; but he has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral [24] of his signs and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, [25] talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Luc. And then? —

Bion. The old priest at Saint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell, except [26] they are busied about a counterfeit assurance: take you assurance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum.* [27] To the church! — take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient [28] honest witnesses.
If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,
But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day. [29]

Luc. Hear'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, Sir; and so adieu, Sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix. *[Exit.*

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented:
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt?
Hap what hap may, I 'll roundly go about her: [30]
It shall go hard, if Cambio go without her. *[Exit.*

Erbtheils. — Diese drei letzten Zeilen sind an den angeblichen Vincentio gerichtet. 10) Damit ich ihn nicht zu lange warten lasse. 11) Wenn Ihr denselben guten Willen habt wie ich. — *upon some agreement* = nach irgend einer Uebereinkunft zwischen uns, gehört zu dem Folgenden. — Die zweite Folioausg. fügt des Verses wegen *Sir* vor *upon* ein und setzt aus demselben Grunde in der nächsten Zeile *most ready and most willing.* 12) *with one consent* bezieht sich auf Beide, auf *me* und *you*, = mit einer und derselben Zustimmung, Uebereinstimmung. 13) *curious* = bedenklich, der erst Alles genau erforscht und prüft. 14) *to pass a dower* = eine Mitgift auf einen Andern übertragen, sie ihm gerichtlich zusichern. Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 2, Anm. 19. 15) *to affy* = verloben. 16) scil. *assurance of a dower.* Vgl. oben Anm. 14. 17) Dasselbe Sprichwort in K. Richard III. (A. 2, Sc. 4). 18) *happily* = zufällig, von Ungefähr. 19) Manche Hgg. fügen mit der zweiten Folioausg. zur Vervollständigung des Verses *Sir* hinzu. 20) *to lie* = logiren, im Quartier liegen. 21) *make her ready* = sich ankleiden. 22) Diese Zeile theilte die Fol. dem Biondello zu; das Richtige sah Rowe. — Die Cambridge Edd. behalten das Arrangement der Fol. bei und lassen scheinbar den Biondello hinausgehen, um nach dem Abgange der drei Andern wieder bei Lucentio zu erscheinen. Demgemäss vermuthen sie auch in Baptista's vorhergehender Rede *Biondello, hie you home* für *Cambio, hie you home.* 23) Ihr werdet nur ein Gericht heute in unserm Gasthof zum Abendessen erhalten, aber wenn Ihr uns in Pisa besucht, wollen wir Euch besser bewirthen. 24) *moral* = die Deutung oder Nutzanwendung, die sich aus einem Bilde oder einer Allegorie ziehen lässt. — *to moralize* = solche Nutzanwendung anstellen. 25) Von Baptista ist keine Gefahr zu besorgen für uns. 26) Die Fol. hat *expect*, was Malone als Imperativ auffasst und mit *wait the event* erklärt. — Natürlicher erscheint hier die Lesart *except* aus der Folioausg. von 1632: ich kann nicht sagen, was dies Alles zu bedeuten hat, wenn nicht etwa das, dass sie sich jetzt mit einer nachgemachten Abtretungsurkunde beschäftigen. So in Macbeth (A. 1, Sc. 2) *Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,* || *Or memorize another Golgotha,* || *I cannot tell.* 27) Die lateinische Formel auf Büchern, deren Druck ausschliesslich nur einem Drucker zugesichert war, hier in Bezug auf Bianca mit zweideutigem Nebensinne. 28) *sufficient* = ausreichend, vollgültig im gerichtlichen Sinne. 29) Für immer und noch einen Tag darüber. 30) Ich will mich geradezu an sie machen, geradezu mit ihr verfahren.

SCENE V.

A public Road.

Enter Petruchio, Katharina, *and* Hortensio.

Pet. Come on, o' God's name: once more toward our father's.
Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!
Kath. The moon! the sun: it is not moonlight now.
Pet. I say, it is the moon that shines so bright.
Kath. I know, it is the sun that shines so bright.
Pet. Now, by my mother's son,[1] and that 's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house. —
Go one,[2] and fetch our horses back again. —
Evermore cross'd, and cross'd; nothing but cross'd!
Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.
Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please.
An if you please to call it a rush-candle,
Henceforth, I vow, it shall be so for me.
Pet. I say, it is the moon.
Kath. I know, it is the moon.
Pet. Nay, then you lie: it is the blessed sun.
Kath. Then, God be bless'd, it is[3] the blessed sun:
But sun it is not, when you say it is not,
And the moon changes, even as your mind.
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is;
And so it shall be so for Katharine.
Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways: the field is won.
Pet. Well, forward, forward! thus the bowl should run,
And not unluckily against the bias. —
But soft; what[4] company is coming here?

Enter Vincentio, *in a travelling dress.*

[To Vincentio.*]* Good morrow, gentle mistress: where away? —
Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks![5]
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
As those two eyes become that heavenly face? —
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee. —
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.
Hor. 'A will make the man mad, to make a woman[6] of him.
Kath. Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and sweet,
Whither away, or where[7] is thy abode?
Happy the parents of so fair a child;
Happier the man, whom favourable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow![8]
Pet. Why, how now, Kate? I hope thou art not mad:
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd,
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.
Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun,
That every thing I look on seemeth green.
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.
Pet. Do, good old grandsire; and, withal, make known
Which way thou travellest: if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.
Vin. Fair Sir, and you my merry mistress,[9]
That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me,
My name is call'd Vincentio; my dwelling — Pisa;
And bound I am to Padua, there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.
Pet. What is his name?
Vin. Lucentio, gentle Sir.
Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy son.
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee — my loving father:
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,
Nor be not griev'd: she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beside, so qualified as may beseem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio;
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.
Vin. But is this true? or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant[10] travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?
Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.
Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.[11]
[Exeunt Petruchio, Katharina, *and* Vincentio.
Hor. Well, Petruchio, this has put me in heart.
Have to my widow;[12] and if she be[13] froward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward. *[Exit.*

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1) Vielleicht ist auch hier, wie so oft bei Sh., ein Wortspiel zwischen *son* und *sun* beabsichtigt. — Vgl. zu dieser Scene die entsprechende des älteren Dramas, Einleitung pag. 397. 2) *one* verbessert Collier's alter Corrector das *on* der Fol. — *go on* müsste an Hortensio gerichtet sein. 3) *in* in der Fol.; *is* in der Folioausg. von 1632. 4) *what* fügte Ritson ein, nach Massgabe der entsprechenden Stelle des älteren Dramas: *But soft; who 's this that 's coming here?* 5) So wird die Mischung von Weiss und Roth auf den Wangen auch bezeichnet in Coriolanus (A. 2, Sc. 1) *the war of white and damask in their nicely-gawded cheeks.* 6) *a woman* hat die zweite Folioausg. für *the woman* der ersten. 7) So die zweite Folioausg.; die Fol. wiederholt *whither (whether).* 8) Steevens citirt dazu aus der Sh. bekannten Uebersetzung des Ovid von Golding folgende Verse: *right happie folk are they || By whome thou camst into this world; right happie is (I say) || Thy mother and thy sister too, (if anie be): good hap || That woman had that was thy nurse, and gave thy mouth hir pap. || But far above all other far, more blist than these is shee || Whome thou vouchsafest for thy wife || And bedfellow for to bee.* 9) *mistress* ist hier dreisylbig *(misteress)* zu lesen. 10) *pleasant* = spasshaft, zum Scherz geneigt. Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 1, Anm. 16. 11) *jealous* = argwöhnisch: Du bist misstrauisch geworden, weil wir zuerst unsern Spass mit Dir getrieben haben. 12) Frisch zu meiner Wittwe! Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 2, wo Hortensio gesagt hatte *I will be married to a wealthy widow, || Ere three days pass.* 13) *be,* das in der ersten Fol. fehlt, ergänzt die zweite Folioausg.

1) In der Fol. *Enter Biondello, Lucentio, and Bianca; Gremio is out before.* 2) *master,* d. h. Tranio, der den Herrn Biondello's vorstellt, emendirt Theobald das *mistriss* der Fol. Vielleicht wäre *to my master's* zu lesen und im Manuscript stand die Abkürzung *Ms.* 3) Das Haus meines Vaters geht mehr nach dem Markt-

ACT V.

SCENE 1.

Padua. Before Lucentio's House.

Enter on one side Biondello, Lucentio, *and* Bianca; Gremio *walking on the other side.* [1]

Bion. Softly and swiftly, Sir, for the priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello; but they may chance to need thee at home: therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, 'faith, I 'll see the church o' your back; and then come back to my master [2] as soon as I can.

[Exeunt Lucentio, Bianca, *and* Biondello.

Gre. I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter Petruchio, Katharina, Vincentio, *and Attendants.*

Pet. Sir, here 's the door, this is Lucentio's house: My father's bears more toward the market-place; [3] Thither must I, and here I leave you, Sir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drink before you go. I think, I shall command your welcome here, And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward. *[Knocks.*

Gre. They 're busy within; you were best knock louder.

Enter Pedant above, at a window. [4]

Ped. What 's he, that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vin. Is Signior Lucentio within, Sir?

Ped. He 's within, Sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vin. What, if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself: he shall need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you, your son was well beloved in Padua. — Do you hear, Sir? — to leave frivolous circumstances, [5] — I pray you, tell Signior Lucentio, that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest: his father is come from Pisa, [6] and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, Sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. [To Vincentio.*]* Why, how now, gentleman! Why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain. I believe, 'a means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter Biondello.

Bion. I have seen them in the church together: God send 'em good shipping! [7] — But who is here? mine old master, Vincentio! now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

Vin. [Seeing Biondello.*]* Come hither, crack-hemp. [8]

Bion. I hope I may choose, Sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue. What, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you? no, Sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, [9] Vincentio?

Bion. What, my old, worshipful old master? yes, marry, Sir; see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is 't so, indeed? *[Beats* Biondello.

Bion. Help, help, help! here 's a madman will murder me. *[Exit.*

Ped. Help, son! help, Signior Baptista!

[Exit from the window.

Pet. Pr'ythee, Kate, let 's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. *[They retire.*

Re-enter Pedant below; Baptista, Tranio, *and Servants.*

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I, Sir? nay, what are you, Sir? — O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat! [10] — O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, [11] my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tra. How now? what 's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatic?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, Sir, what 'cerns [12] it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father? O villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, Sir: you mistake, Sir. Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, Signior Vincentio.

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platz hinaus. 4) *Pedant looks out of the window* ist die Bühnenweisung der Fol. 5) *circumstances* = Umschweife, Weitläuftigkeiten. 6) Die Fol. hat *from Padua*, entweder durch ein Versehen des Dichters, der auch sonst, z. B. in Two Gentlemen of Verona, wiederholt italienische Städtenamen verwechselt, oder durch ein Versehen des Druckers, da in der Handschrift vielleicht abgekürzt *P.* stand. — Die Cambridge Edd. behalten die Lesart der Fol. bei und rechtfertigen sie in ziemlich gezwungener Deutung: *The Pedant has been staying some time in Padua, and that is all he means when he contradicts the newly-arrived traveller from Pisa.* 7) Wie A. 1, Sc. 1, wo Lucentio sagt *If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore*, so nimmt Sh. auch hier an, dass man Padua zu Wasser erreiche und verlasse. — Indess lässt sich *good shipping* auch figürlich fassen. 8) *crack-hemp* = Galgenstrick, eigentlich = der den hanfenen Strick, an dem er gehängt wird, zerreisst. Gebräuchlicher war zu Sh.'s Zeit das synonyme *crack-rope*, so in Tarleton's Jests: *There was a crack-rope boy.* — In Gascoigne's Supposes, das er hier benutzte, fand Sh. ein anderes Synonym: *crack-halter.* 9) Die Fol. hat auch hier *mistriss' father*, was die zweite Folioausg. verbessert. Vgl. oben Anm. 2. 10) *copatain hat* = ein Hut mit hohem, spitzzulaufendem Deckel. — Gascoigne nennt solche Hüte *coptankt hats*, und in Danet's Uebersetzung des Comines heisst es: *upon their heads they wore felt hats, copletanked a quarter of an ell high or more.* 11) Während ich daheim den guten Hauswirth spiele, sparsam lebe. 12) *'cerns* abgekürzt aus

Vin. Lucentio! O! he hath murdered his master. — Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name. — O, my son, my son! — Tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

Tra. Call forth an officer. [13]

Enter One with an Officer.

Carry this mad knave to the gaol. — Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming. [14]

Vin. Carry me to the gaol!

Gre. Stay, officer: he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talk not, Signior Gremio. I say, he shall go to prison.

Gre. Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you be cony-catched [15] in this business. I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou darest.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say, that I am not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio.

Bap. Away with the dotard! to the gaol with him!

Vin. Thus strangers may be haled and abus'd. — O monstrous villain! [16]

Re-enter Biondello, *with* Lucentio *and* Bianca.

Bion. O, we are spoiled! and yonder he is: deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Luc. Pardon, sweet father. *[Kneeling.*

Vin. Lives my sweet [17] son?

[Biondello, Tranio, *and Pedant run out.* [18]

Bian. Pardon, dear father. *[Kneeling.*

Bap. How hast thou offended? [19] Where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here 's Lucentio,
Right son to the right Vincentio;
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne. [20]

Gre. Here 's packing [21] with a witness, to deceive us all!

Vin. Where is that damned villain, Tranio,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bion. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the town;
And happily I have arrived at the last
Unto the wished haven of my bliss.
What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to;
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vin. I 'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the gaol.

Bap. *[To* Lucentio.*]* But do you hear, Sir? Have you married my daughter without asking my good will?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you: go to; but I will in, to be revenged for this villany. *[Exit.*

Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. *[Exit.*

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown. *[Exeunt* Lucentio *and* Bianca.

Gre. My cake is dough; [22] but I 'll in among the rest,
Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast. [23] *[Exit.*

Petruchio *and* Katharina *advance.*

Kath. Husband, let 's follow, to see the end of this ado.

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Kath. What, in the midst of the street?

Pet. What! art thou ashamed of me?

Kath. No, Sir, God forbid; but ashamed to kiss.

Pet. Why, then let 's home again. — Come, sirrah, let 's away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee, love, stay.

Pet. Is not this well? — Come, my sweet Kate:
Better once than never, for never too late. *[Exeunt.* [24]

SCENE II.

A Room in Lucentio's House.

A banquet set out. Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, *the Pedant,* Lucentio, Bianca, Petruchio, Katharina, Hortensio, *and Widow;* Tranio, Biondello, Grumio, *and Others, attending.* [1]

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree
And time it is, when raging war is done, [2]
To smile at scapes and perils overblown. —
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with self-same kindness welcome thine. —
Brother Petruchio, — sister Katharina, —
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,
Feast with the best, [3] and welcome to my house:
My banquet is to close our stomachs up,

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concerns, was manche Hgg. mit der zweiten Folioausg. dafür gebrauchen. 13) Das ältere Drama hat hier abermals einige Zwischenreden der Personen des Vorspiels. 14) Ich schärfe es Euch ein, dass er vor Gericht erscheine. So in K. Henry VI. Second Part (A. 2, Sc. 1) *Your lady is forthcoming yet at London.* 15) Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 1, Anm. 10. 16) Dyce vermuthet, dass das *villaine* der Fol. *villanie (villany)* zu lesen wäre. 17) Steevens und Malone setzen des Verses wegen *sweetest.* Vielleicht wäre eher *liveth* für *lives* zu lesen. 18) *Exit Biondello, Tranio, Pedant, as fast as may be* in der Fol. 19) Weshalb bittest Du um Verzeihung? 20) *suppposes* = untergeschobene Personen oder Dinge. Diesen ungewöhnlichen Sinn des Wortes entlehnte Sh. von dem Titel des Gascoigne'schen Lustspiels, das er benutzt hat. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 399. — *to blear the eye* = das Auge verdunkeln, täuschen. — Den veralteten Plural *eyne* gebraucht Sh. öfter des Reimes wegen. 21) *packing* = Intrigue, heimliche Verabredung. 22) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1, Anm. 26. 23) Ohne Hoffnung auf irgend Etwas als auf meinen Antheil am Festmahl. 24) Hier schliesst die Fol. den vierten Act. — In dem ältern Drama findet sich hier wieder ein Stück des Zwischenspiels: der Lord befiehlt seinen Dienern, den mittlerweile wieder eingeschlafenen Sly in seine alten Kleider zu stecken und an seinen alten Platz zu tragen.

1) Nach der Bühnenweisung der Fol. wird das *banquet*, ein Dessert, das aus Obst, Confitüren und Wein bestand, von Tranio und den Dienern hereingetragen. Das eigentliche Festmahl haben die Gäste bereits, nach der Sitte der Zeit, in einem andern Zimmer eingenommen. — Vgl. zu dieser Scene die entsprechende des älteren Dramas, Einleitung pag. 397—399. 2) *done* ist Rowe's Emendation für *come* der Fol. 3) Schmaust auf's beste, vom

After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down;
For now we sit to chat, as well as eat.

[They sit at table.

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!
Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.
Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.
Hor. For both our sakes I would that word were true.
Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.[4]
Wid. Then never trust me, if I be afeard.
Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense:[5]
I mean, Hortensio is afeard of you.
Wid. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.
Pet. Roundly[6] replied.
Kath. Mistress, how mean you that?
Wid. Thus I conceive by him.
Pet. Conceives by me! — How likes Hortensio that?
Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.
Pet. Very well mended. Kiss him for that, good widow.
Kath. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round: —
I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.
Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,
Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe:
And now you know my meaning.
Kath. A very mean meaning.
Wid. Right, I mean you.
Kath. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.
Pet. To her, Kate!
Hor. To her, widow!
Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.[7]
Hor. That 's my office.
Pet. Spoke like an officer.[8] — Ha' to thee, lad.[9]

[Drinks to Hortensio.

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?
Gre. Believe me, Sir, they butt together well.
Bian. Head and butt? an hasty-witted body
Would say, your head and butt were head and horn.[10]
Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?
Bian. Ay, but not frighted me; therefore, I 'll sleep again.
Pet. Nay, that you shall not; since you have begun,
Have at you for a bitter[11] jest or two.
Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush,
And then pursue me as you draw your bow. —
You are welcome all.

[Exeunt Bianca, Katharina, *and Widow.*

Pet. She hath prevented me. — Here, Signior[12] Tranio;
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not:
Therefore, a health to all that shot and miss'd.
Tra. O Sir! Lucentio slipp'd[13] me, like his greyhound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.
Pet. A good swift[14] simile, but something currish.
Tra. 'T is well, Sir, that you hunted for yourself:
'T is thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.[15]
Bap. O ho, Petruchio! Tranio hits you now.
Luc. I thank thee for that gird,[16] good Tranio.
Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?
Pet. 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess;
And, as the jest did glance away from me,
'T is ten to one it maim'd you two[17] outright.
Bap. Now, in good sadness,[18] son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.
Pet. Well, I say no: and therefore, for[19] assurance,
Let 's each one send unto his wife;
And he, whose wife is most obedient
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.
Hor. Content. What is the wager?
Luc. Twenty crowns.
Pet. Twenty crowns!
I 'll venture so much of[20] my hawk, or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.
Luc. A hundred then.
Hor. Content.
Pet. A match! 't is done.
Hor. Who shall begin?
Luc. That will I.
Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.
Bion. I go. *[Exit.*
Bap. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.[21]
Luc. I 'll have no halves; I 'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter Biondello.

How now! what news?
Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word,
That she is busy, and she cannot come.
Pet. How! she is busy, and she cannot come!
Is that an answer?
Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, Sir, your wife send you not a worse.
Pet. I hope, better.
Hor. Sirrah Biondello, go, and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. *[Exit* Biondello.
Pet. O ho! entreat her!
Nay, then she must needs come.
Hor. I am afraid, Sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Besten. 4) *to fear* fasst Petruchio = Jemanden fürchten, die Wittwe = Jemanden bange machen. 5) *sensible* und *sense* bilden eine Antithese. 6) Wortspiel zwischen *round* = rund, im Kreise, und *roundly* = geradezu, ohne Umschweife. — An die sprichwörtliche Phrase, die sie gebraucht hatte, knüpft die Wittwe wieder an mit *Thus I conceive by him* = das merke ich an ihm, das meine ich von ihm, scil. Petruchio, was Petruchio dann geflissentlich missversteht: *to conceive by* = von Jemandem schwanger werden. 7) Petruchio wettet hundert Mark darauf, dass in dem Wortgefecht, welches sich entspinnt, Katharina die Wittwe besiegen werde. — *to put down* fasst Hortensio dann im frivolen Sinne. 8) Wortspiel zwischen *office* und *officer*. 9) Die Fol. hat *ha to the lad.* — *ha'* für *have* = nimm Dich in Acht, ich nehme es mit Dir auf, Bursche. So bald nachher *have at you etc.* = ich nehme es auf ein paar bittre Spässe mit Euch auf. 10) Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 1, Anm. 6. 11) *bitter* emendirt Capell das *better* der Fol. — So in A. 3, Sc. 2: *Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour.* 12) *Signior Tranio* nennt er ihn scherzhaft, weil Tranio, der Diener, den Herrn gespielt hatte. 13) *to slip* = einen Jagdhund von der Leine loslassen, ihn auf das Wild hetzen. 14) *swift* = treffend, und = schnell. Eben so doppelsinnig ist *currish* = hündisch, und = beissend. 15) Statt dass sonst der Jäger das Wild matt hetzt, hat umgekehrt hier Katharina den Petruchio in ihrer Gewalt. — Das Wortspiel zwischen *deer* und *dear* kehrt bei Sh. öfter wieder. 16) *gird* = Spottrede, Stich im Reden. 17) *two* verbessert Rowe das *too* der Fol. 18) *in good sadness* = in vollem Ernst. 19) Die Fol. hat *sir*, was die zweite Folioausg. verbessert. 20) So die Fol.; von manchen Hggn. in *on* verändert. 21) Ich will Halbpart mit Euch in Eurer Wette machen, dass Bianca kommen

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Now, where 's my wife?
Bion. She says, you have some goodly jest in hand;
She will not come: she bids you come to her.
Pet. Worse and worse: she will not come? O vile,
Intolerable, not to be endur'd!
Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress; say,
I command her come to me. [*Exit* GRUMIO.
Hor. I know her answer.
Pet. What?
Hor. She will not.
Pet. The fouler fortune mine,[22] and there an end.

Enter KATHARINA.

Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!
Kath. What is your will, Sir, that you send for me?
Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?
Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.
Pet. Go, fetch them hither: if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands.
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.
[*Exit* KATHARINA.
Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.
Hor. And so it is. I wonder what it bodes.
Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
An awful rule,[23] and right supremacy;
And, to be short, what not that 's sweet and happy?[24]
Bap. Now fair befall thee, good Petruchio!
The wager thou hast won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;
Another dowry to another daughter,[25]
For she is chang'd, as she had never been.[26]
Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.[27]
See, where she comes, and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion. —

Re-enter KATHARINA, *with* BIANCA *and Widow.*

Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not:
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.
[KATHARINA *pulls off her cap, and throws it down.*
Wid. Lord! let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!
Bian. Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?
Luc. I would, your duty were as foolish too:
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me an hundred[28] crowns since supper-time.
Bian. The more fool you for laying on[29] my duty.
Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women,
What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.
Wid. Come, come, you 're mocking: we will have no telling.
Pet. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.
Wid. She shall not.
Pet. I say, she shall: — and first begin with her.
Kath. Fie, fie! unknit that threatening unkind brow,
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty, as frosts do[30] bite the meads,
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds,
And in no sense is meet, or amiable.
A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance;[31] commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience,
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband;
And when she 's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,[32]
What is she but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord? —
I am asham'd, that women are so simple
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions,[33] and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms,[34]
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reason, haply, more
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown;
But now I see, our lances are but straws,
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare, —
That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.
Then vail your stomachs,[35] for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husband's foot:[36]

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wird. 22) So habe ich um so schlechteres Glück im Wetten, und damit gut. 23) Ein Regiment, das sich in Respect zu setzen weiss. 24) Alles, was hold und glücklich ist, ohne dass Etwas daran fehlte. 25) *another daughter* = eine zweite Tochter, und = eine Tochter, die eine andere ist, als sie war. — Der Vers ist fast wörtlich aus dem älteren Drama entlehnt. 26) Als ob sie früher nie existirt hätte. 27) Für das zweite *obedience*, das der Drucker aus Versehen aus der vorigen Zeile wiederholt haben mochte, stand vielleicht in der Handschrift ein anderes Wort, etwa *her patience*, wie die Cambridge Edd. vermuthen. — Capell las *Her new-built virtue of obedience* — die einfachste und sinnreichste Verbesserung des Passus. 28) *an hundred* verbesserte Rowe, den vorhergehenden Bedingungen der Wette gemäss, das *five hundred* der Fol. 29) *to lay on* = auf Etwas wetten. 30) Manche Hgg. lassen mit der zweiten Folioausg. *do*, des Verses wegen, fort. 31) Einer, der für Dich und Deinen Unterhalt sorgt. — Andere verbinden *and for thy maintenance* mit dem Folgenden. 32) *honest will* = ein Wille, der nur Ehrenhaftes verlangt. 33) *condition* = Sinnesart, Stimmung. 34) *unable* = unkräftig, der sich nicht zu helfen weiss, und *worms* = Würmer, am Boden kriechend, die der Fuss leicht zertritt, bezeichnet die Schwäche der Weiber, den Männern gegenüber. 35) Lasst Euern Trotz sinken. — *to vail* = neigen, herunterbringen. 36) In dem älteren Drama geschieht das wirklich, wozu hier Katharina sich nur bereit erklärt. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 399. 37) Ihr Beiden seid geliefert, mit Euch ist's vorbei. 38) *the white* = das

In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready; may it do him ease.
Pet. Why, there 's a wench! — Come on, and kiss me, Kate.
Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad, for thou shalt ha't.
Vin. 'T is a good hearing, when children are toward.
Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are froward.
Pet. Come, Kate, we 'll to bed. —
We three are married, but you two are sped.[37]
'T was I won the wager, though you hit the white;[38]
And being a winner, God give you good night.
[Exeunt Petruchio *and* Katharina.
Hor. Now go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a curst shrew.[39]
Luc. 'T is a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so.
[Exeunt.[40]

Weisse in der Zielscheibe. Johnson findet hier eine Anspielung auf den Sinn des italienischen *Bianca* und lässt deshalb diesen Vers an Lucentio allein richten. 39) Die Fol. schreibt das Wort, der Sh.'schen Aussprache gemäss, und des Reimes wegen, hier *Shrow*, sonst fast überall *Shrew*. 40) Ueber den Schluss des Vorspiels, der in dem älteren Drama sich hier anschliesst, vgl. Einleitung pag. 399.

ALL 'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Einleitung.

Shakspere's All 's well that ends well wurde zuerst gedruckt in der Gesammtausgabe seiner Schauspiele in Folio, im Jahre 1623. Das Drama steht daselbst als das zwölfte in der Reihe der Comedies, in Acte, aber nicht in Scenen eingetheilt, und ohne ein Personenverzeichniss, das zuerst Rowe in seiner Ausgabe (1709) beifügte. Der Text, wie er in der Folio vorliegt, bedarf mancher Verbesserungen, welche bei der schwierigen und dunkeln Sprache des Stücks zum Theil nur als unsichere Vermuthungen aufgenommen werden können und für die kritische Feststellung der Recension Manches zu wünschen übrig lassen.

Francis Meres erwähnt in seiner wiederholt citirten Palladis Tamia, Wit's Treasury, unter den Lustspielen Shakspere's neben »Loue labours lost« auch »his Loue labours wonne«. Da es beispiellos und unerklärlich sein müsste, wenn ein Drama Shakspere's, das Francis Meres als ein damals allgemein bekanntes im Jahre 1598 rühmend hervorheben konnte, verloren gegangen und von den Herausgebern der Folio nicht in ihre Gesammtausgabe aufgenommen wäre, so lag von selbst der Gedanke nahe, dass das Shakspere'sche Drama, welches Meres als Love's Labour's Won von der Bühnendarstellung her kannte und lobend namhaft machte, unter anderm Namen uns in der Folioausgabe erhalten geblieben, wie ja solche doppelte Betitelung eines und desselben Dramas auch sonst nicht unerhört war. Es kam nur darauf an, unter den Comedies Shakspere's, die bis zum Jahre 1598 geschrieben sein konnten, dasjenige Stück zu finden, dessen Inhalt dem von Meres aufbewahrten Titel vorzugsweise entsprechen möchte. Und als solches bezeichnete Farmer in seinem Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare (1767) Shakspere's All 's well that ends well, mit allgemeiner Zustimmung von fast sämmtlichen späteren Commentatoren und Kritikern; denn ein Versuch Hunter's, in Shakspere's Tempest dasjenige Drama nachzuweisen, das den Nebentitel Love's Labour's Won geführt habe, blieb vereinzelt und scheiterte schon an der evidenten Unwahrscheinlichkeit, dass The Tempest, ein offenbar der letzten Zeit Shakspere's angehöriges Drama, bereits im Jahre 1598 habe existiren können.

Sind nun auch die Herausgeber über die Identität von All 's well that ends well und Love's Labour's Won ziemlich einig, so scheiden sich doch ihre Meinungen in der Frage nach dem chronologischen Verhältnisse der beiden erwähnten Titel zu einander. Nach der einen Ansicht schrieb der Dichter zuerst Love's Labour's Won als ein Jugenddrama und als ein Gegenstück zu seinem Love's Labour's Lost, und in dieser Gestalt hatte Meres es aufführen sehen; später arbeitete Shakspere das Drama dann um und gab ihm den neuen Titel All 's well that ends well, und in dieser Gestalt ging es in die Folioausgabe von 1623 über. — Nach der andern Ansicht, welche, in Ermangelung aller äussern oder innern Zeugnisse zu Gunsten der ersteren, als die wahrscheinlichere gelten muss, hat Shakspere das Stück überhaupt nur einmal geschrieben, so dass also entweder später nur der eine Titel mit dem andern vertauscht worden ist, oder, wie in dem Falle von Twelfth-Night: or, What you will, das Stück gleichzeitig beide Titel geführt hat, von denen Meres den einen, die Editoren der Folioausgabe den andern angeführt, obwohl Beide dasselbe Werk in derselben Bearbeitung vor sich hatten. — Wenn nach der ersten Ansicht eine doppelte Textrecension des Stückes bestanden hat, so kann von der früheren, vor 1598 vorhandenen, schwerlich viel in die uns in der Folioausgabe vorliegende spätere Textgestaltung von dem Dichter mit hinübergenommen sein: der Styl und Vers unterscheiden sich in ihrer charakteristischen Eigenthümlichkeit durchgängig und in allen Theilen des Dramas zu auffallend von dem Styl und Verse der Shakspere'schen Jugendarbeiten; der Dichter müsste also das Ganze vollständig neu gearbeitet haben. Eben diese stylistischen und metrischen Merkmale führen aber, bei der Annahme einer nur einmaligen Abfassung, auf die Vermuthung, dass All 's well that ends well erst kurz vor 1598 geschrieben sein kann; ja, sollte, was freilich kaum denkbar erscheint, das von Meres erwähnte Love's Labour's Won in der That ein anderes, uns auffallender Weise verloren gegangenes Drama unseres Dichters gewesen sein, so liesse sich aus inneren Gründen eher auf ein noch späteres Datum der Abfassung von All 's well that ends well schliessen, wie denn z. B. Malone, freilich auf eine sehr vage Deutung muthmasslicher Anspielungen hin, das Jahr 1606 dafür annimmt.

Den Stoff zu seinem Drama entlehnte Shakspere aus der mehrfach von ihm benutzten Novellensammlung William Paynter's, welche unter dem Titel The Palace of Pleasure in zwei Bänden, 1566 und 1567, erschienen war. Paynter hatte die betreffende Novelle, die achtunddreissigste seines ersten Bandes, aus dem Italienischen des Boccaccio übersetzt, in dessen Decamerone sie sich als die neunte des dritten Tages findet. Die eigentliche Charakteristik blieb, wie in andern Fällen einer dramatischen Bearbeitung novellistischer Stoffe, unserm Dichter ausschliesslich vorbehalten; auch sind mehrere Figuren, und zwar gerade die gelungensten, wie die alte Gräfin von Rousillon, Lafeu, Parolles, der Clown, von Shakspere hinzugefügt, ohne dass die Novelle ihm auch nur,

wie bei den übrigen, ein schwaches Vorbild dazu geboten hätte. Da er jedoch im Ganzen und Grossen dem Gange der Erzählung, wie er sie bei Paynter vorfand, gefolgt ist, so erscheint zur Vergleichung ein Abdruck der Novelle Giletta of Narbona aus The Palace of Pleasure an dieser Stelle gerechtfertigt.

In Fraunce there was a gentleman called Isnardo, the counte of Rossiglione, who bicause he was sickly and diseased, kepte alwaies in his house a phisicion, named maister Gerardo of Narbona. This counte had one onely sonne called Beltramo, a verie yonge childe, pleasaunt and faire. With whom there was nourished and broughte up, many other children of his age: emonges whom one of the doughters of the said phisicion, named Giletta, who ferventlie fill in love with Beltramo, more then was meete for a maiden of her age. This Beltramo, when his father was dedde, and left under the roial custodie of the kyng, was sente to Paris, for whose departure the maiden was verie pensife. A little while after, her father beyng likewise dedde, she was desirous to goe to Paris, onely to see the younge counte, if for that purpose she could gette any good occasion. But beyng diligently looked unto by her kinsfolke (bicause she was riche and fatherlesse) she could see no convcniente waie for her intended journey: and being now mariageable, the love she bare to the counte was never out of her remembraunce, and refused many husbandes with whom her kinsfolke would have placed her, without making them privie to the occasion of her refusall. Now it chaunced that she burned more in love with Beltramo than ever she did before, bicause she heard tell that hee was growen to the state of a goodly yonge gentlemanne. She heard by reporte, that the Frenche kyng had a swellyng upon his breast, whiche by reason of ill cure was growen to a fistula, and did putte him to merveilous paine and grief, and that there was no phisicion to be founde (although many were proved) that could heale it, but rather did impaire the grief and made it worsse and worsse. Wherfore the kyng, like one that was in dispaire, would take no more counsaill or helpe. Wherof the yonge maiden was wonderfull glad, and thought to have by this meanes, not onelie a lawfull occasion to goe to Paris, but if the disease were suche (as she supposed,) easely to bryng to passe that she might have the counte Beltramo to her husbande. Whereupon with suche knowledge as she had learned at her fathers handes before time, shee made a pouder of certain herbes, whiche she thought meete for that disease, and rode to Paris. And the first thing she went about when she came thither was to see the counte Beltramo. And then she repaired to the kyng, praying his grace to vouchsaufe to shewe her his disease. The kyng perceivyng her to be a faire yonge maiden and a comelie, would not hide it, but opened the same unto her. So soone as she sawe it, shee putte hym in comforte, that she was able to heale hym, saiyng: „Sire, if it shall please your grace, I trust in God without any paine or grief unto your highnesse, within eighte daies I will make you whole of this disease.“ The kyng hearyng her saie so, began to mocke her, saiyng: „How is it possible for thee, beyng a yong woman, to doe that whiche the best renoumed phisicions in the worlde can not?“ He thanked her for her good will, and made her a directe answere, that he was determined no more to followe the counsaile of any phisicion. Whereunto the maiden answered: „Sire, you dispise my knowledge bicause I am yonge and a woman, but I assure you that I doe not minister phisicke by profession, but by the aide and helpe of God: and with the cunnyng of maister Gerardo of Narbona, who was my father, and a phisicion of greate fame so longe as he lived.“ The kyng hearyng those wordes, saied to hymself: „This woman, peradventure, is sent unto me of God, and therefore why should I disdain to prove her cunnyng? sithens she promiseth to heale me within a litle space, without any offence or grief unto me.“ And beyng determined to prove her, he said: „Damosell, if thou doest not heale me, but make me to breake my determinacion, what wilt thou shall folowe thereof.“ „Sire,“ saied the maiden: „Let me be kept in what guarde and kepyng you list: and if I dooe not heale you within these eight daies, let me bee burnte: but if I doe heale your grace what recompence shall I have then? To whom the kyng answered: „Bicause thou art a maiden and unmaried, if thou heale me accordyng to thy promisse, I will bestowe thee upon some gentleman, that shalbe of right good worship and estimacion.“ To whom she answeared: „Sire, I am verie well content that you bestowe me in mariage: but I will have suche a husbande as I my self shall demaunde, without presumpcion to any of your children or other of your blondde.“ Whiche requeste the kyng incontinently graunted. The yong maiden began to minister her phisicke, and in shorte space before her appointcted tyme, she had throughly cured the kyng. And when the king perceived himself whole, said unto her: „Thou hast well deserved a husbande (Giletta) even suchc a one as thy selfe shalt chose.“ „I have then my lorde (quod she) deserved the countie Beltramo of Rossiglione, whom I have loved from my youthe.“ The kyng was very lothe to graunte hym unto her: but bicause he had made a promis which he was lothe to breake, he caused hym to be called forthe, and saied unto hym: „Sir counte, bicause you are a gentleman of greatc honor, our pleasure is, that you retourne home to your owne house, to order your estate according to your degree: and that you take with you a damosell whiche I have appointcted to be your wife.“ To whom the counte gave his humble thankes, and demaunded what she was? „It is she (quoth the kyng) that with her medecines had healed me.“ The counte knewe her well, and had alredie seen her, although she was faire, yet knowing her not to be of a stocke convenable to his nobilitie, disdainfullie said unto the king, „Will you then (sir) give me a phisicion to wife? It is not the pleasure of God that ever I should in that wise bestowe my self.“ To whom the kyng said: „Wilt thou then, that we should breake our faithe, whiche we to recover healthe have given to the damosell, who for a rewarde thereof asked thee to husband?“ „Sire (quoth Beltramo) you maie take from me al that I have, and give my persone to whom you please, bicause I am your subject: but I assure you I shall never be contented with that mariage.“ „Well, you shall have her (saied the kyng) for the maiden is faire and wise, and loveth you moste intirely: thinkyng verelie you shall leade a more joyfull life with her, then with a ladie of a greater house.“ The counte therewithal helde his peace, and the king made great preparacion for the mariage. And when the appointcted daie was come, the counte in the presence of the kyng (although it were againste

his will) maried the maiden, who loved hym better then her owne self. Whiche dooen, the counte determinyng before what he would doe, praied licence to retourne to his countrie to consummat the mariage. And when he was on horsebacke he went not thither, but tooke his journey into Thuscane, where understandyng that the Florentines and Senois were at warres, he determined to take the Florentines parte, and was willinglie received and honourablie interteigned, and made capitaine of a certaine nomber of men, continuyng in their service a longe tyme. The newe maried gentlewoman, scarce contented with that, and hopyng by her well doyng to cause hym to retourne into his countrie, went to Rossiglione, where she was received of all his subjectes for their ladie. And perceivyng that through the countes absence all thinges were spoiled and out of order, she like a sage lady, with greate diligence and care, disposed all thynges in order againe: whereof the subjectes rejoysed verie muche, bearyng to her their hartie love and affection, greatlie blamyng the counte bicause he could not contente himself with her. This notable gentlewoman having restored all the countrie againe, sent worde thereof to the counte her husbande, by two knightes of the countrie, whiche she sent to signifie unto hym, that if it were for her sake that he had abandoned his countrie, he should sende her worde thereof, and she to doe hym pleasure, would depart from thence. To whom he chorlishlie saied: „Lette her doe what she list: for I doe purpose to dwell with her, when she shall have this ryng (meanyng a ryng which he wore) upon her finger, and a soonne in her armes begotten by me.“ He greatly loved that ryng, and kepte it verie carefullie, and never tooke it of from his finger, for a certaine vertue that he knewe it had. The knightes hearyng the harde condicion of twoo thinges impossible: and seyng that by them he could not be removed from his determinacion, thei retourned againe to the ladie, tellinge her his answere: who, verie sorowfull, after she hadde a good while bethought herself, purposed to finde meanes to attaine to those twoo thynges, to the intente that thereby she might recover her husbande. And havyng advised with her self what to doe, she assembled the noblest and chiefest of her countrie, declaring unto them in lamentable wise what shee had alredie dooen, to winne the love of the counte, shewyng them also what folowed thereof. And in the ende saied unto them, that she was lothe the counte for her sake should dwell in perpetuall exile: therefore she determined to spende the rest of her tyme in pilgrimages and devocion, for preservacion of her soule, praiyng them to take the charge and governemente of the countrie, and that they would lette the counte understande, that she had forsaken his house, and was removed farre from thence: with purpose never to retourne to Rossiglione againe. Many teares were shedde by the people, as she was speakyng these wordes, and divers supplicacions were made unto him to alter his opinion, but al in vaine. Wherefore commending them all unto God, she tooke her waie with her maide, and one of her kinsemen, in the habite of a pilgrime, well furnished with silver and precious jewelles: tellyng no man whither shee wente, and never rested till she came to Florence: where arrivyng by fortune at a poore widowes house, she contented her self with the state of a poore pilgrime, desirous to here newes of her lorde, whom by fortune she sawe the next daie passing by the house (where she lay) on horsebacke with his companie. And although she knewe him well enough, yet she demaunded of the good wife of the house what he was: who answered that he was a straunge gentleman, called the counte Beltramo of Rossiglione, a curteous knighte, and wel beloved in the citie, and that he was merveilously in love with a neighbor of hers, that was a gentlewoman, verie poore and of small substaunce, neverthelesse of right honest life and report, and by reason of her povertie was yet unmaried, and dwelte with her mother, that was a wise and honest ladie. The countesse well notyng these wordes, and by litle and litle debatyng every particular point thereof, comprehendyng the effecte of those newes, concluded what to doe, and when she had well understanded whiche was the house, and the name of the ladie, and of her doughter that was beloved of the counte: upon a daie repaired to the house secretelie in the habite of a pilgrime, where finding the mother and doughter in poore estate emonges their familie, after she hadde saluted them, tolde the mother that she had to saie unto her. The gentlewoman risyng up, curteouslie interteigned her, and beyng entred alone into a chamber, thei satte doune, and the countesse began to saie unto her in this wise. „Madame, me thinke that ye be one upon whom fortune doeth frowne, so well as upon me: but if you please, you maie bothe comfort me and your self.“ The ladie answered, „That there was nothyng in the worlde whereof she was more desirous then of honest comforte.“ The countesse procedyng in her talke, saied unto her. „I have nede now of your fidelitie and trust, whereupon if I doe staie, and you deceive mee, you shall bothe undoe me and your self.“ „Tel me then what it is hardelie (saied the gentlewoman:) if it bee your pleasure: for you shall never bee deceived of me.“ Then the countesse beganne to recite her whole estate of love: tellyng her what she was, and what had chaunced to that present daie, in such perfite order that the gentlewoman belevyng her woordes, bicause she had partlie heard report thereof before, beganne to have compassion upon her, and after that the countesse had rehearsed all the whole circumstaunce, she continued her purpose, saiyng: „Now you have heard emonges other my troubles, what twoo thynges thei bee, whiche behoveth me to have, if I do recover my husbande, whiche I knowe none can helpe me to obtain, but onely you, if it bee true that I heare, whiche is, that the counte my husbande, is farre in love with your doughter.“ To whom the gentlewoman saied: „Madame, if the counte love my doughter, I knowe not, albeit the likelihoode is greate: but what am I able to doe, in that whiche you desire?“ „Madame, answered the countesse, I will tell you: but first I will declare what I mean to doe for you, if my determinacion be brought to effect: I see your faier doughter of good age, redie to marie, but as I understand the cause why she is unmaried, is the lacke of substance to bestowe upon her. Wherfore I purpose, for recompence of the pleasure, whiche you shall dooe for me, to give so much redie money to marie her honorably, as you shall thinke sufficient.“ The countesse' offer was very well liked of the ladie, bicause she was but poore: yet having a noble hart, she said unto her, „Madame, tell me wherein I maie do you service: and if it be a thing honest, I will gladlie performe it, and the same being brought to passe,

do as it shal please you.“ Then saied the countesse: „I thinke it requisite, that by some one whom you truste, that you give knowledge to the counte my husbande, that your doughter is, and shalbe at his commaundement: and to the intent she maie bee well assured that he loveth her in deede above any other, that she praieth him to sende her a ring that he weareth upon his finger, whiche ring she heard tell he loved verie derely: and when he sendeth the ryng, you shall give it unto me, and afterwardes sende hym woorde, that your doughter is redie to accomplishe his pleasure, and then you shall cause him secretly to come hither, and place me by hym (in steede of your daughter) peradventure God will give me the grace, that I maie bee with childe, and so havyng this ring on my finger, and the childe in myne armes begotten by him, I shall recover him, and by your meanes continue with hym, as a wife ought to doe with her husbande.“ This thing semed difficulte unto the gentlewoman: fearyng that there would folowe reproche unto her doughter. Notwithstandyng, considering what an honest parte it were, to be a meane that the good ladie should recover her husband, and that she should doe it for a good purpose, havyng affiaunce in her honest affection, not onely promised the countesse to bryng this to passe, but in fewe daies with greate subtiltie, folowyng the order wherein she was instructed, she had gotten the ryng, although it was with the countes ill will, and toke order that the countesse in stede of her doughter did lye with hym. And at the first meetyng, so affectuously desired by the counte: God so disposed the matter that the countesse was begotten with child, of twoo goodly sonnes, and her delivery chaunced at the due time. Whereupon the gentlewoman, not onely contented the countesse at that tyme with the companie of her husbande, but at many other times so secretly that it was never knowen: the counte not thinkyng that he had lien with his wife, but with her whom he loved. To whom at his uprisyng in the mornyng, he used many curteous and amiable woordes, and gave divers faire and precious jewelles, whiche the countesse kepte moste carefullie: and when shee perceived herself with childe, she determined no more to trouble the gentlewoman, but saied unto her. „Madame, thankes be to God and you, I have the thyng that I desire, and even so it is tyme to recompence your desert, that afterwardes I maie departe.“ The gentlewoman saied unto her, that if she had doen any pleasure agreable to her mind, she was right glad thereof whiche she did, not for hope of rewarde, but because it apperteined to her by well doyng so to doe. Whereunto the countesse saied. „Your saiyng pleaseth me well, and likewise for my parte, I dooe not purpose to give unto you the thing you shall demaunde of me in rewarde, but for consideracion of your well doyng, which duetie forceth me to so dooe.“ The gentlewoman then constrained with necessitie, demaunded of her with greate bashefulnesse, an hundred poundes to marie her doughter. The countesse perceiving the shamefastnesse of the gentlewoman, and hearyng her curteous demaunde, gave her five hundred poundes, and so many faire and costly jewels whiche almoste amounted to like valer. For whiche the gentlewoman more then contented, gave moste hartie thankes to the countesse, who departed from the gentlewoman and retourned to her lodging. The gentlewoman to take occasion from the counte of any farther repaire, or sendyng to her house, tooke her doughter with her, and went into the countrie to her frendes. The counte Beltramo, within fewe daies after, beyng revoked home to his owne house by his subjectes, (hearyng that the countesse was departed from thence) retourned. The countesse knowynge that her housband was gone from Florence and retourned into his countrie, was verie glad and contented, and she continewed in Florence till the tyme of her childbedde was come, and was brought a bedde of twoo soones, whiche were verie like unto their father, and caused them carefullie to be noursed and brought up, and when she sawe tyme, she toke her journey (unknowen to any manne) and arrived at Monpellier: and restyng her self there for certaine daies, hearyng newes of the counte, and where he was, and that upon the daie of All Sainctes, he purposed to make a great feast and assemblie of ladies and knightes, in her pilgrimes weede she wente thither. And knowyng that thei were all assembled, at the palace of the counte, redie to sitte doune at the table, she passed through the people without chaunge of apparell, with her twoo sonnes in her armes: and when she was come up into the hall, even to the place where the counte was, fallyng doune prostrate at his feete, wepyng, saied unto him: „My lorde, I am thy poore infortunate wife, who to th'intent thou mightest returne and dwel in thine owne house, have been a great while beggyng about the worlde. Therefore I now beseche thee, for the honour of God, that thou wilt observe the condicions, whiche the twoo knightes (that I sent unto thee) did commaunde me to doe: for beholde, here in myne armes, not onelie one soonne begotten by thee, but twaine, and likewise thy rynge. It is now tyme then (if thou kepe promis) that I should be received as thy wife.“ The counte hearyng this, was greatly astonned, and knewe the rynge, and the children also, thei were so like hym. „But tell me (quod he) how is this come to passe?“ The countesse to the great admiracion of the counte, and of all those that were in presence, rehearsed unto them in order all that, whiche had been doen, and the whole discourse thereof. For whiche cause the counte knowyng the thynges she had spoken to be true (and perceivyng her constaunt minde and good witte, and the twoo faier yonge boies to kepe his promisse made, and to pleasc his subjectes, and the ladies that made sute unto him, to accept her from that time forthe as his lawfull wife, and to honour her) abjected his obstinate rigour: causyng her to rise up, and imbraced and kissed her, acknowledgyng her againe for his lawfull wife. And after he had apparelled her according to her estate, to the greate pleasure and contentacion of those that were there, and of all his other frendes not oncly that daie, but many others, he kepte great chere, and from that tyme forthe, he loved and honoured her, as his dere spouse and wife.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING OF FRANCE.
DUKE OF FLORENCE.
BERTRAM, Count of Rousillon.
LAFEU, an old Lord.
PAROLLES, a Follower of Bertram.
Several young French Lords, serving with Bertram.
Steward to the Countess of Rousillon.
Clown, in her household.
A Page.

COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON, Mother to Bertram.
HELENA, a Gentlewoman protected by the Countess.
A Widow of Florence.
DIANA, Daughter to the Widow.
VIOLENTA, } Neighbours and Friends to the
MARIANA, } Widow.

Lords, attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers, etc., French and Florentine.

SCENE, partly in France, and partly in Tuscany.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Rousillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace.

Enter Bertram, *the* Countess *of Rousillon*, Helena, *and* Lafeu, *all in black.*[1]

Count. In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I, in going, Madam, weep o'er my father's death anew; but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward,[2] evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the king a husband, Madam; — you, Sir, a father. He that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you, whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance.[3]

Count. What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandoned his physicians, Madam; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the process[4] but only the losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father, — O, that »had«! how sad a passage 't is![5] — whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretched so far, would[6] have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. 'Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the king's disease.

Laf. How called you the man you speak of, Madam?

Count. He was famous, Sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: — Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent, indeed, Madam: the king very lately spoke of him, admiringly and mourningly. He was skilful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.[7]

Laf. I would it were not notorious. — Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Count. His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good that her education promises: her dispositions she inherits, which make[8] fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities,[9] there commendations go with pity; they are virtues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their simpleness; she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.

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1) So die Fol. — Die Trauerkleidung gilt dem jüngst verstorbenen Grafen Rousillon, in der Fol. *Rossillion.* Helena trägt um ihren Vater Trauer. 2) Bertram als der verwaiste Sohn eines französischen Grossen steht unter der Vormundschaft des Königs, der ihn jetzt durch Lafeu an seinen Hof beschieden hat. Sh. folgt darin seiner Quelle. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 436. 3) scil. *abundance of goodness.* Bertram's Würdigkeit würde die Güte des Königs eher rege machen, wo dieselbe etwa mangeln sollte, als sie vermissen, jetzt, da diese Güte in solcher Fülle vorhanden ist. 4) *process* = Verlauf, bezieht sich auf *time.* — Spitzfindig wird *to persecute time with hope* und *to lose hope by time* einander gegenübergestellt. 5) Welch ein trauriger Vergang liegt in diesem »hatte«, welches kein »hat« ist! — So gebraucht Sh. *passage* in K. Henry VI. First Part (A. 2, Sc. 5) *'would some part of my young years || Might but redeem the passage of your age.* 6) Die Auslassung des *it* vor *would*, das aus dem ebenvorhergehenden *it* sich suppliren lässt, ist ganz in Sh.'s Manier: hätte das Talent des Arztes ganz so weit gereicht, wie seine Redlichkeit, so würde es die Natur des Menschen, das menschliche Leben unsterblich gemacht, vor dem Tode bewahrt haben. — *play* = Spiel, Müssiggang, ist Gegensatz zu *work* = Arbeit. 7) Bertram hat nie von einer Krankheit dieses Namens gehört. — Als *fistula* bezeichnet sie auch Paynter. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 436. 8) Die Lesart der Fol. *makes* verdunkelt den von Sh. offenbar beabsichtigten Gegensatz zwischen *dispositions* = das gute Naturell und Talent, welches Helena von ihrem Vater ererbt hat, und *fair gifts* = die schönen Gaben, welche sie der Erziehung verdankt und welche erst durch jenes Erbtheil ihren vollen Werth erhalten. 9) *virtuous qualities* = tüchtige, ausgezeichnete Gaben, die ein unreines Gemüth sich äusserlich angeeignet hat, und die man deshalb nur mit Bedauern anerkennt und lobt. Dadurch werden diese Gaben zugleich zu Täuschungen,

Laf. Your commendations, Madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'T is the best brine a maiden can season her praise in.[10] The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood[11] from her cheek. — No more of this, Helena: go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than to have.[12]

Hel. I do affect a sorrow, indeed: but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.[13]

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that?[14]

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram; and succeed thy father
In manners, as in shape! thy blood,[15] and virtue,
Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodness
Share with thy birthright! Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use, and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key:[16] be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will,
That thee may furnish,[17] and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head! Farewell. — My lord,[18]
'T is an unseason'd courtier: good my lord,
Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best[19]
That shall attend his love.

Count. Heaven bless him! — Farewell, Bertram. *[Exit.*

Ber. [To Helena.*]* The best wishes that can be forged in your thoughts be servants to you.[20] Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell, pretty lady: you must hold the credit of your father. *[Exeunt* Bertram *and* Lafeu.

Hel. O, were that all![21] — I think not on my father;
And these great tears[22] grace his remembrance more
Than those I shed for him. What was he like?[23]
I have forgot him: my imagination
Carries no favour[24] in 't but Bertram's.
I am undone: there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were[25] all one,
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, he is so above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light[26]
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
The hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love. 'T was pretty, though a plague,
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table;[27] heart too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour:
But now he 's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics. — Who comes here?[28]
One that goes with him: I love him for his sake,
And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely[29] a coward;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place,[30] when virtue's steely bones

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zu falschen und betrügerischen Scheintugenden, aber bei der Helena sind sie um so besser, je aufrichtiger und ächter sie sind. — Hanmer las *for her simpleness.* 10) Das Salz der Thränen vergleicht Sh. auch sonst mit dem Salz, das zur Erhaltung und Würze der Speisen angewandt wird. So in Romeo and Juliet (A. 2, Sc. 3) *How much salt water thrown away in waste,* || *To season love.* 11) *livelihood* = äussere Symptome des innern Lebens, Lebendigkeit. So in K. Richard III. (A. 3, Sc. 4) *By any livelihood he show'd to-day.* 12) *to have* steht als ob *lest you be rather thought to affect* vorherginge. — *to affect* gebraucht die Gräfin = zum Schein annehmen, geflissentlich zur Schau tragen; Helena in ihrer vielleicht bei Seite gesprochenen Replik fasst das Wort = sich geflissentlich einer Sache annehmen, sich mit ihr zu schaffen machen. — Die Fol. interpungirt *to have* — 13) Die Gräfin schliesst sich der Mahnung, die Lafeu an die Helena richtet, an, sich dem Schmerze nicht zu sehr hinzugeben, indem sie, an seine letzten Worte anknüpfend, fortfährt: Wenn der Lebendige mit dem Gram in Feindschaft lebt, so macht ein Uebermass den Gram bald tödtlich, so tödtet der Gram bald den Lebendigen. So fasst Warburton hier *mortal* auf; andere Hgg. verstehen *mortal* = das was stirbt, zum Tode reif, und deuten es auf das baldige Aufhören des Grames, sobald der Lebende nur ernstlich dem Grame abhold sei. 14) Diese Frage Lafeu's bezieht sich schwerlich auf die ebenvorhergehenden, ganz verständlichen Worte Bertram's, sondern entweder auf die spitzfindige letzte Rede der Gräfin, welche Knight der Helena zuertheilen wollte, oder auf die ihm räthselhafte tiefe Trauer der Helena. 15) *blood* ist Bertram's edle Abstammung, *virtue* die ihm anerzogene Tüchtigkeit und Mannhaftigkeit. — *contend* ist wie *share* Conjunctiv. 16) Sei Deinem Feinde gewachsen mehr in der Macht es mit ihm aufzunehmen als in der Anwendung dieser Macht, und hüte Deinen Freund so sorgsam, wie Du Dein eigenes Leben hütest. 17) Was der Himmel ausserdem Dir zu Deiner Ausstattung und Förderung bestimmt. 18) Die Interpunction der Fol. verbindet *Farewell, my lord.* 19) Die Besten, Vornehmsten am Hofe werden sich um Bertram's Zuneigung bemühen, ihm huldigen. 20) Was Ihr Euch nur Gutes wünschen könnt, das möge Euch zu Gebote stehen. 21) Hätte ich keine andere Sorge, als den Ruhm meines Vaters in mir zu bewähren, aufrecht zu erhalten! 22) *these great tears* = die Thränen jener Grossen, welche die Gräfin und, nach Lafeu's Bericht, auch der König dem Andenken Gerard's gewidmet haben, stehen im Gegensatz zu *those I shed for him* = die Thränen, welche ich, seine Tochter, um ihn vergiesse. — So in K. Lear (A. 5, Sc. 3) *their greater pleasures* = das Belieben jener Grösseren. 23) Helena erinnert sich nicht mehr, wie ihr Vater aussah. 24) *favour* = Gesichtszüge, Gesichtsbildung, ebenso bald nachher *every line and trick of his sweet favour* = jeder Zug und jede Eigenthümlichkeit seines holden Gesichts. 25) Die Fol. hat *'t were.* 26) *collateral light* = das Licht, das von seinen Seiten oder von ihm seitwärts ausströmt. 27) *table* ist sowohl die Tafel von Holz oder Leinewand, auf die ein Gemälde aufgetragen wird, als das Gemälde selbst. — *our heart* sagt Helena allgemeiner von dem weiblichen Herzen überhaupt. — *capable of* = leicht empfänglich für Etwas, Etwas schnell auffassend. 28) Die Fol. notirt, nach ihrer Art, das Auftreten des Parolles schon hier, etwas früher als es wirklich geschehen sollte, als eine Weisung für den Schauspieler, sich bereit zu halten. — Die meisten Hgg. folgen ihr darin. 29) *solely* = in auserlesenem, hervorstechendem Grade. 30) Diese eingewurzelten Uebel stehen ihm so passend, dass sie Rang und Platz gewinnen oder ihm Rang und Platz verschaffen. 31) *cold* = frierend, der Kälte ausgesetzt, ist dem *super-*

Look bleak in the cold wind: withal, full oft we see
Cold[31] wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Save you, fair queen!
Hel. And you, monarch!
Par. No.[32]
Hel. And no.
Par. Are you meditating on virginity?
Hel. Ay. You have some stain of soldier[33] in you; let me ask you a question. Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it against him?
Par. Keep him out.
Hel. But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant in the defence, yet is weak. Unfold to us some warlike resistance.
Par. There is none: man, sitting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.
Hel. Bless[34] our poor virginity from underminers and blowers up! — Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?
Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city.[35] It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational[36] increase; and there was never virgin got, till virginity was first lost. That you were made of, is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found: by being ever kept, it is ever lost. 'T is too cold a companion: away with 't.
Hel. I will stand for 't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.
Par. There 's little can be said in 't:[37] 't is against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity is to accuse your mothers, which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himself is a virgin:[38] virginity murders itself, and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese, consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon.[39] Keep it not: you cannot choose but lose by 't. Out with 't:[40] within the year it will make itself two,[41] which is a goodly increase, and the principal itself not much the worse. Away with 't.
Hel. How might one do, Sir, to lose it to her own liking?
Par. Let me see: marry, ill,[42] to like him that ne'er it likes. 'T is a commodity will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept, the less worth: off with 't, while 't is vendible: answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable: just like the brooch and the toothpick, which wear not now.[43] Your date[44] is better in your pie and your porridge than in your cheek: and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French withered pears: it looks ill, it eats drily; marry, 't is a withered pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet, 't is a withered pear. Will you anything with it?
Hel. Not my virginity yet.[45]
There shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
A phœnix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;[46]
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,[47]
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he —

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fluous = im Ueberflusse lebend, gegenübergestellt: die Weisheit, welche in ihrem ärmlichen Gewande friert, muss der schwelgenden Thorheit dienstbar sein. 32) Parolles protestirt gegen den Titel *monarch*, den Helena ihm scherzhaft als Revanche für die Begrüssung *queen* beilegt, und in Folge dessen will auch Helena nicht mehr *queen* heissen. — Manche Hgg. betonen *monarch* auf der zweiten Sylbe und finden darin eine Anspielung auf eine bekannte Persönlichkeit der Zeit, einen Phantasten und Prahler, mit dem Beinamen *Monarcho*, den Sh. in Love's Labour's Lost erwähnt. — Indess bedarf es einer solchen Anspielung nicht zum Verständniss des Wortes. 33) *some stain of soldier* = ein gewisser Anstrich vom Soldaten, nicht das wirkliche Wesen eines solchen. 34) scil. *God bless* = Gott beschütze unsere Jungfernschaft vor Minirern! 35) Durch die Mauerbresche, die der Belagerte selbst macht, indem er den Belagerer in die Luft sprengen will, dringt der Letztere in die Stadt ein. — Dasselbe Bild von einer belagerten Stadt hat in ähnlicher Anwendung Sh. in Lucrece: *This moves in him more rage, and lesser pity,* || *To make the breach, and enter this sweet city.* 36) *rational*, wofür Tyrwhitt ohne Grund *national* lesen wollte, ist ungefähr dasselbe, was ebenvorher *politic* hiess. — Die Fol. hat *goe* für *got*, was die zweite Folioausg. berichtigt. 37) *in 't* = in dieser Sache, in Sachen der Jungfernschaft. 38) Ein Selbstmörder ist nicht schlimmer als eine Jungfrau; und eine Jungfernschaft, die sich behaupten will, sollte deshalb behandelt werden wie ein Selbstmörder, der nicht in geweihtem Bezirk beerdigt wird, sondern auf der Heerstrasse. 39) Die Sünde, welche in den göttlichen Satzungen am strengsten verboten ist. 40) *out with 't* = fort damit! und = thut sie auf Zinsen aus. 41) *the year* ist die plausible Conjectur eines Anonymus bei den Cambridge Edd. für *ten yeare* in der Fol. — Die meisten Hgg. ändern mit Hanmer *two* in *ten* um. 42) scil. *one must do ill.* 43) Die Agraffe am Hut und der Zahnstocher, der ebenfalls von Stutzern am Hute getragen wurde, bezeichnen hier eine schon vorübergegangene Mode. — *to wear* = getragen werden, in der Mode sein, setzte Capell für *were* der Fol. 44) *date* = Lebensalter, Lebensdauer, und = Dattel. Dasselbe Wortspiel in Troilus and Cressida (A. 1, Sc. 2) *to be baked with no date in the pie, for then the man's date 's out.* 45) Der Sinn dieser elliptischen Worte ist wahrscheinlich der, dass Helena das Capitel von der Jungfernschaft im Gespräche abbrechen und auf ein andres Capitel, auf Bertram's künftiges Leben am Hofe, übergehen will. — Das folgende *there* deutet in unbestimmter Hinweisung auf den Hof hin und ist aus dem Context verständlich genug, ohne dass es nöthig wäre, Worte, wie die von Hanmer vorgeschlagenen *you 're for the court*, vor *there* einzuschieben. Am Hofe wird Bertram bald eine Geliebte finden, die ihm Alles in Allem sein wird: Mutter, Geliebte, Freund, Führer u. s. w., und die zugleich die widersprechendsten Eigenschaften in sich vereinigt: *his humble ambition etc.* 46) scil. *a dear one*, auf *traitress* bezüglich. Dieses *one* lässt Sh. oft aus. 47) *christendom* = Name, den man

I know not what he shall: — God send him well! —
The court 's a learning-place; — and he is one —
Par. What one, i' faith?
Hel. That I wish well. — 'T is pity —
Par. What 's pity?
Hel. That wishing well had not a body in 't,
Which might be felt;[48] that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And show what we alone[49] must think; which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter a Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.
[Exit.

Par. Little Helen, farewell: if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.
Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.
Par. Under Mars, I.
Hel. I especially think, under Mars.
Par. Why under Mars?
Hel. The wars have so kept you under, that you must needs be born under Mars.
Par. When he was predominant.
Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.
Par. Why think you so?
Hel. You go so much backward, when you fight.
Par. That 's for advantage.[50]
Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety. But the composition that your valour and fear makes in you is a virtue of a good wing,[51] and I like the wear well.
Par. I am so full of businesses, I cannot answer thee acutely. I will return perfect courtier; in the which my instruction shall serve to naturalize[52] thee, so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away: farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends. Get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee: so farewell.
[Exit.

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky[53]
Gives us free scope; only, doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it which mounts my love so high;
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
To join like likes, and kiss like native things.[54]
Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their pains in sense, and do suppose,
What hath been cannot be.[55] Who ever strove
To show her merit, that did miss her love?
The king's disease — my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me. *[Exit.*

SCENE II.

Paris. A Room in the King's Palace.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the King *of France, with letters; Lords and Others attending.*

King. The Florentines and Senoys[1] are by the ears;
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.
1. Lord. So 't is reported, Sir.
King. Nay, 't is most credible: we here receive it[2]
A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,
With caution, that the Florentine will move us
For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the business, and would seem
To have us make denial.
1. Lord. His love and wisdom,
Approv'd so to your majesty, may plead
For amplest credence.
King. He hath arm'd our answer,
And Florence[3] is denied before he comes:
Yet, for our gentlemen, that mean to see
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.
2. Lord. It may well serve
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing and exploit.[4]
King. What 's he comes here?

Enter Bertram, Lafeu, *and* Parolles.

1. Lord. It is the count Rousillon, my good lord,
Young Bertram.

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in der Taufe erhält, hier = die verschiedenen, von Amor als Taufpathen eingegebenen und willkürlich angenommenen *(adoptious)* Beinamen, mit welchen Bertram seine Geliebte am Hofe bezeichnen wird, wie eine Reihe solcher Namen in der vorhergehenden Aufzählung bis auf *his sweet disaster* schon vorgekommen ist. 48) Dass die guten Wünsche, mit denen ich Bertram geleite, sich nicht in körperlicher Gestalt darstellen lassen. 49) *alone* gehört zu *think:* das offen darlegen oder bethätigen, was wir bloss denken dürfen. 50) Das geschieht, um mit desto günstigerer Chance fechten zu können. 51) *of a good wing*, eigentlich von einem Jagdfalken gebraucht, der gut fliegt, hier zweideutig in Bezug auf die Neigung des Parolles zum Weglaufen. 52) *to naturalize* = naturalisiren, einbürgern, ist in Verbindung mit *courtier* aufzufassen. Parolles will die Helena in Hofmanieren einweihen, wenn sie dafür empfänglich ist. — *capable* und *thrust upon thee* ist mit obscönem Nebensinne zu verstehen. 53) Der Himmel, dem unser Schicksal anvertraut ist, lässt uns freien Spielraum. 54) Selbst den mächtigsten Zwischenraum im Glück, d. h. selbst Wesen, die in ihren Glücksstellungen der grösste Zwischenraum scheidet, bringt die Natur dazu, sich zu vereinigen, wie Gleiches sich zu Gleichem gesellt, und sich innig zu berühren, wie Geschöpfe, die einander durch Geburt angehören, die sich nicht fremd sind. 55) Auffallende, kühne Unternehmungen erscheinen Denen als unmöglich, welche die darauf verwandten Anstrengungen achtsam prüfen und erwägen, und welche daran zweifeln, dass das, was doch schon geschehen ist, wie z. B. die Ausgleichung verschiedener Glücksstellungen, von der ebenvorhin die Rede war, nicht auch abermals geschehen könnte.

1) Die Einwohner von Siena in Toscana, *Sanesi* im Italienischen, was schon Paynter mit *Senois* übersetzt, eigentlich französisch *Siennois*. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 437. 2) Der König verweist auf den Brief vom östreichischen Herzog, den er in der Hand hält. 3) *Florence* ist hier, wie vorher *the Florentine*, = der Herzog von Florenz. 4) Der französische Adel sehnt sich krankhaft nach kriegerischen Uebungen und Thaten. 5) *curious*

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face;
Frank nature, rather curious[5] than in haste,
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts
May'st thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.
Ber. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.
King. I would I had that corporal soundness now,
As when thy father, and myself, in friendship
First tried our soldiership. He did look far
Into the service of the time,[6] and was
Discipled of the bravest: he lasted long;
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs[7] me
To talk of your good father. In his youth
He had the wit, which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords; but they may jest,
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour.[8]
So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride, or sharpness;[9] if they were,
His equal had awak'd them; and his honour,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak, and at this time
His tongue obey'd his hand:[10] who were below him
He us'd as creatures of another place,[11]
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled.[12] Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times,
Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate[13] them now
But goers backward.
Ber. His good remembrance, Sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb:
So in approof lives not his epitaph,
As in your royal speech.[14]
King. 'Would I were with him! He would always say,
(Methinks, I hear him now: his plausive words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there, and to bear,)[15] — »Let me not live,« —
Thus[16] his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out, — »Let me not live,« quoth he,
»After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain; whose judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments;[17] whose constancies
Expire before their fashions.« — This he wish'd:
I, after him, do after him wish too,[18]
Since I nor wax, nor honey, can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some labourers room.
2. Lord. You are lov'd, Sir;
They, that least lend it[19] you, shall lack you first.
King. I fill a place, I know 't. — How long is 't, count,
Since the physician at your father's died?
He was much fam'd.
Ber. Some six months since, my lord.
King. If he were living, I would try him yet: —
Lend me an arm: — the rest[20] have worn me out
With several applications: nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count;
My son 's no dearer.
Ber. Thank your majesty. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Rousillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace.

Enter Countess, *Steward, and Clown.*

Count. I will now hear: what say you of this gentlewoman?
Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even[1] your content, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours; for then we wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.
Count. What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah: the complaints I have heard of you, I do not all believe: 't is my slowness, that I do not; for I know you lack not folly to commit them,[2] and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

= der von sich und Andern nicht leicht befriedigt ist, sorgsam und anspruchsvoll. So hat die Natur auf Bertram allen Fleiss verwandt und nicht eilfertig gearbeitet, als sie ihn schuf. 6) Er hatte eine tiefe Einsicht und Erfahrung in dem Kriegsdienst seiner Zeit. 7) *to repair* = wiederbeleben, wiederherstellen. 8) Die jetzigen jungen Herren witzeln und spotten wohl, aber ihr Spott fällt unbeachtet auf sie zurück, da sie ihren Scherz und Leichtsinn nicht mit einer ehrenvollen Stellung zu decken oder zu vertreten wissen. 9) *contempt*, vor welchem Worte *neither* zu suppliren ist, gehört zu *pride*, wie *bitterness* zu *sharpness*: Er war ein so ächter Hofmann, im besten Sinne des Wortes, dass sein Stolz nichts von Verachtung, seine Schärfe im Reden oder Urtheilen nichts von Bitterkeit an sich hatte. 10) *hand* = der Zeiger an der Uhr, ist mit dem vorhergehenden *clock* durch *his* verbunden, das Sh. überall für *its* gebraucht. Seine Zunge gehorchte dem Winke seiner Ehre, sobald diese ihm gebot zu reden. 11) Geschöpfe von einem andern Range als dem seinigen, denen er demgemäss nicht so auf gleichem Terrain entgegentreten konnte, wie seines Gleichen *(his equal)*. 12) *humbled* ist Particip: indem er gedemüthigt wurde in dem armen Lobe dieser Niedriggestellten. — Staunton vermuthet *be humbled* für *he humbled*, fasst also auch *humbled* als Particip. 13) *to demonstrate* betont Sh. bald auf der ersten, bald auf der zweiten Sylbe. 14) *his epitaph lives* ist mit Sh.'scher Kühnheit gesagt für *he in his epitaph lives*: in solcher Anerkennung lebt mein Vater nicht in seiner Grabschrift fort wie in Eurer königlichen Rede; seine Grabschrift erhält seinen Ruhm nicht so dauernd, wie er in Euern Worten fortbesteht. — *approof* = Anerkennung, Geltung. 15) Seine beifällig aufgenommenen Worte waren nicht wie Samenkörner, die man ausstreut, sondern wie Schösslinge, die man dem Ohr oder dem Baum einimpft, damit sie wachsen und Früchte tragen. — Zu *plausive* vgl. A. 4, Sc. 1, Anm. 5. 16) *thus* ist Pope's Emendation für *this* der Fol. — Zwei Zeilen weiter bezieht sich *it* in *when it was out* offenbar auf das ebenvorhergegangene *pastime*: wenn der Spass zu Ende war; und Staunton's Conjectur, *wit* für *it* zu lesen, scheint überflüssig. 17) Der Verstand der jungen Leute wird nur auf Erzeugung ihrer Kleider verwandt, dient nur dazu, neue Trachten zu erfinden, und sie wechseln ihren Sinn oder Entschluss noch rascher, als sie ihre Moden wechseln. 18) Ich, der ich hinter ihm zurückgeblieben bin auf Erden, wünsche auch nach seinem Vorbild, dass ich bald erlöst wäre. 19) *it* bezieht sich auf das folgende *lack*: die es am wenigsten zugestehen, dass sie Euch vermissen werden. 20) Die übrigen Aerzte, die ich bisher gebraucht habe.

Clo. 'T is not unknown to you, Madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, Sir.

Clo. No, Madam; 't is not so well, that I am poor, though many of the rich are damned. But, if I may have your ladyship's good will to go to the world, [3] Isbel, the woman, [4] and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good will in this case.

Count. In what case?

Clo. In Isbel's case, and mine own. Service is no heritage, [5] and, I think, I shall never have the blessing of God, till I have issue of my body, for they say, barnes are blessings.

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, Madam, requires it: I am driven on by the flesh, and he must needs go, that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clo. 'Faith, Madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, Madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

Clo. I am out o' friends, Madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. You are shallow, Madam; e'en [6] great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am aweary of. He that ears my land spares my team, and gives me leave to inn [7] the crop: if I be his cuckold, he 's my drudge. He that comforts my wife is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he that cherishes my flesh and blood loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend: *ergo* he that kisses my wife is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young Charbon the puritan, and old Poysam the papist, [8] howsome'er their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one; they may joll horns together, like any deer i' the herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouthed and calumnious knave?

Clo. A prophet I, Madam; and I speak the truth the next way: [9]

For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true shall find;
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind. [10]

Count. Get you gone, Sir: I 'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it please you, Madam, that he bid Helen come to you: of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman, I would speak with her; Helen I mean. [11]

Clo. *Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,*
Why the Grecians sacked Troy?
Fond [12] *done, done fond,*
Was this king Priam's joy?
With that she sighed as she stood, [13]
With that she sighed as she stood,
And gave this sentence then;
Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There 's yet one good in ten.

Count. What! one good in ten? you corrupt the song, sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, Madam, which is a purifying o' the song. [14] 'Would God would serve the world so all the year! we 'd find no fault with the tithe-woman, [15] if I were the parson. One in ten, quoth 'a! an

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1) *to even* mit dem Accusativ = gleichkommen einer Sache, ihr entsprechen. 2) *them* bezieht Mason auf das erst nachfolgende *knaveries*, eine Construction, die kaum thunlich erscheint. Richtiger verbindet Heath das Wort mit dem vorhergehenden *complaints*, mit dem Begriffswechsel: Gegenstand der Klage, für Klage selbst. — Zwischen *folly* und *ability* besteht ein Gegensatz. 3) *to go to the world* = sich der Welt, dem Leben in der Welt zuwenden, wird auch sonst = sich verheirathen, gebraucht. So in Much Ado about Nothing (A. 2, Sc. 1) *thus goes every one to the world but I.* 4) Die Apposition *the woman* deutet auf das englische Trauungsformular hin, in welchem die Braut so bezeichnet wird. — Grant White liest *your woman.* — Für das folgende *I* hat die Fol. *w*, in der zweiten Folioausg. verbessert. 5) Der Narr citirt hier drei verschiedene Sprichwörter. Das dritte lautet eigentlich *Needs must when the devil drives.* 6) *e'en* verbesserte Hanmer das *in* der Fol., welche auch an andern Stellen *in* für *e'en*, oder *e'n* in älterer Orthographie, setzt. Die alte Lesart *you are shallow in great friends* erklärt Johnson etwas gezwungen mit *you are not deeply skilled in the character or offices of great friends.* 7) *to ear* = pflügen, ackern; *to inn* = unter Dach bringen. 8) *Charbon* und *Poysam* sind fingirte Namen, ohne eine nachweisliche Beziehung auf bestimmte Persönlichkeiten der Zeit. *Charbon* = Kohle, bezeichnet vielleicht den Feuereifer der Puritaner, und *Poysam* mag entstellt sein aus *poison.* — Eine sinnreiche Vermuthung stellen die Cambridge Edd. auf: *Is it possible that Shakespeare may have written „Chair bonne" and „Poisson", alluding to the respective lenten fare of the Puritan and the Papist? — howsome'er (how somere* in der Fol.) verändern manche Hgg. stillschweigend in *howsoe'er.* 9) *the next way* = geradeswegs, auf dem nächsten Wege. 10) Steevens citirt dazu aus John Grange's Garden (1577) folgende Verse, die bei Sh. nur etwas modificirt sind: *Content yourself as well as I, let reason rule your mind:* || *As cuckolds come by destiny, so cuckoos sing by kind.* 11) Der Name *Helen* erinnert den Narren an eine Ballade von der griechischen Helena und der Zerstörung Troja's, und er singt einige Verse daraus, jedoch theils sie verstümmelnd, theils travestirend, wie der vierte Vers sich offenbar nicht auf die Helena, sondern auf Paris bezieht. — Malone hält mit grosser Wahrscheinlichkeit die verloren gegangene Ballade für identisch mit einer, welche 1585 in die Register der Buchhändler eingetragen wurde unter dem Titel The Lamentation of Hecuba and the Ladyes of Troy. 12) *fond done* = thöricht gehandelt. 13) Die Fol. setzt *bis* hinter diesen Vers, den der Narr also zweimal singt. 14) Der Schluss des Liedes, dessen Text der Narr auf diese Weise zu reinigen meint, lautet eigentlich *There 's yet nine good in ten.* 15) *tithe-woman* = die zehnte Frau, und = die Frau, die den Zehnten entrichtet oder die man als Zehnten erhält. Auf die zweite Bedeutung des Wortspiels bezieht sich *the parson* = der Pfarrer, der den Zehnten erhält. 16) *for* emendirt Knight das *ore* der Fol. — Die Erscheinung eines Kometen, die immer

we might have a good woman born but for [16] every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 't would mend the lottery well: a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

Count. You 'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you!

Clo. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done! — Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart. [17] — I am going, forsooth: the business is for Helen to come hither.

[Exit.

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, Madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely. [18]

Count. 'Faith, I do: her father bequeathed her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her than is paid, and more shall be paid her than she 'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than, I think, she wished me: alone she was, and did communicate to herself, her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any stranger sense. [19] Her matter was, she loved your son: Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love, no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; [20] Diana, no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight [21] surprised, without rescue in the first assault, or ransom afterward. This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow, that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in; which I held my duty speedily to acquaint you withal, sithence [22] in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharged this honestly: keep it to yourself. Many likelihoods informed me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe, nor misdoubt. Pray you, leave me: stall this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care. I will speak with you further anon. *[Exit Steward.* [23]

Count. Even so it was with me, when I was young.
If ever we are nature's, these [24] are ours; this thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;
Our blood to us, this to our blood is born:
It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth:
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults; or then we thought them none. [25]

Enter Helena.

Her eye is sick on 't: I observe her now. [26]

Hel. What is your pleasure, Madam?

Count. You know, Helen,
I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable mistress.

Count. Nay, a mother.
Why not a mother? When I said, a mother,
Methought you saw a serpent: what 's in mother,
That you start at it? I say, I am your mother,
And put you in the catalogue of those
That were enwombed mine. 'T is often seen,
Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds; [27]
You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan, [28]
Yet I express to you a mother's care. —
God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood,
To say, I am thy mother? [29] What 's the matter,
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
The many-colour'd Iris, [30] rounds thine eye? —
Why? that you are my daughter?

Hel. That I am not.

Count. I say, I am your mother.

Hel. Pardon, Madam;
The count Rousillon cannot be my brother:
I am from humble, he from honour'd name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble:
My master, my dear lord he is; and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die.
He must not be my brother.

Count. Nor I your mother?

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auffallende Ereignisse vorbedeuten soll, bezeichnet hier die Geburt einer guten Frau als ein solches seltenes Wunder. Ebenso ist ein Erdbeben ein Omen wunderbarer Ereignisse. 17) Der Narr vergleicht den Widerwillen, mit dem er sich dem Willen seiner Gebieterin fügt und ihren Befehl vollführt, mit dem Widerwillen, den die Puritaner gegen den in der englischen Kirche üblichen weissen Chorrock hegten, statt des schwarzen Talars, den sie vorzogen. — Tyrwhitt wollte lesen *though honesty be a puritan.* Indess gebraucht Sh. die Negation in Verbindung mit Partikeln wie *less, though* und ähnlichen mit grosser Licenz. — *humility* = Demuth, steht im Gegensatz zu *big heart* = Trotz. 18) *entirely* = aufrichtig, von ganzem Herzen. 19) Helena war überzeugt, dass ihr Selbstgespräch keinem Fremden zu Gehör käme. — *stranger* = fremd, als Adjectiv. 20) Amor sei kein Gott, da er seine Macht nicht zeigen wollte, nur da zeigen wollte, wo die Verhältnisse der Liebenden auf gleichem Range ständen. — Bei Sh.'s willkürlichem Gebrauche der Negationen (vgl. oben Anm. 17) ist es jedoch denkbar, dass es eigentlich heissen müsste *that would extend his might only etc.* — Die folgenden Worte *Diana, no* fügte Theobald in den ohne sie sinnlosen Text der Fol. ein, dem Rowe weniger gut hatte aufhelfen wollen, indem er *complain'd against the* vor *queen of virgins* einschob. 21) Manche Hgg. ändern *to be surprised* ohne Grund, da Dyce dieselbe Construction auch bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen nachweist; so in Greene's Penelope's Web: *Least we should be spotted with the stain of ingratitude, in suffering the princess' injury unrevenged.* 22) *sithence*, veraltet für *since*, von Sh. hier geflissentlich in dem gesuchten Style des Steward gebraucht. 23) Die Fol. und die meisten Hgg. lassen die Helena schon hier auftreten. Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1, Anm. 28. 24) *these* steht dem *we* und *ours* entsprechend für *this*, ohne dass ein bestimmtes Subject hinzuzudenken wäre. — Pope liess des Verses wegen *ever* vor *we are* aus. Plausibler vermuthen die Cambridge Edd. *e'er* dafür. 25) Nach der Erinnerung, die mir von den vergangenen Tagen geblieben ist, waren meine Fehler eben solcher Art, oder es geschah, dass wir sie damals nicht für Fehler hielten. 26) Wie ich sie jetzt beobachte, sieht man ihr Leiden ihrem Auge an. 27) Durch Wahl oder Adoption ziehen wir oft ein Reis aus fremdem Samen auf, als ob es uns eigen oder angeboren wäre. 28) *a mother's groan* = das Gestöhn der Mutter in Kindesnöthen. So in K. Richard III. (A. 4, Sc. 4) *save for a night of groans || Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.* — Zugleich ist *oppress'd* und *express* einander als lautähnlich gegenübergestellt. 29) Wenn ich sage, dass ich Deine Mutter sei. 30) Das in

Hel. You are my mother, Madam: 'would you were
(So that my lord, your son, were not my brother)
Indeed my mother! — or were you both our mothers, [31]
I care no more for, than I do for heaven,
So I were not his sister. Can't no other, [32]
But, I your daughter, he must be my brother?
Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law.
God shield, you mean it not! daughter, and mother,
So strive upon your pulse. [33] What, pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness: now I see
The mystery of your loneliness, [34] and find
Your salt tears' head. [35] Now to all sense 't is gross,
You love my son: invention is asham'd, [36]
Against the proclamation of thy passion,
To say, thou dost not: therefore tell me true;
But tell me then, 't is so: — for, look, thy cheeks
Confess it, the one to the other; and thine eyes
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours,
That in their kind they speak it: only sin,
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth should be suspected. Speak, is 't so?
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clue; [37]
If it be not, forswear 't: howe'er, I charge thee,
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.
Hel. Good Madam, pardon me.
Count. Do you love my son?
Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress.
Count. Love you my son?
Hel. Do not you love him, Madam?
Count. Go not about: my love hath in 't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note. [38] Come, come, disclose
The state of your affection, for your passions
Have to the full appeach'd. [39]
Hel. Then, I confess,
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven,
I love your son. —
My friends [40] were poor, but honest; so 's my love:
Be not offended, for it hurts not him,
That he is lov'd of me. I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit;
Nor would I have him, till I do deserve him,
Yet never know how that desert should be.
I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
Yet, in this captious [41] and intenible sieve,
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still. [42] Thus, Indian-like, [43]
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest Madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love,
For loving where you [44] do: but, if yourself,
Whose aged honour cites [45] a virtuous youth,
Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,
Wish chastely, and love dearly, that your Dian [46]
Was both herself and Love: O! then, give pity
To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose
But lend and give where she is sure to lose;
That seeks not to find that her search implies,
But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.
Count. Had you not lately an intent, speak truly,
To go to Paris?
Hel. Madam, I had.
Count. Wherefore? tell true.
Hel. I will tell truth; by grace itself I swear.
You know, my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading
And manifest [47] experience had collected
For general sovereignty: and that he will'd me
In heedfull'st reservation to bestow them, [48]
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,

Thränen schwimmende Auge in seinem feuchten Glanze wird mit dem Regenbogen, den die Sonne in dem Regen bildet, verglichen. 31) Wäret Ihr unser Beider Mutter, meine und des Grafen Mutter, so würde mir daran eben so viel gelegen sein, wie mir am Himmel, an meinem Seelenheil gelegen ist, so würde ich das eben so hoch schätzen, wenn ich nur nicht zugleich Bertram's Schwester sein müsste. — Der Plural *mothers* steht vermöge der Attraction des pluralischen *both our*, wie in Romeo and Juliet (A. 2, Sc. 3) *both our remedies* = unser Beider Heilmittel. — Diesen Satz von '*would you were* bis *his sister* spricht die Helena vielleicht halb bei Seite. 32) Zu *can 't* ist aus dem Folgenden *be* zu suppliren, und *other* ist = *otherwise:* kann es auf keine andere Weise geschehen, als dass, indem ich Eure Tochter bin, er mein Bruder sein muss? 33) Der Gedanke, dass Du meine Tochter seist, und der, dass ich Deine Mutter sei, wirken um die Wette gewaltig auf Deinen Pulsschlag. 34) *loneliness* = Hang zur Einsamkeit, ist Theobald's Emendation für *loveliness (louelinesse)* der Fol. 35) Die Quelle Eurer bittern, salzigen Thränen. 36) *ashamed* ist mit dem folgenden *to say* zu verbinden: der lauten Verkündigung Deiner Leidenschaft gegenüber, die sich in Deinen Mienen verräth, schämt die Heuchelei oder Verstellung sich, es abzuleugnen, vermagst Du Dich nicht so weit zu verstellen. 37) So hast Du Dich schön verstrickt. 38) Meine Liebe zu Bertram ist auf ein Band des Blutes begründet, das alle Welt kennt und anerkennt. 39) *passions* = die äussern Symptome innerer Leidenschaft. 40) *friends* = Verwandte. 41) *captious*, das Malone mit *capable of receiving* erklärt, ist wohl eher, der gewöhnlichen Bedeutung des Wortes näher, = trachtend Etwas in sich aufzunehmen: das Sieb verlangt immer nach dem Wasser, das es doch nicht in sich festzuhalten vermag. — Die Fol. hat *intemible*, was die zweite Folioausg. verbessert. 42) Ich entbehre es nicht, ich lasse mich dadurch nicht irren, wenn ich das Wasser stets vergebens einschütte, wenn ich es immer wieder verliere. 43) Die indischen Sonnenanbeter erwähnt Sh. auch in Love's Labour's Lost (A. 4, Sc. 3) *Who sees the heavenly Rosaline, | That, like a rude and savage man of Inde, || At the first opening of the gorgeous east, || Bows not his vassal head?* 44) Der Nachdruck liegt auf *you:* hasst mich nicht, weil ich da liebe, wo Ihr liebt. 45) *to cite* = künden, aussagen als Zeuge. 46) Malone lässt *that your Dian etc.* von *wish chastely* abhängen, welches letztere jedoch wohl absolut und im Gegensatz zu *love dearly* zu fassen ist: wenn Ihr jemals zugleich keusche Wünsche und zärtliche Liebe hegtet, so dass Diana, die Schutzgöttin Eurer Jungfräulichkeit, zugleich sie selbst und die Göttin der Liebe war. — *Love* weiblich personificirt als Liebesgöttin hat Sh. auch sonst, so in Antony and Cleopatra (A. 1, Sc. 1) *Now, for the love of Love, and her soft hours.* 47) *manifest* = allseitig anerkannt, augenfällig. — *general sovereignty* = allgemeine Geltung oder Wirkung. 48) *in reservation* hängt von *to bestow* ab: sie sorglichst zu bewahren als Aufzeichnungen oder Wahrnehmungen, deren innere Kräfte bedeutender wären, als wofür man

More than they were in note. Amongst the rest,
There is a remedy approv'd, set down
To cure the desperate languishings[49] whereof
The king is render'd lost.
Count. This was your motive
For Paris, was it? speak.
Hel. My lord, your son, made me to think of this;
Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
Had, from the conversation of my thoughts,
Haply been absent then.
Count. But think you, Helen,
If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it? He and his physicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him,
They, that they cannot help. How shall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine,[50] have left off
The danger to itself?
Hel. There 's something in 't,[51]
More than my father's skill, which was the greatest
Of his profession, that his good receipt
Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified
By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would your honour
But give me leave to try success, I 'd venture
The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure,
By such a day and hour.[52]
Count. Dost thou believe 't?
Hel. Ay, Madam, knowingly.
Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave, and love,
Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court. I 'll stay at home,
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt.
Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss.
[Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Paris. A Room in the King's Palace.

Flourish. Enter King, *with divers young Lords taking leave for the Florentine war;* Bertram, Parolles, *and Attendants.*

King. Farewell, young lords:[1] these warlike principles
Do not throw from you: — and you, my lords, farewell. —
Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain, all
The gift doth stretch itself[2] as 't is receiv'd,
And is enough for both.
1. Lord. 'T is our hope, Sir,
After well-enter'd soldiers,[3] to return
And find your grace in health.
King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confess he owes the malady
That doth my life besiege.[4] Farewell, young lords;
Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy[5]
(Those 'bated, that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy,) see, that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it: when
The bravest questant[6] shrinks, find what you seek,
That fame may cry you loud. I say, farewell.
2. Lord. Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty!
King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them:
They say, our French lack language to deny,
If they demand: beware of being captives,
Before you serve.[7]
Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.
King. Farewell. — Come hither to me.
[The King *retires to a couch.*[8]

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sie kannte. 49) Für *languishings* setzen manche Hgg. willkürlich *languishes:* das verzweifelte Uebel, an welchem der König für unheilbar krank gilt, für verloren ausgegeben wird. 50) Die medicinischen Schulen haben alle ihre Gelehrsamkeit erschöpft und überlassen nun die lebensgefährliche Krankheit sich selbst. — *to embowel* = ausweiden. 51) Es steckt Etwas darin, es ist Etwas daran. — Die meisten Hgg. adoptiren dafür Hanmer's Conjectur *There 's something hints.* 52) Ich würde mein Leben auf's Spiel setzen und gerne verlieren, wenn ich die Heilung Seiner Majestät nicht zu bestimmtem Tag und bestimmter Stunde vollbracht habe. — Die Fol. *an hour*, von der zweiten Folioausg. verbessert in *and hour.*

1) Hanmer liest hier und in der folgenden Zeile *lord* für *lords* der Fol. Aber in Bezug auf die Bühnenweisung der Fol. *with divers young Lords* nehmen die Cambridge Edd. mit Recht an, dass der König hier mehr als zwei junge Herren für die Parteinahme auf beiden Seiten im bevorstehenden Kriege beurlaubt. 2) Die gute Unterweisung des Königs, welche die Herren unter sich theilen sollen, wird mit einem dehnbaren Stoffe verglichen, der, in die Länge gezogen, auch getheilt für Mehrere lang genug ist. 3) Nachdem wir wohleingeweihte Soldaten geworden sind. 4) Von der Krankheit, die mein Leben bestürmt, will mein Herz noch nichts wissen. — *to owe* = zu eigen haben. — *he* bezieht sich auf das personificirte *heart.* 5) *higher Italy*, das einige Commentatoren auf eine höhere Würde Italiens im Gegensatze zu *worthy Frenchmen* beziehen, scheint einfach = Oberitalien, zu sein, der Theil Italiens, wohin die Ritter ziehen. Der Sinn wäre also: lasst das obere Italien, abgerechnet darin Diejenigen, welche nur an dem Sturz der letzten Monarchie, des Römerreiches, also nicht an deren früherem Glanze Theil haben, lasst dieses Italien erkennen, dass Ihr kommt, nicht um die Ehre zu werben, sondern sie heimzuführen. — Andere fassen *those 'bated etc.* als Apposition zu *higher Italy* = jene zu Boden Geschlagenen u. s. w. 6) *questant* = Einer der Etwas sucht, hier im Zusammenhange = der die Ehre auf dem Schlachtfelde sucht. — Für *questant*, das anderswo kaum vorkommt, lesen die spätern Folioausgg. *question.* 7) *to serve* = Kriegsdienste thun. 8) Diese Bühnenweisung ist von Capell. — Jedenfalls sind die letzten Worte des Königs an Jemanden gerichtet, mit dem er sich in den Hintergrund der Bühne zurückzieht, während das folgende Gespräch zwischen Bertram und den Rittern vorn auf der Bühne vor sich geht. — Pope lässt den König hinausgehen oder hinausgeführt werden: *Exit.* 9) *the spark* = der muntere junge Herr, scil. Bertram, ist Apposition zu *his.* — Manche Hgg. interpungiren den Satz, als sei er unvollständig: *'T is not his fault; the spark* — 10) scil. *there is a coil kept with me:* man stellt sich so mit mir an und macht solche Beredung, indem man mich für zu jung erklärt und auf's nächste Jahr vertröstet. — Pope streicht jede Interpunction hinter *coil with.* 11) Die ihm zugedachte Rolle eines Courmachers am Hofe charakterisirt Bertram hier verächtlich als ein Gestell, worauf man ein Weiberhemd

1. Lord. O my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us!
Par. 'T is not his fault, the spark.[9]
2. Lord. O, 't is brave wars!
Par. Most admirable: I have seen those wars.
Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with,[10] — »Too young,« and »the next year«, and »'t is too early«.
Par. An thy mind stand to 't, boy, steal away bravely.
Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,[11]
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn,
But one to dance with.[12] By heaven! I 'll steal away.
1. Lord. There 's honour in the theft.[13]
Par. Commit it, count.
2. Lord. I am your accessary; and so farewell.
Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.[14]
1. Lord. Farewell, captain.
2. Lord. Sweet Monsieur Parolles!
Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals: — you shall find in the regiment of the Spinii, one captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek:[15] it was this very sword entrenched it: say to him, I live, and observe his reports for me.[16]
2. Lord. We shall, noble captain. *[Exeunt Lords.*
Par. Mars dote on you for his novices! — What will you do?
Ber. Stay; the king —[17]
Par. Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords: you have restrained yourself within the list of too cold an adieu: be more expressive to them; for they wear themselves in the cap of the time,[18] there do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star; and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed. After them, and take a more dilated farewell.
Ber. And I will do so.
Par. Worthy fellows, and like to prove most sinewy swordmen. *[Exeunt* Bertram *and* Parolles.

Enter Lafeu.

Laf. *[Kneeling.]* Pardon, my lord, for me and for my tidings.
King. I 'll fee[19] thee to stand up.
Laf. Then here 's a man stands, that has bought his pardon.
I would, you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy,
And that, at my bidding, you could so stand up.
King. I would I had; so I had broke thy pate,
And ask'd thee mercy for 't.
Laf. Good faith, across.[20] But, my good lord, 't is thus;
Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?
King. No.
Laf. O! will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?
Yes, but you will my noble grapes,[21] an if
My royal fox could reach them. I have seen a medicine[22]
That 's able to breathe life into a stone,
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary[23]
With spritely fire and motion; whose simple touch
Is powerful to araise king Pepin,[24] nay,
To give great Charlemain a pen in 's hand,
And write[25] to her a love-line.
King. What her is this?
Laf. Why, doctor she.[26] My lord, there 's one arriv'd, If you will see her: — now, by my faith and honour,

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zum Trocknen aufhängt. 12) Wenn der Kampf vorüber, alle Ehre, die dabei zu erwerben war, gleichsam aufgekauft ist und man das Schwert nur zum Putz beim Tanze trägt. Eine andere Anspielung auf diese Mode findet sich in Titus Andronicus (A. 2, Sc. 1) *although our mother, unadvis'd,* || *Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side.* 13) *theft* = Diebstahl, und = das Sich-weg-stehlen. So in Macbeth (A. 2, Sc. 3) *There 's warrant in that theft,* || *Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.* — Auf *theft* in diesem Doppelsinn bezieht sich das folgende *accessary:* ich will Euer Helfershelfer dabei sein. 14) Ich wachse so an Euch fest, dass unsere Trennung ist wie ein Leib, den man bei der Tortur auseinander reisst. 15) *sinister* = links, sagt Sh. in gesuchter Redeweise von der Wange auch in Troilus and Cressida (A. 4, Sc. 5) *on the dexter cheek, and this sinister.* — Die Fol. hat *his cicatrice with,* von Theobald umgestellt. 16) *for me* = mich betreffend, oder = zu meinen Gunsten. 17) Die Hgg. fügen die Bühnenweisung hinzu: *Seeing him rise* und fassen *stay* als Imperativ. — Da die Fol. interpungirt *Stay the king,* so vermuthet Collier, es sei zu lesen *Stay with the king* = ich will beim König bleiben. — Jedenfalls mag *stay* als Infinitiv die Antwort auf Parolles' Frage sein. 18) Diese jungen Herren spielen jetzt eine so hervorstechende Rolle, als trüge die Gegenwart sie gleichsam an ihrer Mütze; und in solcher hervorragenden Stellung zeigen sie, wie man gehen, essen, sprechen muss unter dem Einflusse des am meisten geltenden Planeten; wie man sich benehmen muss, wenn man in der Welt Etwas vorstellen will. — Solchen Mustern der Mode nachzufolgen, empfiehlt Parolles dem Bertram, und wenn auch der Teufel den Tanz anführe, wenn es auch zum Teufel gehe. 19) *fee* ist Theobald's Emendation für *see* der Fol., und in Uebereinstimmung damit *bought* für *brought* der Fol. in der folgenden Zeile: Lafeu hat sich die Vergünstigung, die er vom König sich erbat, erkauft, indem er aufgestanden ist, also das gethan, womit der König, der selbst nicht stehen kann, ihn bezahlen wollte. — Einer weniger gesuchten Deutung als Theobald's Lesart bedarf die von Staunton adoptirte: *I 'll sue thee to stand up,* wobei das *brought* in der folgenden Zeile unverändert bleibt. — Staunton citirt dazu eine Parallelstelle aus K. Richard II. (A. 5, Sc. 3) *Good aunt, stand up.* — *I do not sue to stand.* 20) *across* = verkehrt, gefehlt! eigentlich ein Ausruf beim Lanzenspiel, wenn die geworfene Lanze ihr Ziel nur von der Seite getroffen hat, steht hier in Bezug auf die Replik des Königs, zugleich doppelsinnig in Verbindung mit *broke thy pate across* = den Schädel querdurch zerschlagen. 21) scil. *you will eat my noble grapes.* Unter den Trauben, die nach dem Sprichwort der Fuchs, der sie nicht erreichen kann, für sauer erklärt, versteht Lafeu die Nachricht von der Aussicht auf eine Heilung des Königs. 22) *medicine* = Arzt. So heisst in Winter's Tale (A. 4, Sc. 3) Camillo *the medicine of our house.* 23) *canary* = ein munterer Tanz. Sh. bildet daraus ein Verbum *to canary* in Love's Labour's Lost (A. 3, Sc. 1). 24) *king Pepin* als Typus eines längst verstorbenen Königs hat Sh. auch anderswo, so in Love's Labour's Lost (A. 4, Sc. 1) *that was a man when king Pepin of France was a little boy.* 25) Die Construction ist ungenau, da aus dem Vorhergehenden vor *write* ein *make him* supplirt werden muss. — Hanmer las *to write.* 26) *doctor* ist ein Titel, den Lafeu der Helena, die er unter *she* versteht,

If seriously I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
With one, that in her sex, her years, profession,[27]
Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my weakness.[28] Will you see her
(For that is her demand), and know her business?
That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good Lafeu,
Bring in the admiration,[29] that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine,
By wond'ring how thou tookst it.

Laf. Nay, I 'll fit you,
And not be all day neither.[30] *[Exit.*

King. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.[31]

Re-enter LAFEU, *with* HELENA.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.

King. This haste hath wings, indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.
This is his majesty, say your mind to him:
A traitor you do look like; but such traitors
His majesty seldom fears. I am Cressid's uncle,[32]
That dare leave two together. Fare you well. *[Exit.*

King. Now, fair one, does your business follow us?[33]

Hel. Ay, my good lord.
Gerard de Narbon was my father,
In what he did profess well found.[34]

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards him;
Knowing him, is enough. On 's bed of death
Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience the only darling,[35]
He bade me store up as a triple eye,[36]
Safer than mine own two, more dear. I have so;
And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause, wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it and my appliance,
With all bound humbleness.

King. We thank you, maiden;
But may not be so credulous of cure,
When our most learned doctors leave us, and
The congregated college[37] have concluded
That labouring art can never ransom nature
From her inaidable estate; I say, we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empirics,[38] or to dissever so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

Hel. My duty then shall pay me for my pains:
I will no more enforce mine office on you;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one,[39] to bear me back again.

King. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful.
Thou thoughtst to help me, and such thanks I give,
As one near death to those that wish him live;
But what at full I know, thou know'st no part,
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy.[40]
He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes;[41] great floods have flown
From simple sources; and great seas have dried,
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises; and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldest, and despair most fits.[42]

King. I must not hear thee: fare thee well, kind maid.
Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid:
Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd.[43]
It is not so with him that all things knows,

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scherzhaft ertheilt. 27) *profession* ist die Aussage der Helena über sich selbst und ihr Versprechen, den König zu heilen. 28) Das Staunen Lafeu's über die Helena ist grösser, als dass er seine Schwäche in dieser Beziehung tadelnd verrathen, als dass er diese Schwäche zu seiner Beschämung eingestehen möchte. — Diese Deutung von Steevens scheint natürlicher, als die gesuchtere M. Mason's: sein Staunen war so gross, dass er es nicht bloss auf Rechnung seiner Schwäche setzen, sondern auf die ausgezeichneten Eigenschaften der Helena schieben möchte. 29) *admiration* eigentlich hier = die personificirte Bewunderung, dann = der Gegenstand derselben. 30) Ich will nicht den ganzen Tag damit beschäftigt sein, Euch zu helfen; es soll keinen ganzen Tag dauern, dass ich Euern Wunsch erfülle. 31) *to prologue* = mit einem Prolog einleiten. 32) Lafeu, der die Helena mit dem König zusammenbringt, vergleicht sich scherzhaft mit Pandarus, der den Troilus und die Cressida in Troja verkuppelte und seitdem als Repräsentant aller Gelegenheitsmacherei galt. So in Twelfth-Night (A. 3, Sc. 1) *I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, Sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.* 33) Geht Euer Geschäft mir nach? Betrifft es mich, was Ihr zu thun habt? 34) *well found* erklärt Steevens *of known, acknowledged excellence.* — Es ist vielleicht eher = wohl orientirt, der in Etwas gut Bescheid weiss. 35) Der auserlesene Liebling seiner langjährigen Erfahrung, das Heilmittel, das er in seiner langen Praxis am meisten lieben und schätzen gelernt hatte. 36) *triple eye* ist mehr als *third eye*, womit Steevens es erklärt: ein dreifaches Auge, ein Auge, das die beiden natürlichen Augen in sich schliesst und zugleich an Werth übertrifft. 37) scil. *college of physicians*, wie vorher *the schools* (vgl. A. 1, Sc. 3, Anm. 50). 38) *empirics* (*empericks* in der Fol.) betont Sh. auf der ersten Sylbe. 39) scil. *a modest thought.* — Helena bittet sich aus, dass der König ehrbar von ihr denke, damit dieser ehrbare Gedanke sie auf ihrem Rückweg geleite. 40) *to set up one's rest* = Alles an Etwas setzen, hier: da Ihr an allem Heilmittel verzweifelt. 41) Malone citirt dazu aus dem Evangelium Matthäi (Cap. 11, V. 25) die Worte Christi: *I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes.* — Wahrscheinlicher spielte, wie Holt White vermuthet, Sh. auf die biblische Geschichte von Susanna und Daniel an, wie er bei *great floods etc.* an Moses dachte, der Wasser aus dem Felsen schlug, bei *great seas etc.* an das rothe Meer beim Durchgang der Kinder Israel's, bei *When miracles etc.* an Pharao, der die Wunder, die Moses bewirkte, nicht glauben wollte. 42) Die Fol. hat im Widerspruche mit Sinn und Reim *shifts*, woraus Pope *sits* machte. Die plausiblere Emendation *fits* = sich eignen, passen, ist eine Conjectur Theobald's. 43) Ein blosser Hauch des Mundes, ein blosses Wort, reicht so hin, ein

As 't is with us that square our guess by shows;
But most it is presumption in us, when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.
Dear Sir, to my endeavours give consent;
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim;[44]
But know I think, and think I know most sure,
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.
King. Art thou so confident? Within what space
Hop'st thou my cure?
Hel. The great'st grace lending grace,[45]
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring,[46]
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his[47] sleepy lamp;
Or four-and-twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass,[48]
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely[49] die.
King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'st thou venture?
Hel. Tax of impudence,
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,
Traduc'd by odious ballads;[50] my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise; ne worse of worst extended,[51]
With vilest torture let my life be ended.
King. Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth speak[52]
His powerful sound, within an organ weak;
And what impossibility would slay
In common sense, sense saves another way.[53]
Thy life is dear; for all, that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate;
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage,[54] all
That happiness and prime[55] can happy call:
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.[56]
Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try,
That ministers thine own death, if I die.
Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property[57]
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die,
And well deserv'd. Not helping, death 's my fee;
But, if I help, what do you promise me?
King. Make thy demand.
Hel. But will you make it even?
King. Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of heaven.[58]
Hel. Then shalt thou give me with thy kingly hand
What husband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royal blood of France,
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state;[59]
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.
King. Here is my hand; the premises observ'd,
Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd:
So make the choice of thy own time; for I,
Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.
More should I question thee, and more I must,
Though more to know could not be more to trust,
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on; but rest
Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest. —
Give me some help here, ho! — If thou proceed
As high as word,[60] my deed shall match thy deed.
[Flourish. Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Rousillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace.

Enter Countess *and Clown.*

Count. Come on, Sir: I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.[1]
Clo. I will show myself highly fed, and lowly taught. I know, my business is but to the court.

Verdienst, eine Wohlthat wirkungslos zu machen, die vom Himmel eingegeben ist. 44) Ich bin keine Betrügerin, welche sich erklärt oder ausspricht im Widerspruch mit der Richtung ihres Ziels, welche anders spricht, als sie im Sinne hat. — Genau construirt sollte *proclaims herself* stehen. 45) Denselben Zusammenhang von *grace* = göttliche Gnade, und *grace* = Gnade, Huld, hat Sh. in Macbeth (A. 5, Sc. 7) *by the grace of Grace.* 46) *his diurnal ring* = durch seinen täglichen Kreislauf. 47) *his* verbesserte Rowe das *her* der Fol. 48) Ehe die Sanduhr, die in jeder Stunde umgedreht wird, vier und zwanzig Mal die Minuten gezählt hat, wie sie entweichen. — *thievish* = sich leise oder diebisch wegschleichend. 49) *freely* = aus eigenem Antriebe, ungezwungen. 50) Die Bänkelsänger trugen in ihren Gassenhauern vorzugsweise Geschichten von Bösewichtern vor; so in Antony and Cleopatra (A. 5, Sc. 2) *and scald rhymers ballad us out o' tune.* 51) Und wenn nichts Aergeres vom Aergsten mir erwiesen wird, wenn alles Schlimmste gegen mich entfaltet ist, so lasst mein Leben mit den schlechtesten Martern zu Ende gebracht sein. — *ne*, veraltet für *nor*, ändern manche Hgg. mit der zweiten Folioausg. in *no* um. — Die Cambridge Edd. verzeichnen fast ein Dutzend Conjecturen, mit denen man dieser vermeintlich corrupten Stelle hat aufhelfen wollen. Die plausibelste darunter ist die eines Anonymus: *on worst of racks extended.* — Staunton vermuthet *and, worse of worst expended,* || *With vilest tortures etc.* 52) Nach der Interpunction der Fol. ist *his powerful sound* Object zu *speak.* — Die meisten Hgg. setzen hinter *speak* ein Semikolon und fassen *his powerful sound* als Subject eines zweiten Satzes, zu dem sie als Verbum aus dem ersten *doth speak* suppliren. 53) Den Glauben an Deine Wunderkraft, den der gesunde Menschenverstand als eine Unmöglichkeit vernichten würde, den rettet ein anderer, höherer Verstand oder Sinn. 54) Theobald fügte zur Vervollständigung des Verses *virtue* hinter *courage* ein, ein Wort, das in diesem Zusammenhange wenig passen will. 55) *prime* = Jugendfrische, Jugendblüthe. — *happiness* = glückliche Begabung. 56) Zu *monstrous desperate* lässt sich dem Sinne nach nicht wohl *skill*, sondern nur, mit Sh.'scher Licenz, aus dem vorhergehenden *thou* ein *thee* suppliren: dass Du dies Alles auf's Spiel setzest, lässt nothwendig auf unendliche Geschicklichkeit und Begabung in Dir schliessen, oder darauf schliessen, dass Du entsetzlich dreist bist. 57) *property* = Genauigkeit, Gehörigkeit, hier = die gehörige Vollführung dessen, was ich versprochen habe. 58) *heaven* ist Thirlby's Emendation für *help* der Fol. 59) Die Mitglieder der königlichen Familie sind gleichsam Zweige und Abbilder des königlichen Rangs und Throns. — Vgl. Einleitung pag. 436. 60) Wenn Dein Thun so hoch kommt wie Dein Wort, so soll auch meine That, die Erfüllung meines Wortes, Deiner That entsprechen.

Count. To the court! why, what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt? But to the court!

Clo. Truly, Madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg,[2] put off 's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court. But, for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that 's a bountiful answer, that fits all questions.

Clo. It is like a barber's chair,[3] that fits all buttocks; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown[4] for your taffeta punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's forefinger,[5] as a pancake for Shrove-Tuesday, a morris for Mayday,[6] as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

Clo. From below your duke to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size, that must fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither,[7] in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it. Here it is, and all that belongs to 't: ask me, if I am a courtier; it shall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again,[8] if we could. I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, Sir, are you a courtier?

Clo. O Lord, Sir! — there 's a simple putting off. — More, more, a hundred of them.[9]

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord, Sir! — Thick, thick, spare not me.

Count. I think, Sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O Lord, Sir! — Nay, put me to 't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipped,[10] Sir, as I think.

Clo. O Lord, Sir! — Spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, »O Lord, Sir!« at your whipping, and »spare not me«? Indeed, your »O Lord, Sir!« is very sequent to your whipping: you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to 't.

Clo. I ne'er had worse luck in my life, in my — »O Lord, Sir!« I see, things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time,[11]
To entertain it so merrily with a fool.

Clo. O Lord, Sir! — why, there 't serves well again.

Count. An end, Sir: to your business.[12] Give Helen this,
And urge her to a present answer back:
Commend me to my kinsmen, and my son.
This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.[13]

Count. Not much employment for you: you understand me?

Clo. Most fruitfully: I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again. *[Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.

Paris. A Room in the King's Palace.

Enter Bertram, Lafeu, *and* Parolles.

Laf. They say, miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar, things supernatural and causeless.[1] Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors, ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.[2]

Par. Why, 't is the rarest argument of wonder, that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ber. And so 't is.

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1) Die Gräfin fasst *breeding* = Erziehung, Erlerntes; der Narr fasst das Wort in materiellerem Sinn = Zucht, Aufziehen eines Thieres, und spielt in seiner Antwort auf das Sprichwort an: *Better fed than taught.* 2) *to make a leg* = einen Kratzfuss machen. 3) Dass der Stuhl in einer Barbierstube, auf den sich die verschiedenen Kunden niederlassen, Allen bequem sein musste, kommt auch sonst sprichwörtlich vor zur Bezeichnung eines Gegenstandes, der für Jeden passend ist. 4) *French crown* doppelsinnig = französische Krone, als Münze, und = Lustseuche. — *taffata* = schillernder Tafft als Kleidung für Freudenmädchen, findet sich auch in K. Henry IV. First Part (A. 1, Sc. 2) *a fair hot wench in a flame-colour'd taffeta.* 5) *rush* steht für *rush ring* = ein Ring von Binsen gemacht, der auf dem Lande, häufig bei der Abschliessung leichtfertiger Ehen, als Trauring benutzt wurde. — *Tom* und *Tib* sind = Mann und Frau, mit verächtlichem Nebensinne. 6) *morris* = der Mohrentanz, eine Reihe stehender Figuren, aus altenglischen Sagen und Balladen entlehnt, die herkömmlich am ersten Mai die Strassen der englischen Städte durchzog. 7) Die Antwort, die ich in Bereitschaft habe auf alle Fragen, ist, genau untersucht, doch nur eine Kleinigkeit. — Mit dieser Antwort *O Lord, Sir!* persiflirt Sh. eine Modephrase der Zeit. 8) Mit *To be young again etc.* ergänzt die Gräfin den letzten Satz des Narren: *it shall do you no harm to learn.* 9) Legt mir noch hundert solche Fragen vor. — Dasselbe ist auch zu ergänzen zu dem folgenden *thick:* legt mir viele Fragen dichtgedrängt hintereinander vor. 10) Auf das Durchpeitschen als eine gewöhnliche Züchtigung des Hausnarren, wenn er den Spass zu weit trieb oder sich sonst vergangen hatte, spielt Sh. öfter an; so in As you like it (A. 1, Sc. 2) *you 'll be whipped for taxation.* 11) Sie geht mit ihrer Zeit so verschwenderisch um, wie eine adelige Dame, die nicht zu sparen braucht. — Diese beiden Verse drucken die meisten Hgg. mit der Fol. als Prosa. 12) Die meisten Hgg. interpungiren *An end, Sir, to your business.* — Die Fol. hat *and end*, was erst Rowe verbesserte. 13) Diese Replik des Narren, der die Worte der Gräfin geflissentlich missversteht, ist vielleicht als Frage zu fassen.

1) Die eigentliche Construction wäre: *to make supernatural and causeless things modern and familiar.* — *causeless* = ohne nachweisliche Ursache, unerklärlich; *modern* = alltäglich, gewöhnlich. 2) Wenn wir uns dem Eindruck eines unbekannten Schreckbildes hingeben sollten, so verschanzen wir uns hinter eine Kunde, ein Wissen, das doch nur scheinbar ist. 3) *artist* = erfahrener Heilkünstler, wie die Heilkunde selbst *art* heisst.

Laf. To be relinquished of the artists,[3] —
Par. So I say: both of Galen and Paracelsus.[4]
Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fellows,[5] —
Par. Right; so I say.
Laf. That gave him out incurable, —
Par. Why, there 't is; so say I too.
Laf. Not to be helped, —
Par. Right; as 't were a man assured of a —
Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death.
Par. Just, you say well; so would I have said.
Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.
Par. It is, indeed: if you will have it in showing,[6] you shall read it in — what do you call there? —
Laf. A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.
Par. That 's it I would have said; the very same.
Laf. Why, your dolphin is not lustier:[7] 'fore me, I speak in respect —
Par. Nay, 't is strange, 't is very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he is of a most facinorous[8] spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the —
Laf. Very hand of heaven.
Par. Ay, so I say.
Laf. In a most weak —
Par. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence: which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made, than alone the recovery of the king, as to be —
Laf. Generally thankful.
Par. I would have said it; you say well. Here comes the king.

Enter King, Helena, *and Attendants.*

Laf. Lustick,[9] as the Dutchman says: I 'll like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head. Why, he 's able to lead her a coranto.[10]
Par. *Mort du vinaigre!* Is not this Helen?
Laf. 'Fore God, I think so.
King. Go, call before me all the lords in court. —
[Exit an Attendant.
Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side:
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter several Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice[11]
I have to use: thy frank election make.
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.[12]
Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress
Fall, when Love pleases! — marry, to each, but one.[13]
Laf. I 'd give bay curtal,[14] and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken[15] than these boys',
And writ as little beard.[16]
King. Peruse them well:
Not one of those but had a noble father.
Hel. Gentlemen,
Heaven hath through me restor'd the king to health.
All. We understand it, and thank heaven for you.
Hel. I am a simple maid; and therein wealthiest,
That, I protest, I simply am a maid. —
Please it your majesty, I have done already:
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,
»We blush, that thou shouldst choose; but, be refus'd,[17]
Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever:
We 'll ne'er come there again.«
King. Make choice; and, see,
Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in me.
Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly,
And to imperial Love, that god most high,
Do my sighs stream. — Sir, will you hear my suit?
1. Lord. And grant it.
Hel. Thanks, Sir: all the rest is mute.[18]
Laf. I had rather be in this choice, than throw ames-ace for my life.[19]
Hel. The honour, Sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I speak, too threateningly replies:
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes, and her humble love!
2. Lord. No better, if you please.
Hel. My wish receive,
Which great Love grant! and so I take my leave.
Laf. Do all they deny her?[20] An they were sons of mine, I 'd have them whipped, or I would send them to the Turk to make eunuchs of.

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4) Mit seiner Kunde von Galen als berühmtem Arzt brüstet sich auch Falstaff in K. Henry IV. Second Part (A. 1, Sc. 2) *I have read the cause of his effects in Galen.* 5) *fellows* = Genossen eines gelehrten Collegiums, wie vorher *the congregated college* vorkam (vgl. A. 2, Sc. 1, Anm. 37). — *authentic* = der eine Autorität geniesst. 6) *in showing* = in einer geschriebenen Darlegung, deren fingirten Titel Parolles citiren will, ohne sich darauf besinnen zu können; deshalb fährt er fort: Ihr könnt es lesen in — wie nennt Ihr das Buch doch? 7) Ein Delphin, der lustig im Wasser spielt, ist nicht munterer, als der König es jetzt ist. — *your* in familiärer Redeweise entspricht unserm ethischen Dativ: Euch. 8) *facinorous* = verrucht. Die Fol. hat *facinerious.* 9) Dieses Wort kam als eine von den Holländern erlernte Aufforderung zur Fröhlichkeit zu Sh.'s Zeit in England in Gebrauch und wird in verschiedenen Dramen citirt. — Vielleicht dachte Sh. bei *the Dutchman* auch an eine bestimmte Figur irgend eines Holländers auf der Bühne oder im Leben. 10) *coranto* = ein rascher, leidenschaftlicher Tanz. So in K. Henry V. (A. 3, Sc. 5) *swift corantos.* 11) Die jungen Herren, welche auftreten, sind zugleich Unterthanen und Mündel des Königs. Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1, Anm. 2. 12) scil. *they have no power to forsake thy election.* 13) Helena wünscht Jedem eine schöne Braut, nur Einem nicht, nämlich Demjenigen nicht, den sie selbst für sich wählen will. 14) *bay curtal* = der braune Stutzschwanz, Lafeu's Lieblingspferd. 15) *broken* = eingebrochen, von den Zahnlücken im Munde: ich gäbe mein Pferd darum, wenn ich noch alle meine Zähne hätte wie diese Knaben, wenn ich also mit um die Helena werben könnte. 16) *to write* = sich schreiben, sich schriftlich nennen und zu Etwas bekennen, kommt wie hier in *to write beard* = sich zu einem Barte bekennen, in ähnlichen Wendungen bei Sh. und seinen Zeitgenossen vor. So in K. Henry IV. Second Part (A. 1, Sc. 2) *as if he had writ man,* in K. Lear (A. 5, Sc. 3) *write happy.* Der Sinn ist hier: dass mein Mund so wenig bärtig wäre, wie der dieser Knaben. 17) Aber für den Fall, dass Du ausgeschlagen wirst, wenn der Erwählte Dich verschmäht. — *be refused* ist Imperativ, hier im Sinn eines Conditionalsatzes. 18) Ausser diesem Dank habe ich Euch nichts zu sagen. So in Hamlet (A. 5, Sc. 2) *The rest is silence.* 19) *ames-ace* = zwei Ass im Würfelspiel, also der niedrigste

Hel. [To 3. Lord.] Be not afraid that I your hand should take;
I 'll never do you wrong for your own sake:
Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!
Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they 'll none have her: sure, they are bastards to the English; the French ne'er got them.
Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good,
To make yourself a son out of my blood.
4. Lord. Fair one, I think not so.
Laf. There 's one grape[21] yet, — I am sure, thy father drank wine. — But if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen: I have known thee already.
Hel. [To Bertram.*]* I dare not say, I take you; but I give
Me, and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power. — This is the man.
King. Why, then, young Bertram, take her; she 's thy wife.
Ber. My wife, my liege! I shall beseech your highness,
In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.
King. Know'st thou not, Bertram,
What she has done for me?
Ber. Yes, my good lord;
But never hope to know why I should marry her.
King. Thou know'st, she has rais'd me from my sickly bed.
Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Must answer for your raising? I know her well:
She had her breeding at my father's charge.
A poor physician's daughter my wife! — Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever!
King. 'T is only title[22] thou disdain'st in her, the which
I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods,
Of colour,[23] weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty. If she be
All that is virtuous (save what thou dislik'st,
A poor physician's daughter), thou dislik'st
Of virtue for the name; but do not so:
From lowest place when[24] virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed:
Where great additions swell 's,[25] and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honour. Good alone
Is good without a name; vileness is so:[26]
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;
In these to nature she 's immediate heir,[27]
And these breed honour: that is honour's scorn
Which challenges itself as honour's born,[28]
And is not like the sire: honours thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive,
Than our foregoers.[29] The mere word 's a slave,
Debosh'd[30] on every tomb; on every grave,
A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb,
Where dust and damn'd oblivion[31] is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said?
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest: virtue, and she,
Is her own dower; honour and wealth from me.
Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do 't.
King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou shouldst strive to choose.[32]
Hel. That you are well restor'd, my lord, I 'm glad.
Let the rest go.
King. My honour 's at the stake, which to defeat[33]
I must produce my power. Here, take her hand,
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift,
That dost in vile misprision shackle up
My love, and her desert; that canst not dream,
We, poising us in her defective scale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam;[34] that wilt not know,
It is in us to plant thine honour, where

Wurf, den Lafeu wirft, wo sein Leben auf dem Spiel steht. 20) Johnson erklärt diese Worte Lafeu's als ein Missverständniss des Redenden, der auf der Bühne zu weit entfernt stand, um zu hören, was zwischen Helena und den jungen Herren in der That vor sich ging. — Vielleicht aber bezeichnet Lafeu in seiner energischen Weise als *deny* schon die Gelassenheit der jungen Herren, die sich nicht weiter um die Helena bemühen und kein Verlangen nach ihrem Besitze merken lassen. 21) *grape*, womit Lafeu den letzten noch übrig bleibenden jungen Herrn meint, erklärt er selbst mit den Worten *thy father drank wine:* Dein Vater hat Dir Feuer eingeflösst, als er Dich erzeugte. — Aber auch diesem traut er nicht zu, dass er um die Helena sich bemühen werde, und fügt deshalb hinzu: *But if thou be'st not an ass etc.* — Vielleicht gebraucht Lafeu *grape* auch in demselben sprichwörtlichen Sinne, wie in einer früheren Scene (vgl. A. 2, Sc. 1, Anm. 21). 22) Für *title* sollte eigentlich das Gegentheil stehen: es ist lediglich Mangel an Rang und Stand, was Du an ihr schmähst. — *the which* bezieht sich dann auf *title* in der eigentlichen Bedeutung des Worts. 23) Malone erklärt: *our bloods which are of the same colour etc.* Richtiger lässt man wohl *of colour etc.* von dem nachfolgenden *distinction* abhängen: allen Unterschied in Bezug auf Farbe, Schwere, Wärme. — All unser Blut, adlig und nichtadlig, würde, zusammengegossen, keinen materiellen Unterschied wahrnehmen lassen. 24) *when* verbesserte Thirlby das *whence* der Fol. 25) *swell 's* ist *swell us:* wo grosstönende Titel uns aufgebläht machen, und keine Verdienste. 26) Wie das Gute schon für sich allein gut ist und keines weitern Namens bedarf, so verhält es sich auch mit dem Schlechten: es bleibt schlecht, wie man es auch nennen möge. 27) Diese Eigenschaften *(young, wise, fair)* hat sie unmittelbar von der Natur als Erbtheil erhalten. 28) *honour's born* = ein Gebornes, ein Kind der Ehre. — *honour* ist hier männlich personificirt, daher *like the sire. — sire* ist zweisylbig zu lesen, was die späteren Folioausgg. verkannten und darum zur Vervollständigung des Verses *best* vor *thrive* einfügten. 29) scil. *from our foregoers* = von unsern Vorfahren, oder auch *from the acts of our foregoers.* 30) *debosh'd* = befleckt, gemein gemacht, ist die Sh.'sche Orthographie, von vielen Hggn. in *debauch'd* verändert. — *the mere word* bezieht sich auf *honour.* 31) Diese Zusammenfügung von *dust* und *oblivion* ist auch in K. Henry V. (A. 2, Sc. 4) *from the dust of old oblivion rak'd.* 32) *to choose* = wählen, sich die Wahl noch vorbehalten. 33) Für *defeat* wollte Theobald *defend* lesen. Aber *defeat* bezieht sich, wie Farmer richtig erklärt, auf den ganzen Satz: um zu beseitigen, dass meine Ehre auf dem Spiele stehe; um die Gefahr wegzuräumen, in der meine Ehre schwebt. 34) Der Du Dir nicht einfallen lässest, dass mein Gewicht, in Helena's zu leichte Wagschale gelegt, Dich in der andern Wagschale bis an den Wagebalken in die

We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt:
Obey our will, which travails[35] in thy good:
Believe not thy disdain, but presently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,
Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims;
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever
Into the staggers[36] and the careless lapse
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate
Loosing upon thee, in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity. Speak: thine answer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord, for I submit
My fancy to your eyes. When I consider
What great creation, and what dole of honour,
Flies where you bid it, I find that she, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,
Is, as 't were, born so.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her, she is thine: to whom I promise
A counterpoise, if not to thy estate,
A balance more replete.[37]

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune, and the favour of the king,
Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,[38]
And be perform'd to-night: the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
Thy love 's to me religious, else, does err.

[Exeunt King, Bertram, Helena, *Lords, and Attendants.*[39]

Laf. Do you hear, monsieur? a word with you.

Par. Your pleasure, Sir?

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation? — My lord? my master?

Laf. Ay; is it not a language I speak?

Par. A most harsh one, and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master?

Laf. Are you companion to the count Rousillon?

Par. To any count; to all counts; to what is man.[40]

Laf. To what is count's man: count's master is of another style.

Par. You are too old, Sir: let it satisfy you, you are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man;[41] to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dâre too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries,[42] to be a pretty wise fellow: thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel: it might pass; yet the scarfs, and the bannerets about thee, did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burden. I have now found thee:[43] when I lose thee again, I care not; yet art thou good for nothing but taking up, and that thou 'rt scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee, —

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial; which if — Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well: thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deserved it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, every drachm of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.[44]

Laf. E'en as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf, and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say, in the default,[45] he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am past, as I will[46] by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. *[Exit.*

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me, scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord! — Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I 'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I 'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of — I 'll beat him: an if I could but meet him again!

Re-enter Lafeu.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master 's married: there 's news for you; you have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs: he is my good lord: whom I serve above is my master.[47]

Laf. Who? God?

Höhe schnellen wird. 35) *to travail* = sich abmühen, sich abarbeiten. 36) *staggers* = Schwindel: der Schwindel und der aus Mangel an Ueberwachung entstehende Fehltritt *(careless lapse)*, welche der Jugend und Unwissenheit eigen sind. 37) Die Mitgift, welche der König der Helena zusagt, soll, wenn sie nicht so schwer wiegt, wie der Besitz Bertram's, eher ein noch volleres Gewicht ausmachen. 38) *now-born brief* = die jetzt gleich ausgestellte schriftliche Heirathsvollmacht: sobald diese ausgestellt ist, wird die Feierlichkeit des Ehebündnisses, die Vermählung *(ceremony of the contract)*, rasch vor sich gehen, zur raschen Erscheinung gelangen und noch heute Abend vollzogen werden. — *on* = unmittelbar auf. — Andere fassen *brief*, ohne Beziehung auf etwas Schriftliches, = der jetzige kurze Vorgang des mündlichen Verlöbnisses. — Jedenfalls ist der Sinn von *brief* an dieser Stelle nicht mit völliger Sicherheit zu ermitteln. 39) Die Fol. fügt als fernere Bühnenweisung hinzu: *Parolles and Lafeu stay behind, commenting of this wedding.* 40) Parolles fasst *man* im allgemeinen Sinn = Mann: ich bin ein würdiger Gefährte für Alles, was da Mann heisst. — Lafeu nimmt *man* = Diener. 41) Vgl. Anm. 16 dieser Scene. 42) Da ich zweimal mit Dir an der Wirthstafel gesessen hatte. — *ordinary* kommt auch bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen als ein Ort vor, wo man die Bekanntschaft von Fremden und Abenteurern, die daselbst ihre Unterhaltungsgabe leuchten liessen, machen konnte. 43) Ich habe jetzt ausgefunden, wie wenig an Dir ist. — *to find* steht dann im Gegensatz zu *to lose* = verlieren, und = Jemanden loswerden. — Eben so doppelsinnig ist *to take up* = Etwas aufheben vom Boden, und = Jemanden vornehmen, zur Rechenschaft ziehen. 44) Weiser als Ihr, versteht Parolles; weiser als bisher, versteht Lafeu. 45) *in the default* = im Nothfall, wenn es Dir schlecht geht. 46) scil. *as I will pass*, was als Wortspiel aus dem vorhergehenden *past* zu suppliren ist: über die Zeit männlicher

Par. Ay, Sir.

Laf. The devil it is, that 's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves?[48] do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I 'd beat thee: methinks 't,[49] thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee: I think, thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.[50]

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, Sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate: you are a vagabond, and no true traveller. You are more saucy with lords and honourable personages, than the commission of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry.[51] You are not worth another word, else I 'd call you knave. I leave you. *[Exit.*

Par. Good, very good; it is so then: — good, very good. Let it be concealed awhile.

Re-enter BERTRAM.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What is the matter, sweet-heart?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have sworn, I will not bed her.

Par. What, what, sweet-heart?

Ber. O my Parolles, they have married me! —
I 'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits
The tread of a man's foot. To the wars!

Ber. There 's letters from my mother:[52] what the import is,
I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known. To the wars, my boy! to the wars!
He wears his honour in a box, unseen,
That hugs his kicky-wicky[53] here at home,
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery steed. To other regions!
France is a stable; we, that dwell in 't, jades;
Therefore, to the war!

Ber. It shall be so: I 'll send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king
That which I durst not speak. His present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,[54]
Where noble fellows strike. War is no strife
To the dark house, and the detested wife.[55]

Par. Will this capriccio hold in thee, art sure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.
I 'll send her straight away: to-morrow
I 'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.[56]

Par. Why, these balls bound; there 's noise in it; 't is hard.
A young man married is a man that 's marr'd:[57]
Therefore away, and leave her: bravely go;
The king has done you wrong; but, hush! 't is so.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

The Same. Another Room in the Same.

Enter HELENA *and Clown.*

Hel. My mother greets me kindly: is she well?

Clo. She is not well; but yet she has her health: she 's very merry; but yet she is not well: but thanks be given, she 's very well, and wants nothing i' the world; but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail, that she 's not very well?

Clo. Truly, she 's very well, indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One, that she 's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly! the other, that she 's in earth, from whence God send her quickly!

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady!

Hel. I hope, Sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.[1]

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them still. — O, my knave! How does my old lady?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing. To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is

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Leistungen bin ich hinaus. 47) Lafeu fasst *lord* und *master* identisch, aber Parolles unterscheidet zwischen *my good lord* = mein Gönner, d. h. Bertram, dessen Titel und Anrede so lautet, und *my master* = mein Gebieter, d. h. Gott, da droben, dem er dient. Die genauere Construction wäre: *he above, whom I serve.* 48) Parolles hat seine Aermel so mit Bändern umwunden, wie man sonst nur die Strumpfhosen mit Kniegürteln bindet. 49) scil. *methinks it*, wofür die Fol. *meethink'st* schreibt. Die meisten Hgg. setzen *methinks.* 50) Dass die Leute an Dir ihre Kräfte üben sollten. 51) Ihr seid zudringlicher bei vornehmen Herren, als die Vollmacht Eurer Geburt und Tüchtigkeit Euch dazu ein heraldisches, ein amtlich nachweisliches Recht giebt. — Die meisten Hgg. stellen mit Hanmer ohne Grund *commission* und *heraldry* um. 52) Die Briefe, deren Ueberbringer der Narr war. Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 2. 53) *kicky-wicky*, ein von Parolles gebildetes Wort, womit er verächtlich eine Frau oder Geliebte bezeichnen will. — Die meisten Hgg. setzen das eben so sinnlose *kicksy-wicksy* dafür. — Drei Zeilen weiter verbindet Pope: *to other regions France is a stable* = im Vergleich mit andern Gegenden ist Frankreich ein Stall. Die Fol. setzt ein Comma hinter *regions.* 54) Was der König ihm so eben zur Hochzeit geschenkt hat, soll ihm zur Ausrüstung für den italienischen Feldzug dienen. 55) Der Krieg ist keine saure Anstrengung im Vergleich mit dem eigenen Hause, das durch ein verhasstes Weib finster erscheint. — Wie oft bei Sh., so verbindet hier die Copula *and* zwei Begriffe, die eigentlich näher zusammen gehören. — *detested* emendirt Rowe das *detected* der Fol. 56) *her single sorrow* = der Kummer, den sie als Unvermählte zu tragen hat. — Aus dem *I 'll* ist zu *she* ein *shall* zu suppliren. 57) Wortspiel zwischen *married* und *marr'd.* — In der folgenden Zeile verbinden die meisten Hgg. *leave her bravely: go.*

1) *fortunes*, worauf sich *them* in Parolles' Antwort bezieht, setzte Capell für *fortune* der Fol. 2) *title* = Besitz oder Rang und Würden, worauf Jemand Anspruch macht oder Anrecht hat. 3) *knave* = Schelm, und

to be a great part of your title,[2] which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away! thou 'rt a knave.[3]

Clo. You should have said, Sir, before a knave thou 'rt a knave; that is, before me thou 'rt a knave: this had been truth, Sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool; I have found thee.[4]

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, Sir, or were you taught to find me? The search, Sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you. even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i' faith, and well fed.[5] —
Madam, my lord will go away to-night;
A very serious business calls on him.
The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge,
But puts it off to a compell'd restraint;[6]
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets,
Which they distil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What 's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave o' the king,
And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
Strengthen'd with what apology you think
May make it probable need.[7]

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That, having this obtain'd, you presently
Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you. — Come, sirrah. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Another Room in the Same.

Enter Lafeu *and* Bertram.

Laf. But, I hope, your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.[1]

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true. I took this lark for a bunting.[2]

Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then sinned against his experience, and transgressed against his valour; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes. I pray you, make us friends: I will pursue the amity.

Enter Parolles.

Par. *[To* Bertram.*]* These things[3] shall be done, Sir.

Laf. 'Pray you, Sir, who 's his tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O! I know him well. Ay, Sir; he, Sir, is a good workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. *[Aside to* Parolles.*]* Is she gone to the king?

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you 'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,
Given order for our horses; and to-night,
When I should take possession of the bride,
End,[4] ere I do begin.

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner,[5] but one that lies three thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten. — God save you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into 't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the custard,[6] and out of it you 'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may be, you have mistaken[7] him, my lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him at his prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this

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= Bursche, in letzterm Sinn eine gewöhnliche Anrede des Clown. 4) Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 3, Anm. 43. — Die folgende Rede des Clown theilt die Fol. in zwei, indem sie vor *The search, Sir, etc.* noch einmal die redende Person mit Clo. bezeichnet. Staunton schliesst daraus mit grosser Wahrscheinlichkeit, dass aus Versehen eine Replik des Parolles ausgelassen sei. 5) Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 2, Anm. 1. 6) Aber er verschiebt die Ausübung des Vorrechtes und Brauches der Liebe zu einer erzwungenen Beschränkung, er schiebt sie auf, so dass sie zu einer unfreiwilligen Enthaltsamkeit wird. — Die Sh.'sch kühne Construction veranlasste die spätern Folioausgg. *by a compell'd restraint* zu setzen, was manche Hgg. beibehalten. — Von *restraint* ist dann das Folgende abhängig: die Entbehrung und die Hinzögerung dieser Beschränkung ist gleichsam überstreut mit der Süssigkeit, welche sie *(want* und *delay)* in dieser jetzigen unfreien, gehemmten Zwischenzeit bereiten, damit die Zukunft, die Stunde der Wiedervereinigung von Freude überfliesse. Der kurze Sinn dieser gesuchten Redewendung ist: dass der Aufschub den Genuss süsser, macht. 7) Helena soll diese Eile Bertram's in den Augen des Königs als ihr eignes Verfahren, als von ihr selber ausgehend, erscheinen lassen, und dieselbe unterstützen mit Gründen, von denen sie meint, dass sie die eilige Abreise zu scheinbarer Nothwendigkeit machen.

1) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 2, Anm. 14. 2) *bunting* = Ortolan, unterscheidet sich von der ähnlichen Lerche darin, dass er nicht singt und scheu am Boden hinstreicht. 3) d. h. Bertram's Auftrag an Helena, mit dem König zu reden. 4) *end* ist eine Emendation, die Collier handschriftlich in dem Ellesmere'schen Exemplar der Fol. fand. — Die Fol. hat *and*, weshalb die früheren Hgg. interpungirten *And, ere I do begin*, — als sei der Satz unvollständig. — So in Two Gentlemen of Verona (A. 2, Sc. 4) *you always end ere you begin.* 5) Auf die Unterhaltung, die ein weitgereister Mann mit seinen Erzählungen an der Mittagstafel gewährt, spielt auch der Bastard in K. John an (A. 1, Sc. 1) *Now, your traveller,* || *He and his toothpick at my worship's mess etc.* — Die Fol. hat *but on that lies*, was Rowe in seiner zweiten Ausg. verbesserte. 6) Bei den städtischen Festmahlzeiten wurde ein kolossaler Eierkuchen aufgetragen, so gross, dass der Hausnarr des Lord Mayor zur Belustigung der Gäste kopfüber hineinspringen konnte. 7) *to mistake* = Jemanden missdeuten, verkennen, in Bertram's Sinn; = übel

man is his clothes: trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them [8] tame, and know their natures. — Farewell, monsieur: I have spoken better of you, than you have or will deserve [9] at my hand; but we must do good against evil. *[Exit.*

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well; and common speech
Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter HELENA.

Hel. I have, Sir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave
For present parting; only he desires
Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.
You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration and required office
On my particular: [10] prepar'd I was not
For such a business; therefore am I found
So much unsettled. This drives me to entreat you,
That presently you take your way for home;
And rather muse [11] than ask why I entreat you;
For my respects are better than they seem,
And my appointments have in them a need
Greater than shows itself, at the first view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother.
[Giving a letter.
'T will be two days ere I shall see you: so,
I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out that,
Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go:
My haste is very great. Farewell: hie home.

Hel. 'Pray, Sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe; [12]
Nor dare I say, 't is mine, and yet it is;
But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have?

Hel. Something, and scarce so much: — nothing, indeed. --
I would not tell you what I would, my lord: —
Faith, yes; —
Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.

Ber. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.

Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.

Ber. Where are my other men, monsieur? — Farewell. [13] *[Exit* HELENA.
Go thou toward home; where I will never come,
Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum. —
Away! and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, coragio. [14] *[Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Florence. A Room in the DUKE's Palace.

Flourish. Enter the DUKE *of Florence, attended; Two French Lords, and Soldiers.*

Duke. So that, from point to point, now have you heard
The fundamental reasons of this war,
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth,
And more thirsts after.

1. Lord. Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful
On the opposer. [1]

Duke. Therefore we marvel much, our cousin France
Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers. [2]

2. Lord. Good my lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield, [3]
But like a common and an outward [4] man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion: therefore dare not
Say what I think of it, since I have found

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aufnehmen, im Sinne Lafeu's. 8) *of them* = Leute von seinem Schlage, solche Leute. 9) scil. *than you have deserved or are willing to deserve.* — Die Fol. hat *than you have or will to deserve.* — Die Cambridge Edd. stellen das schon in der zweiten Folioausg. ausgelassene *to*, vielleicht mit Recht, wieder her. — Singer vermuthet *have wit or will to deserve.* — Im Folgenden ist *idle* = faselnd. — In Bertram's Antwort vermuthet Staunton, dass Sh. *I think not so* geschrieben habe. Indess steht das *I think so* als eine zweifelnde, subjective Zustimmung dem *I swear* des Parolles gegenüber. 10) Auch hier steht *and* in eigenthümlich Sh.'scher Weise: *my course does not minister the office required on my particular.* 11) *to muse* = grübeln über Etwas. 12) Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 1, Anm. 4. 13) Die Fol. interpungirt *Where are my other men? Monsieur, farewell* und legt die Zeile der Helena bei. Die veränderte Interpunction und Bezeichnung rührt von Theobald her. — Bertram fragt, Eile vorschützend, den Parolles nach den übrigen Dienern und entlässt dann die Helena mit dem kurzen Lebewohl. 14) *coragio*, ausländisch affectirt für *courage*, kommt als modischer Zuruf der Ermuthigung auch in Tempest (A. 5, Sc. 1) vor: *Coragio! bully-monster, coragio!*

1) scil. *on the part of the opposer.* Der Gegner ist Siena. Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 2, Anm. 1. 2) *our borrowing prayers* = meine Bitten, welche einen Beistand von ihm entlehnen wollten. 3) Die politischen Gründe unserer Regierung kann ich Euch nicht vorlegen. 4) *outward* = draussen stehend, der nicht im Vertrauen ist, das Gegentheil von *inward* = vertraut, intim: ein schlichter, draussen stehender Mann, der nach seiner eigenen schwachen Organisation sich auch den grossen Plan eines Staatsraths zusammensetzt oder denkt. — *self* ist dem Sinne nach von *unable* zu trennen und mit *motion* zu verbinden: *by the unable motion of self (of his own self).* 5) Die jüngern Leute unseres Schlages, unserer Art. — Rowe las ohne Noth *nation* für *nature.* 6) Alle Ehren, die von mir ausgehen können, die ich ertheilen kann, sollen sich auf sie niederlassen. — *your places* = die Stelle, die Ihr im Kriege einnehmt. — Die folgende Zeile deutet auf das in Aussicht stehende Avancement hin.

Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail
As often as I guess'd.
Duke. Be it his pleasure.
2. *Lord.* But I am sure, the younger of our nature,[5]
That surfeit on their ease, will day by day
Come here for physic.
Duke. Welcome shall they be,
And all the honours that can fly from us
Shall on them settle.[6] You know your places well;
When better fall, for your avails they fell.
To-morrow to the field. *[Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Rousillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace.

Enter Countess *and Clown.*

Count. It hath happened all as I would have had it, save that he comes not along with her.
Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.
Count. By what observance, I pray you?
Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing; mend the ruff,[1] and sing; ask questions, and sing; pick his teeth, and sing. I know a man, that had this trick of melancholy, sold[2] a goodly manor for a song.
Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come.
Clo. I have no mind to Isbel,[3] since I was at court. Our old ling and our Isbels o' the country are nothing like your old ling[4] and your Isbels o' the court: the brains of my Cupid 's knocked out, and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.
Count. What have we here?
Clo. E'en[5] that you have there. *[Exit.*
Count. [Reads.] »I have sent you a daughter-in-law: she had recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to make the *not* eternal. You shall hear, I am run away: know it before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.

Your unfortunate son,
Bertram.«

This is not well: rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of so good a king!
To pluck his indignation on thy head,
By the misprising of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire![6]

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O Madam! yonder is heavy news within, between two soldiers[7] and my young lady.
Count. What is the matter?
Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort: your son will not be killed so soon as I thought he would.
Count. Why should he be kill'd?
Clo. So say I, Madam, if he run away, as I hear he does: the danger is in standing to 't;[8] that 's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come will tell you more; for my part, I only hear your son was run away. *[Exit.*

Enter Helena *and Two Gentlemen.*

1. *Gent.* Save you, good Madam.
Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.
2. *Gent.* Do not say so.
Count. Think upon patience. — 'Pray you, gentlemen, —
I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me unto 't:[9] — where is my son, I pray you?
2. *Gent.* Madam, he 's gone to serve the duke of Florence.
We met him thitherward; for[10] thence we came,
And, after some despatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.
Hel. Look on his letter, Madam: here 's my passport. *[Reads.]* »When thou canst get the ring upon my finger,[11] which never shall come off, and show me a child begotten of thy body, that I am father to, then call me husband: but in such a *then* I write a *never*.«
This is a dreadful sentence.
Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?
1. *Gent.* Ay, Madam;
And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains.[12]
Count. I pr'ythee, lady, have a better cheer;
If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine,[13]
Thou robb'st me of a moiety. He was my son,
But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child. — Towards Florence is he?
2. *Gent.* Ay, Madam.
Count. And to be a soldier?
2. *Gent.* Such is his noble purpose; and, believe 't,

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1) *the ruff* bezieht sich auf *his boot* und sollte eigentlich *ruffle* heissen = die lose herabhängenden Stiefelstulpen. 2) *sold* emendiren die spätern Folioausgg. das *hold* der ersten Fol. — Der Schwermüthige war so musikalisch, dass er einen Herrenhof hingab für ein Lied. — Zugleich ist *for a song* = für eine Kleinigkeit. 3) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 3, Anm. 3 u. 4. 4) *ling* = Stockfisch, eine gewöhnliche Fastenspeise. — Die Fol. hat *our old lings.* — Für *your old ling* vermuthet Sidney Walker *your youngling.* 5) *e'en* verbesserte Theobald das sinnlose *in* der Fol. Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 3, Anm. 6. 6) Ein Mädchen, zu ausgezeichnet, als dass selbst ein Kaiser sie verachten dürfte, geschweige denn ein Graf. — *empire* = kaiserlicher Rang, steht hier für den Inhaber eines solchen. 7) *two soldiers* sind die Begleiter der Helena, wegen ihrer Uniform vom Narren so bezeichnet: eine traurige Nachricht, welche zwei Soldaten und meine junge Gebieterin unter sich zu verhandeln haben. 8) *to stand to it* = Stand halten im Gefecht, im Gegensatz zu *to run away*, zugleich mit obscönem Nebensinne. So in Macbeth (A. 2, Sc. 3) *it makes him stand to, and not stand to.* 9) *to woman* = zum Weibe machen, das Weib herauskehren. Die Gräfin hat so häufigen Wechsel von Freude und Leid erlebt, dass der plötzliche Anfall der einen oder des andern sie nicht mehr in weiblicher Art afficiren kann; sie ist gefasst genug, Alles zu hören, was ihren Sohn betrifft. — *unto 't* = dazu, bezieht sich auf *joy and grief.* 10) So die Fol. Manche Hgg. lesen willkürlich *from thence.* 11) d. h. der Ring, der an meinem Finger steckt und nie davon wegkommen soll. 12) *our pains* = unsere Mühe, den Brief herzubringen. 13) Wenn Du alle Deine Schmerzen für Dich allein ausschliesslich behältst, so beraubst Du mich des mir gebührenden Antheils daran. — Vor *are thine* ist *which* zu suppliren. — Rowe las

The duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.
Count. Return you thither?
1. Gent. Ay, Madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.
Hel. [Reads.] »Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.«
'T is bitter.
Count. Find you that there?
Hel. Ay, Madam.
1. Gent. 'T is but the boldness of his hand, haply, which his heart was not consenting to.
Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife!
There 's nothing here that is too good for him,
But only she; and she deserves a lord,
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly, mistress. Who was with him?
1. Gent. A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have sometime known.
Count. Parolles, was it not?
1. Gent. Ay, my good lady, he.
Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness.
My son corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.[14]
1. Gent. Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that, too much,
Which holds him much to have.[15]
Count. Y' are welcome, gentlemen.
I will entreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him, that his sword can never win
The honour that he loses: more I 'll entreat you
Written to bear along.
2. Gent. We serve you, Madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs.[16]
Count. Not so,[17] but as we change our courtesies.
Will you draw near?
[Exeunt Countess *and Gentlemen.*
Hel. »Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.«
Nothing in France, until he has no wife!
Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France;
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is 't I
That chase thee from thy country, and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war? and is it I
That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim; move the still-'pearing[18] air,
That sings with piercing, do not touch my lord!
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;
Whoever charges on his forward breast,
I am the caitiff that do hold him to it;
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected. Better 't were,
I met the ravin[19] lion when he roar'd
With sharp constraint of hunger: better 't were,
That all the miseries which nature owes
Were mine at once. No, come thou home, Rousillon,
Whence[20] honour but of danger wins a scar,
As oft it loses all: I will be gone.
My being here it is that holds thee hence:
Shall I stay here to do 't? no, no, although
The air of paradise did fan the house,
And angels offic'd all:[21] I will be gone,
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To consolate thine ear. Come, night; end, day!
For with the dark, poor thief,[22] I 'll steal away. *[Exit.*

SCENE III.

Florence. Before the Duke's Palace.

Flourish. Enter the Duke *of Florence,* Bertram, Parolles,[1] *Lords, Officers, Soldiers, and Others.*

Duke. The general of our horse thou art; and we,
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence
Upon thy promising fortune.
Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my strength; but yet
We 'll strive to bear it, for your worthy sake,
To the extreme edge of hazard.[2]
Duke. Then go thou forth,
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,
As thy auspicious mistress![3]
Ber. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file:
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Rousillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace.

Enter Countess *and her Steward.*

Count. Alas! and would you take the letter of her?
Might you not know, she would do as she has done,[1]
By sending me a letter? Read it again.

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as thine. 14) *his inducement* = der böse Einfluss des Parolles auf Bertram. 15) Parolles hat viel von dem, hat zuviel von dem, was ihm den Glauben verschafft, dass er viel habe, was ihn in der Meinung hält oder behauptet, dass er viel habe. — Unter dem *of that* dieses dunkel und spitzfindig antithetischen Satzes scheint Parolles' Dreistigkeit und das Glück, das dieselbe macht, verstanden zu sein. 16) In allen Angelegenheiten, die für Euch den meisten Werth haben. 17) *not so* bezieht sich auf *we serve you:* Ihr sollt mir nicht weiter dienen, als dass wir nur gegenseitig Höflichkeiten austauschen. 18) *still-'pearing* = still erscheinend, im Gegensatz zu *move.* — Die Cambridge Edd. führen eine ganze Reihe von Conjectural-Lesarten für *still-peering* der Fol. (*still-piercing* in den spätern Folioausgg.) an. Die plausibelste ist darunter die von Nares: *still-pierced,* in Verbindung mit dem folgenden *piercing,* was zugleich den Druckfehler erklären würde: die stets verwundete Luft, welche beim Verwunden singt, welche einen pfeifenden Ton von sich giebt, wenn die Kugeln durch sie hinfahren. 19) Das adjectivische *ravin* = reissend, gierig schlingend, kommt sonst kaum vor. 20) *whence* ist durch Attraction = *from thence where:* kehre heim von da, wo die Ehre der Gefahr nur eine Narbe abgewinnt und eben so oft auch Alles, d. h. das Leben selbst, verliert. 21) Und wenn auch lauter Engel den Dienst hier im Hause versähen. 22) Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 1, Anm. 13.

1) Manche Hgg. lassen Parolles hier weg, obschon die Fol. ihn ausdrücklich erwähnt. 2) So hat Sh. in den Sonnets (116) *Love alters not with his* (scil. *time's*) *brief hours and weeks,* || *But bears it out even to the edge of doom.* 3) So in K. Lear (A. 2, Sc. 1) *conjuring the moon* || *To stand auspicious mistress.*

Stew. [Reads.] »I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither[2] gone.
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that, from the bloody course of war,
My dearest master, your dear son, may hie:
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far
His name with zealous fervour sanctify.
His taken labours[3] bid him me forgive:
I, his despiteful Juno, sent him forth
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dogs the heels of worth:[4]
He is too good and fair for Death and me,
Whom[5] I myself embrace, to set him free.«
Count. Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words! —
Rinaldo, you did never lack advice[6] so much,
As letting her pass so: had I spoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.
Stew. Pardon me, Madam:
If I had given you this at over-night,[7]
She might have been o'erta'en; and yet she writes,
Pursuit would be but vain.
Count. What angel shall
Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice. — Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy husband of his wife:[8]
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh[9] too light: my greatest grief,
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Despatch the most convenient messenger. —
When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return; and hope I may, that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love. Which of them both
Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense
To make distinction.[10] — Provide this messenger. —
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak;
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.
[Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Without the Walls of Florence.

A tucket afar off. Enter an old Widow of Florence, Diana, Violenta,[1] Mariana, *and other Citizens.*

Wid. Nay, come; for if they do approach the city, we shall lose all the sight.
Dia. They say, the French count has done most honourable service.
Wid. It is reported that he has taken their[2] greatest commander, and that with his own hand he slew the duke's brother. We have lost our labour; they are gone a contrary way: hark! you may know by their trumpets.
Mar. Come; let 's return again, and suffice ourselves[3] with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl:[4] the honour of a maid is her name, and no legacy is so rich as honesty.
Wid. I have told my neighbour, how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.[5]
Mar. I know that knave; hang him! one Parolles: a filthy officer he is in those suggestions[6] for the young earl. — Beware of them, Diana; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under:[7] many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they[8] are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope, I need not to advise you further; but, I hope, your own grace[9] will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known, but the modesty which is so lost.
Dia. You shall not need to fear me.[10]
Wid. I hope so. — Look, here comes a pilgrim: I know she will lie[11] at my house; thither they send one another. I 'll question her. —

Enter Helena, *in the dress of a pilgrim.*

God save you, pilgrim! — whither are you bound?
Hel. To Saint Jaques le Grand.[12]
Where do the palmers[13] lodge, I do beseech you?
Wid. At the Saint Francis, here beside the port.[14]
Hel. Is this the way?
Wid. Ay, marry, is 't. — Hark you!
[A march afar off.

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1) Der Nachdruck der Betonung, der auf *would* und *has* liegt, hebt den Gegensatz der Zukunft und Vergangenheit hervor. 2) *thither* = zu dem Wallfahrtsorte, wo St. Jacobus verehrt wurde. — Sh. denkt sich, wie aus dem Folgenden erhellt, denselben in Italien, da Helena auf dem Wege Florenz berührt. — Paynter hat an der entsprechenden Stelle nur ganz allgemein *to spende the rest of her tyme in pilgrimages and devocion* (vgl. Einleitung pag. 437). 3) *his taken labours* = die Arbeiten und Mühen, die er übernommen hat, spielt auf die Arbeiten des Hercules an, zu denen die ingrimmige Juno ihn aussandte, wie Helena den Bertram. 4) *worth* = Werth, Tüchtigkeit, steht = tüchtige Männer, wie vorher *empire* = Kaiser (vgl. A. 3, Sc. 2, Anm. 6). 5) *whom* geht auf das männlich personificirte *Death*. 6) *advice* = Ueberlegung, Besonnenheit. 7) *over-night*, sonst adverbial = über Nacht, gebraucht Sh. hier substantivisch mit *at* = am späten Abend. 8) *unworthy* ist mit *of his wife* zu verbinden. 9) *to weigh* = wiegen, in's Gewicht fallen, und = abwägen, abschätzen. 10) Das weiss ich in meinem Sinn, in meinem Auffassungsvermögen, nicht zu unterscheiden.

1) Violenta ist eine blosse Statistenrolle, da sie weder redend eingeführt, noch überhaupt im Verlauf der Scene erwähnt wird. 2) Unter *their* sind die Feinde, die Sienesen, verstanden, wie gleich nachher mit *the duke's brother* der Bruder des Herzogs von Siena gemeint ist. Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 2, Anm. 1. 3) scil. *let us suffice ourselves with* = wir wollen uns genügen lassen an dem Bericht. 4) *French earl*, dasselbe was vorher *French count* hiess, d. h. Bertram. — Sh. gebraucht *earl* und *count* auch sonst unterschiedslos. So heisst in Romeo and Juliet Graf Paris sowohl *count* wie *earl*. 5) Die Fol. druckt diese Scene bis hier als, freilich nur scheinbare, Verse ab. 6) *those suggestions* = solche Einflüsterungen oder Verlockungen, bezieht sich auf das vorhergehende *how you have been solicited*, und *officer* = ein Dienstmann, Agent, ist mit *for the young earl* zu verbinden. 7) *to go under* = für Etwas passiren; gewöhnlicher ist *to go under the name of* = unter dem Namen von Etwas gehen. 8) Zu *they* ist aus dem vorhergehenden *maidenhood* ein Wort wie *maids* hinzuzudenken. — Das Bild ist von

They come this way. — If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,
But till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd:
The rather, for I think I know your hostess
As ample [15] as myself.
Hel. Is it yourself?
Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.
Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.
Wid. You came, I think, from France?
Hel. I did so.
Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of yours,
That has done worthy service.
Hel. His name, I pray you.
Dia. The count Rousillon: know you such a one?
Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him;
His face I know not.
Dia. Whatsoe'er he is,
He 's bravely taken here. [16] He stole from France,
As 't is reported, for the king had married him
Against his liking. Think you it is so?
Hel. Ay, surely, mere the truth: [17] I know his lady.
Dia. There is a gentleman, that serves the count,
Reports but coarsely of her.
Hel. What 's his name?
Dia. Monsieur Parolles.
Hel. O! I believe with him,
In argument of praise, [18] or to the worth
Of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated: all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examin'd. [19]
Dia. Alas, poor lady!
'T is a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a detesting lord. [20]
Wid. Ay, right; [21] good creature, wheresoe'er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly. This young maid might do her
A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd.
Hel. How do you mean?
May be, the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.
Wid. He does, indeed;
And brokes [22] with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.
Mar. The gods forbid else!

Enter, with drum and colours, a party of the Florentine army, [23] BERTRAM, *and* PAROLLES.

Wid. So, now they come. —
That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;
That, Escalus.
Hel. Which is the Frenchman?
Dia. He;
That with the plume: 't is a most gallant fellow;
I would he lov'd his wife. If he were honester,
He were much goodlier; is 't not a handsome gentleman?
Hel. I like him well.
Dia. 'T is pity, he is not honest. Yond 's that same knave,
That leads him to these places: [24] were I his lady,
I would poison that vile rascal.
Hel. Which is he?
Dia. That jack-an-apes with scarfs. Why is he melancholy?
Hel. Perchance he 's hurt i' the battle.
Par. Lose our drum! [25] well.
Mar. He 's shrewdly vexed at something. Look, he has spied us.
Wid. Marry, hang you!
Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier! [26]
[Exeunt BERTRAM, PAROLLES, *Officers, and Soldiers.*
Wid. The troop is past. Come, pilgrim, I will bring you
Where you shall host: of enjoin'd penitents [27]
There 's four or five, to Great Saint Jaques bound,
Already at my house.
Hel. I humbly thank you.
Please it this matron, and this gentle maid,
To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts of [28] this virgin,
Worthy the note.
Both. We 'll take your offer kindly. *[Exeunt.*

Vögeln entlehnt, die mit der Leimruthe gefangen werden. 9) *grace* = Frömmigkeit. 10) Ich werde Euch keinen Anlass geben, meinetwegen Besorgnisse zu hegen. 11) *to lie* = logiren, sich einquartieren. 12) *Saint Jaques le Grand* = St. Jacobus Major, der ältere St. Jacobus. 13) *palmer* = Pilger. Den Namen erklärt Camden in seinen Remains so: *Some (names) from that which they commonly carried, as palmer, that is pilgrim, for that they carried palm when they came from Jerusalem.* Indess gebraucht Sh. *palmer* und *pilgrim* ohne Unterschied. 14) *port* = Stadtthor. — *Saint Francis* ist eine Herberge, die den St. Franciscus als Schild und Abzeichen hat. 15) *ample* als Adverbium findet sich auch in Timon of Athens (A. 1, Sc. 2) *You see, my lord, how ample y' are belov'd*, wie Sh. auch Adjectiva auf *—able* statt der Adverbien auf *—ably* gebraucht. 16) Er hat sich tapfer benommen hier. 17) Die reine Wahrheit, nur die Wahrheit. 18) Wenn es sich um ein Lob handelt, wenn man ein Thema des Lobes daraus machen will. 19) *to examine* = zum Gegenstande einer Prüfung oder Untersuchung machen, Etwas in Frage stellen. 20) Die Gattin eines Gemahls, der sie verabscheut. Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 3, Anm. 55. 21) Manche Hgg. behalten die verkehrte Schreibweise der Fol. *I write good creature* bei und deuten: ich erkläre sie für ein gutes Geschöpf. Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 3, Anm. 16. — Die richtige Orthographie findet sich schon in den spätern Folioausgg. — Einige Hgg. ändern ohne Grund *a right good creature.* 22) *to broke* = den Kuppler oder Unterhändler spielen: er wendet Alles an, was das Gemüth eines jungen Mädchens verderben kann. 23) *and the whole army* in der Fol. 24) *to these places* = an solche Orte, sagt Diana, mädchenhaft verschämt, für = liederliche Orte, ohne bestimmte Hinweisung auf einen vorhergegangenen Satz. — Lettsom vermuthete *passes* für *places*. 25) Parolles beklagt halblaut, dass sie in der Schlacht eine Trommel verloren haben, die er in der folgenden Scene wiederzugewinnen unternimmt. 26) Parolles hatte als Kuppler für Bertram und in dessen Auftrag der Diana einen goldenen Ring überbracht, den sie zurückgewiesen hatte. 27) *enjoin'd penitents* = Pilger, denen die Wallfahrt zu St. Jacob dem Aelteren als Busse auferlegt ist. — *Great Saint Jaques* ist die englische Uebersetzung für *Saint Jaques le Grand* (vgl. oben Anm. 12). 28) *of* für *on* ist Sh.'sch. Doch setzt schon die zweite Folioausg. *on this virgin.*

SCENE VI.

Camp before Florence.

Enter BERTRAM, *and the Two French Lords.*[1]

1. Lord. Nay, good my lord, put him to 't: let him have his way.

2. Lord. If your lordship find him not a hilding,[2] hold me no more in your respect.

1. Lord. On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think I am so far deceived in him?

1. Lord. Believe it, my lord: in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman,[3] he 's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

2. Lord. It were fit you knew him, lest, reposing[4] too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might, at some great and trusty business in a main danger, fail you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

2. Lord. None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

1. Lord. I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him: such I will have, whom, I am sure, he knows not from the enemy. We will bind and hoodwink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer[5] of the adversaries, when we bring him to our own tents. Be but your lordship present at his examination: if he do not, for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in anything.

2. Lord. O! for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum: he says he has a stratagem[6] for 't. When your lordship sees the bottom of his success[7] in 't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore[8] will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment,[9] your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

1. Lord. O! for the love of laughter, hinder not the honour of his design:[10] let him fetch off his drum in any hand.[11]

Enter PAROLLES.

Ber. How now, monsieur? this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

2. Lord. A pox on 't! let it go: 't is but a drum.

Par. But a drum! Is 't but a drum? A drum so lost! — There was an excellent command, to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers!

2. Lord. That was not to be blamed in the command of the service:[12] it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success:[13] some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might; but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered. But that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet.*[14]

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach to 't, monsieur, if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise, and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I 'll about it this evening: and I will presently pen down my dilemmas,[15] encourage myself in my cer-

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1) Die Fol. *Enter Count Rossillion and the Frenchmen as at first* — zur Bezeichnung, dass die beiden französischen Herren dieselben sind, welche zu Anfang des zweiten Acts und ebenso zu Anfang des dritten Acts auftraten. — Die beiden französischen Edelleute werden in der Fol. als *Cap. (Captain) G.* und *Cap. E.* unterschieden, und in den frühern Scenen, wo sie auftreten, als *Lord G.* und *Lord E.*, wie auch als *Fren. (Frenchman) G.* und *Fren. E.* — Die Hgg. vermuthen sehr wahrscheinlich, dass *G.* und *E.* die Anfangsbuchstaben der Namen der beiden Schauspieler sind, welche diese Rollen auf dem Sh.'schen Theater darstellten. 2) *hilding* = Lump, ein Mensch in dienender, untergeordneter Stellung. 3) Indem ich lediglich so von ihm rede, als ob er mein Vetter wäre. 4) *to repose in* = sich verlassen auf Etwas, sich beruhigen bei Etwas. — Vor *reposing* ist *you* zu suppliren. 5) *leaguer* = Feldlager, in militärischer Sprache für *camp.* — Douce citirt passlich dazu aus Smythe's Discourses (1590): *They will not vouchsafe in their speaches or writings to use our ancient terms belonging to matters of war, but do call a camp by the Dutch name of Legar, nor will it afford to say, that such a town, or such a fort is besieged, but that it is belegard.* — Sh. hat das Wort nur an dieser Stelle. 6) *stratagem* = kriegerischer Anschlag, nicht bloss = Kriegslist. 7) *success* = Erfolg, und = Missgeschick, gebraucht Sh. in gutem wie in bösem Sinne. — Rowe verbesserte *his* für *this* der Fol. 8) *ore* ist Theobald's Emendation für *ours* der Fol. 9) *John*, auch *Tom* und *Jack*, *Drum's entertainment*, eine sprichwörtliche Redensart, deren Sinn klarer ist als ihre Herleitung. In Holinshed's History of Ireland heisst es von einem gastfreien Mayor der Stadt Dublin: *no guest had ever a cold or forbidding look from any part of his family: so that his porter, or any other officer, durst not, for both his ears, give the simplest man that resorted to his house Tom Drum his entertainment, which is to hale a man in by the head and thrust him out by both the shoulders.* — Hier wird mit *John Drum* zugleich auf die Trommel angespielt, welche Parolles dem Feinde wieder abnehmen will. 10) *the honour* ist hier ironisch = die Ehre, welche Parolles davon tragen will. Manche Hgg. lesen ohne Grund *the humour* dafür. 11) *in any hand* = auf jeden Fall, so oder so. 12) Auf den ironisch ausgesprochenen Tadel des Parolles über *an excellent command* = ein elendes Commando, versetzt der zweite Herr, dass dem Commando nicht die Schuld ihres Unglücks beizumessen sei. 13) Vgl. Anm. 7 dieser Scene. 14) *hic jacet* = eine Grabschrift, die mit diesen lateinischen Worten anfängt: Hier liegt u. s. w. — Parolles wollte entweder diese Trommel wiedererobern oder dem Feinde eine andre abnehmen, oder endlich bei dieser Waffenthat fallen. — In Bertram's

tainty, put myself into my mortal preparation, and by midnight look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know thou art valiant, and, to the possibility of thy soldiership,[16] will subscribe for thee. Farewell.

Par. I love not many words.[17] *[Exit.*

1. Lord. No more than a fish loves water. — Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done, damns himself to do, and dares better be damned than to do 't?

2. Lord. You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and for a week escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.[18]

Ber. Why, do you think, he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto?

1. Lord. None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies. But we have almost embossèd him,[19] you shall see his fall to-night; for, indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect.

2. Lord. We 'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we case him. He was first smoked by the old lord Lafeu: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him, which you shall see this very night.

1. Lord. I must go look my twigs:[20] he shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother, he shall go along with me.

1. Lord. As 't please your lordship: I 'll leave you. *[Exit.*

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you
The lass I spoke of.

2. Lord. But, you say, she 's honest.

Ber. That 's all the fault. I spoke with her but once,
And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her,
By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind,[21]
Tokens and letters which she did re-send;[22]
And this is all I have done. She 's a fair creature;
Will you go see her?

2. Lord. With all my heart, my lord. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Florence. A Room in the Widow's House.

Enter Helena *and Widow.*

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,[1]
I know not how I shall assure you further,
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.[2]

Wid. Though my estate be fall'n, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses,[3]
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First, give me trust, the count he is my husband,
And what to your sworn counsel[4] I have spoken,
Is so, from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you;
For you have show'd me that which well approves
You are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay, and pay again,
When I have found it. The count he wooes your daughter,
Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolved[5] to carry her: let her, in fine, consent,
As we 'll direct her how 't is best to bear it.
Now, his important[6] blood will nought deny
That she 'll demand: a ring the county[7] wears,
That downward hath succeeded in his house
From son to son, some four or five descents
Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds
In most rich choice; yet, in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now I see
The bottom of your purpose.

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nächster Rede ist *mystery in stratagem* = Uebung in Kriegsanschlägen. 15) *dilemmas* ist in der affectirten Sprache des Parolles entweder sein Operationsplan zugleich mit Veranschlagung der feindlichen Gegenoperationen, oder auch die verschiedenen Pläne, zwischen denen Parolles die Wahl hat. 16) So weit Deine kriegerische Tüchtigkeit geht; ich will für Dich gut sagen, bis zu dem ganzen Vermögen Deiner Kriegerschaft. — *possibility* = Leistungsfähigkeit. 17) Malone will hier die Erklärung des Namens Parolles finden: eigentlich *paroles* (französisch) = *words*. 18) So wisst Ihr später immer, was an ihm ist. — *to have* = wissen, kennen. 19) *to emboss a stag* ist ein Jagdausdruck = einen Hirsch so abhetzen, dass ihm der weisse Schaum aus dem Munde läuft. Ebenso ist ein bildlich hier gebrauchter Jagdausdruck *his fall*. — Von der Fuchsjagd sind die folgenden Ausdrücke entlehnt: *to case* = das Fell abziehen, und *to smoke* = einen Fuchs aus dem Bau herausräuchern, durch Rauch vertreiben. Andere fassen *to smoke* = wittern. 20) Ich muss nach meinen Leimruthen sehen, mit denen ich Parolles fangen will. Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 5, Anm. 8. 21) *to have in the wind* = Jemanden in der Witterung haben, Jemandem auf der Fährte sein. 22) *to re-send* = zurücksenden, ein Sh.'sches Compositum, wie *to re-tell* und *to re-word*.

1) *she* = sie, von der ich Euch erzählt habe, die Gemahlin Bertram's. 2) So kann ich Euch keine weitere Sicherheit geben, wenn ich nicht das Terrain, auf dem ich operire, verlieren will; wenn ich nicht meinen Plan vereiteln will, indem ich Bertram's Zeugniss für mich anrufe, oder mich ihm zu erkennen gebe. 3) *these businesses* = solche Angelegenheiten, solche Dinge verdächtiger Art. Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 5, Anm. 24. 4) *to your sworn counsel* = die Verschwiegenheit oder Geheimhaltung, die Ihr mir zugeschworen habt. 5) *resolved* verbessert eine von Collier entdeckte handschriftliche Glosse in dem Egerton'schen Exemplar der Fol. das *resolve* derselben. Statt dieses Particips lesen die meisten Hgg. *resolves* mit der zweiten Folioausg. von 1632. 6) *important* = dringend, ungestüm, leidenschaftlich. So in Much Ado about Nothing (A. 2, Sc. 1) *if the prince be too important*. 7) *county* für *count* = Graf, gebraucht Sh. öfter. So in Much Ado about Nothing (A. 4, Sc. 1) *princes, and counties*. Vielleicht wäre auch *county* für *count he* zu lesen an zwei ebenvorhergehenden Stellen: *the county is*

Hel. You see it lawful then. It is no more,
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring, appoints him an encounter,
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most chastely absent.[8] After this,
To marry her, I 'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.
Wid. I have yielded.
Instruct my daughter how she shall persever,
That time and place with this deceit so lawful
May prove coherent.[9] Every night he comes
With musics of all sorts, and songs compos'd
To her unworthiness: it nothing steads us,
To chide him from our eaves, for he persists,
As if his life lay on 't.
Hel. Why then, to-night
Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in a lawful act,
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact.[10]
But let 's about it. *[Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Without the Florentine Camp.

Enter First French Lord,[1] *with Five or Six Soldiers in ambush.*

1. Lord. He can come no other way but by this hedge-corner. When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will: though you understand it not yourselves, no matter; for we must not seem to understand him, unless some one among us, whom we must produce for an interpreter.

1. Sold. Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

1. Lord. Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

1. Sold. No, Sir, I warrant you.

1. Lord. But what linsey-woolsey[2] hast thou to speak to us again?

1. Sold. Even such as you speak to me.

1. Lord. He must think us some band of strangers i' the adversary's entertainment.[3] Now, he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages; therefore, we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another; so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose:[4] chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But couch, ho! here he comes, to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Ten o'clock: within these three hours 't will be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausive[5] invention that carries it. They begin to smoke me, and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find, my tongue is too foolhardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

1. Lord. [Aside.] This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of.

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts. and say, I got them in exploit. Yet slight ones will not carry it: they will say, »Came you off with so little?« and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore? what 's the instance?[6] Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myself another of Bajazet's mule,[7] if you prattle me into these perils.

1. Lord. [Aside.] Is it possible, he should know what he is, and be that he is?

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

1. Lord. [Aside.] We cannot afford you so.

Par. Or the baring[8] of my beard, and to say, it was in stratagem.

1. Lord. [Aside.] 'T would not do.

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say, I was stripped.

1. Lord. [Aside.] Hardly serve.

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my husband und *the county wooes your daughter.* 8) Sie überträgt es mir, die Zeit ihres Rendez-vous mit Bertram auszufüllen, ihre Stelle zu vertreten, indem sie selbst keusch sich fern hält. — *after* in der Fol. wird erst in der zweiten Folioausg. zu *after this* vervollständigt. 9) Die Construction ist: *that time and place may prove coherent with this lawful deceit.* 10) Die eheliche Vereinigung Bertram's und der Helena ist zugleich *wicked meaning* von Seiten Bertram's, der die Diana zu verführen meint, und *lawful deed* von derselben Seite, da er in der That seine rechtmässige Gattin umarmt. — *lawful meaning* und *lawful act* beziehen sich auf Helena, bei der ein solcher Widerspruch zwischen Absicht und Thun nicht vorhanden ist, wie bei Bertram. — Die letzte Zeile bezieht sich auf Beide, welche nicht sündigen, obgleich es sich um *a sinful fact*, einen Ehebruch, handelt. — Um die Antithese vollständig durchzuführen, wollte Warburton *in a wicked act* lesen.

1) Die Fol. *Enter one of the Frenchmen.* Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 6, Anm. 1. 2) *linsey-woolsey* eigentlich = ein aus Wolle und Leinwand gemischter Stoff, hier = ein Sprachgemisch, Kauderwelsch. 3) *entertainment* = Sold, Dienst gegen Löhnung. 4) Damit wir uns dem Parolles nicht verrathen, der von allen benachbarten Sprachen Etwas versteht, muss Jeder von uns einen Mann nach seiner eigenen Phantasie darstellen, sich selbst seinen Jargon bilden, ohne dass wir das verstehen, was wir mit einander reden; wenn wir uns nur das Ansehen geben, als verständen wir gegenseitig den Sinn unserer Worte. — Anders fasst Malone das letzte *to know* = *to make him*, scil. *Parolles, know our purpose.* — Hanmer, in demselben Sinne, las *to show straight our purpose.* 5) *plausive* und *plausible* gebraucht Sh. unterschiedslos in den doppelten Bedeutungen der beiden Wörter; so in Hamlet (A. 1, Sc. 4) *plausive manners*, und *plausible obedience* in Measure for Measure (A. 3, Sc. 1). 6) *instance* = dringender Beweggrund. — Parolles fragt: Weshalb habe ich mich in solche gefahrvolle Unternehmung eingelassen? und schilt dann auf seine prahlerische Zunge, die daran Schuld gewesen ist. 7) Welche bestimmte Anspielung Sh. mit *Bajazet's mule* verbunden hat, lässt sich jetzt nicht mehr nachweisen. — Manche Hgg. lesen mit Warburton *mute* für *mule*. — Jedenfalls will Parolles für seine geschwätzige Zunge, die er einem schwatzhaften Butterweibe abstehen will, sich eine schweigsamere kaufen. 8) *to bare my beard* = meinen Bart abschneiden.

Par. Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel —
1. Lord. [Aside.] How deep?
Par. Thirty fathom.
1. Lord. [Aside.] Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed.
Par. I would I had any drum of the enemy's: I would swear I recovered it.
1. Lord. [Aside.] You shall hear one anon.
Par. A drum now of the enemy's! *[Alarum within.*
1. Lord. *Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*
All. *Cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.*
Par. O! ransom, ransom! — Do not hide mine eyes.
[They seize and blindfold him.
1. Sold. *Boskos thromuldo boskos.*
Par. I know, you are the Muskos' [9] regiment;
And I shall lose my life for want of language.
If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speak to me:
I will discover that which shall undo
The Florentine.
1. Sold. *Boskos vauvado: —*
I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue: —
Kerelybonto: — Sir,
Betake thee to thy faith, [10] for seventeen poniards
Are at thy bosom.
Par. O!
1. Sold. O! pray, pray, pray. —
Manka revania dulche.
1. Lord. *Oscorbi dulchos volivorco.*
1. Sold. The general is content to spare thee yet.
And, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee: haply, thou may'st inform
Something to save thy life.
Par. O! let me live,
And all the secrets of our camp I 'll show,
Their force, their purposes; nay, I 'll speak that
Which you will wonder at.
1. Sold. But wilt thou faithfully?
Par. If I do not, damn me.
1. Sold. *Acordo linta.* —
Come on, thou art granted space.
[Exit, with Parolles *guarded.*
1. Lord. Go, tell the count Rousillon, and my brother, [11]
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled,
Till we do hear from them.
2. Sold. Captain, I will.
1. Lord. 'A will betray us all unto ourselves.
Inform on that. [12]
2. Sold. So I will, Sir.
1. Lord. Till then, I 'll keep him dark, and safely
lock'd. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Florence. A Room in the Widow's House.

Enter Bertram *and* Diana.

Ber. They told me, that your name was Fontibell.
Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.
Ber. Titled goddess,
And worth it, [1] with addition! But, fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality? [2]
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument:
When you are dead, you should be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and stern; [3]
And now you should be as your mother was,
When your sweet self was got.
Dia. She then was honest.
Ber. So should you be.
Dia. No:
My mother did but duty; such, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.
Ber. No more o' that!
I pr'ythee, do not strive against my vows. [4]
I was compell'd to her; but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.
Dia. Ay, so you serve us,
Till we serve you; but when you have our roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
And mock us with our bareness.
Ber. How have I sworn!
Dia. 'T is not the many oaths that make the truth,
But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.
What is not holy, that we swear not by,
But take the Highest to witness: [5] then, pray you, tell me,
If I should swear by Jove's great attributes,
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? This has no holding,
To swear by him, whom I protest to love,

— Parolles will glauben machen, die Feinde hätten ihn auf seiner Expedition so zugerichtet. — Ueber *stratagem* vgl. A. 3, Sc. 6, Anm. 6. 9) Als *Muskos* versteht Parolles das *boskos* des ersten Soldaten, dessen Reden die Fol. von hier an mit *Inter.* (scil. *Interpreter*) bezeichnet. 10) Suche Deinen Trost in Deinem Glauben, bereite Dich christlich auf Dein Ende vor. — So auch das folgende *pray* = bete. 11) *my brother* ist der *2. French Lord.* 12) So die Fol. mit verständlichem Sinn = Gebt darüber Auskunft. — Rowe änderte *Inform 'em that.*

1) scil. *worth to be a titled goddess*, mit der Anspielung auf den Namen Diana. 2) *quality* = Eigenschaft. Fehlt in dem schönen Gebilde, aus dem Ihr besteht, die Eigenschaft der Liebe? 3) Kalt und streng, in Gesicht und Haltung, wie ein steinernes oder ehernes Bild auf einem Grabmal. In solchem Sinne steht *monument* auch in Taming of the Shrew (A. 3, Sc. 2) *As if they saw some wondrous monument.* 4) *my vows* erklärt Steevens als die Gelübde, mit denen Bertram sich auf ewig von der Helena losgesagt hatte. Eher versteht Bertram aber die Betheurungen seiner Liebe zur Diana darunter, denen diese nicht länger widerstreben soll. So sagt er gleich nachher *How have I sworn!* in deutlicher Beziehung zur Diana, was als Ausruf, nicht als Frage zu fassen ist. 5) Es giebt nichts Heiliges, das wir nicht zu Zeugen unserer Schwüre anriefen, und selbst das Heiligste rufen wir so an. 6) *this has no holding* weist auf das Folgende hin: Darauf ist kein Verlass, wenn ich, in der angegebenen Weise, in Bezug auf Einen, den ich zu lieben betheure, Eide schwöre, nur zu dem Zweck, dass ich unter der Maske dieser Eide beabsichtige, gegen ihn zu verfahren, ihm zu schaden. — *by* in *to swear by him* lässt sich nicht wohl auffassen, wie die Hgg. es thun, die zum Theil dafür *swear to him* lesen wollen, wie *by* in *swear by Jove's great attributes*, sondern *by him* ist = Einem gegenüber, in Verkehr mit Einem, in Bezug auf Einen. — Andere beziehen *swear by him* auf *Jove*, und lassen *whom I protest etc.* abhängen von *work against him.* —

That I will work against him.[6] Therefore, your oaths
Are words, and poor conditions, but unseal'd;
At least, in my opinion.[7]
Ber. Change it, change it.
Be not so holy-cruel: love is holy,
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts
That you do charge men with. Stand no more off,
But give thyself unto my sick desires,
Who then recover: say, thou art mine, and ever
My love, as it begins, shall so persever.
Dia. I see, that men make ropes in such a scarr,[8]
That we 'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.
Ber. I 'll lend it thee, my dear; but have no power
To give it from me.
Dia. Will you not, my lord?
Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors,
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose.
Dia. Mine honour 's such a ring.
My chastity 's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors,
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose. Thus, your own proper wisdom
Brings in the champion honour[9] on my part
Against your vain assault.
Ber. Here, take my ring:
My house, mine honour, yea, my life, be thine,
And I 'll be bid by thee.
Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber-window:
I 'll order take, my mother shall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me.
My reasons are most strong; and you shall know them,
When back again this ring shall be deliver'd:
And on your finger, in the night, I 'll put
Another ring, that what in time proceeds
May token to the future our past deeds.[10]
Adieu, till then; then, fail not. You have won
A wife of me,[11] though there my hope be done.
Ber. A heaven on earth I have won by wooing thee.
[Exit.
Dia. For which live long to thank both heaven and me!
You may so in the end. —
My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in 's heart; she says, all men
Have the like oaths. He had sworn to marry me,
When his wife 's dead; therefore I 'll lie with him,
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid,[12]
Marry that will, I live and die a maid:
Only, in this disguise, I think 't no sin
To cozen him, that would unjustly win. *[Exit.*

SCENE III.

The Florentine Camp.

Enter the Two French Lords, and Two or Three Soldiers.

1. Lord. You have not given him his mother's letter?
2. Lord. I have delivered it an hour since: there is something in 't that stings his nature, for on the reading it he changed almost into another man.
1. Lord. He has much worthy blame laid upon him,[1] for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a lady.
2. Lord. Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly within you.
1. Lord. When you have spoken it, 't is dead, and I am the grave of it.[2]
2. Lord. He hath perverted a young gentlewoman, here in Florence, of a most chaste renown, and this night

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Staunton sucht die Schwierigkeiten dieser Stelle zu beseitigen, indem er die Rede anders vertheilt. Demnach spricht Diana: *'T is not the many — — — to witness.* Dann spricht Bertram: *Then, pray you, — — — love you ill?* Endlich Diana: *This has no holding — — — in my opinion.* 7) Eure Eidschwüre sind nur Worte und arme Vorschläge, auf die aber mein Gutachten, meine Ansicht von ihnen, wenigstens noch nicht das Siegel der Bestätigung und Genehmigung gedrückt hat. — Das folgende *change it* bezieht sich auf *my opinion.* 8) In der Fol. lautet die schwierige und vielleicht corrumpirte Stelle: *I see that men make rope's in such a scarre That wee'l forsake our selues.* — Für *ropes* lesen die meisten Hgg. mit Rowe *hopes*, und *to make hopes* soll heissen: sich Hoffnungen schaffen. — Für *a scarre* liest Rowe *affairs*, Malone *a scene*, Dyce *a case;* Singer, der früher *a war* las, entscheidet sich jetzt für *a scare = terror, alarm.* — *scarr* ist ein steiler Felsen, zu dessen Ersteigung die Männer Stricke anwenden, während die Mädchen sich schon für verloren halten. Der unfigürliche Sinn wird also sein: Die Männer wissen sich in einer solchen Verlegenheit, in der wir uns preisgeben, immer zu helfen. — Staunton liest mit Rowe *hopes* und nach eigener Conjectur *snare* für *scarre.* — Eine plausible Lesart von Williams führen die Cambridge Edd. an: *may cope 's* (für *cope us*) *in such a sorte.* Damit wäre die seltsame Schreibweise der Fol. *rope's* für *ropes* erklärt. 9) *honour,* die Ehre oder der Ehrenschmuck, den Bertram angeführt hatte, um den Ring zu verweigern, dient nun der Diana ihrerseits als Kämpe zur Vertheidigung gegen Bertram's Angriffe. 10) Die Ringe, die wir wechseln, sollen bei dem, was die Zeit noch bringen mag, uns als ein Erinnerungszeichen unseres vergangenen Thuns dienen. 11) Diana spricht geflissentlich zweideutig, da sie unter *a wife of me* die Helena versteht, mit welcher Bertram durch ihr Bemühen wieder vereinigt werden soll; während Bertram glaubt, dass Diana selbst, wie eine Gattin, sich ihm zu eigen geben wolle. 12) *braid,* das durch den Reim gesichert ist, findet sich als Adjectiv nur an dieser Stelle und wird theils erklärt = listig, verschlagen, von dem substantivischen *braid* = List, theils = heftig, leidenschaftlich, wie *at a braid* = plötzlich, im jähen Stoss. — Ein verbales *to braid* kommt vor = *to start,* und Boaden fasst daher *braid* hier = *fickle, apt to start away.* — In der folgenden Zeile lesen manche Hgg. mit den späteren Folioausgg. *I 'll live.*

1) Er hat sich sehr verdienten Tadel zugezogen. 2) So in Coriolanus (A. 1, Sc. 9) *you shall not be the grave of your deserving.* 3) *his monumental ring* = ein Ring, der zum Gedächtniss seines Stammes gehört, der in diesem Gedächtniss vererbt wird. — Diesen Ring hat Bertram der Diana überliefert, dafür, dass sie sich ihm preisgiebt, und er hält sich für einen gemachten Mann, er glaubt, dass er sehr gewinne bei diesem un-

he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour: he hath given her his monumental ring,[3] and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

1. Lord. Now, God delay our rebellion:[4] as we are ourselves, what things are we!

2. Lord. Merely our own traitors: and as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorred ends, so he that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.[5]

1. Lord. Is it not meant damnable[6] in us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night?

2. Lord. Not till after midnight, for he is dieted to his hour.

1. Lord. That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his company[7] anatomized, that he might take a measure of his own judgments, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

2. Lord. We will not meddle with him till he come, for his presence must be the whip of the other.[8]

1. Lord. In the meantime, what hear you of these wars?

2. Lord. I hear there is an overture of peace.

1. Lord. Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

2. Lord. What will count Rousillon do then? will he travel higher,[9] or return again into France?

1. Lord. I perceive by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

2. Lord. Let it be forbid, Sir; so should I be a great deal of his act.

1. Lord. Sir, his wife some two months since fled from his house: her pretence[10] is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le Grand, which holy undertaking with most austere sanctimony she accomplished; and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

2. Lord. How is this justified?

1. Lord. The stronger part[11] of it by her own letters; which makes her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say is come,[12] was faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place.

2. Lord. Hath the count all this intelligence?

1. Lord. Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.[13]

2. Lord. I am heartily sorry that he 'll be glad of this.

1. Lord. How mightily, sometimes, we make us comforts of our losses!

2. Lord. And how mightily, some other times, we drown our gain in tears. The great dignity, that his valour hath here acquired for him, shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample.

1. Lord. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair,[14] if they were not cherished by our virtues.

Enter a Servant.

How now? where 's your master?

Serv. He met the duke in the street, Sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave; his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

2. Lord. They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

1. Lord. They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here 's his lordship now.

Enter BERTRAM.

How now, my lord! is 't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night despatched sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success:[15] I have conge'd with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest, buried a wife, mourned for her, writ to my lady mother I am returning, entertained my convoy;[16] and between these main parcels of despatch effected many nicer needs:[17] the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

2. Lord. If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

Ber. I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier?[18] Come, bring forth this

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keuschen Vertrage oder Handel. 4) *rebellion* in Bezug auf *God* = Empörung gegen Gott, Abfall zur Sünde. — So auch das folgende *as we are ourselves* = wie wir ohne Gottes Beistand sind. 5) Wie die Verräther sich allemal selbst entdecken, noch ehe sie ihre bösen Zwecke erreichen, so ist auch Graf Rousillon bei dem Plan, den er gegen seinen eignen angebornen Adel geschmiedet, über die Grenzen seines eignen Strombettes hinausgetreten, d. h. er hat seine verbrecherischen Absichten auf die Diana verrathen, ehe er sie ausgeführt. — Staunton erklärt *abhorred ends* mit *disgraceful punishments*. Indess ist nicht wohl abzusehen, wie die Worte diesen Sinn haben können. 6) M. Mason las *mean and damnable*, und Johnson dachte an *most damnable*. Indess steht das Adjectiv in adverbialem Sinne, wie Sh. die Adjectiva auf *—ble* vorzugsweise statt der Adverbia auf *—bly* auch sonst anwendet. Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 5, Anm. 15. 7) *company* = Gefährte, die Person, die man sich zur Gesellschaft wählt. Hier ist Parolles gemeint, dessen bevorstehender Enthüllung oder moralischer Zergliederung Bertram beiwohnen soll, um einen richtigen Massstab seines eigenen Urtheils zu gewinnen, in welchem Urtheil er diesen Heuchler und werthlosen Menschen in so erlesener Weise *(curiously)* hochgestellt oder eingefasst hatte. 8) Die Anwesenheit des Einen muss die Züchtigung des Andern werden; Bertram und Parolles sollen beide durch einander bestraft werden. — So gebraucht Sh. *his* und *the other's* = des Einen und des Andern, auch in Macbeth (A. 4, Sc. 3) *Desire his jewels, and this other's house.* 9) d. h. weiter hinauf in Italien. 10) *pretence* = ausgesprochene Absicht. 11) *the stronger part* erklärt Dyce richtig mit *the main part* = der bedeutendere Theil der Nachrichten von Helena. 12) Ihr Tod, von dem es nicht ihr Amt sein konnte zu sagen, dass er gekommen. — Das *it*, das vor *could* zu suppliren wäre, lässt Sh. in solcher Construction leicht aus. 13) So dass die Wahrheit in voller Beweiskraft erscheint, dass die Wahrheit mit allen Bestätigungen ausgerüstet ist. 14) d. h. wir würden wegen unserer Schlechtigkeit verzweifeln, wenn unsere Tugend uns nicht wieder Muth machte. 15) *by an abstract of success* = vermittelst einer glücklichen Abkürzung oder Zusammenfassung habe ich heute Nacht sechszehn Geschäfte, die jedes für sich einen Monat dauern würden, auf einmal abgemacht. 16) Ich habe

counterfeit model:[19] he has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophesier.

2. *Lord.* Bring him forth. *[Exeunt Soldiers.]* He has sat i' the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs so long.[20] How does he carry himself?

1. *Lord.* I have told your lordship already; the stocks carry him.[21] But, to answer you as you would be understood, he weeps, like a wench that had shed her milk. He hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i' the stocks; and what think you he hath confessed?

Ber. Nothing of me, has 'a?

2. *Lord.* His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in 't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Re-enter Soldiers, with Parolles.[22]

Ber. A plague upon him! muffled? he can say nothing of me: hush! hush!

1. *Lord.* Hoodman[23] comes! — *Porto tartarossa.*

1. *Sold.* He calls for the tortures: what will you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint: if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

1. Sold. *Bosko chimurcho.*

2. Lord. *Boblibindo chicurmurco.*

1. *Sold.* You are a merciful general. — Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

1. *Sold.* »First, demand of him, how many horse the duke is strong.« What say you to that?

Par. Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

1. *Sold.* Shall I set down your answer so?

Par. Do: I 'll take the sacrament on 't, how and which way you will.

Ber. All 's one to him.[24] What a past-saving slave is this!

1. *Lord.* You are deceived, my lord: this is Monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist,[25] (that was his own phrase) that had the whole theoric[26] of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape[27] of his dagger.

2. *Lord.* I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have every thing in him by wearing his apparel neatly.

1. *Sold.* Well, that 's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse, I said, — I will say true, — or thereabouts, set down, — for I 'll speak truth.

1. *Lord.* He 's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for 't, in the nature he delivers it.[28]

Par. Poor rogues,[29] I pray you, say.

1. *Sold.* Well, that 's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, Sir. A truth 's a truth: the rogues are marvellous poor.

1. *Sold.* »Demand of him, of what strength they are afoot.« What say you to that?

Par. By my troth, Sir, if I were to live this present hour,[30] I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio, a hundred and fifty; Sebastian, so many; Corambus, so many; Jaques, so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each; mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred fifty each: so that the muster-file, rotten and sound,[31] upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks,[32] lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

1. *Lord.* Nothing, but let him have thanks. — Demand of him my condition,[33] and what credit I have with the duke.

1. *Sold.* Well, that 's set down. »You shall demand of him, whether one captain Dumain be i' the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke; what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks, it were not possible with well-weighing sums of gold to corrupt him to a revolt.« What say you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the inter'gatories:[34] demand them singly.

1. *Sold.* Do you know this captain Dumain?

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mein Weggeleit engagirt. 17) *nicer needs* = geringfügigere Besorgungen, ist dem *main parcels of despatch* = hauptsächliche Stücke, die erledigt werden, entgegengesetzt. 18) Bertram betrachtet das scherzhafte Verhör, das sie mit Parolles vornehmen wollen, wie eine Theaterscene, die zwischen einem Narren und einem Soldaten aufgeführt wird. Parolles stellt in seiner Person Beide vor. 19) *counterfeit model*, in der alten Orthographie der Fol. hier *module*, = eine Form, ein Abbild, das unächt, nachgemacht ist einem ächten, wahren Mann. 20) Er hat verdient, mit den Fersen in den Block gesteckt zu werden, weil er so lange an ihnen ohne Berechtigung die Sporen, die nur dem Ritter zukommen, getragen hat. 21) Wortspiel zwischen *to carry one's self* = sich benehmen, sich betragen, und *to carry* = Jemanden tragen. 22) Die Fol. hat *Enter Parolles with his Interpreter.* Demgemäss werden auch die Reden des *1. Sold.* mit *Interpreter* bezeichnet. Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 1, Anm. 9. 23) *hoodman* ist die Blindekuh im Blindekuhspiel, das zu Sh.'s Zeit *hoodman blind* hiess. 24) *all 's one to him* verbindet die Fol. noch mit der vorigen Rede des Parolles, weshalb Rowe *me* für *him* setzte. — Die richtige Vertheilung rührt von Capell her. 25) *militarist* = Kenner des Militärwesens, ein geflissentlich affectirtes Wort, das kaum anderswo vorkommt, gebildet nach Analogie von *martialist, statist.* 26) *theoric*, eine ältere Nebenform für *theory*, die Sh. auch sonst anwendet. — Zu dem folgenden *practice* ist *of war* zu suppliren. 27) *chape* = der Haken, an welchem der Dolch festgehängt wird. 28) Ich weiss es ihm keinen Dank, dass er die Wahrheit spricht, da er sie als feiger Verräther von sich giebt. 29) Parolles kommt auf seine frühern Worte zurück: *the commanders very poor rogues.* 30) Steevens versteht *but this present hour*: wenn ich nur diese Stunde noch leben sollte. — Tollet vermuthet, dass Parolles in seiner Angst sich verspreche und *live* für *die* sage. 31) Die Musterrolle der Soldaten, der Angefaulten sowohl wie der Gesunden. 32) *cassock* = ein weiter Mantel, der auch bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen als zur Soldatentracht gehörig vorkommt. So in Glapthorne's Hollander: *Here, Sir, receive this military cassock, it has seen service.* 33) *condition* = Qualification, sowohl die innere, als die äusserliche. 34) *inter'gatories* für *interrogatories* ist auch anderswo durch das Versmass gesichert; so in Mer-

Par. I know him: he was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the shrieve's fool[35] with child; a dumb innocent, that could not say him, nay. [DUMAIN *lifts up his hand in anger.*

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

1. Sold. Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge he is, and lousy.

1. Lord. Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship[36] anon.

1. Sold. What is his reputation with the duke?

Par. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine, and writ to me this other day to turn him out o' the band: I think, I have his letter in my pocket.

1. Sold. Marry, we 'll search.

Par. In good sadness,[37] I do not know: either it is there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

1. Sold. Here 't is: here 's a paper; shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it, or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

1. Lord. Excellently.

1. Sold. [Reads.] »Dian, the count 's a fool, and full of gold,« —

Par. That is not the duke's letter, Sir: that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurement of one count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttish. I pray you, Sir, put it up again.

1. Sold. Nay, I 'll read it first, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in 't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid: for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable, both-sides[38] rogue!

1. Sold. [Reads.] »When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;
After he scores, he never pays the score:[39]
Half won is match well made; match, and well make it:[40]
He ne'er pays after[41] debts; take it before,
And say, a soldier, Dian, told thee this.
Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiss;[42]
For count of this, the count 's a fool, I know it.
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.
Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,
PAROLLES.«

Ber. He shall be whipped through the army, with this rhyme in 's forehead.

2. Lord. This is your devoted friend, Sir; the manifold linguist,[43] and the armipotent soldier.

Ber. I could endure anything before but a cat, and now he 's a cat to me.

1. Sold. I perceive, Sir, by our[44] general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, Sir, in any case! not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature.[45] Let me live, Sir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, or anywhere, so I may live.

1. Sold. We 'll see what may be done, so you confess freely: therefore, once more to this captain Dumain. You have answered to his reputation with the duke, and to his valour: what is his honesty?

Par. He will steal, Sir, an egg out of a cloister:[46] for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus.[47] He professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking them he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, Sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue; for he will be swine-drunk, and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions,[48] and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, Sir, of his honesty: he has every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

1. Lord. I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him! for me he is more and more a cat.

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chant of Venice (A. 5, Sc. 1) *And charge us there upon inter'gatories.* 35) *a shrieve's fool* ist, wie aus dem Folgenden erhellt, ein blödsinniges Mädchen, das der Obhut des Vogts, als ihres natürlichen Vormundes, anvertraut war. — Diese blödsinnige Person *(innocent)* konnte zu Dumain nicht Nein! sagen, weil sie überhaupt nicht sprechen konnte. — Die folgende Bühnenweisung ist modern. — In Bertram's folgender Rede liegt eine Anspielung auf die sprichwörtliche Geschichte von dem Ziegel, der vom Dache fällt und Den tödtet, dem das Schicksal solchen plötzlichen Tod bestimmt hat. 36) So verbessern die Hgg. *your lord* in der Fol. — *lord* und *lordship* wurden in den Handschriften abbreviirt. 37) *sadness* = Ernst. 38) *both-sides* ist Adjectiv zu *rogue* = ein achselträgerischer, doppelzüngiger Schurke. Parolles war zugleich der Kuppler des Grafen bei Diana und warnte sie vor ihm. — Schon die Fol. schreibt *both-sides*. 39) Wenn er einmal die Schuld anschreiben lässt, wenn er sie nicht auf der Stelle bezahlt, so bezahlt er sie nie. 40) Wenn ein Handel halb gewonnen ist, wenn die Bezahlung so gut wie gewiss ist, so ist er gut abgeschlossen; schliesse Du also den Handel ab und schliesse ihn gut ab. — *to match* ist zugleich doppelsinnig = unterhandeln, und = sich paaren. 41) *after*, adverbial = nachher, steht dem *before* = vorher, gegenüber. 42) *to mell* ist *to meddle* = mit Jemandem sich einlassen, verkehren. — Theobald las *boys are but to kiss*, weil er willkürlich einen Gegensatz zwischen *mell* und *kiss* annahm. — In der folgenden Zeile ist ein Wortspiel zwischen *to count of* = Etwas in Anschlag bringen, und *count* = Graf. 43) *manifold linguist* = vielseitiger Sprachkenner. So hiess es in A. 4, Sc. 1 von Parolles: *he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages.* — Das hier ironisch angewandte *armipotent* wird gewöhnlich dem Mars beigelegt; schon in Chaucer's Knightes Tale, und ebenso in Sh.'s Love 's Labour's Lost (A. 5, Sc. 2) *the armipotent Mars.* 44) Die Fol. hat *your*, wofür die spätern Folioausgg. *the* setzen. Die bessere Emendation *our* findet sich schon bei Capell. 45) Ich möchte den Rest der mir von der Natur gesetzten Lebensfrist in Reue und Busse verbringen. — *nature* = das organische Leben des einzelnen Menschen, und = der menschliche Organismus selbst, kommt oft bei Sh. vor. 46) *out of a cloister* steht hier wegen der Heiligkeit eines solchen Platzes, aus dem selbst eine Kleinigkeit, wie ein Ei, zu stehlen, schon ruchlos ist. — Staunton fasst *egg* als Metapher = *young girl* auf. 47) Den Centauren Nessus, der der Deianira, der Gemahlin des Hercules, Gewalt anthat, erwähnt Sh. auch in Antony and Cleopatra (A. 4, Sc. 10) *the shirt of Nessus is upon me.* 48) Vgl. oben Anm. 33. 49) Er versteht vom Kriege nicht mehr, als dass er mit der Trommel vor den im Lande umherziehenden Schauspielern einher-

1. Sold. What say you to his expertness in war?

Par. 'Faith, Sir, he has led the drum before the English tragedians,[49] — to belie him, I will not, — and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.[50]

1. Lord. He hath out-villained villany[51] so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him! he 's a cat still.[52]

1. Sold. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not ask you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a cardecue[53] he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

1. Sold. What 's his brother, the other captain Dumain?

2. Lord. Why does he ask him of me?

1. Sold. What 's he?

Par. E'en a crow o' the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreat he outruns any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

1. Sold. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, count Rousillon.

1. Sold. I 'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Par. [Aside.] I 'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the count,[54] have I run into this danger. Yet who would have suspected an ambush, where I was taken?

1. Sold. There is no remedy, Sir, but you must die. The general says, you, that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsman, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, Sir, let me live, or let me see my death!

1. Sold. That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. *[Unmuffling him.*
So, look about you: know you any here?

Ber. Good morrow, noble captain.

2. Lord. God bless you, captain Parolles.

1. Lord. God save you, noble captain.

2. Lord. Captain, what greeting will you to my lord Lafeu? I am for France.

1. Lord. Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the count Rousillon? an I were not a very coward,[55] I 'd compel it of you; but fare you well. *[Exeunt* Bertram, *Frenchmen, etc.*

1. Sold. You are undone, captain; all but your scarf, that has a knot on 't yet.[56]

Par. Who cannot be crushed with a plot?

1. Sold. If you could find out a country where but women were, that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation.[57] Fare you well, Sir; I am for France too: we shall speak of you there. *[Exit.*

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,
'T would burst at this. Captain I 'll be no more;
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft
As captain shall: simply the thing I am
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart,
Let him fear this;[58] for it will come to pass,
That every braggart shall be found an ass.
Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live
Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive!
There 's place and means for every man alive!
I 'll after them. *[Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Florence. A Room in the Widow's House.

Enter Helena, *Widow, and* Diana.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,
One of the greatest in the christian world
Shall be my surety: 'fore whose throne, 't is needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel.
Time was, I did him a desired office,
Dear almost as his life; which gratitude[1]
Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,

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marschirt ist. Weil Sh. hier eine in England vorkommende Sitte von Franzosen erwähnen lässt, fügt er *English* vor *tragedians* hinzu, wie er auch im Folgenden, wo er sich auf eine Anwesenheit Dumain's in England bezieht, *Mile-end*, einen Uebungsplatz für die Londoner Bürgermiliz, der seinem Publicum sehr wohl bekannt war, bezeichnet *at a place there called Mile-end.* 50) *of this* bezieht sich auf das vorher Erzählte von *except* an: wenn er nicht etwa in England die Ehre gehabt hat u. s. w. 51) *to out-villain villany* ist zusammengestellt wie *to out-frown fortune's frown* in K. Lear (A. 5, Sc. 3), und *to out-herod Herod* in Hamlet (A. 3, Sc. 2). 52) scil. *a cat for me* = so verhasst, wie eine Katze mir nur sein kann. So hatte Bertram vorher gesagt *and now he 's a cat to me.* 53) *cardecue*, französisch *quart d'écu*, der vierte Theil einer französischen Krone, eine Münze, die auch in England viel circulirte. — Die meisten Hgg. schreiben dieses in England eingebürgerte Wort im Widerspruch mit der Fol. französisch *quart d'écu.* — Für einen Viertelthaler würde Dumain nicht nur seinen eigenen Anspruch auf die künftige Seligkeit verkaufen, sondern zugleich alle ferneren Anrechte seiner Nachkommen daran, die sie kraft der Erbschaft erheben könnten, im Voraus abschneiden. 54) Um den jungen Grafen in seiner Meinung von meiner Tapferkeit fälschlich zu erhalten oder zu bestärken; um mir fälschlich seine gute Meinung zu gewinnen. 55) Er bezieht sich auf Parolles' frühere Worte *He excels his brother for a coward etc.* 56) Wortspiel zwischen *undone* = vernichtet, und = aufgelöst, von der Schleife, welche Parolles' Schärpe zusammenhält. — Die Schärpe und die Bänder, mit denen Parolles sich putzt, bilden durch das ganze Drama hindurch einen Gegenstand der Persiflage. 57) Mit einer Frau, die bei so viel Schmach so frech bliebe wie Parolles, könnte Parolles geistesverwandte Kinder zeugen und der Stammvater eines Volkes werden, das sich durch Unverschämtheit auszeichnete. 58) Der nehme sich ein warnendes Beispiel daran.

1) *which gratitude* steht in Sh.'s lockerer Relativverbindung = wofür die Dankbarkeit, oder so dass die Dankbarkeit dafür. 2) *Marseilles*, in der Fol. *Marcellae*, gebraucht Sh. dreisylbig. 3) Da das Heer sich auflöst,

And answer, thanks. I duly am inform'd,
His grace is at Marseilles;[2] to which place
We have convenient convoy. You must know,
I am supposed dead: the army breaking,
My husband hies him home;[3] where, heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We 'll be before our welcome.[4]
Wid. Gentle Madam,
You never had a servant, to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.
Hel. Nor you, mistress,[5]
Ever a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompense your love. Doubt not, but heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive,[6]
And helper to a husband. But, O strange men!
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night![7] so lust doth play
With what it loathes, for that which is away.
But more of this hereafter. — You, Diana,
Under my poor instructions, yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.
Dia. Let death and honesty[8]
Go with your impositions, I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.
Hel. Yet, I pray you:[9]
But with the word,[10] the time will bring on summer,
When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp. We must away;
Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us:
All 's well that ends well: still the fine 's[11] the crown;
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Rousillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace.

Enter Countess, Lafeu, *and Clown.*

Laf. No, no, no; your son was misled with a snipt-taffeta fellow[1] there, whose villanous saffron[2] would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour, and your son here at home, more advanced by the king, than by that red-tailed[3] humble-bee I speak of.

Count. I would I had[4] not known him. It was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever nature had praise for creating: if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans[5] of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'T was a good lady, 't was a good lady: we may pick a thousand salads, ere we light on such another herb.

Clo. Indeed, Sir, she was the sweet-marjoram of the salad, or rather the herb of grace.[6]

Laf. They are not salad-herbs,[7] you knave; they are nose-herbs.

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, Sir; I have not much skill in grass.

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself, a knave,[8] or a fool?

Clo. A fool, Sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

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so eilt mein Gatte nach Haus. 4) Wo wir eintreffen wollen, ehe man uns willkommen heissen kann, ehe man dort auf unsern Empfang sich gefasst macht. 5) Die Fol. hat *nor your'mistress*, was Rowe emendirte. 6) *my motive* erklärte Malone mit *mover*. Es ist aber vielleicht eher = das Werkzeug, das ich in Bewegung setzte, wie in Troilus and Cressida (A. 4, Sc. 5) *motive* ein bewegendes oder bewegliches Glied bedeutet. 7) Wenn die sinnliche Leichtgläubigkeit der betrogenen Gedanken die pechschwarze Nacht befleckt; wenn der von der dunkeln Nacht getäuschte Bertram seiner Wollust leichtgläubig sich hingiebt, da er die Helena für Diana hält. — *saucy* = sinnlich zudringlich. — Bei *defiles the pitchy night* dachte Sh. an das Sprichwort *Pitch defiles*. — Auch das folgende *to play* = sein Spiel mit Etwas treiben, ist von dem Liebesgenusse verstanden. 8) Die Copula *and* verbindet auch hier zwei Begriffe, die eigentlich einen bilden sollten: Möge ein Tod in der Ehrbarkeit, oder ein ehrbarer Tod, den Aufträgen, die Ihr mir ertheilt, beigesellt sein, so will ich doch Euch gehorchen. — *imposition* = Aufgabe, Befehl. 9) Helena wiederholt, mit dem bittenden *I pray you* begleitet, das *yet* ihres vorigen Satzes: *you yet must suffer etc.* — Blackstone schlug vor zu lesen *yet I fray you but with the word* = doch ich erschrecke Euch nur mit dem Worte (d. h. mit dem Worte *suffer*). — Staunton vermuthet *yet I pay you but with the word* = jetzt bezahle ich Euch nur mit dem Worte. 10) *with the word*, eigentlich = so wie das Wort sich sprechen lässt, steht allgemein = im Nu, plötzlich kommt der Sommer, wo an den Büschen nicht bloss Dornen, sondern auch Blätter sich finden, wo die Büsche nicht bloss scharf, durch die Dornen, sondern auch süss, durch die Früchte, sind. — Helena weist auf die Zeit hin, wo Freude und Leid sich ausgleicht. — In Verbindung mit diesem Bilde ist auch das folgende *time revives us* zu verstehen: die Zeit des Glückes, welche wiederkehrt, giebt uns neuen Muth für das, was wir jetzt zu thun haben. — Hanmer las *reviles*, und Johnson *invites* für *revives*. 11) *fine* = Ende. Sh. gebraucht das seltene Wort hier in Beziehung auf das lateinische Sprichwort *Finis coronat opus*, das er dreifach wiedergiebt, erst mit dem Titel seines Dramas, dann mit einer englischen Uebersetzung, endlich mit einer Paraphrase: *Whate'er the course etc.*

1) Ein Gesell, der ein Wamms von ausgeschnittenem Taffet trägt, — ein Kennzeichen des Gecken. So in Twelfth-Night (A. 2, Sc. 4) *the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta.* 2) Eine Anspielung auf die Mode der Zeit, die Hand- und Halskrausen mit gelber Stärke von Saffran zu steifen. So in Tomkins' Albumazar: *Trincalo, what price bears wheat and saffron that your band is so stiff and yellow?* — Mit diesem Saffran hätte Parolles die ganze unausgebackene und ungare Jugend anstecken oder färben mögen. 3) Parolles erschien wahrscheinlich in rothen Hosen auf dem Theater. 4) Hanmer wollte lesen *he had*, scil. *Bertram had not known Parolles.* — Die Gräfin will aber nur sagen: ich wollte, ich hätte nie von ihm gehört. 5) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 3, Anm. 28. 6) *herb of grace* = Gnadenkraut, Raute. 7) *salad-herbs*, das der Zusammenhang fordert, setzte Rowe für das blosse *herbs* der Fol. — Eben so richtig verbesserte er in der Antwort des Narren *grass* für das *grace* der Fol.: ich verstehe mich nicht so auf das Gras, wie Nebukadnezar, der eine Zeitlang Gras frass.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble,[9] Sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, Sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who 's that? a Frenchman?

Clo. 'Faith, Sir, 'a has an English name;[10] but his phisnomy is more hotter in France, than there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The black prince, Sir; *alias*, the prince of darkness; *alias*, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there 's my purse. I give thee not this to suggest[11] thee from thy master thou talkest of: serve him still.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow,[12] Sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of, ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world; let his nobility remain in 's court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some, that humble themselves, may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they 'll be for the flowery way,[13] that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be aweary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways: let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, Sir, they shall be jades' tricks,[14] which are their own right by the law of nature. *[Exit.*

Laf. A shrewd knave, and an unhappy.[15]

Count. So he is. My lord, that 's gone, made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace,[16] but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well; 't is not amiss. And I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king, my master, to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance,[17] did first propose. His highness hath promised me to do it; and to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

Count. With very much content, my lord; and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he numbered thirty: he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed.

Count. It rejoices me that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that my son will be here to-night: I shall beseech your lordship to remain with me till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O Madam! yonder 's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on 's face: whether there be a scar under it, or no, the velvet knows; but 't is a goodly patch of velvet. His left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half,[18] but his right cheek is worn bare.

Laf. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour; so, belike, is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonadoed face.[19]

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you: I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Clo. 'Faith, there 's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man. *[Exeunt*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Marseilles. A Street.

Enter HELENA, *Widow, and* DIANA, *with Two Attendants.*

Hel. But this exceeding posting, day and night,
Must wear your spirits low: we cannot help it;
But, since you have made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold[1] you do so grow in my requital,
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time;

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8) Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 4, Anm. 3. 9) *bauble* = Narrenkolben, und = Testikel. Dieselbe obscöne Zweideutigkeit ist in Romeo and Juliet (A. 2. Sc. 4) *like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.* 10) Die Fol. hat *maine*, was Henley als *mane* beibehalten wollte, in einer Anspielung auf den dicken Haarwulst, mit dem der Teufel auf dem Theater in den altenglischen Mysterien dargestellt wurde. Aber im Zusammenhange mit dem Vorhergehenden und Folgenden erscheint doch Rowe's Emendation *name* vorzüglicher. Der englische Name des Teufels ist *black prince*, eine Bezeichnung, die Hall in seinen Satyren dem Gott der Unterwelt, Pluto, zuwendet. — In dem *phisnomy more hotter in France* liegt eine Beziehung auf die Lustkrankheit, die französische Krankheit. 11) *to suggest from* = Jemanden zur Untreue gegen Einen verlocken. 12) *a woodland fellow* = ein Mensch aus einer holzreichen Gegend gebürtig, wo man das Brennmaterial nicht zu sparen braucht. 13) So wird der Weg zur Hölle auch in Macbeth (A. 2, Sc. 3) bezeichnet: *the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.* 14) *jade's trick* = ein Pferdestreich, und = ein schlechter Witz. Derselbe Doppelsinn kommt in Much Ado about Nothing vor (A. 1, Sc. 1) *you always end with a jade's trick.* 15) *unhappy* = ungerathen, boshaft. — Die Auslassung des *one* hinter dem Adjectiv ist in Sh.'s Manier. — So auch in Paynter's Novelle: *a fair maid and a comely.* 16) Er hält keinen Schritt in seinen Reden und Gedanken, sondern schweift unstät umher. — Für *pace* las Hanmer *place.* 17) Aus einer gnädigen Erinnerung, die von ihm selbst ausging, die nicht von Andern ihm eingegeben wurde. Eine ähnliche Verbindung mit *self* vgl. A. 3, Sc. 1, Anm. 4. 18) Ein Wortspiel mit dem Sammtpflaster auf Bertram's linker Wange, mit *velvet*, das auch *three-pile* heisst. 19) Bertram's Gesicht ist Euch so zerhackt, wie eine Carbonade. So in K. Lear (A. 2, Sc. 2) *I 'll so carbonado your shanks.*

Enter a Gentleman.[2]

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power. — God save you, Sir.
Gent. And you.
Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.
Gent. I have been sometimes there.
Hel. I do presume, Sir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodness;
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,
Which lay nice manners[3] by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues, for the which
I shall continue thankful.
Gent. What 's your will?
Hel. That it will please you
To give this poor petition[4] to the king,
And aid me with that store of power you have,
To come into his presence.
Gent. The king 's not here.
Hel. Not here, Sir?
Gent. Not, indeed:
He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste
Than is his use.
Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!
Hel. All 's well that ends well yet,
Though time seem so adverse,[5] and means unfit. —
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?
Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon;
Whither I am going.
Hel. I do beseech you, Sir,
Since you are like to see the king before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand;
Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it.
I will come after you, with what good speed
Our means will make us means.[6]
Gent. This I 'll do for you.
Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd,
Whate'er falls more. — We must to horse again: —
Go, go, provide. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Rousillon. The inner Court of the Countess's Palace.

Enter Clown and Parolles.

Par. Good Monsieur Lavatch,[1] give my lord Lafeu this letter. I have ere now, Sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but I am now, Sir, muddied in fortune's mood,[2] and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.
Clo. Truly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strongly as thou speakest of: I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering.[3] Pr'ythee, allow the wind.
Par. Nay, you need not to stop your nose, Sir: I spake but by a metaphor.
Clo. Indeed, Sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose;[4] or against any man's metaphor. Pr'ythee, get thee further.
Par. Pray you, Sir, deliver me this paper.
Clo. Foh! pr'ythee, stand away: a paper from fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.

Enter Lafeu.

Here is a pur[5] of fortune's, Sir, or of fortune's cat (but not a musk-cat), that has fallen into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal.

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1) *be bold* ist mit dem Folgenden zu verknüpfen: seid zuversichtlich gewiss, dass Ihr so fest wachst in meiner Vergeltung, in meiner Dankbarkeit, dass nichts Euch entwurzeln, daraus losreissen kann. 2) Die Fol. hat *Enter a gentle Astringer*, woraus die zweite Folioausg. *Enter a gentle Astranger*, und die folgenden Folioausgg. *Enter a Gentleman a Stranger* machten. — *astringer*, eigentlich *austringer* oder *ostringer*, ist ein Falkonier. Knight citirt aus einem alten Buche über die Falkenjagd von Markham: *They be called ostringers which are the keepers of gosshawks or tercels*, und Steevens aus Cowell's Law Dictionary: *We usually call a falconer who keeps that kind of hawk, an austringer.* — Da jedoch die Eigenschaft des Falkoniers bei dem Auftretenden nicht urgirt wird, und der Name *Astringer* ganz verschollen ist, scheint es rathsam, mit Dyce ihn der Deutlichkeit wegen einfach als *a Gentleman* zu bezeichnen, wie auch die Fol. ihn bei seinem spätern Erscheinen (A. 5, Sc. 3) nennt. 3) *nice manners* = übertriebene Höflichkeit, peinliche Beobachtung des herkömmlichen Ceremoniels im Umgange. 4) *poor petition* = ein Bittgesuch von einer Armen, in Noth Befindlichen. — Diese freiere Construction des Adjectivs ist auch sonst Sh. eigenthümlich. Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1, Anm. 22. 5) *adverse* betont Sh. bald auf der ersten, bald auf der zweiten Sylbe. 6) *our means* sind die pecuniären Mittel, die der Helena zu Gebote stehen und mit denen sie sich die Mittel zur raschen Beförderung nach Rousillon *(make us means)* verschafft. — Erwägung verdient der Vorschlag eines Anonymus in den Cambridge Edd., das zweite *means* zu streichen, so dass *good speed* als Object zu *make us* supplirt wird. Auch der Vers würde dadurch gewinnen.

1) Der Name des Clown, der nur hier genannt wird, ist, wie Tollet annimmt, aus dem französischen *la vache* entstellt. 2) Parolles, der, im Gegensatz zu seiner frühern bunten und geckenhaften Tracht, jetzt in abgetragenen und schmutzigen Kleidern erscheint, spricht demgemäss von der bösen Laune der Fortuna, in der er schmutzig geworden sei, und von ihrer Ungnade, nach der er übel rieche. Der Narr versteht die letzte Metapher in eigentlichem Wortsinne. — *mood* gebraucht Sh. auch sonst von der plötzlich wechselnden, bald bösen, bald guten Laune der Glücksgöttin. Vielleicht ist auch ein der Aussprache der Sh.'schen Zeit näher liegendes Wortspiel mit *mud* beabsichtigt. 3) Wenn die Ungnade der Fortuna einen so übeln Geruch an sich hat, so will ich ferner keinen Fisch essen, an den sie ihre Butter gethan hat, weil er auch schlecht riechen möchte. — Auch das folgende *allow the wind* = lass den Luftzug frei streichen, stehe mir nicht an der Seite, woher der Wind kommt, bezieht sich auf das Missverständniss, mit welchem der Narr Parolles' Worte aufgefasst hat. 4) scil. *against it.* — Der Clown missversteht das Wort *metaphor* als einen Körpertheil des Parolles. 5) *pur* = das Schnurren einer Katze, deutet Douce richtig auf den Bettelbrief des Parolles an Lafeu. Die Katze selbst ist Parolles, der in den schmutzigen Fischteich der Fortuna gefallen ist. — Wegen des vermeintlichen übeln Geruches unterscheidet der Narr aber diese Katze von der Bisamkatze, deren Bisam als ein gebräuchlicher Parfüm auch sonst bei Sh. vorkommt; so in As you like it (A. 3, Sc. 2) *civet is of a baser birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat.* — Für *pur* schlug

Pray you, Sir, use the carp[6] as you may, for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my smiles of comfort,[7] and leave him to your lordship. *[Exit.*

Par. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratched.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'T is too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her?[8] There 's a cardecue[9] for you. Let the justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honour to hear me one single word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha't; save your word.[10]

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than one word then, — Cox[11] my passion! give me your hand. — How does your drum?

Par. O my good lord! you were the first that found me.[12]

Laf. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace,[13] for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. *[Trumpets sound.]* The king 's coming; I know by his trumpets. — Sirrah, inquire further after me: I had talk of you last night. Though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat:[14] go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Same. A Room in the Countess's Palace.

Flourish. Enter King, Countess, Lafeu, *Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, etc.*

King. We lost a jewel of her, and our esteem
Was made much poorer by it:[1] but your son,
As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know
Her estimation home.
Count. 'T is past, my liege;
And I beseech your majesty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i' the blaze of youth;[2]
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbears it, and burns on.
King. My honour'd lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all,
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to shoot.[3]
Laf. This I must say, —
But first I beg my pardon, — the young lord
Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady,
Offence of mighty note, but to himself
The greatest wrong of all: he lost a wife,
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes;[4] whose words all ears took captive;
Whose dear perfection hearts that scorn'd to serve
Humbly call'd mistress.[5]
King. Praising what is lost
Makes the remembrance dear. — Well, call him hither.
We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill
All repetition.[6] — Let him not ask our pardon:
The nature of his great offence[7] is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury

Malone *puss* vor. 6) Als Karpfen bezeichnet er den Parolles, weil er aus dem Fischteich der Fortuna kommt. 7) Heath erklärt den Satz: *I testify my pity for his distress, by encouraging him with a gracious smile.* Eher ist aber *in my smiles of comfort* lediglich = indem ich mich des Lächelns des Glücks erfreue. — In dem Vorhergehenden ist vielleicht *ingenious-foolish* zu einem Compositum zu verbinden. 8) *her*, das in der Fol. fehlt, supplirt die zweite Folioausg. von 1632. 9) Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 3, Anm. 53. 10) Erspart Euch das eine Wort, das Ihr mich anzuhören bittet. Und da nun Parolles doch mehrere Worte sagt: *My name — — Parolles*, antwortet Lafeu abermals: Ihr bittet also doch um mehr als ein Wort. — Malone vermuthet dagegen ein Wortspiel mit *Parolles*, französisch *paroles*, was als Plural mehr als ein Wort bedeutet. Die Fol. hat *you beg more than word then;* das *one* vor *word* fügte erst eine spätere Folioausg. ein. — überflüssig, wie Malone mit Recht bemerkt, wenn man seiner etwas gesuchten Deutung beipflichtet. 11) *Cox* entstellt aus *God's*. — Lafeu erkennt den Parolles erst jetzt, da dieser sich nennt, und begrüsst ihn demnach ironisch, indem er sich nach der Trommel erkundigt, die Parolles in dem Florentiner Kriege wiedererobern wollte. 12) Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 3, Anm. 43. — Daran knüpft sich das Wortspiel mit *to lose* = verlieren, und = in Verlust bringen. 13) Parolles versteht *grace* = Ansehen bei den Menschen, Lafeu versteht es = Gnade bei Gott, Stand der Gnade. 14) So sollt Ihr doch nicht Hungers sterben.

1) Johnson erklärt: durch den Verlust eines Juwels wie Helena wurde das Ansehen des Königs werthloser, sank im Preise; M. Mason dagegen: durch die schlechte Behandlung, mit welcher Bertram Helena's Tod herbeigeführt, verlor die richtige Schätzung des Königs, der sie hochhielt, an Werth. — Die natürlichste Erklärung scheint, *by it* nur auf *jewel*, nicht auf den ganzen Satz zu beziehen: wir verloren an Helena ein Juwel, neben welchem unsere Abschätzung desselben ärmer erschien, ein Juwel, das reicher war als wir es schätzten. — Dies steht dann im Gegensatz zu dem Folgenden, dass Bertram sie gar nicht habe schätzen können. — *home* = gründlich. 2) Die Fol. hat *blade of youth* = wenn die Jugend in vollen Halmen steht. — Die Emendation Warburton's *blaze of youth* passt besser zu dem Folgenden, wo das Bild von einem Brande und Aufflammen der jugendlichen Leidenschaft fortgesetzt wird. So kam A. 4, Sc. 2 *the quick fire of youth* vor. 3) Das Bild ist von einem gespannten Bogen hergenommen, dessen Träger gerade den günstigen Augenblick abwartet, ihn abzuschiessen. 4) *richest eyes* = die Augen, die darin reich sind, dass sie alles Schönste gesehen haben, also schwer noch zu befriedigen sind. 5) Deren Vollkommenheit Herzen, die sonst zu dienen verschmähten, als ihres Dienstes würdig verehrten. 6) Mit dem ersten Wiedersehen zwischen Bertram und dem König soll alles Vergangene abgethan, soll die Besprechung und Herzählung des Geschehenen beseitigt sein. — Wie *to repeat* = Etwas herzählen, der Reihe nach erwähnen, so auch das substantivische *repetition*. 7) Das, worin sein grosses Vergehen bestand oder bestanden hatte. Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 3, Anm. 45. 8) Die noch brennenden, noch nicht erloschenen Trümmer. 9) Er

The incensing relics[8] of it: let him approach,
A stranger, no offender; and inform him,
So 't is our will he should.
Gent. I shall, my liege. *[Exit.*
King. What says he to your daughter? have you spoke?
Laf. All that he is hath reference to your highness.[9]
King. Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me,
That set him high in fame.[10]

Enter Bertram.

Laf. He looks well on 't.[11]
King. I am not a day of season,[12]
For thou may'st see a sunshine and a hail
In me at once; but to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way: so stand thou forth;
The time is fair again.
Ber. My high-repented[13] blames,
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.
King. All is whole;
Not one word more of the consumed time.
Let 's take the instant by the forward top,
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals, ere we can effect them.[14] You remember
The daughter of this lord?
Ber. Admiringly, my liege.[15]
At first I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impression of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective[16] did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour,
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stolen,
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a most hideous object. Thence it came,
That she, whom all men prais'd, and whom myself,
Since I have lost,[17] have lov'd, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.
King. Well excus'd:
That thou didst love her,[18] strikes some scores away
From the great compt. But love. that comes too late,
Like a remorseful pardon[19] slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offence,
Crying, »That 's good that 's gone.« Our rash faults
Make trivial price of serious things[20] we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their grave:
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust:
Our own love, waking, cries to see what 's done,
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.[21]
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin:[22]
The main consents are had; and here we 'll stay
To see our widower's second marriage-day.
Count. Which better than the first, O dear heaven, bless!
Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cess![23]
Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's name
Must be digested, give a favour from you,
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come. *[*Bertram *gives a ring.]* —
By my old beard,
And every hair that 's on 't, Helen, that 's dead,
Was a sweet creature; such a ring as this,
The last that e'er I took her leave at court,[24]
I saw upon her finger.

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bezieht sich in Allem, was er ist, auf Eure Majestät; er hat keinen eigenen Willen mehr, sondern nur Euren Willen als Richtschnur seines Seins. 10) Die Briefe des Herzogs von Florenz, von denen A. 4, Sc. 3 die Rede war: *The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.* 11) Lafeu's Worte beziehen sich auf *Then shall we have a match*: Bertram ist wohl zufrieden damit. 12) *a day of season* erklärt Henley mit *a day of uninterrupted rain.* — Malone fasst es plausibler als *a seasonable day.* In dem Antlitz des Königs, in welchem Unwille und Verzeihung, Trauer und Freude zugleich ausgedrückt sind, lässt sich nicht eine bestimmte Jahreszeit, sondern nur ein Gemisch aus verschiedenen erkennen. 13) *high-repented* = in hohem Grade bereut. So hat Sh. *high-viced* in Timon of Athens (A. 4, Sc. 3), und *high-fantastical* in Twelfth-Night (A. 1, Sc. 1). 14) Steevens citirt dazu eine Sh. gewiss bekannte Parallelstelle aus Sidney's Arcadia: *The summons of time had so creepingly stolen upon him that he had heard scarcely the noise of his feet.* 15) Manche Hgg. verbinden *my liege* mit dem Folgenden und beginnen, indem sie den letzten Vers in der Rede des Königs unvollständig lassen, mit *admiringly* einen neuen, ebenfalls unvollständigen Vers. Die Einschiebung eines sechsfüssigen Jambus ist bei Sh. durchaus nicht unerhört. 16) *perspective* = Ocularglas, durch das betrachtet die Gegenstände anders erscheinen als sie sind. Sh. betont das Wort auf der ersten Sylbe. — Ein solches Perspectiv war für Bertram, der seine Augen auf Lafeu's Tochter fest gerichtet hatte, der Stolz, der ihm andere Reize in einem falschen und entstellten Lichte, als ein verzerrtes Bild, erscheinen liess. 17) scil. *lost her.* Sh. lässt *her* weg, da *whom* vorangeht. 18) Dass Du Helena liebtest, nachdem Du sie verloren. — *great compt* ist die grosse Schuldrechnung, welche dem Bertram zur Last fällt. 19) *remorseful pardon* = die barmherzige Begnadigung eines zur Hinrichtung Verurtheilten, die zu spät anlangt und dem königlichen Absender nur einen bittern Vorwurf zurückbringt. So in K. Henry VIII. (A. 4, Sc. 2) *that comfort comes too late; || 'T is like a pardon after execution.* 20) *serious things* = Wesen, die ernst geschätzt sein wollen, im Gegensatz zu *trivial price* = geringfügige, leichtsinnige Abschätzung. 21) Die wahre Liebe, die wir wirklich in uns hegen, jammert, wenn sie erwacht, über das, was geschehen ist, dass wir nämlich in Verblendung unsere Freunde verstossen oder vernichtet haben; unterdessen hält der Hass, der uns verblendete, schamerfüllt über das, was er angestiftet, nicht länger an als ein Nachmittagsschlaf dauert und schläft sich in der Zeit aus. — Diese Erklärung scheint dem Zusammenhange besser zu entsprechen, als Malone's: *Hate sleeps at ease, unmolested by any remembrance of the dead.* — M. Mason wollte *old love* lesen, indess ist *own love* = die Liebe, zu der wir uns als uns eigen bekennen, im Gegensatz zu *shameful hate* = der Hass, der sich schämt. — Den Gegensatz zwischen *love* und *hate* verwischt eine sonst sinnreiche Conjectur *shame full late*, welche die Cambridge Edd. mittheilen. 22) *Maudlin* für *Magdalen*, Lafeu's Tochter. 23) Diese beiden Verse theilte zuerst Theobald der Gräfin Rousillon zu; in der Fol. gehören sie noch zur Rede des Königs. — *cess*, alterthümlich für *cease*, steht des Reimes wegen und ist schon in den spätern Folioausgg. in *cease* umgeändert. — *to cess* findet sich bei Chaucer und Spenser. 24) *the last* = das letzte

Ber. Hers it was not.
King. Now, 'pray you, let me see it; for mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to 't. —
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessitied to help, that by this token
I would relieve her.[25] Had you that craft to reave her
Of what should stead her most?
Ber. My gracious sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never hers.
Count. Son, on my life,
I have seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it
At her life's rate.
Laf. I am sure I saw her wear it.
Ber. You are deceiv'd: my lord, she never saw it.
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,
Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it. Noble she was, and thought
I stood ingag'd:[26] but when I had subscrib'd
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overture, she ceas'd,
In heavy satisfaction,[27] and would never
Receive the ring again.
King. Plutus himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,[28]
Hath not in nature's mystery more science,
Than I have in this ring: 't was mine, 't was Helen's,
Whoever gave it you. Then, if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 't was hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her. She call'd the saints to surety,
That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,
Where you have never come, or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.
Ber. She never saw it.
King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour,
And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,[29]
Which I would fain shut out. If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman, — 't will not prove so; —
And yet I know not: — thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring.[30] — Take him away. —
[Guards seize Bertram.
My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little.[31] — Away with him!
We 'll sift this matter further.
Ber. If you shall prove
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
Prove that I husbanded[32] her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was. *[Exit, guarded.*

Enter a Gentleman.[33]

King. I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.
Gent. Gracious sovereign,
Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know not:
Here 's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath, for four or five removes,[34] come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending: her business looks in her
With an importing visage,[35] and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief,[36] it did concern
Your highness with herself.
King. [Reads.][37] »Upon his many protestations to marry me, when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the count Rousillon a widower: his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour 's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his country for justice. Grant it me, O king! in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.
Diana Capilet.«
Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll: for this, I 'll none of him.[38]

Mal, dass ich von ihr am Hofe Abschied nahm. — Rowe las *she* für *I*, und Hanmer *the last time ere she took her leave.* — *ere* und *e'er* verwechselt die alte Orthographie beständig. — Die Bühnenweisung *Bertram gives a ring* fügte zuerst Hanmer ein. 25) Das vorhergehende *I bade her* liess einen Schluss erwarten, wie etwa *that by this token she should apply to me and I would relieve her.* Indess ist solch ein Wechsel der Construction und die entsprechende Modification des Satzes ganz Sh.'sch. 26) Die Fol. hat *ingaged*, was Tyrwhitt auffasste wie Theobald's Lesart *ungaged* = *not engaged*, weil auch *gaged* = *engaged* gebraucht wird. Wahrscheinlich ist aber *ingaged* nur eine andere Orthographie für *engaged*, und der Sinn ist demnach: die Dame glaubte, weil Bertram ihren Ring empfangen, er sei ihr verlobt. 27) Da gab sie sich am Ende schwermüthig zufrieden. 28) *tinct* = Goldtinctur, das Geheimmittel, mit dem die Alchymisten Gold machen oder vermehren wollten, erhält, auf Sh.'sche Art durch die Copula *and* verbunden, die nähere Erklärung in *multiplying medicine.* — So in Antony and Cleopatra (A. 1, Sc. 5) *that great medicine hath with his tinct gilded thee.* 29) Du veranlassest, dass Besorgnisse, die auf Vermuthungen beruhen, sich in meine Seele schleichen. 30) Dass Helena wirklich todt sei, davon konnte der König nicht fester überzeugt sein, wenn er ihr selbst die Augen zugedrückt hätte, als nun, da er diesen Ring sieht. 31) Wie auch die Sache ausgehen möge, die Verdachtsgründe, die sich mir früher schon gegen Bertram ergeben haben, werden meine Besorgniss nur geringer Nichtigkeit oder Eitelkeit beschuldigen können, werden meine Besorgniss als nicht ungegründet erscheinen lassen, da ich unüberlegt früher zu wenig fürchtete, als ich die Helena dem Bertram vermählte. 32) *to husband* = als Ehemann besitzen, mit einem Gatten versehen. 33) Dieser *Gentleman* ist offenbar derselbe, den die Fol. vorher als *gentle Astringer* bezeichnet (vgl. A. 5, Sc. 1, Anm. 2). — Die beiden vorhergehenden Bühnenweisungen sind von Rowe eingefügt. 34) *removes* = Stationen, wo die Pferde unterwegs gewechselt werden. Um so viele Stationen ist Helena hinter dem König zurückgeblieben und hat ihm die Bittschrift nicht in Person überreichen können. 35) Man sieht ihrem Gesicht an, dass ihre Angelegenheit dringend ist. 36) *sweet verbal brief* = eine gedrängte Darstellung in kurzen, anmuthigen Worten. — Er bezieht sich auf seine Unterredung mit der Helena in A. 5, Sc. 1. 37) Der König liest den ersten Theil der Bittschrift leise für sich und fährt dann laut fort. 38) *to toll* erklärt Steevens = die Todtenglocke läuten lassen, und verbindet demnach, wie auch die Fol. interpungirt, *for this*, scil. Bertram, mit *toll.* — Andere fassen

King. The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafeu,
To bring forth this discovery. — Seek these suitors: —
Go speedily, and bring again the count.
[Exeunt Gentleman and some Attendants.
I am afeard, the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatch'd.
Count. Now, justice on the doers!

Re-enter BERTRAM, *guarded.*

King. I wonder, Sir, sith[39] wives are monsters to you,
And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,[40]
Yet you desire to marry. —

Re-enter Gentleman, with Widow and DIANA.

What woman 's that?
Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capilet:
My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.
Wid. I am her mother, Sir, whose age and honour
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease, without your remedy.
King. Come hither, count. Do you know these women?
Ber. My lord, I neither can, nor will deny
But that I know them. Do they charge me further?[41]
Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?
Ber. She 's none of mine, my lord.
Dia. If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine;
You give away myself, which is known mine;[42]
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she which marries you must marry me;
Either both, or none.
Laf. *[To* BERTRAM.*]* Your reputation comes too short
for my daughter: you are no husband for her.
Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with.[43] Let your highness
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Than for to[44] think that I would sink it here.
King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend,
Till your deeds gain them: fairer prove your honour,
Than in my thought it lies.
Dia. Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.
King. What say'st thou to her?
Ber. She 's impudent, my lord;
And was a common gamester[45] to the camp.
Dia. He does me wrong, my lord: if I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price:
Do not believe him. O! behold this ring,
Whose high respect, and rich validity[46]
Did lack a parallel; yet, for all that,
He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,
If I be one.
Count. He blushes, and 't is it:[47]
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem
Conferr'd by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his wife:
That ring 's a thousand proofs.
King. Methought, you said,
You saw one here in court could witness it.
Dia. I did,[48] my lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an instrument: his name 's Parolles.
Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.
King. Find him, and bring him hither.
[Exit an Attendant.
Ber. What of him?
He 's quoted[49] for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o' the world tax'd and debosh'd,[50]
Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth.[51]
Am I or that, or this, for what he 'll utter,
That will speak anything?
King. She hath that ring of yours.
Ber. I think, she has: certain it is, I lik'd her,
And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth.
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives[52] of more fancy; and, in fine,
Her infinite cunning,[53] with her modern grace,
Subdued me to her rate: she got the ring,
And I had that, which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.
Dia. I must be patient;
You, that have turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May justly diet me.[54] I pray you yet,
(Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband,)
Send for your ring; I will return it home,
And give me mine again.
Ber. I have it not.

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to toll entweder = den Marktzoll entrichten, oder = auf dem Markt ausschellen lassen als Kaufgesuch, wie auch die spätern Folioausgg. lesen *and toll him: for this, I 'll none of him.* Jedenfalls erscheint auch mit Weglassung des überflüssigen *him* diese Interpunction als die vorzüglichere. 39) Die Fol. setzt zweimal *sir;* für das zweite *sir* emendirt Tyrwhitt *since,* Collier nach einer handschriftlichen Verbesserung *for,* und Dyce endlich *sith,* das am leichtesten *sir* gelesen werden konnte. 40) So wie Ihr ihnen nur Gattenpflicht schwört. — *lordship* von *lord* = Gatte. 41) Nehmen sie mich weiter in Anspruch, als dass ich sie kenne? 42) Ihr verschenkt mein Selbst, das für das Meinige gilt. 43) Ein thörichtes Geschöpf, mit dem ich einmal meinen Spass gehabt. 44) *for to* = um zu, vor Infinitiven in der älteren Sprache. 45) *gamester* = der oder die das Spiel mitmacht, eine Umschreibung = Hure. So in Pericles (A. 4, Sc. 6) *Were you a gamester at five, or at seven? — common* ist mit *to the camp* zu verbinden, wie bald nachher folgt *commoner o' the camp.* So in Othello (A. 4, Sc. 2) *O thou public commoner!* 46) *validity* = Geltung, Schätzung. 47) Die Fol. hat *'t is hit,* wie sie auch einmal, einer älteren Orthographie zufolge, in Macbeth (A. 1, Sc. 7) *hit* für *it* setzte. — Pope las *'t is his. — 't is it* ist Malone's Emendation = es ist der Ring. 48) Sh. lässt hier den König und Diana sich auf Worte beziehen, die nicht gesprochen sind. 49) *to quote* = notiren, die Summe von Etwas ziehen. 50) Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 3, Anm. 30. 51) Die Wahrheit ist der Natur des Parolles so zuwider, dass er schon krank wird, wenn er sie nur sprechen soll. 52) *motive* = Werkzeug, das Etwas in Bewegung setzt. Alle Hindernisse im Laufe der Liebe setzen nur noch mehr die Liebe in Bewegung. — Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 4, Anm. 6. 53) *infinite cunning* verbesserte Sidney Walker das *insuite comming* der Fol. — *modern* = gewöhnlich, nicht ausserordentlich. — *her rate* = der Preis, den Diana selbst auf ihre Gunst setzte. 54) *to diet* = auf schmale Kost setzen, hier = karg behandeln. 55) Die Fol. hat

King. What ring was yours, I pray you?
Dia. Sir, much like
The same upon your finger.
King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.
Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.
King. The story then goes false, you threw it him
Out of a casement.
Dia. I have spoke the truth.

Re-enter Attendant with PAROLLES.[55]

Ber. My lord, I do confess, the ring was hers.
King. You boggle[56] shrewdly, every feather starts you. —
Is this the man you speak of?
Dia. Ay, my lord.
King. Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master
(Which, on your just proceeding, I 'll keep off),
By[57] him, and by this woman here, what know you?
Par. So please your majesty, my master hath been an honourable gentleman: tricks he hath had in him, which gentlemen have.
King. Come, come, to the purpose. Did he love this woman?
Par. 'Faith, Sir, he did love her; but how?
King. How, I pray you?
Par. He did love her, Sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.
King. How is that?
Par. He loved her, Sir, and loved her not.
King. As thou art a knave, and no knave. What an equivocal companion is this![58]
Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.
Laf. He 's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.
Dia. Do you know, he promised me marriage?
Par. 'Faith, I know more than I 'll speak.
King. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?
Par. Yes, so please your majesty. I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her, — for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talked of Satan, and of limbo, and of Furies,[59] and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed, and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things that would derive me ill will to speak of: therefore, I will not speak what I know.
King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married. But thou art too fine[60] in thy evidence; therefore, stand aside. —
This ring, you say, was yours?
Dia. Ay, my good lord.
King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?
Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.
King. Who lent it you?
Dia. It was not lent me neither.
King. Where did you find it then?
Dia. I found it not.
King. If it were yours by none of all these ways,
How could you give it him?
Dia. I never gave it him.
Laf. This woman 's an easy glove, my lord:[61] she goes off and on at pleasure.
King. This ring was mine: I gave it his first wife.
Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for aught I know.
King. Take her away: I do not like her now.
To prison with her; and away with him. —
Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring,
Thou diest within this hour.
Dia. I 'll never tell you.
King. Take her away.
Dia. I 'll put in bail, my liege.
King. I think thee now some common customer.[62]
Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 't was you.
King. Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while?
Dia. Because he 's guilty, and he is not guilty.
He knows I am no maid, and he 'll swear to 't:
I 'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life!
I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.
[Pointing to LAFEU.
King. She does abuse our ears. To prison with her!
Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail. *[Exit Widow.]* —
Stay, royal Sir:
The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this lord,
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself,
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him.[63]
He knows himself my bed he hath defil'd,
And at that time he got his wife with child:
Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick.[64]
So there 's my riddle, — one that 's dead is quick;
And now behold the meaning.[65]

Re-enter Widow, with HELENA.

King. Is there no exorcist[66]
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is 't real, that I see?
Hel. No, my good lord;
'T is but the shadow of a wife you see;
The name, and not the thing.
Ber. Both, both! O, pardon!
Hel. O my good lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring;
And, look you, here 's your letter; this it says:
»When from my finger you can get this ring,
And are[67] by me with child,« etc. — This is done.
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?
Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,
I 'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

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hier keine Bühnenweisung, da sie irrthümlich den Parolles schon vorher mit der Wittwe und Diana auftreten lässt. 56) *to boggle* = irre werden, abspringen vom geraden Wege oder von der Wahrheit. 57) *by* = in Bezug auf. So vorher *to swear by him* (vgl. A. 4, Sc. 2, Anm. 6). 58) *equivocal companion* = ein zweideutig redender, doppelzüngiger Geselle. 59) Der verliebte Bertram führte hochtrabende pathetische Reden, in denen der Satan, die Hölle und die Furien vorkamen. 60) *fine* = fein, schlau. 61) Dasselbe Bild von der Dehnbarkeit eines Handschuhes hat Sh. in Twelfth-Night (A. 3, Sc. 1) *a sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit.* 62) Der König erinnert sich an Bertram's frühere Worte (vgl. Anm. 45). 63) *to quit* = entlassen, freilassen. 64) scil. *in her womb.* 65) *meaning* = Sinn oder Auflösung des Räthsels. 66) *exorcist* ist bei Sh. Der, welcher die Geister citirt und erscheinen lässt. — Der König fragt, ob seine Augen nicht etwa getäuscht seien durch einen Zauberer, der den Geist der vermeintlich todten Helena heraufbeschworen habe. 67) *are* verbessert Rowe das

Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce step between me and you! —
O my dear mother, do I see you living?

Laf. Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon. — *[To* Parolles.*]* Good Tom Drum,[68] lend me a handkerchief: so, I thank thee. Wait on me home, I 'll make sport with thee: let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this story know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow. —
[To Diana.*]* If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower,
Choose thou thy husband, and I 'll pay thy dower;
For I can guess, that by thy honest aid
Thou keptst a wife herself, thyself a maid. —
Of that, and all the progress, more and less,[69]
Resolvedly more leisure shall express:
All yet seems well; and if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet. *[Flourish.*

EPILOGUE.

King. The king 's a beggar[70] now the play is done.
All is well ended, if this suit be won,
That you express content; which we will pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day:
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;[71]
Your gentle hands[72] lend us, and take our hearts.
[Exeunt.

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is der Fol. 68) Scherzhafte Benennung des Parolles wegen seines Abenteuers mit der Trommel. 69) Der ganze Hergang mit allem Grösseren und Geringfügigeren dabei. — *more leisure* ist Subject des Satzes. — *resolvedly* = bestimmt, genau unterrichtet. 70) Der im Drama den König spielte, ist nun ein Bettler, da er im Epilog sich bittweise an das Publicum wendet. — Die Fol. druckt diese sechs Schlussverse als ausserhalb des Stücks liegend mit Cursiv. 71) Möge uns Eure Nachsicht zu Theil werden, wie unsere Rollen, unsere schauspielerische Thätigkeit, Euch angehören. 72) Indem Ihr uns Beifall klatscht.

TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

Einleitung.

Die im Jahre 1623 erschienene Folioausgabe der Shakspere'schen Schauspiele enthält auch den ersten Druck des nachfolgenden Lustspiels. Es steht daselbst als das dreizehnte Stück in der Reihe der Comedies unter dem Titel: Twelfe Night, Or what you will, in Acte und in Scenen eingetheilt, aber ohne ein Personenverzeichniss, das zuerst Rowe seiner Ausgabe (1709) beifügte. Daraus, dass Twelfth-Night zugleich in demselben Jahre 1623 für die Erscheinung der Folioausgabe in die Register der Buchhändler eingetragen worden ist, ergiebt sich ziemlich sicher, dass eine frühere Einzelausgabe dieses Dramas niemals existirt hat. Der wahrscheinlich unmittelbar aus der Bühnenhandschrift abgedruckte Text gehört zu den correcteren der Folio und bietet weniger Schwierigkeiten dar, als der mancher anderer Stücke, die in dieser Gesammtausgabe zuerst veröffentlicht sind.

Für die chronologische Feststellung von Twelfth-Night ist besonders wichtig eine von Hunter entdeckte Notiz in dem handschriftlich aufbewahrten Tagebuche eines gewissen John Manningham, Mitglied der Juristeninnung des Middle Temple in London. Derselbe verzeichnet unterm 2. Februar 1601 (d. h. nach jetziger Zeitrechnung 1602): *At our feast, we had a play called Twelve Night, or what you will, much like the Comedy of errors, or Menechmi in Plautus; but most like and neere to that in Italian called Inganni. A good practice in it to make the Steward beleeve his lady widdowe was in love with him by counterfayting a letter as from his lady in generall termes, telling him what shee liked best in him, and prescribing his gestures, inscribing his apparaile etc., and then when he came to practice, making him beleeve they tooke him to be mad.* — Es geht daraus hervor, dass im Jahre 1602 am Mariä-Lichtmess-Feste im Middle Temple Shakspere's Lustspiel zur Aufführung gelangte und dass dasselbe wenigstens dem Schreiber des Tagebuchs damals neu war. Wie lange vorher Twelfth-Night öffentlich auf dem Shakspere'schen Theater gespielt worden ist, lässt sich nur vermuthen. Das Stillschweigen von Francis Meres in seiner Palladis Tamia (1598), da, wo er die damals bekannten Dramen unsers Dichters aufzählt, gestattet mit ziemlicher Sicherheit den Schluss, dass im Jahre 1598 dieses Lustspiel noch nicht vorhanden gewesen. Weniger sicher scheint der Beweis für dessen Existenz im folgenden Jahre 1599 in einer Stelle des damals auf die Bühne gebrachten Dramas Every Man out of his Humour von Ben Jonson zu liegen, die von manchen Commentatoren als eine satyrische Anspielung auf das Shakspere'sche Stück gedeutet ist. Dort sagt der Kritiker, den der Dichter in den Zwischenacten redend einführt, von der Intrigue des aufgeführten Lustspiels: *that the argument of his comedy might have been of some other nature, as of a duke to be in love of a countess, and that countess to be in love with the duke's son, and the son to love the lady's waiting-maid; some such cross wooing, with a clown to their serving-man, better than to be thus near and familiarly allied to the time.* — Wie man sieht, stimmt die von Ben Jonson fingirte Intrigue nur entfernt und bei bedeutenden Abweichungen mit derjenigen überein, welche Shakspere in seinem Lustspiel entwickelt hat.

Was nun die Quellen Shakspere's für sein Twelfth-Night betrifft, so fand er die Abenteuer der Viola und ihres Bruders Sebastian, die Liebe Orsino's und der Olivia, in verschiedenen Novellensammlungen, in der italienischen des Bandello, in der französischen des Belleforest, erzählt. Höchst wahrscheinlich benutzte er aber eine englische Bearbeitung in einer Sammlung von acht Novellen, welche zuerst im Jahre 1581 mit folgendem Titelblatt erschien: Riche his Farewell to Militarie profession: conteining verie pleasaunt discourses fit for a peaceable tyme. Gathered together for the onely delight of the courteous Gentlewomen bothe of England and Irelande, For whose onely pleasure thei were collected together, And unto whom they are directed and dedicated by Barnabe Riche, Gentleman. — Die zweite Novelle dieses Buches führt den Titel: Apolonius and Silla und giebt ihren Inhalt, den allgemeinen Umrissen nach, in folgendem vorausgeschickten Argument an:

Apolonius Duke, havyng spent a yeres service in the warres against the Turke, returning homward with his companie by sea, was driven by force of weather to the Ile of Cypres, where he was well received by Pontus, gouvernour of the same ile, with whom Silla, daughter to Pontus, fell so straungely in love, that after Apolonius was departed to Constantinople, Silla, with one man, followed, and commyng to Constantinople, she served Apolonius in the habite of a manne, and after many prety accidentes falling out, she was knowne to Apolonius, who, in requitall of her love, maried her.

Zur Vergleichung mag hier derjenige Theil der Erzählung einen Platz finden, welcher dem Shakspere'schen Drama am nächsten kommt, vom ersten Auftreten der Viola an (A. 1, Sc. 2) bis zur Begegnung der Olivia mit dem Sebastian (A. 4, Sc. 1):

And now, to prevent a nomber of injuries that might bee proffered to a woman that was lefte in her case, she determined to leave her owne apparell, and to sort her self into some of those sutes, that, beyng taken for a man, she might passe through the countrie in the better safetie: and, as she changed her apparell, she thought it likewise convenient to change her name; wherefore, not readily happenyng of any other, she called her self Silvio, by the name of her owne brother, whom you have heard spoken of before.

In this maner she travailed to Constantinople, where she inquired out the palace of the Duke Apolonius; and thinking herself now to be bothe fitte and able to plaie the servyngman, she presented herself to the Duke, cravyng his service. The Duke, verie willyng to give succour unto strangers, perceivyng him to bee a proper smogue yong man, gave hym entertainment. Silla thought her self now more then satisfied for all the casualties that had happened unto her in her journey, that she might at her pleasure take but the vew of the Dukc Apolonius, and above the reste of his servantes was verie diligent and attendaunt uppon hym; the whiche the Duke percevyng, beganne likewise to growe into good likyng with the diligencc of his man, and therefore made hym one of his chamber: who but Silvio then was moste neare aboute hym, in helpyng of him to make hym readie in a mornyng, in the settyng of his ruffes, to the keepyng of his chamber? Silvio pleased his maister so well, that above all the reste of his servantes aboute hym he had the greatcst credite, and the Duke put him mostc in trust.

At this verie instaunt there was remainyng in the citie a noble Dame, a widowe, whose housebande was but lately deceased, one of the noblest men that were in the partes of Grecia, who left his lady and wife large possessions and greate livinges. This ladies name was called Julina, who, besides the aboundance of her wealth and the greatnessc of hcr revenues, had likewise the soveraigntie of all the dames of Constantinople for her beautie. To this Ladie Julina Apolonius became an earncst suter; and, accordyng to the maner of woers, besides faire woordes, sorrowfull sighes, and pitcous countcnaunces, there must bee sendyng of lovyng letters, chaines, braceletties, brouches, rynges, tablets, gemmes, juels, and presentes, I know not what. So my Duke, who in the tyme that he remained in the Ile of Cypres had no skill at all in the arte of love, although it were morc then half proffered unto hym, was now become a scholler in love's schoole, and had alreadie learned his first lesson; that is, to speake pitifully, to looke ruthfully, to promise largely, to servc diligently, and to please carefully: now he was learnyng his seconde lesson; that is, to reward liberally, to give bountifully, to present willyngly, and to write lovyngly. Thus Apolonius was so busied in his newe studie, that I warrant you there was no man that could chalenge hym for plaiyng the truant, he followed his profcssion with so good a will: and who must bee the messenger to carrie the tokens and love letters to the Ladie Julina, but Silvio, his manne: in hym the Duke reposed his onely confidence to goc betweene hym and his ladie.

Now, gentilwomen, doe you thinkc there could have been a greater torment devised, wherewith to afflicte the harte of Silla, then her self to bee made the instrumente to woorke her owne mishapp, and to plaie the atturney in a cause that made so muche againste her self? But Silla, altogether desirous to please her maister, cared nothyng at all to offende herself, followed his businesse with so good a will, as if it had been in her owne prcferment.

Julina, now havyng many tymes taken the gaze of this yong youth, Silvio, perceivyng hym to bee of suche excellente perfecte grace, was so intangcled with the often sight of this sweete temptation, that she fell into as greate a likyng with the man as the maister was with herself; and on a tymc, Silvio beyng sent from his maister with a message to the Ladie Julina, as he beganne very earnestly to solicit in his maister's behalfe, Julina, interruptyng hym in his tale, saied: Silvio, it is enough that you have saied for your maister; from henceforthe, either speake for your self, or saie nothyng at all. Silla, abashed to heare these wordes, began in her minde to accuse the blindnesse of Love, that Julina, neglectyng the good will of so noble a Duke, would preferre her love unto suche a one, as nature it self had denaied to recompense her likyng.

And now, for a tyme leavyng matters dependyng as you have heard, it fell out that the right Silvio indeede (whom you have hcard spoken of before, the brother of Silla) was come to his fathcr's courte into the Ile of Cypres; where, understanding that his sistcr was departed in maner as you have heard, conjectured that the very occasion did proceade of some liking had betwene Pedro her man (that was missyng with her) and herself: but Silvio, who loved his sister as dearly as his owne life, and the rather for that, as she was his naturall sister, bothe by father and mother, so the one of theim was so like the other in countenaunce and favour, that there was no man able to descerne the one from the other by their faces, savyng by their aparell, the one beyng a man, the other a woman.

Silvio, therefore, vowed to his father, not onely to seeke out his sister Silla, but also to revenge the villanie whiche he conceived in Pedro for the carriyng awaie of his sister; and thus departyng, havyng travailed through many cities and tounes, without hearyng any maner of newes of those he wente to seeke for, at the laste he arrived at Constantinople, where as he was walkyng in an evenyng for his owne recreation, on a pleasaunte greene yarde, without the walles of the citie, he fortuned to meete with the Ladie Julina, who likewise had becn abroad to take the aire; and as she sodainly caste hcr eyes uppon Silvio, thinkyng hym to bee her olde acquaintaunce, by reason thei were so like one another, as you have heard beforc, saied unto hym, Sir Silvio, if your haste be not the greater, I praie you, let me have a little talke with you, seyng I have so luckely mette you in this place.

Silvio, wonderyng to heare hym self so rightlie named, beyng but a straunger, not of above twoo daies continuance in the citie, verie courteouslie came towardes her, desirous to heare what she would saie.

Julina, commaunding her trainc somthyng to stande backe, saied as followeth: Seyng my good will and frendly love hath been the onely cause to make me so prodigall to offer that I see is so lightly rejected,

it maketh me to thinke that men bee of this condition, rather to desire those thynges whiche thei can not come by, then to esteeme or value of that whiche bothe largely and liberallie is offered unto theim: but if the liberalitie of my proffer hath made to seme lesse the value of the thing that I ment to present, it is but in your owne conceipt, consideryng how many noble men there hath been here before, and be yet at this present, whiche hath bothe served, sued, and moste humbly intreated, to attaine to that, whiche to you of myself I have freely offred, and I perceive is despised, or at the least verie lightly regarded.

Silvio, wonderyng at these woordes, but more amazed that she could so rightlie call hym by his name, could not tell what to make of her speeches, assuryng hym self that she was deceived and did mistake hym, did thinke, notwithstandyng, it had been a poincte of greate simplicite, if he should forsake that whiche Fortune had so favourably proffered unto hym, perceivyng by her traine that she was some ladie of greate honour, and vewyng the perfection of her beautie and the excellencie of her grace and countenaunce, did thinke it unpossible that she should be despised, and therefore aunswered thus:

Madame, if before this tyme I have seemed to forgett my self, in neglectyng your courtesie whiche so liberally you have ment unto me, please it you to pardon what is paste, and from this daie forewardes Silvio remaineth readie preste to make suche reasonable amendes as his abilitie may any waies permit, or as it shall please you to commaunde.

Die Novelle schliesst:

Julina, seyng Silvio in place, did know very well that he was the father of her childe, and was so ravished with joye, that she knewe not whether she were awake, or in some dreame. Silvio, imbracyng her in his armes, cravyng forgivenesse of all that was past, concluded with her the marriage daie, which was presently accomplished with greate joye and contentation to all parties. And thus, Silvio havyng attained a noble wife, and Silla, his sister, her desired housband, thei passed the residue of their daies with suche delight as those that have accomplished the perfection of their felicities.

Abgesehen von dieser Novelle, soll Shakspere nach der Meinung einiger Kritiker auch zwei italienische Lustspiele für sein Twelfth-Night möglicherweise benutzt haben: die Inganni, auf welche schon Manningham in der oben angeführten Tagebuchnotiz hinweist, und ein andres, fast gleichnamiges, die Ingannati. Von letzterem Lustspiele giebt Hunter folgende Analyse: *Fabritio and Lelia, a brother and a sister, are separated by the sack of Rome, in 1527. Lelia is carried to Modena, where resides Flaminio, to whom she had formerly been attached. Lelia disguises her as a boy and enters his service. Flaminio had forgotten Lelia and was suitor to Isabella. Isabella is insensible to the importunities of Flaminio, but conceives a violent passion for Lelia, mistaking her for a man. In the third act Fabritio arrives at Modena, when mistakes arise owing to the close resemblance there is between Fabritio and his sister in her male attire. Ultimately recognitions take place; the affections of Isabella are easily transferred from Lelia to Fabritio, and Flaminio takes to his bosom the affectionate and faithful Lelia. — — We have in the Italian play a subordinate character, named Pasquelloa, to whom Maria corresponds; and in the subordinate incidents we find Fabritio mistaken in the street for Lelia, by the servant of Isabella, who takes him to her mistress' house, exactly as Sebastian is taken for Viola and led to the house of Olivia.* — Von geringfügigeren Uebereinstimmungen führt Hunter an: den Namen Fabian, den Shakspere einem seiner Charaktere giebt, nach Fabia, wie die verkleidete Lelia sich nennt. — Ebenso soll Malvolio in Twelfth-Night nach Malevolti in dem italienischen Drama gebildet sein. — Endlich wird in dem italienischen Prolog la Notte di Beffana (Dreikönigsabend) erwähnt, woraus Sh. den Titel seines Dramas Twelfth-Night entlehnt haben soll.

Zu A. 1, Sc. 3: *Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture?* entlehnen wir aus Staunton's Ausgabe Folgendes: *The picture in question is supposed to be a portrait of one Mary Frith, commonly known as Mall Cutpurse, an Amazonian bona roba, to whom allusions innumerable are made by the dramatic and satirical writers of the period. She is said to have been born in Barbican, and to have attained to such disreputable celebrity, that about 1610 a book was published, entitled „The Madde Prancks of mery Mall of the Banckside, with her walkes in man's apparell and to what purpose, written by John Day." In the following year she was made the heroine of a comedy by Middleton and Decker, called „The Roaring Girle, or Moll Cutpurse, as it hath lately beene Acted on the Fortune-stage by the Prince his Players," on the title-page of which she is represented in her male habiliments, and smoking tobacco. About the same time she did penance at St. Paul's Cross, of which ceremony the following account is preserved in a letter from John Chamberlain to Sir Dudley Carleton, dated February 12, 1611-12: — „This last Sunday Moll Cutpurse, a notorious baggage that used to go in man's apparel, and challenged the field of diverse gallants, was brought to the same place, where she wept bitterly, and seemed very penitent; but it is since doubted she was maudlin drunk, being discovered to have tippel'd of three quarts of sack before she came to her penance." She died in 1659, and is stated to have left twenty pounds by her will for the Fleet-street conduit to run with wine when King Charles the Second returned, which happened soon after.*

Zu A. 2, Sc. 3. Das Lied, das Sir Toby und der Narr wechselweise singen, findet sich unter dem Titel Corydon's Farewell to Phillis in Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry, und lautet vollständig:

Farewell, dear love; since thou wilt needs be gone,
Mine eyes do shew, my life is almost done.
Nay I will never die, so long as I can spie
There be many mo, though that she doe goe,
There be many mo, I fear not:
Why then let her goe, I care not.

Farewell, farewell; since this I find is true
I will not spend more time in wooing you:
But I will seek elsewhere, if I may find love there:
Shall I bid her goe? what and if I doe?
Shall I bid her goe and spare not?
O no, no, no, I dare not.

Ten thousand times farewell; — yet stay a while: —
Sweet, kiss me once; sweet kisses time beguile:
I have no power to move. How now am I in love?
Wilt thou needs be gone? Go then, all is one.
Wilt thou needs be gone? Oh, hie thee!
Nay stay, and do no more deny me.

Once more adieu, I see loath to depart
Bids oft adieu to her, that holds my heart.
But seeing I must lose thy love, which I did choose,
Goe thy way for me, since that may not be.
Goe thy ways for me. But whither?
Goe, oh, but where I am come thither.

What shall I doe? my love is now departed.
She is as fair, as she is cruel-hearted.
She would not be intreated, with prayers oft repeated,
If she come no more, shall I die therefore?
If she come no more, what eare I?
Faith, let her goe, or come, or tarry.

Zu A. 3, Sc. 4: *it is with me as the very true sonnet is, „Please one, and please all.“* — Dieses Gedicht theilt Staunton nach dem neuerdings aufgefundenen, wahrscheinlich einzig erhaltenen Exemplare mit: *A prettie new Ballad, intituled: The Crowe sits upon the wall, Please one and please all.*

Please one and please all,
Be they great be they small,
Be they little be they lowe,
So pypeth the Crowe,
Sitting upon a wall:
Please one and please all,
Please one and please all.

Be they white be they black,
Have they a smock on their back,
Or a kercher on her head,
Whether they spin silke or thred,
Whatsoever they them call:
Please one and please all.

Be they slutlish be they gay,
Love they worke or love they play,
Whatsoever be theyre cheere,
Drinke they ale or drinke they beere,
Whether it be strong or small:
Please one and please all.

Be they sower be they swete,
Be they shrewish be they meeke,
Weare they silke or cloth so good
Velvet bonnet or french-hood,
Upon her head a cap or call:
Please one and please all.

Be they halt be they lame,
Be she Lady be she dame,
If that she doo weare a pinne,
Keepe she taverne or keepe she Inne,
Either bulke bouth or stall:
Please one and please all.

The goodwife I doo meane,
Be she fat or be she leane,
Whatsoever that she be,
This the Crowe tolde me,
Sitting uppon a wall:
Please one and please all.

If the goodwife speake aloft,
See that you then speake soft,
Whether it be good or ill,
Let her doo what she will:
And to keepe yourselfe from thrall,
Please one and please all.

If the goodwife be displeased,
All the whole house is diseased,
And therefore by my will,
To please he learne the skill,
Least that she should alwaise brall:
Please one and please all.

If that you bid her do ought,
If that she doo it not,
And though that you be her goodman,
You yourself must doo it then,
Be it in kitchin or in hall:
Please one and please all.

Let her have her owne will,
Thus the Crowe pypeth still,
Whatsoever she command,
She that you doo it out of hand,
Whensoever she doth call:
Please one and please all.

Be they wanton be they wilde,
Be they gentle be they milde:
Be shee white be shee browne,
Doth shee skould or doth she frowne,
Let her doo what she shall:
Please one and please all.

Be she coy be she proud,
Speake she soft or speake she loud,
Be she simple be she flaunt,
Doth she trip or dooth she taunt,
The Crowe sits upon the wall:
Please one and please all.

Is she huswife is she none,
Dooth she drudge dooth she groone,
Is she nimble is she quicke,
Is she short, is she thicke,
Let her be what she shall:
Please one and please all.

Be she cruel be she curst,
Come she last come she first,
Be they young be they olde,
Doo they smile doo they scold,
Though they doo nought at all:
Please one and please all.

Though it be some Crowes guise,
Oftentimes to tell lyes,
Yet this Crowes words dooth try,
That her tale is no lye,
For thus it is and ever shall
Please one and please all.

Please one and please all,
Be they great be they small,
Be they little be they lowe,
So pipeth the Crowe,
Sitting upon a wall:
Please one and please all,
Please one and please all.

FINIS. R. T.

Zu A. 4, Sc. 2. Das Lied, das der Narr bruchstückweise singt, findet sich vollständig unter der Ueberschrift: *The Careful Lover Complaineth, and the Happy Lover Counselleth* in den Gedichten des Sir Thomas Wyatt:

Ah! Robin!
Joly Robin!
Tell me how thy Leman doth?
And thou shalt know of mine.
„My Lady is unkind, perdie!“
Alack, why is she so?
„She loveth another better than me,
And yet she will say, no.“

RESPONSE.

I find no such doubleness;
I find women true.
My Lady loveth me doubtless,
And will change for no new.

LE PLAINTIF.

Thou art happy while that doth last,
But I say as I find;
That woman's love is but a blast,
And turneth like the wind.

RESPONSE.

But if thou wilt avoid thy harm,
Learn this lesson of me;
At others' fires thyself to warm,
And let them warm with thee.

LE PLAINTIF.

Such folks shall take no harm by love,
That can abide their turn;
But I, alas, can no way prove
In love, but lack, and mourn.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ORSINO, Duke of Illyria.
SEBASTIAN, Brother to Viola.
ANTONIO, a Sea Captain, Friend to Sebastian.
A Sea Captain, Friend to Viola.
VALENTINE, CURIO, } Gentlemen attending on the Duke.
SIR TOBY BELCH, Uncle to Olivia.
SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.
MALVOLIO, Steward to Olivia.
FABIAN, Clown, } Servants to Olivia.

OLIVIA, a rich Countess.
VIOLA, in love with the Duke.
MARIA, Olivia's Woman.

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other Attendants.

SCENE, a City in Illyria; and the Sea-coast near it.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke, Curio, *Lords; Musicians attending.*

Duke. If music be the food of love,[1] play on;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die. —
That strain again! it had a dying fall:
O! it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound[2]
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour. — Enough! no more:
'T is not so sweet now, as it was before.
O spirit of love! how quick and fresh art thou,
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,[3]
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,[4]
Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high-fantastical.[5]

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?
Duke. What, Curio?
Cur. The hart.
Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have.
O! when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
(Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence)[6]
That instant was I turn'd into a hart,
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.[7] —

Enter Valentine.

How now? what news from her?

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do return this answer: —
The element itself, till seven years heat,[8]
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this, to season[9]
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.[10]

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1) So in Antony and Cleopatra (A. 2, Sc. 5) *Give me some music; music, moody food* || *Of us that trade in love.* — Das Bild von einer Nahrung, die, im Uebermass genossen, die Esslust vernichtet, ist Sh. sehr geläufig. — *surfeiting* ist participiale Apposition zu *appetite.* 2) Der Herzog vergleicht die seinem Ohre schmeichelnde Musik an Süssigkeit einem über ein Veilchenbeet dahinsäuselnden und so zum Wohllaut noch den Wohlgeruch fügenden Tone. — Für *sound* änderte Rowe *wind* und Pope, dem die meisten Hgg. folgten, *south.* 3) *there* bezieht sich auf *thy capacity:* die Fähigkeit der Liebe, Alles in sich aufzunehmen. 4) *abatement* entspricht dem *validity* = Geltung, Werth, *low price* dem *pitch* = hohe Stellung, hoher Rang. So wird *validity* in All 's well that ends well (A. 5, Sc. 3) gebraucht: *behold this ring,* || *Whose high respect and rich validity* || *Did lack a parallel.* 5) *fancy* = Liebe, und zugleich = Phantasie, in Verbindung mit *high-fantastical* = äusserst phantasiereich, und zugleich = phantastisch, wunderlich. 6) Nach Capell's Interpunction, der den Satz als einen parenthetischen betrachtet und *That instant etc.* als Nachsatz zu dem Vordersatze *O! when mine eyes etc.* fasst. Die gewöhnliche Interpunction hat keine Parenthese und beginnt mit *That instant* einen neuen Satz. 7) Sh. dachte an den Mythus von Actæon, auf den er deutlicher hinweist in Merry Wives of Windsor (A. 2, Sc. 1) *go thou,* || *Like Sir Actæon he, with Ringwood at thy heels.* Dasselbe Bild wie hier fand Sh. in Daniel's Sonnets (1592), wo der Dichter von der Sprödigkeit seiner Geliebten sagt: *Which turn'd my sport into a hart's despair,* || *Which still is chas'd, while I have any breath,* || *By mine own thoughts set on me by my fair;* || *My thoughts like hounds pursue me to my death.* 8) *heat* für *heated:* die Luft selbst, bis sie sieben Jahre erwärmt ist, also sieben Sommer hindurch. Andere schreiben *seven years' heat* und fassen also *heat* substantivisch. — Das Particip *heat* kommt auch in Webster's Northward Hoe vor: *he 's heat to the proof.* — *element* = Luft, Atmosphäre, findet sich in Julius Cæsar (A. 1, Sc. 3) *the complexion of the element* || *In favour 's like the work we have in hand.* — Für *heate* der Fol. liest Rowe *hence.* 9) Die Metapher von dem Salz der Thränen, das zur Erhaltung und Würze eines Gegenstandes dient, hat Sh. wiederholt; so in Romeo and Juliet (A. 2, Sc. 3) *How much salt water thrown away in waste,* || *To season love.* 10) *remembrance* ist

Duke. O! she that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft [11]
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her: when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd
(Her sweet perfections) [12] with one self king. —
Away, before me to sweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopied with bowers.
[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The Sea-coast.

Enter VIOLA, *Captain, and Sailors.*

Vio. What country, friends, is this?
Cap. This is Illyria, lady.
Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium. [1]
Perchance, he is not drown'd: — what think you, sailors?
Cap. It is perchance [2] that you yourself were sav'd.
Vio. O my poor brother! and so, perchance, may he be.
Cap. True, Madam: and, to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after your ship did split,
When you, and those poor number [3] saved with you,
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
To a strong mast, that lived upon the sea; [4]
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves [5]
So long as I could see.
Vio. For saying so there 's gold.
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like [6] of him. Know'st thou this country?
Cap. Ay, Madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three hours' travel from this very place.
Vio. Who governs here?
Cap. A noble duke, in nature as in name. [7]
Vio. What is his name?
Cap. Orsino.
Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.
Cap. And so is now, or was so very late;
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 't was fresh in murmur (as, you know,
What great ones do, the less will prattle of),
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.
Vio. What 's she?
Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since; then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjur'd the company
And sight of men. [8]
Vio. O! that I serv'd that lady,
And might not be deliver'd to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is. [9]
Cap. That were hard to compass,
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.
Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I pr'ythee (and I 'll pay thee bounteously),
Conceal me what I am, [10] and be my aid
For such disguise as haply shall become
The form of my intent. I 'll serve this duke:
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him.
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of music,
That will allow me very worth his service. [11]

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viersylbig *(rememberance)* zu lesen, wie in Macbeth (A. 3, Sc. 2) *Let your remembrance apply to Banquo.* 11) Cupido's goldner und bleierner Pfeil wird in Golding's Uebersetzung des Ovid so geschildert: *That causes love is all of gold, with point full sharp and bright.* || *That chaseth love is blunt, whose steel with leaden head is dight.* 12) *her sweet perfections* fasst Steevens als parenthetische Apposition zu *liver, brain, and heart* als den Sitzen der Leidenschaften, der Urtheilskraft und der Empfindungen. Nach Knight's Erklärung, der dann mit Capell *perfection* lesen müsste, beziehen sich die Worte auf die Besetzung dieser drei Sitze oder Throne durch einen einzigen König, durch Cupido, weil erst dadurch diese Vollkommenheit Olivia's erreicht wird. — *one self* = ein und derselbe. So in Beaumont and Fletcher's The Laws of Candy: *we meet in one self centre of blest content.* — Manche Hgg. lesen mit der zweiten Folioausg. von 1632 *with one self-same king.* — Die Cambridge Edd. adoptiren Warburton's Interpunction *are all supplied, and fill'd* || *Her sweet perfections with one self king!* — Staunton möchte mit einer Umstellung lesen *are all supplied and fill'd* || *With one self king, — her sweet perfection.* Also wesentlich im Sinne der Knight'schen Interpretation.

1) Douce macht auf den Gleichklang von *Illyria* und *Elysium*, als vom Dichter beabsichtigt, aufmerksam. 2) *perchance* = vielleicht, fasst der Schiffscapitain = durch Glückszufall *(per chance).* 3) Sh. verbindet den pluralischen Begriff *poor number* mit dem Plural *those*, was die Hgg. meistens in *that* oder *this* umändern. 4) Der Mast schwamm auf dem Wasser wie ein lebendiges Wesen, wie der Delphin, auf dem Arion sich rettete. — Die Fol. hat *Orion*, was sogar Rowe noch beibehielt. 5) Viola's Bruder war mit den Wellen so vertraut, wie mit Bekannten, mit denen er verkehrte. 6) *the like* bezieht sich auf *mine own escape. — country* ist vielleicht dreisylbig zu lesen *(countery)*, wie in Peele's Edward I.: *Sending whole countries of heathen souls* || *To Pluto's house.* 7) Der Herzog ist eben so adlig in seinem Wesen, wie vermöge seines Namens und seiner Abstammung aus der Familie Orsino. — Manche Hgg. theilen den Vers anders ab und lesen willkürlich *A noble duke, in nature* || *As in his name.* 8) So stellt Hanmer die Worte der Fol. *the sight* || *And company of men* um. 9) *what my estate is* ist zu verbinden mit *deliver'd to the world*, obwohl der Zwischensatz *Till I had etc.* die Construction stört: Möchte ich doch im Dienste der Dame sein und nicht eher als das, was ich eigentlich bin, vor die Welt treten, bis ich selbst die Gelegenheit dazu reif gemacht haben werde. 10) Verhehle mich als das, was ich bin, verrathe mein eigentliches Geschlecht nicht. 11) *to allow* = anerkennen als Etwas: Viola's musikalisches Talent, die zu dem Zwecke sich dem Herzog als Castrat vorstellen will, wird ihr die Anerkennung verschaffen, dass

What else may hap to time I will commit;
Only, shape thou thy silence to my wit.
Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I 'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.[12]
Vio. I thank thee. Lead me on. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Sir Toby Belch, *and* Maria.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care 's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights: your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.[1]

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I 'll confine myself no finer than I am. These clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots to: an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday, and of a foolish knight, that you brought in one night here, to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He 's as tall[2] a man as any 's in Illyria.

Mar. What 's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he 'll have but a year in all these ducats: he 's a very fool, and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you 'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gamboys,[3] and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed, — almost natural;[4] for, besides that he 's a fool, he 's a great quarreller; and, but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 't is thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels, and substractors,[5] that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add, moreover, he 's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece. I 'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat, and drink in Illyria. He 's a coward, and a coystril,[6] that will not drink to my niece, till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top.[7] What, wench! *Castiliano vulgo;*[8] for here comes Sir Andrew Ague-face.

Enter Sir Andrew Ague-cheek.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch?

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, Sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.[9]

Sir And. What 's that?

Sir To. My niece's chambermaid.

Sir And. Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, Sir.

Sir And. Good Mistress Mary Accost, —

Sir To. You mistake, knight: accost is front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, 'would thou mightst never draw sword again!

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have; and here 's my hand.

Mar. Now, Sir, thought is free:[10] I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar,[11] and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet-heart? what 's your metaphor?

Mar. It 's dry, Sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so: I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry. But what 's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, Sir.

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sie würdig ist, ihm zu dienen. 12) Eine Anspielung auf die aus Eunuchen und Stummen bestehende Dienerschaft in türkischen Harems, sowie auf die dort übliche Strafe der Blendung.

1) Mein Fräulein hat viel auszusetzen an den unpassenden Stunden Eures Zuhausekommens. — Sir Toby fasst dann scherzhaft *to except* im juristischen Sinne = perhorresciren, und macht ebenso ein Wortspiel mit *to confine*, das er als Compositum von *fine* = fein gekleidet, fasst. 2) *tall* = tüchtig, stattlich. 3) *viol-de-gamboys* ist entstellt aus *viol-de-gambo* = eine Art von Violoncell. 4) Wortspiel zwischen *nature* und *natural* = Einfaltspinsel. — Upton liest den Satz so: *He hath indeed all, most natural.* 5) Er will *detractors* sagen. — Manche Hgg. setzen *subtractors*. 6) *coystril* = Trossbube, von einigen Hggn. irrthümlich identificirt mit *kestrel* = *a kind of bastard hawk*, kommt als verächtliche Bezeichnung auch bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen vor; so in Ben Jonson's Every Man in his Humour: *You whoreson bragging coystril.* 7) *parish-top* oder *town-top*, ein grosser Kreisel, der zur Belustigung der Einwohner, die ihn namentlich bei kaltem Wetter peitschten, in englischen Städten und Dörfern gehalten wurde. 8) Warburton änderte *Castiliano volto*, als wolle Sir Toby der Maria eine ernste spanische Miene empfehlen. Wahrscheinlich spricht er nur beliebige spanisch klingende Worte, um sich bei dem herzukommenden Sir Andrew, dem diese Sprachkenntnisse imponiren, in Respect zu setzen. 9) *to accost* = sich an Jemanden machen, mit Jemandem anbinden; so in Ben Jonson's Cynthia's Revels: *to accost him with some choice remnant of Spanish or Italian.* — Sir Andrew hält das ihm unbekannte Wort für den Familiennamen der Maria. — In demselben Sinne wie *to accost* gebraucht Sir Toby auch *to board.* 10) Das sprichwörtliche *thought is free* bezieht sich wieder auf Sir Andrew's Frage: *do you think you have fools in hand?* — So in Lyly's Euphues: *None, quoth she, can judge of wit, but they that have it; why then, quoth he, dost thou think me a fool? Thought is free, my Lord, quoth she.* 11) *buttery-bar* = Speisekammer oder Butterkammer, der Ort, wo die Domestiken gespeist und getränkt wurden. — Eine trockene Hand galt für ein Symptom

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, Sir; I have them at my fingers' ends:[12] marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.

[Exit Maria.

Sir To. O knight! thou lack'st a cup of canary. When did I see thee so put down?[13]

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian, or an ordinary man has; but I am a great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I 'd forswear it. I 'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

Sir To. *Pourquoi*, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is *pourquoi?* do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. O, had I but followed the arts![14]

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair!

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.[15]

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does 't not?

Sir To. Excellent: it hangs like flax on a distaff, and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs, and spin it off.

Sir And. 'Faith, I 'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it 's four to one she 'll none of me. The count himself, here hard by, wooes her.

Sir To. She 'll none o' the count;[16] she 'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there 's life in 't,[17] man.

Sir And. I 'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world: I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kick-shaws, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters: and yet I will not compare with an old man.[18]

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. 'Faith, I can cut a caper.[19]

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to 't.

Sir And. And, I think, I have the back-trick,[20] simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture?[21] why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto?[22] My very walk should be a jig: I would not so much as make water, but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 't is strong, and it does indifferent well in a damask-coloured[23] stock. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?[24]

Sir And. Taurus? that 's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, Sir, it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper. Ha! higher: ha, ha! — excellent! *[Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Valentine, *and* Viola *in man's attire.*[1]

Val. If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced: he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love. Is he inconstant, Sir, in his favours?

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von körperlicher und geistiger Schwäche. — Sir Andrew, der den Spass nicht versteht, fasst *dry hand* im wörtlichen Sinne, als Gegensatz zu einer nassen, vom Wasser angefeuchteten Hand. 12) Maria identificirt *dry jest* und *dry hand:* die trockene Hand des Sir Andrew. 13) d. h. so im Wortgefecht besiegt, wie Maria ihn besiegt hat. 14) *arts* fasst Sir Andrew = Wissenschaften, wie sie auf Universitäten betrieben werden, und wie er vorher schon als einen Theil derselben *the tongues* = das Studium fremder Sprachen, erwähnt hatte. Sir Toby fasst in seiner Replik *art* als Gegensatz zu *nature* und versteht z. B. auch die Kunst des Haarkräuslers darunter. 15) *curl by nature* emendirt Theobald das sinnlose *cool my nature* der Fol. 16) Unter *count* ist der Herzog Orsino verstanden. Mit ähnlicher Licenz oder Verwechslung heisst in Love's Labour's Lost der König von Navarra öfter *the duke.* 17) Eine sprichwörtliche Redensart: Du brauchst den Muth noch nicht sinken zu lassen, Du brauchst noch nicht zu verzweifeln. So in K. Lear (A. 4, Sc. 6) *Then there 's life in it.* 18) Sir Andrew, wenn er sich auch noch so gut auf solche Narrenspossen versteht wie irgend ein Anderer seines Ranges, will es deshalb doch nicht mit einem alten Manne, der vielleicht mehr davon gelernt hat, aufnehmen. — Nach Steevens' Erklärung, die jedoch weniger einleuchtet, will Sir Andrew deshalb selber nicht für einen alten Mann gelten. — In Sir Toby's voriger Rede hat die Fol. *kicke-chawses*, und erst die vierte Folioausg. *kick-shaws*. Die Cambridge Edd. lesen daher *kickshawses.* 19) Sir Andrew fasst *caper* = Luftsprung, Bocksprung, Sir Toby fasst es = Kapper, wie sie in einer Brühe zum Hammelfleisch genossen werden. 20) *back-trick* = der Pas im Tanze, wo man zurückspringt. 21) Ueber *Mistress Mall*, deren Portrait man ihres übeln Rufes wegen mit einem Vorhang bedeckte, unter dem Vorwande, dasselbe vor Staub zu bewahren, vgl. Einleitung pag. 483. 22) *galliard* und *coranto* sind rasche, muntre Tänze, vom Auslande nach England eingeführt. Ersterer heisst auch *sink-a-pace*, eigentlich *cinque-pace*, weil fünf Pas dazu gehörten. 23) *damask-coloured* (vielleicht *dam'sk coloured* geschrieben) emendirt Knight das *dam'd coloured* der Fol., wofür die meisten Hgg. mit Rowe *flame-coloured* setzen. — Sir Andrew, um sein schönes Bein zu heben, zieht rosenfarbige Strumpfhosen an. 24) Wie schon vorher scherzhaft bei dem unter dem Gestirne einer Galliarde geformten Bein, so wird auch hier auf den astrologischen Glauben hingedeutet, dass sowohl der Mensch unter gewissem Einfluss des gerade bei seiner Geburt vorherrschenden Gestirnes stehe, als auch dass von diesem Einfluss besondere Theile des Menschen influenzirt werden. Nach den Angaben, die darüber in den Almanachen der Zeit sich finden, soll jedoch, wie Douce bemerkt, das Sternbild des Stiers im Thierkreise nicht, wie Sir Andrew meint, die Seiten und das Herz, sondern den Hals und die Kehle regieren.

Val. No, believe me.
Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Enter Duke, Curio, *and Attendants.*

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?
Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.
Duke. Stand you awhile aloof. — Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all: I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul;
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her:
Be not denied access,[2] stand at her doors,
And tell them,[3] there thy fixed foot shall grow,
Till thou have audience.
Vio. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow,
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.
Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofited return.[4]
Vio. Say, I do speak with her, my lord: what then?
Duke. O! then unfold the passion of my love;
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Than in a nuncio[5] of more grave aspect.
Vio. I think not so, my lord.
Duke. Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe[6]
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.[7]
I know, thy constellation is right apt
For this affair. — Some four, or five, attend him;
All, if you will; for I myself am best,
When least in company. — Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord
To call his fortunes thine.
Vio. I 'll do my best,
To woo your lady: *[aside]* yet, a barful strife![8]
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Maria *and Clown.*

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter, in way of thy excuse. My lady will hang thee for thy absence.
Clo. Let her hang me: he that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colours.[1]
Mar. Make that good.
Clo. He shall see none to fear.
Mar. A good lenten[2] answer. I can tell thee where that saying was born, of, I fear no colours.
Clo. Where, good Mistress Mary?
Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.
Clo. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.
Mar. Yet you will be hanged, for being so long absent; or, to be turned away, — is not that so good as a hanging to you?[3]
Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and for turning away, let summer bear it out.[4]
Mar. You are resolute then?
Clo. Not so neither; but I am resolved[5] on two points.
Mar. That, if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.
Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt. Well, go thy way: if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.[6]
Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. *[Exit.*
Clo. Wit, an 't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: for what says Quinapalus?[7] Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.

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1) Diese Bühnenweisung findet sich schon in der Fol. 2) Lass Dir den Zutritt nicht verweigern. — Der Herzog denkt an das was dem Valentin bei der Olivia geschehen war, der A. 1, Sc. 1 sagte: *So please my lord, I might not be admitted.* 3) *them* d. h. Olivia's Dienerschaft. 4) Setze Dich lieber über alle Schranken des Anstandes hinweg, als dass Du unverrichteter Sache zurückkehrst. 5) *nuncio* = Bote, ein affectirtes Wort, das Sh. nur an dieser Stelle hat. — Die Fol. hat *Nuntio's*, vielleicht für *Nuntius*, wie die Fol. *Antonio's* für *Antonius* u. s. w. druckt. 6) *small pipe* = Pfeife mit hohem Discantton. Der Herzog versteht darunter Viola's Discantstimme. So in Coriolanus (A. 3, Sc. 2) *my throat of war be turn'd into a pipe small as an eunuch.* 7) Alles eignet sich an Dir zu einer Weiberrolle, wie solche auf dem Sh.'schen Theater von Knaben dargestellt wurde. 8) *barful strife* ist der schwer zu hebende innere Conflict der Viola zwischen ihrer eigenen Neigung zum Herzog und der Sendung, mit der sie beauftragt ist.

1) Ein sprichwörtlicher Ausdruck, der eigentlich *colours* = Fahnen, also = Kriegsdienst, fasst; dann aber ist *colours* auch = Vorwände, Täuschungen. 2) *lenten*, eigentlich = zur Fastenzeit gehörig, dann = ärmlich, kümmerlich. — Die Fol. hat *lenton*. 3) Oder wenn Du aus dem Dienste gejagt würdest, ist das nicht so schlimm für Dich, als wenn Du gehängt würdest? — Manche Hgg. lesen mit der zweiten Folioausg. von 1632 *or be turn'd away* in engerer Verbindung mit dem Vorhergehenden. 4) Wenn ich weggejagt werde, so lässt sich das im Sommer, wo man im Freien übernachten kann, schon aushalten. 5) Der Narr unterscheidet spitzfindig zwischen *resolute* und *resolved* und fasst *point* = Punkt, was Maria = Nestel zur Befestigung der Beinkleider, fasst. Ein ähnliches Wortspiel begegnet in K. Henry IV. First Part (A. 2, Sc. 4) *Their points being broken, — down fell their hose. — gaskins*, oder vollständig *gally-gascoines*, = weite Beinkleider, von Coles in seinem lateinischen Lexikon mit *braccae laxae* erklärt. 6) Der Narr deutet schalkhaft auf die Möglichkeit einer Verheirathung Sir Toby's mit Maria hin, wenn die Letztere ihm nur das Trinken abgewöhnen könne. 7) Der Narr fingirt den Namen eines alten Philosophen, dem er den folgenden Denkspruch zuschreibt. 8) *dishonest* = unehrbar, liederlich, bezieht sich auf das lange Wegbleiben des Narren, über das schon Maria geklagt hatte. 9) Diese italienische Anrede an eine Dame gebraucht Sh. nur in diesem Drama. Die Fol. hat *Madona*. — In der vorigen Zeile setzen einige Hgg. *that's as much as to say*. Doch hat Sh. auch in K. Henry VI. Second Part (A. 4, Sc. 2) *which is as much to say as, — let the*

Enter Olivia *and* Malvolio.

God bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you 're a dry fool; I 'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.[8]

Clo. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself: if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing that 's mended is but patched: virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that amends is but patched with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty 's a flower. — The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree! — Lady, *cucullus non facit monachum:* that 's as much to say as, I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna,[9] give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexteriously,[10] good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechise you for it, madonna. Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, Sir, for want of other idleness, I 'll bide your proof.[11]

Clo. Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven. — Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?[12]

Mal. Yes; and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: infirmity, that decays the wise,[13] doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, Sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox, but he will not pass his word for twopence[14] that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal: I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool,[15] that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he 's out of his guard already: unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.[16]

Oli. O! you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless,[17] and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts, that you deem cannon-bullets. There is no slander in an allowed fool,[18] though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now, Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speakest well of fools![19]

Re-enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, Madam: 't is a fair young man, and well attended.[20]

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, Madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you: he speaks nothing but madman.[21] Fie on him! *[Exit* Maria.*]* Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. *[Exit* Malvolio.*]* Now you see, Sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool, whose skull Jove cram with brains; for here he comes, one of thy kin, has a most weak *pia mater.*[22]

Enter Sir Toby Belch.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk. — What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman! What gentleman?

Sir To. 'T is a gentleman here[23] — a plague o' these pickle-herring! — How now, sot?[24]

Clo. Good Sir Toby!

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magistrates etc. 10) *dexteriously* sagt der Narr scherzhaft und affectirt für *dexterously*, was manche Hgg. mit der vierten Folioausg. setzen. 11) Weil ich gerade keinen andern müssigen Zeitvertreib habe, will ich Eurer Beweisführung mich fügen. Manche Hgg. setzen *'bide*, ans *abide* abgekürzt. 12) Olivia bezieht sich auf die eigenen Worte des Narren vorher: *bid the dishonest man mend himself etc.* 13) Die Altersschwäche, welche den Weisen herunterbringt, ihn verfallen lässt. 14) Er wird keine zwei Pfennige darauf verwetten. 15) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 3, Anm. 13. — *with* gebraucht Sh. öfter für *by* von Personen, die zugleich als Werkzeug aufgefasst werden. — *ordinary fool* ist, wie Staunton vermuthet, nicht = ein gewöhnlicher Narr, sondern = ein Spassmacher, der die Gäste am Wirthstisch *(ordinary)* belustigen musste. 16) Ich halte solche vernünftigen Leute, welche so laut lachen über solche hergebrachte, einmal eingeführte Art von Narren, für nichts Besseres als für die Hanswurste, die untergeordneten Gesellen der Narren. — *zany* kommt in diesem Sinne in Ben Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour vor: *He 's like a zany to a tumbler,* || *That tries tricks after him to make men laugh.* 17) *guiltless* = arglos, der auch Andern nichts Böses zutraut. 18) *allowed fool* = ein Narr, der als solcher anerkannt und privilegirt wird, dem man daher nichts übel nimmt. 19) Gebe Mercur Dir die Gabe der Lüge, damit Du noch besser von Narren redest, als Du jetzt thust, da Du die Wahrheit sprichst. — *for* für *because.* 20) Der Herzog hatte in der vorigen Scene gesagt *some four, or five, attend him.* 21) Diese Construction von *to speak* ist Sh. geläufig. So in Othello (A. 2, Sc. 3) *speak parrot* und in Merry Wives of Windsor (A. 3, Sc. 2) *he speaks holiday.* 22) Die *pia mater* = dünne Hirnhaut, gebraucht Sh. für das Gehirn selbst auch in Love's Labour's Lost (A. 4, Sc. 2) und in Troilus and Cressida (A. 2, Sc. 1). 23) Sir Toby will etwa fortfahren *here at the gate;* da er aber rülpsen muss, so unterbricht er den Satz und verwünscht die genossenen

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery. There 's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry; what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it 's all one. *[Exit.*

Oli. What 's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat[25] makes him a fool, the second mads him, and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the coroner, and let him sit o' my coz;[26] for he 's in the third degree of drink, he 's drown'd: go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet,[27] madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. *[Exit.*

Re-enter Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick: he takes on him to understand so much,[28] and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep: he seems to have a fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he 's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He 's been told so; and he says, he 'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post,[29] and be the supporter to a bench, but he 'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind o' man is he?

Mal. Why, of mankind.[30]

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner: he 'll speak with you, will you, or no.

Oli. Of what personage and years is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 't is a peascod, or a codling when 't is almost an apple:[31] 't is with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favoured,[32] and he speaks very shrewishly: one would think, his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach. Call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. *[Exit.*

Re-enter Maria.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face. We 'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter Viola.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me; I shall answer for her. Your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty. — I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible[33] even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, Sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question 's out of my part.[34] Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart; and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself,[35] I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission. I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in 't: I forgive you[36] the praise.

Vio. Alas! I took great pains to study it, and 't is poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned:[37] I pray you, keep it in. I heard, you were saucy at my gates, and allowed your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad,[38] be gone; if you have

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Häringe, denen er sein Aufstossen zuschreibt. 24) *sot* zugleich = Narr, und = Trunkenbold. 25) Ein Trunk mehr, wenn er warm geworden ist. 26) Auf das englische Gesetz, dass ein Todtenbeschauer gerichtlich über die Leiche eines Ertrunkenen sein Urtheil abgeben und die Todesart constatiren muss, spielt auch eine Stelle in Hamlet (A. 5, Sc. 1) an: *the crowner hath sat on her, and finds it christian burial.* 27) d. h. er ist erst in dem zweiten Stadium der Trunkenheit. 28) Er behauptet, dass er das bereits wisse. 29) An der Thüre eines Sheriff wurden als Abzeichen seiner Würde zwei buntbemalte oder sonstwie verzierte Pfosten errichtet. So in Rowley's A Woman never vexed: *If e'er I live to see thee sheriff of London,* || *I'll gild thy painted posts cum privilegio.* — An diesen Pfosten wurde, wie es scheint, auch bisweilen eine Bank befestigt. — Für *to a bench* setzen manche Hgg. stillschweigend *of a bench.* — Das contrahirte *ha's* für *he has* zu Anfang dieser Rede findet sich so schon in der Fol. 30) Wortspiel zwischen *kind of man* = Art von Mann, und *mankind* = männliches Geschlecht, wie gleich darauf zwischen *manner* = Art, und = Manier, Benehmen. 31) *squash* = junge, unreife Schote, verhält sich zu *peascod* = ausgewachsene Erbsenschote, wie *codling* = unreife Frucht, zu *apple* = reifer Apfel. — *in standing water* = in einem Wasserstande zwischen Ebbe und Fluth, in unentschiedener Mittelstufe. So in Tempest (A. 2, Sc. 1) *Well: I am standing water.* — Manche Hgg. ändern mit Steevens: *'t is with him e'en standing water.* 32) *well-favoured* = mit hübschem Gesicht. — Viola wird bei ihrem Auftreten in der Fol. *Violenta* genannt, was die zweite Folioausg. verbessert. 33) *comptible*, das so viel wie *accountable* ist, gebraucht Viola in geflissentlich affectirter Sprache = geneigt, Rechenschaft zu fordern, also = empfindlich gegen die geringste üble Behandlung. 34) *to study* = eine Rolle einstudiren. — *out of my part* = was nicht in der Rolle steht. 35) Wenn ich das nicht als fremdentlehnten Schein annehme oder mir beilege, was ich wirklich bin. So kommt in Othello (A. 1, Sc. 3) *usurped beard* vor. — Viola fasst dann *to usurp* = usurpiren, mit dem Begriff der Unrechtmässigkeit des Besitzes. 36) *to forgive* = Einem Etwas erlassen, ihn davon dispensiren. 37) Eben so doppelsinnig ist *to feign* in As you like it (A. 3, Sc. 3) *the truest poetry is the most feigning.* 38) M. Mason las *if you be mad* und fasste die Worte als Gegensatz zu dem folgenden *if you have reason.* 39) *time of moon* in Bezug auf die vom Monde abhängende, wechselnde Stimmung des Menschen. — *skipping*

reason, be brief: 't is not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.[39]

Mar. Will you hoist sail, Sir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber; I am to hull[40] here a little longer. — Some mollification for your giant,[41] sweet lady.

Oli. Tell me your mind.[42]

Vio. I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it[43] is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage. I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.[44]

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness that hath appear'd in me, have I learn'd from my entertainment.[45] What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead: to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone. We will hear this divinity. [*Exit* Maria.] Now, Sir; what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady, —

Oli. A comfortable doctrine,[46] and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O! I have read it: it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good Madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negociate with my face? you are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture. Look you, Sir; such a one I was this present: is 't not well done?[47] [*Unveiling.*

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'T is in grain, Sir: 't will endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'T is beauty truly blent,[48] whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.[49]

Oli. O! Sir, I will not be so hard-hearted. I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: it shall be inventoried, and every particle, and utensil, labelled to my will; as, item, two lips indifferent red; item, two grey[50] eyes with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?[51]

Vio. I see you what you are: you are too proud;
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you: O! such love
Could be but recompens'd,[52] though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile[53] tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him:
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulg'd,[54] free, learn'd, and valiant;
And in dimension, and the shape of nature,
A gracious person; but yet I cannot love him.
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering,[55] such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense:
I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons[56] of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Halloo your name to the reverberate[57] hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, Olivia! O! you should not rest

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dialogue = ein leichtfüssiges, schlagfertiges Wechselgespräch. 40) *to hull* = sich von den Wellen schaukeln lassen, nicht segeln. 41) Als Riesen bezeichnet scherzhaft Viola die kleingewachsene Maria, weil dieselbe sich so grimmig anstellt. — Johnson findet zugleich eine Anspielung auf die Riesen darin, welche in Fabelbüchern als Ehrenwächter der Prinzessinnen fungiren. 42) Die Fol. legt auch diese Worte *Tell me your mind* wie die folgenden *I am a messenger* der Viola in den Mund. — Die richtige Eintheilung rührt von Warburton her. — Mit *I am a messenger* deutet Viola an, dass sie nicht ihre Meinung, sondern, als Bote, die des Herzogs zu verkünden hat. 43) *the courtesy of it* = die höfliche Einkleidung des auszurichtenden Auftrags. 44) Der ganze Inhalt meiner Worte besteht aus Frieden. 45) Sie meint den unmanierlichen Empfang, den sie an Olivia's Thüre durch Sir Toby und Malvolio gefunden. 46) Mit *doctrine*, wie nachher mit *text* und *heresy*, bezieht sich Olivia schalkhaft auf das vorhergehende *divinity*, als ob Viola's Botschaft in der That eine Predigt wäre. 47) Olivia schlägt den Schleier zurück, wie wenn sie einen Vorhang vor einem Portrait wegzöge, und sagt, als ob sie von einem Bilde spräche: So sah ich in diesem Augenblicke aus. Ist das Bild nicht gut gemalt? — Manche Hgg. ändern: *such a one as I was this present.* — Das Gleichniss von einem Portrait wird auch im Folgenden fortgesetzt, wo Viola zweifelnd fragt, ob die Kunst der Schminke das Gesicht nicht verschönert habe, und Olivia erwiedert, dass das Portrait durch und durch gefärbt sei, oder, ohne Metapher, dass ihre Gesichtsfarben ächt seien. 48) *blent* Particip von *to blend* = vermischen, zusammensetzen. 49) *copy* = Abbild, auf *these graces* bezüglich, d. h. ein eben so schönes Kind, missversteht Olivia geflissentlich = Verzeichniss der Reize, als Beilage zum Testament. 50) *grey* bezeichnet die hellblaue Farbe der Augen, die bei Sh. auch sonst als schön erwähnt wird. 51) *to praise* kommt öfter in dem Sinne von *to appraise* vor. 52) Wäret Ihr auch als unvergleichliche Schönheit gekrönt, so könntet Ihr eine Liebe wie die des Herzogs nur belohnen, nicht aber übertreffen oder beschämen. 53) Das *with* vor *fertile*, das die Fol. auslässt, ergänzte zuerst Pope. — *fertile tears* = reichliche Thränen. — Die Cambridge Edd. suppliren kein *with* vor *fertile*, vermuthen dagegen, dass vor *adorations* ein Wort wie *earthward* oder *earthly* ausfiel, so dass alle vier Elemente in den Symptomen der Liebe Orsino's vertreten wären. 54) Wohl besprochen in den Stimmen des Gerüchtes, gut beleumundet im Munde des Volkes. 55) *suffering* = duldend, schmachtend, ist wie *deadly* = todähnlich, Epitheton zu *life*. 56) *canton* = Gesang, wird im ältern Englisch für das jetzige *canto* gebraucht. 57) *reverberate* = mit einem Wiederhall versehen, activ wie passiv gebraucht. — So hat Heywood's Troja Britannica: *reverberate echoes* und Drayton's Polyolbion: *reverberate sound.* — Auf den

Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.
Oli. You might do much. What is your parentage?
Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.
Oli. Get you to your lord:
I cannot love him. Let him send no more,
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains. Spend this for me.
Vio. I am no fee'd post,[58] lady; keep your purse:
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love,[59]
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Plac'd in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. *[Exit.*
Oli. »What is your parentage?«
»Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.« — I'll be sworn thou art:
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon. — Not too fast: — soft!
soft!
Unless the master were the man.[60] — How now?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections
With an invisible and subtle stealth
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be. —
What, ho! Malvolio. —

Re-enter Malvolio.

Mal. Here, Madam, at your service.
Oli. Run after that same peevish[61] messenger,
The county's man:[62] he left this ring behind him,
Would I, or not: tell him, I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,[63]
Nor hold him up with hopes: I am not for him.
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for 't. Hie thee, Malvolio.
Mal. Madam, I will. *[Exit.*
Oli. I do I know not what, and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.[64]
Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe;[65]
What is decreed must be, and be this so! *[Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The Sea-coast.

Enter Antonio *and* Sebastian.

Ant. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not that I go with you?
Seb. By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly over me: the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps, distemper yours; therefore, I shall crave of you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone. It were a bad recompense for your love, to lay any of them on you.
Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.
Seb. No, 'sooth, Sir. My determinate voyage is mere extravagancy.[1] But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in: therefore, it charges me in manners the rather to express myself.[2] You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Rodorigo. My father was that Sebastian of Messaline,[3] whom, I know, you have heard of: he left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an hour. If the heavens had been pleased, 'would we had so ended![4] but you, Sir, altered that; for some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea[5] was my sister drowned.
Ant. Alas the day!
Seb. A lady, Sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not with such estimable wonder[6] overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her, — she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is drowned already, Sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.[7]
Ant. Pardon me, Sir, your bad entertainment.
Seb. O good Antonio! forgive me your trouble.[8]
Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.
Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness; and I am

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Wiederhall oder die personificirt gedachte Echo geht auch das folgende *babbling gossip of the air.* 58) *fee'd post* = ein Eilbote, den man mit Geld ablohnt. 59) Möge der Liebesgott das Herz Dessen zu Stein verhärten, den Ihr einmal lieben werdet! Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1, Anm. 11. 60) Olivia ruft sich selbst ein warnendes Halt! zu und meint, solches rasche Verlieben würde unstatthaft sein, wofern nicht der Herzog der Diener, also umgekehrt der Diener der Herzog wäre. Genau genommen, sollte stehen *unless the man were the master.* 61) *peevish* = der sich nicht zu benehmen, sich nicht zu helfen weiss. 62) *county* für *count.* Die Fol. hat *the Countes man*, nicht *Counts*, wie sonst im Genitiv. 63) *to flatter with* als intransitives Verbum = den Schmeichler bei Jemandem spielen. So in Two Gentlemen of Verona (A. 4, Sc. 4) *Unless I flatter with myself too much.* 64) Olivia fürchtet, dass der Anblick Cesario's ihr Hoffnungen errege, welche ihren Geist nur täuschen könnten. 65) Wir gehören nicht uns selber an, sondern das Schicksal verfügt über uns.

1) Die Reise, die ich beschlossen habe, ist ein blosses Umherschweifen ohne bestimmtes Ziel. — So hat Sh. in Hamlet (A. 1, Sc. 1) *the extravagant and erring spirit.* 2) Eure Zurückhaltung gebietet mir um so mehr höflicher Weise mich auszusprechen. 3) Für *Messaline* vermuthen manche Hgg. *Mettaline* oder *Metelin*, das alte Mitylene auf der Insel Lesbos. Vielleicht auch fingirte Sh. den Namen, ohne an eine bestimmte Localität zu denken. 4) d. h. *ended in one hour.* 5) *breach of the sea* = die Brandung, das Brechen der Wellen, die an das Ufer schlagen. 6) *estimable* = zu einer Schätzung fähig, *wonder* = Verwunderung, Bewunderung. Wenn Sebastian auch nicht mit solcher abschätzenden Bewunderung allzuweit in dem Glauben an die Schönheit seiner Schwester gehen konnte, wie viele Andre, so will er doch so weit kühn von ihr aussagen, dass u. s. w. — *overfar* ist dem *thus far* entgegengestellt, und *far publish her* wird gebraucht wie in Cymbeline (A. 1, Sc. 1) *You speak him far.* 7) scil. *with more salt water.* Sebastian meint die reichlich strömenden Thränen, die er bei der Erinnerung an seine Schwester vergiesst. 8) Wie *your entertainment* = die Aufnahme, die Ihr bei mir fandet, so ist *your trouble* = die Beschwerde, die ich Euch verursachte. 9) Ich bin so weibisch; euphemistisch ausgedrückt: ich arte noch so nach meiner Mutter, dass bei der geringsten weiteren Veranlassung meine Augen mich

yet so near the manners of my mother, that, upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me.[9] I am bound to the count Orsino's court: farewell. *[Exit.*

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!
I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there;
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. *[Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter Viola; Malvolio *following.*[1]

Mal. Were not you even now with the countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, Sir: on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, Sir: you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance[2] she will none of him. And one thing more: that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.[3]

Vio. She took the ring of me; — I 'll none of it.[4]

Mal. Come, Sir; you peevishly[5] threw it to her, and her will is, it should be so returned: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. *[Exit.*

Vio. I left no ring with her: what means this lady?
Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
That,[6] methought, her eyes had lost her tongue,[7]
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure: the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.
I am the man: — if it be so, as 't is,
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy[8] does much.
How easy is it for the proper-false[9]
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas! our frailty is the cause, not we,
For such as we are made of, such we be.[10]
How will this fadge?[11] My master loves her dearly;
And I, poor monster,[12] fond as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;[13]
As I am woman, — now alas the day! —
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!
O time! thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me t' untie.[14] *[Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Sir Toby Belch *and Sir* Andrew Ague-cheek.

Sir To. Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes; and *diluculo surgere*, thou know'st,[1] —

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not; but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfilled can. To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early; so that, to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life[2] consist of the four elements?

Sir And. 'Faith, so they say; but I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. — Marian, I say! — a stoop[3] of wine!

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verrathen, meine Thränen meine weibische Beschaffenheit kundthun. So in K. Henry V. (A. 4, Sc. 6) *And all my mother came into mine eyes.*

1) Die alte Bühnenweisung sagt vielmehr, dass Viola und Malvolio von verschiedenen Seiten auftreten: *Enter Viola, and Malvolio, at several doors.* 2) *desperate assurance* = hoffnungslose Gewissheit, eine Versicherung, die ihm jede Hoffnung auf Olivia's Besitz raubt. 3) *Receive it so* = Fasst meine Botschaft so auf, wie sie gemeint ist. Einige Hgg. beziehen *it* auf den Ring, aber Steevens erklärt die Worte richtig mit *understand it*, wie in Macbeth (A. 1, Sc. 7) *will it not be receiv'd.* 4) Viola geht, um die Olivia nicht in Malvolio's Augen zu compromittiren, auf deren Fiction ein und setzt dieselbe fort, indem sie sagt: Da Olivia einmal den Ring von mir angenommen, muss sie ihn auch behalten. — Malone interpungirte *She took the ring of me!* als einen Ausruf der Verwunderung und schlug zugleich vor *no ring* für *the ring* zu lesen. 5) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 5, Anm. 61. 6) Manche Hgg. fügen mit der zweiten Folioausg. von 1632 hinter *that* ein *sure* ein, was in der zweitfolgenden Zeile vorkommt. 7) Indem Olivia mit unverwandten Blicken den Cesario ansah, verlor sie bei diesem Anschauen die Herrschaft über ihre Zunge und sprach ohne zu wissen was. 8) Der gewandte, listige Feind, der Teufel. 9) *proper-false* = Männer, die zugleich hübsch und falsch sind, die mit ihrer schönen Aussenseite die Weiber täuschen und in deren weiche Herzen, gleichsam wie in Wachs, einen Abdruck ihres Bildes prägen. 10) Die Fol. liest *For such as we are made, if such we be.* Die Emendation des Textes rührt von Tyrwhitt her. Capell las *e'en such we be.* — In der vorigen Zeile hat die Fol. *O frailty*, was die zweite Folioausg. in *our frailty* verbessert. 11) *to fadge* = sich fügen, sich schicken. 12) Mit *monster* deutet Viola ihre jetzige Zwitterhaftigkeit, weder Mann, noch Weib, an, wie sie in dem Folgenden sagt *as I am man* und *as I am woman.* — *to fond on* = in Jemanden verliebt sein. — Für das folgende *and* liest Dyce *as*, im Anschluss an *as much.* 13) Als Mann bin ich in einer verzweifelten Lage, da ich meinen Herrn liebe, und keine Hoffnung habe, dieser Liebe theilhaftig zu werden. 14) So contrahirt schon die Fol. *to untie.*

1) Sh. fand das lateinische Sprichwort *Diluculo surgere saluberrimum est*, wie Malone vermuthet, in Lilly's Grammatik. 2) Die Fol. hat *does not our liues*, wofür die gewöhnliche Lesart *do not our lives* ist. — Rowe's Emendation *does not our life* stimmt besser überein mit Sir Andrew's Antwort *it rather consists.* — Die vier Elemente werden aufgezählt in K. Henry V. (A. 3, Sc. 7) *he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him.* 3) *stoop* = ein Mass von zwei Quart, und = ein Gefäss, das

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i' faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts? Did you never see the picture of we three? [4]

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let 's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. [5] I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus: [6] 't was very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman: [7] hadst it?

Clo. I did impeticos thy gratillity, [8] for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock: my lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. [9] Now, a song.

Sir To. Come on: there is sixpence for you; let 's have a song.

Sir And. There 's a testril of me too: if one knight give a — [10]

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life? [11]

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

SONG.

Clo. *O mistress mine! where are you roaming?*
O! stay and hear; your true love 's coming,
That can sing both high and low.
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i' faith.

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. *What is love? 't is not hereafter;*
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What 's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty, [12]
Youth 's a stuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. [13] But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? [14] Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver? [15] shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let 's do 't: I am dog at a catch. [16]

Clo. By 'r lady, Sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain. Let our catch be, »Thou knave.« [17]

Clo. »Hold thy peace, thou knave,« knight? I shall be constrain'd in 't to call thee knave, knight.

Sir And. 'T is not the first time I have constrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins, »Hold thy peace.«

Clo. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i' faith. Come, begin.

[They sing a catch.

Enter MARIA.

Mar. What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward Malvolio and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady 's a Cataian; [18] we are politicians; Malvolio 's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and »Three merry men be we«. [19] Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tilly-valley, lady! [20] *[Sings.]* »There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!«

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight 's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough, if he be disposed, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

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so viel enthält. 4) Eine Anspielung auf Wirthshausschilder der Zeit, welche entweder zwei zechende Narren oder zwei Esel darstellten, mit der den jedesmaligen Beschauer mit einbegreifenden Unterschrift *We three loggerheads be* oder auch *We are three asses.* An letztere hatte Sh. gedacht. 5) *breast* wird von der musikalischen Stimme gebraucht. 6) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 5, Anm. 7. 7) *leman* = Liebchen, Schätzchen, emendirt Theobald das *Lemon* der Fol. 8) *impeticos* scherzhaft entstellt aus *to impetticoat* = auf den Unterrock verwenden oder in ihn hineinstecken. Ebenso scheint *gratillity* aus *gratuity* gebildet. — Im Folgenden schwatzt der Narr wieder solchen Unsinn, wie ihn Sir Andrew schon früher an ihm bewundert hatte. 9) *when all is done* im Sinne von *after all* = am Ende, Alles erwogen. 10) Der Narr, ohne auf Sir Andrew zu hören, wendet sich mit seiner Frage an Sir Toby. 11) Ein Lied, mit dem ein guter Lebenswandel eingeprägt wird, ein moralisches Lied. 12) *sweet-and-twenty*, eigentlich = süss und zwanzigmal süss, ein Liebkosungsausdruck, der auch bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen erscheint. 13) Sir Toby erklärt mit diesen Worten, wie er *contagious*, das Sir Andrew gebraucht, ohne es zu verstehen, auffasst. — *breath* ist doppelsinnig = Athem, und = Stimme, daher *to hear by the nose.* 14) Sie wollen in solchen Taumel sich versetzen, dass es ihnen scheinen solle, als tanzte das Firmament um sie her. 15) Die Weber werden auch sonst bei Sh. als besonders musikalisch erwähnt; so in K. Henry IV. First Part (A. 2, Sc. 4) *I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or anything.* — *three souls* bezeichnet in komischer Hyperbel die dreifache Verzückung, in welche ein Weber bei dem von Sir Toby vorgeschlagenen Canon gerathen würde. 16) *to be a dog at* = sich auf Etwas verstehen. — Der Clown fasst *dog* in eigentlichem Sinne, und *catch* = Canon, fasst er = Fang. 17) In diesem alten Canon, dessen Text lautet: *Hold thy peace, and I prithee hold thy peace, thou knave. Hold thy peace etc.*, besteht der Spass darin, dass jeder der drei Sänger nach der Reihe den andern *thou knave* nennt. 18) *Cataian*, eigentlich = Chinese, aus Catai, d. h. China, wird sonst, wie auch in Merry Wives of Windsor (A. 2, Sc. 1), = Betrüger, Spitzbube, gebraucht. Hier wendet Sir Toby das Wort ohne nachweisliche Beziehung an. — Eben so sinnlos spricht er von *Peg-a-Ramsey*, einer populären Ballade, von der sich jedoch nur der Titel und die Melodie erhalten haben. 19) Ein Bruchstück aus einem alten Liede, oder der Refrain zu vielen alten Liedern, da es in verschiedener Verbindung bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen vorkommt. 20) *tilly-valley*, eine Interjection der Verachtung = Larifari. — Das *lady*, das Maria von ihrer Herrin gebraucht hatte, bringt nun Sir Toby auf die alte Ballade Of the godly constant wife Susanna, welche beginnt: *There dwelt a man in Babylon* || *Of reputation great by fame;* || *He took to wife a fair woman,* || *Susanna she was call'd*

Sir To. *[Sings.]* »O! the twelfth day of December,«[21] —

Mar. For the love o' God, peace!

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an ale-house of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers'[22] catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

Sir To. We did keep time,[23] Sir, in our catches. Sneck up![24]

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you.[25] My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she 's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. »Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.«[26]

Mar. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clo. »His eyes do show, his days are almost done.«

Mal. Is 't even so?

Sir To. »But I will never die.«

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. »Shall I bid him go?«

Clo. »What an if you do?«

Sir To. »Shall I bid him go, and spare not?«

Clo. »O! no, no, no, no, you dare not.«

Sir To. Out o' time?[27] Sir, ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?[28]

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.[29]

Sir To. Thou 'rt i' the right. — Go, Sir, rub your chain[30] with crumbs. — A stoop of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at anything more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule:[31] she shall know of it, by this hand.[32] *[Exit.*

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'T were as good a deed as to drink when a man 's a-hungry, to challenge him to the field, and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do 't, knight: I 'll write thee a challenge, or I 'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night. Since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword,[33] and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed. I know, I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us,[34] possess us: tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, Sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

Sir And. O! if I thought that, I 'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for 't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a puritan that he is, or anything constantly but a time-pleaser; an affectioned[35] ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths: the best persuaded of himself; so crammed, as he thinks, with excellences, that it is his ground of faith, that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady, your niece: on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have 't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she is in love with him?[36]

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse, now, would make him an ass.[37]

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by name: || *A woman fair and virtuous;* || *Lady, lady:* || *Why should we not of her learn thus* || *To live godly?* 21) Das Lied, zu welchem dieser Vers gehört, hat sich nicht weiter nachweisen lassen. — Ueber das vorhergehende doppelsinnige *natural* vgl. A. 1, Sc. 3, Anm. 4. 22) *cozier* = Flickschneider, und = Flickschuster. 23) *time* versteht Malvolio = Zeit, d. h. Nachtzeit, späte Stunde; Sir Toby fasst es = Zeitmass, Takt beim Gesange. 24) *sneck up* oder *snick up*, eine Verwünschung, die synonym ist mit *go hang*. 25) *round with you* = gerade heraus gegen Euch, rückhaltlos. 26) Sir Toby singt mit dem Clown, einigermassen modificirt, die ersten Strophen eines Liedes, das Percy in seinen Reliques of Ancient Poetry aus einer alten Liedersammlung The Golden Garland of Princely Delights mittheilt. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 483 u. 484. 27) So verbessert Theobald das *out o' tune* der Fol. — Sir Toby wendet sich, nachdem er ausgesungen, wieder entrüstet an Malvolio und kommt auf das früher Gesagte zurück. Vgl. oben Anm. 23. 28) Eine Anspielung auf die Puritaner, welche gegen die aus papistischer Zeit stammenden Heiligentage, Kirchweihen und andere Volksfeste eiferten, bei denen es Kuchen und Bier gab. 29) Der Clown will sagen: Es soll nicht nur Kuchen und Bier geben, sondern man soll auch Ingwer, der im Munde brennt, bei solchen Festen verzehren dürfen. 30) Eine goldene Kette bezeichnete den Rang des Haushofmeisters der übrigen Dienerschaft gegenüber. So in Webster's Dutchess of Malfi: *the chippings of the buttery fly after him, to scour his gold chain.* 31) *uncivil rule* = ungebührliche Lebensart. — *rule* ist die Art und Weise, wie man sein Leben einrichtet. 32) *by this hand*, eine Betheuerung, bei der man die Hand aufhebt. 33) Wenn ich ihn nicht so zum Besten habe, dass er zu einem Stichwort oder Neckwort wird. So erklärt Forby in seinem Vocabulary of East-Anglia: *Nay-word — a bye-word, a laughing-stock.* — Die Fol. hat *an ayword*, was Rowe verbesserte. 34) *to possess* = Jemanden von Etwas unterrichten, ihn mit Etwas bekannt machen. 35) Wie *affection* = Affectation, so ist *affectioned* = affectirt: Malvolio ist ein affectirter Esel, der das vornehme gespreizte Wesen auswendig lernt und es in grossen Schwaden wieder von sich giebt. — *swarths* hat die Fol. für das gewöhnlichere *swaths*. 36) Staunton fasst mit Recht diesen Satz als eine an Maria

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.
Sir And. O! 't will be admirable.
Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know, my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter: observe his construction of it.[38] For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell.
Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea.[39] *[Exit* Maria.
Sir And. Before me, she 's a good wench.
Sir To. She 's a beagle,[40] true-bred, and one that adores me: what o' that?[41]
Sir And. I was adored once too.
Sir To. Let 's to bed, knight. — Thou hadst need send for more money.
Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.
Sir To. Send for money, knight: if thou hast her not i' the end, call me cut.[42]
Sir And. If I do not, never trust me; take it how you will.
Sir To. Come, come: I 'll go burn some sack, 't is too late to go to bed now. Come, knight; come, knight.
[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, *and Others.*

Duke. Give me some music. — Now, good morrow, friends. —
Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique[1] song, we heard last night;
Methought, it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs, and recollected terms,[2]
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:
Come; but one verse.
Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.
Duke. Who was it?
Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool, that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house.
Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.
[Exit Curio. — *Music.*

Come hither, boy: if ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me;
For such as I am all true lovers are:
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature[3]
That is belov'd. — How dost thou like this tune?
Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where love is thron'd.[4]
Duke. Thou dost speak masterly.
My life upon 't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves;
Hath it not, boy?
Vio. A little, by your favour.[5]
Duke. What kind of woman is 't?
Vio. Of your complexion.
Duke. She is not worth thee then. What years, i' faith?
Vio. About your years, my lord.
Duke. Too old, by heaven. Let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,[6]
So sways she level[7] in her husband's heart:
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,[8]
Than women's are.
Vio. I think it well, my lord.
Duke. Then, let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;
For women are as roses, whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.
Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so;
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter Curio *and Clown.*

Duke. O fellow! come, the song we had last night. —
Mark it, Cesario; it is old, and plain:
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,[9]
And the free[10] maids, that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,[11]
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.[12]
Clo. Are you ready, Sir?
Duke. Ay; pr'ythee, sing. *[Music.*

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gerichtete Frage. — Die andern Hgg. setzen kein Fragezeichen, wie auch die Fol. nicht. 37) Tyrwhitt wollte diese Rede und die folgende des Sir Andrew eher dem Sir Toby, als in dessen Charakter liegend, zuschreiben. — Das folgende *Ass, I doubt not* lässt sich im Wortspiel auch lesen *As I doubt not.* 38) Ihr Drei mögt dann beobachten, wie Malvolio den Brief deuten wird. 39) *Penthesilea*, die Königin der Amazonen, die vor Troja erschien. — Sir Toby will der Maria mit dieser Benennung ein Compliment machen. 40) Als *beagle* = Spürhund, werden, jedoch in weniger vortheilhaftem Sinne, in Timon of Athens (A. 4, Sc. 3) die Begleiterinnen des Alcibiades bezeichnet: *Get thee away, and take thy beagles with thee.* 41) Daran liegt nicht viel, dass sie mich anbetet; daraus kann man ihr keinen Vorwurf machen. 42) *call me cut* = beschimpfe mich, eigentlich = nenne mich einen Stutzschwanz. So sagt Falstaff in K. Henry IV. First Part (A. 2, Sc. 4) *call me horse.*

1) *antique* = altväterisch, altmodig. 2) *recollected terms* = gesuchte, zusammengestoppelte Worte zu den leichtfertigen Melodien, welche jetzt an der Tagesordnung sind. — *to recollect* = sammeln. — Johnson erklärt *recollected* mit *recalled, repeated*, und Knight vermuthet *tunes* für *terms* (*termes* in der Fol.). 3) Nur darin nicht, dass sie sich beständig das Wesen, das sie lieben, ausmalen und vorstellen. 4) Diese Melodie findet einen rechten Wiederhall im Herzen. So in Othello (A. 3, Sc. 3) *Yield up, o Love, thy crown and hearted throne.* 5) *favour* doppelsinnig = Antlitz, Miene, und = Gunst. 6) *to wear* eigentlich von Kleidern, die sich dem Körper durch den Gebrauch anpassen, also hier = sich dem Gatten anschmiegen, ihm anhängen. 7) *level* bezeichnet nicht die Zeitdauer, sondern den Platz, den die Frau bei dem Mann einnehmen muss: im Niveau seines Herzens, nicht darüber hinaus. 8) *lost and worn* = verloren und abgenutzt. — Hanmer las ohne Noth *lost and won.* 9) Die Weiber, welche im Sonnenschein spinnen und stricken. 10) *free* = unbefangen, zwanglos. 11) *silly sooth* = einfältige, schlichte Wahrheit, keine aufgeputzte Dichtung. 12) Das Lied tändelt mit einer Unschuld, wie sie der Liebe in der guten alten Zeit eigen war. 13) Unter *cypress* versteht Malone einen Sarg aus Cypressenholz, Steevens ein Leichentuch von Flor oder Krepp, der in diesem Fall, wie auch sonst häufig, weiss war. Die

Song.

Clo. *Come away, come away, death,*
And in sad cypress[13] *let me be laid;*
Fly away, fly away,[14] *breath;*
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O! prepare it:
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.[15]

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O! where
Sad true lover never find my grave,[16]
To weep there.[17]

Duke. There 's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, Sir: I take pleasure in singing, Sir.

Duke. I 'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truly, Sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.[18]

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now, the melancholy god[19] protect thee, and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal![20] — I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing, and their intent every where; for that 's it, that always makes a good voyage of nothing.[21] — Farewell. *[Exit.*

Duke. Let all the rest give place. —
[Exeunt Curio *and Attendants.*
Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands:
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;[22]
But 't is that miracle and queen of gems,
That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

Vio. But, if she cannot love you, Sir?

Duke. I[23] cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. 'Sooth, but you must.
Say, that some lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so; must she not then be answer'd?

Duke. There is no woman's sides[24]
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart
So big to hold so much: they lack retention.[25]
Alas! their love may be call'd appetite, —
No motion of the liver, but the palate, —
That suffer[26] surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much. Make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,[27]
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know —

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what 's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord. She never told her love, —
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought:[28]
And, with a green and yellow[29] melancholy,
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.[30] Was not this love indeed?
We men may say more, swear more; but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will,[31] for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

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letztere Erklärung scheint die natürlichere zu sein. 14) So verbesserte Rowe das *Fye away, fye away* der Fol. 15) Keiner nahm seinen Antheil an dem Tode so hingebend und treu hin, wie ich. 16) Um dem Versmass aufzuhelfen, ist entweder *lover* oder, was plausibler erscheint, *never* einsylbig zu lesen. Manche Hgg. setzen willkürlich *love* für *lover*. 17) Staunton macht darauf aufmerksam, wie wenig dieses Lied zu der Charakteristik passe, welche vorher der Herzog dem Cesario davon giebt, und vermuthet deshalb, dass die Wahl des Liedes hier vom Dichter dem Schauspieler überlassen sei. 18) Man hat kein Vergnügen umsonst, sondern muss über kurz oder lang dafür bezahlen. 19) d. h. der Gott der Melancholie. 20) Der Narr vergleicht die immer wechselnde Stimmung des Herzogs mit dem Opal, der, in verschiedenem Lichte betrachtet, verschiedene Farben annimmt, und räth dem Herzog, ein dem entsprechendes Wamms von schillerndem Taffet zu tragen. 21) Eine Seereise schlägt am besten aus, wenn man kein bestimmtes Geschäft, keinen bestimmten Plan verfolgt, sondern sich auf Alles gefasst macht. 22) Die Güter, welche das Glück ihr gegeben hat, betrachte ich in so unzuverlässiger Weise, wie ich das Glück selbst betrachte. — Diesen Glücksgaben setzt dann der Herzog die Gabe der Natur entgegen. jenes Wunder und jene Königin unter den Juwelen, die Schönheit, mit der die Natur sie aufgeputzt hat. — *miracle* gehört wie *queen* zu *of gems*, und *queen* erklärt sich durch die Attraction des Objects der Vergleichung. — *to prank in* = aufputzen, in einen Putz kleiden. 23) Hanmer's Verbesserung *I* für *It* der Fol. wird gerechtfertigt durch Viola's Antwort *but you must:* Ihr müsst diese Antwort hinnehmen, und durch das spätere *must she not then be answer'd?* — Die Lesart der Fol. erklärt Malone mit *My suit cannot be so answered.* 24) So in Antony and Cleopatra (A. 1, Sc. 3) *the sides of nature will not sustain it* ebenfalls von der Liebesleidenschaft, die den Menschen aufreibt. 25) Den Weibern fehlt die Fähigkeit, so viel Liebe in ihrem Herzen festzuhalten und zu bergen, wie ich sie hege. 26) *that suffer* bezieht sich auf das *their love* nach einer Sh. geläufigen Vertauschung des Numerus. Manche Hgg. ändern *that suffers* und verbinden das mit *palate*, scil. *a motion of the palate*, im Widerspruch mit dem folgenden *but mine*, scil. *but my love.* 27) Auf *me* liegt der Nachdruck: Vergleiche nicht die Liebe, die ein Weib möglicherweise für mich empfindet, mit der Liebe, die ich für Olivia hege. — *to owe* = sein eigen nennen, besitzen. 28) *thought* = Grübelei, schwermüthiges Sinnen. 29) *green and yellow* ist nach Sh.'s Gebrauch der Copula zu einem Begriffe zu verbinden = grün-gelblich. Er versteht darunter die livide Farbe, die sonst auch einfach bei ihm *green* heisst. 30) Viola denkt an ein, die Geduld vorstellendes, weibliches Marmorbild auf einem Grabmal, das den Gram, dem es gewidmet ist, mit lächelnder Miene in Ergebung hinnimmt. 31) Die

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?
Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too; and yet I know not. —
Sir, shall I to this lady?
Duke. Ay, that 's the theme.
To her in haste: give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bide no denay.[32] *[Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Olivia's Garden.

Enter Sir Toby Belch, *Sir* Andrew Ague-cheek, *and* Fabian.

Sir To. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.
Fab. Nay, I 'll come: if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.
Sir To. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly, rascally sheep-biter[1] come by some notable shame?
Fab. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out o' favour with my lady about a bear-baiting here.
Sir To. To anger him we 'll have the bear again,[2] and we will fool him black and blue; — shall we not, Sir Andrew?
Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain. — How now, my metal of India?[3]
Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree. Malvolio 's coming down this walk: he has been yonder i' the sun, practising behaviour to his own shadow,[4] this half hour. Observe him, for the love of mockery; for, I know, this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! *[The men hide themselves.]* Lie thou there *[throws down a letter]*; for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.[5] *[Exit.*

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. 'T is but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me, she[6] did affect me; and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on 't?
Sir To. Here 's an overweening rogue!
Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he jets under his advanced plumes![7]
Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue. —
Sir To. Peace! I say.
Mal. To be count Malvolio; —
Sir To. Ah, rogue!
Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.
Sir To. Peace! peace!
Mal. There is example for 't: the lady of the Strachy[8] married the yeoman of the wardrobe.
Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!
Fab. O, peace! now he 's deeply in; look how imagination blows him.
Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,[9] —
Sir To. O, for a stone-bow,[10] to hit him in the eye!
Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed,[11] where I have left Olivia sleeping: —
Sir To. Fire and brimstone!
Fab. O, peace! peace!
Mal. And then to have the humour of state:[12] and after a demure travel of regard,[13] — telling them, I know my place, as I would they should do theirs, — to ask for my kinsman Toby. —
Sir To. Bolts and shackles!
Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.
Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him. I frown the while; and, perchance, wind up my watch, or play with some rich jewel.[14] Toby approaches; court'sies there to me.
Sir To. Shall this fellow live?
Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars,[15] yet peace!
Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control, —

äusseren Kundgebungen der Männer in der Liebe gehen weiter als der eigentliche innere Trieb. 32) *denay* = abschlägige Antwort, Verneinung. So in Fairfax' Godfrey of Boulogne: *Of mild denays, of tender scorns, of sweet || Repulses, war, peace, hope, despair, joy, fear.*

1) *sheep-biter*, eigentlich = Dieb, Mauser, steht hier allgemein als Schimpfwort = Spitzbube. 2) Malvolio soll gehetzt werden wie ein Bär in der Bärenhetze. 3) *metal of India*, d. h. Goldschatz, ist eine der vielen seltsamen Anreden, mit denen Sir Toby die Maria begrüsst. — Für *Mettle* der Fol., das in deren Drucke nicht von *metal* unterschieden wird, setzen manche Hgg. mit der zweiten Folioausg. *nettle of India*, eine im indischen Meere häufige Nessel, *Urtica Marina* genannt. 4) Malvolio übt feine Haltung und Manieren ein, indem er dabei seinen Schatten in der Sonne beobachtet. 5) Steevens citirt zur Erklärung folgende Stelle aus Cogan's Haven of Health (1595) *This fish of nature loveth flatterie: for being in the water it will suffer it selfe to be rubbed and clawed, and so to be taken.* 6) *she* scil. *Olivia.* 7) *to jet* = umher stolziren: wie er unter seinem emporgesträubten Gefieder prunkt! 8) *Strachy* druckt die Fol. cursiv, wie sie Eigennamen zu drucken pflegt. Sh. verstand vielleicht darunter eine vornehme italienische Familie, deren Angehörige eine Missheirath gemacht hatte, indem sie einen Garderobenaufseher zum Gatten wählte. Ob ihm eine bestimmte Zeitanekdote vorschwebte, lässt sich jetzt nicht mehr nachweisen. 9) *state* = Staatssessel, Lehnstuhl. 10) *stone-bow* = ein Bogen, von dem man mit steinernen Kugeln, statt mit Pfeilen, schoss. 11) *day-bed* = Ruhebett für den Tag, im Gegensatz zu dem Bett, in dem man Nachts schläft. 12) *humour of state* = die Laune oder Stimmung, wie sie zum vornehmen Stande passt. 13) Nachdem ich nachdenklich meinen Blick von Einem zum Andern habe gehen lassen. 14) So die späteren Folioausgg. — Die Fol. hat *with my some rich jewel*, was Malone erklärt *some rich jewel of my own*, und was Collier interpungirt *with my — some rich jewel.* Wahrscheinlich ist das *my* von dem vorhergehenden *my watch* wiederholt. — Taschenuhren, die zuerst um das Jahr 1580 aus Deutschland nach England eingeführt wurden, waren damals noch eine Seltenheit. 15) Für *with cars* lesen die spätern Folioausgg. *with cares.* Hanmer *by th' ears*, Tyrwhitt *with cables*, Singer *with tears*, Sidney Walker *with racks.* Johnson's Emendation *with carts*, zu deren Unterstützung er auf Two Gentlemen of Verona (A. 3, Sc. 1) verweist:

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

Mal. Saying, »Cousin Toby, my fortunes, having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech,« —

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. »You must amend your drunkenness.«

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. »Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight,« —

Sir And. That 's me, I warrant you.

Mal. »One Sir Andrew,« —

Sir And. I knew 't was I; for many do call me fool

Mal. [Seeing the letter.] What employment have we here?[16]

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. [Taking up the letter.] By my life, this is my lady's hand! these be her very *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s; and thus makes she her great *P*'s.[17] It is, in contempt of question, her hand

Sir And. Her *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s: why that?

Mal. [Reads.] »To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:« her very phrases! — By your leave, wax.[18] — Soft! — and the impressure her Lucrece,[19] with which she uses to seal: 't is my lady. To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver[20] and all.

Mal. [Reads.] »Jove knows, I love;
But who?
Lips, do not move:
No man must know.«
»No man must know.« — What follows? the numbers altered![21] — »No man must know.« — if this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock![22]

Mal. [Reads.] »I may command, where I adore;
But silence, like a Lucrece' knife,[23]
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore:
M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.«

Fab A fustian riddle.

Sir To Excellent wench, say I.

Mal »*M, O, A, I,* doth sway my life.« — Nay, but first, let me see, — let me see

Fab. What a dish of poison has she dressed him!

Sir To. And with what wing the stannyel[24] checks at it!

Mal. »I may command, where I adore.« Why, she may command me: I serve her; she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity.[25] There is no obstruction in this. — And the end, — what should that alphabetical position portend? if I could make that resemble something in me, — Softly! — *M, O, A, I,* —

Sir To. O! ay,[26] make up that He is now at a cold scent

Fab. Sowter[27] will cry upon 't, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. *M,* — Malvolio: — *M,* — why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say, he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. *M,* — but then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation:[28] *A* should follow, but *O* does.

Fab. And *O*[29] shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I 'll cudgel him, and make him cry, *O!*

Mal. And then *I* comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels, than fortunes before you.

Mal. *M, O, A, I:* — this simulation is not as the former; — and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose. — *[Reads.]* »If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: some are born[30] great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy Fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with[31] a kinsman, surly with servants; let

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I am in love; but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me, nor who 't is I love, giebt denselben Sinn wie die alte Lesart der Fol. — Hunter vermuthet *with cart-ropes.* 16) Was ist es, das uns hier in Anspruch nimmt, uns beschäftigt? 17) Steevens meint, dass auf der Adresse des Briefes sich weder ein *C* noch ein *P* finde. — Dagegen vermuthet Ritson, dass die ganze Aufschrift des Briefes nach dem Styl der Sh.'schen Zeit gelautet habe: *To the Unknown belov'd, this, and my good wishes, with Care Present.* 18) Er bittet das Siegel gleichsam um Verzeihung, dass er es erbricht. Dieselbe Wendung kehrt wieder in Cymbeline (A. 3, Sc. 2) und in K. Lear (A. 4, Sc. 6). — Das folgende *soft*, das Malone auf die Weichheit des Wachses, mit dem man siegelte, bezieht, erklärt Steevens plausibler als Interjection = sacht! 19) Eine Gemme mit dem eingeschnittenen Bilde der Lucretia, die sich den Dolch in die Brust stösst, diente der Olivia als Siegel und passte diesmal vorzüglich zu dem Inhalt des Verses *But silence, like a Lucrece' knife.* 20) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1, Anm. 12. 21) Die folgenden Verse sind in einem andern Versmass als die vorhergehenden. — Rowe las *the number 's altered.* 22) *brock*, eigentlich = Dachs, dann = Geck. So in Peele's Merry Conceited Jests: *This self-conceited brock had George invited.* 23) *Lucrece'* als Genitiv für *Lucrece's* steht auch in Titus Andronicus (A. 4, Sc. 1) *That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed.* — Die Fol. hat *Lucresse*, und kurz vorher *Lucrece.* 24) *stannyel* oder *staniel* = Steinfalke, ist Hanmer's Verbesserung für *stallion* der Fol. — *to check* ist technischer Ausdruck, den Latham in seinem Buche von der Falkenjagd so erklärt: *crows, rooks, pies, or other birds coming in view of the hawk, she forsaketh her natural flight, to fly at them.* 25) *formal capacity* = gehörige, ordentliche Fassungsgabe. 26) *O! ay* klingt wie die von Malvolio gelesenen letzten Buchstaben. 27) *Sowter* eigentlich = Schuhflicker, Lump, hier der fingirte Name eines Jagdhundes, der auch auf einer kalten Fährte anschlägt und die ihm gestellte Falle nicht wittert, wenn sie auch noch so merklich ist. — Sh. wendet nach seiner Art das Gleichniss in doppelter widersprechender Manier an, da er mit *cold scent* auch *as rank as a fox* verbindet. — Hanmer verkannte diese Sh.'sche Licenz, indem er *not as rank* las. 28) Das Folgende hält nicht Stand, wenn man die Probe anstellt. 29) d. h. der Wehlaut Oh. — So folgt das Wortspiel zwischen dem Buchstaben *I* und *eye.* 30) *born* änderte, in Uebereinstimmung mit einem spätern Citat dieser Worte, Rowe das *become* der Fol. 31) *to be opposite with* =

thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity. She thus advises thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered: [32] I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, [33] if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,

The fortunate-unhappy.« [34]

Day-light and champian discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-device [35] the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me, for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late; she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, stout, [36] in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! — Here is yet a postscript. *[Reads.]* »Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling: thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pr'ythee.« — Jove, I thank thee. — I will smile: I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. *[Exit.*

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy. [37]

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device.

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Re-enter Maria.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, [38] and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. I' faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true: does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 't is a colour she abhors; and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, [39] thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too. *[Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Olivia's Garden.

Enter Viola, *and Clown with a tabor.*

Vio. 'Save thee, friend, and thy music. [1] Dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clo. No, Sir, I live by the church. [2]

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No such matter, Sir: I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou may'st say, the king lies by a beggar, [3] if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clo. You have said, Sir. — To see this age! A sentence is but a cheveril glove [4] to a good wit: how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Vio. Nay, that 's certain: they, that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would therefore, my sister had had no name, Sir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, Sir, her name 's a word; and to dally with that word, might make my sister wanton. But, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, Sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

Jemandem entgegentreten, ihm opponiren. 32) Die kreuzweise gebundenen Kniegürtel waren wie die gelben Strumpfhosen eine Zeitlang eine neue, auffallende Mode. 33) Du bist ein gemachter Mann. 34) Die Fol. verbindet diese Worte mit dem Folgenden, und Rowe und Warburton lasen deshalb *The fortunate and happy day-light, and champian discovers not more.* — *champian* = offnes Feld, ändert Dyce in das gewöhnlichere *champain* um. Doch findet sich *champion ground* bei Skinner. — *champion* haben auch die dritte und vierte Folioausg. — Ein bekanntes Lehrgedicht von Tusser (1586) hat folgenden Titel: Five hundreth points of good Husbandrie as well for the Champion or open countrie, as also for the Woodland or Sevecall etc. 35) *point-device* = pedantisch, affectirt genau in Costüm oder Haltung. 36) *strange* = zurückhaltend, *stout* = stolz, d. h. gegen die Dienerschaft und gegen Sir Toby. 37) Der Sophi von Persien, von dessen fabelhaften Reichthümern damals Berichte nach England gelangt waren. 38) *tray-trip* = eine Art von Bretspiel, in welchem Sir Toby seine Freiheit an Maria verspielen will. 39) *Tartar* = Tartarus, die Hölle, deshalb gleich nachher *devil of wit.*

1) Aus diesen Worten ergiebt sich, dass der Narr die Trommel schlägt. Eine solche Trommel war das charakteristische Attribut des Haus- und Hofnarren zu Sh.'s Zeit. 2) *to live by the tabor* = von der Trommel leben, und = neben einem Hause wohnen, das das Schild einer Trommel hat. Nach Steevens wurde damit ein Musikladen bezeichnet. Das Wortspiel wird dann fortgeführt in *to live by the church* = von der Kirche leben, und = neben der Kirche wohnen. 3) *to lie by* = neben Jemandem logiren, und = bei ihm schlafen. Bei *king* und *beggar* dachte Sh. wahrscheinlich an die mehrfach von ihm erwähnte Ballade vom König Cophetua und der Bettlerin Zenelophon. 4) Eine Sentenz ist in diesem Zeitalter für einen guten und witzigen Kopf so dehnbar und so leicht umzudrehen, wie ein Handschuh von Ziegenleder. So in Romeo and Juliet (A. 2, Sc. 4) *here 's a wit of cheveril,*

Vio. I warrant, thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clo. Not so, Sir, I do care for something; but in my conscience, Sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, Sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, Sir; the lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, Sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands, as pilchards are to herrings, the husband 's the bigger. I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, Sir, does walk about the orb, like the sun: it shines every where. I would be sorry, Sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master, as with my mistress.[5] I think I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I 'll no more with thee. Hold, there 's expenses for thee.[6]

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair,[7] send thee a beard. -

Vio. By my troth, I 'll tell thee: I am almost sick for one, though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, Sir?[8]

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.[9]

Clo. I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, Sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, Sir, 't is well begg'd.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, Sir, begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar.[10] My lady is within, Sir. I will construe[11] to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin:[12] I might say, element, but the word is overworn. *[Exit.*

Vio. This fellow 's wise enough to play the fool,
And to do that well craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time,
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye.[13] This is a practice
As full of labour as a wise man's art;
For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit,
But wise men, folly-fallen, quite taint their wit.[14]

Enter Sir Toby Belch *and Sir* Andrew Ague-cheek.

Sir To. 'Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, Sir.

Sir And. *Dieu vous garde, monsieur.*

Vio. *Et vous aussi: votre serviteur.*

Sir And. I hope, Sir, you are; and I am yours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade[15] be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, Sir: I mean, she is the list of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste[16] your legs, Sir: put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, Sir, than I understand[17] what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, Sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance. But we are prevented.[18]

Enter Olivia *and* Maria.

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

Sir And. That youth 's a rare courtier. »Rain odours!« well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.[19]

Sir And. »Odours,« »pregnant,« and »vouchsafed«: — I 'll get 'em all three all ready.[20]

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. *[Exeunt Sir* Toby, *Sir* Andrew, *and* Maria.*]* Give me your hand, Sir.

Vio. My duty, Madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, Sir? 'T was never merry world,
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment.
You 're servant to the count Orsino, youth.

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that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad. 5) Mit dem Nebensinn: wenn nicht Dein Herr eben so oft thöricht wäre, wie meine Herrin. 6) Hier ist Geld für Dich, das Du ausgeben kannst. 7) Wenn er das nächste Mal einen Vorrath von Haaren hat. 8) Der Narr möchte zu dem einen Geldstück ein zweites haben, und meint, dass ein solches Paar dann zusammen ihrer mehrere erzeugt haben würde. Das Bild von einem durch Kuppelei zusammenzubringenden Paar setzt er auch in der folgenden, Sh. sehr geläufigen, Anspielung auf Pandarus fort, der den Troilus mit der Cressida zusammenbrachte. 9) Wenn man sie beisammen behielte und auf Zinsen ausliehe. So in Venus and Adonis: *But gold that's put to use more gold begets.* 10) Es war der Fluch, der die Cressida wegen ihrer Treulosigkeit traf, dass sie als Bettlerin sterben sollte. So in Chaucer's Testament of Creseide: *great penurye* || *Thou suffer shalt, and as a beggar dye.* 11) Die Fol. hat *conster* hier und anderswo. — Zu *to them* vgl. A. 1, Sc. 4, Anm. 3. 12) *welkin*, mit einem Schein von Affectation wie hier, hat Sh. auch in Merry Wives of Windsor (A. 1, Sc. 3) *By welkin, and her star*, und wiederholt in Armado's Munde in Love's Labour's Lost (A. 1, Sc. 1 u. A. 3, Sc. 1). — Der Narr will sagen: ausser meiner Sphäre. 13) Der geschickte und berufene Narr muss, zugleich mit der gehörigen Beobachtung der Personen und der Zeit, wie ein wilder Falke auf Alles, was ihm im Fluge vorkommt, losschiessen, jede Gelegenheit benutzen, um seinen Witz zu zeigen. — Johnson schlug vor *Not like the haggard* zu lesen, also das Gegentheil der obigen Erklärung: der Narr darf nicht jede Gelegenheit benutzen. 14) Der Vers lautet in der Fol. *But wisemens folly falne, quite taint their wit*, was Heath erklärt: *But wise men's folly, when it is once fallen into extravagance, overpowers their discretion.* — Die Emendation rührt von Tyrwhitt her. 15) *trade* = Verkehr, Geschäft. — Viola fasst den gesuchten Ausdruck wörtlich und spricht von ihrem Besuche bei Olivia wie von einer Seereise in Handelsgeschäften, daher *bound* und *voyage. — list of my voyage* = Bezirk, Schranke der Reise, d. h. Inbegriff derselben. 16) *to taste* = erproben, in geflissentlich affectirter Sprache, die Sir Toby überhaupt hier gebraucht, um dem Cesario zu imponiren. 17) *to understand* doppelsinnig = unter Jemandem stehen, ihn stützen, und = verstehen. Dasselbe Wortspiel in Two Gentlemen of Verona (A. 2, Sc. 5) *my staff understands me.* 18) *to prevent* = Jemandem zuvorkommen. 19) *pregnant* = bereit aufzunehmen, auffassend; *vouchsafed ear* = ein gnädig bewilligtes Ohr oder Gehör. 20) Die Fol. hat *already* für *all ready*. Manche Hgg. lesen mit den spätern Folioausgg. *ready*

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:
Your servant's servant is your servant, Madam.
Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
'Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!
Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf: —
Oli. O! by your leave, I pray you:
I bade you never speak again of him;
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that,
Than music from the spheres.
Vio. Dear lady, —
Oli. Give me leave, 'beseech you. I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,[21]
A ring in chase of you: so did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you.
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,[22]
Which you knew none of yours: what might you think?
Have you not set mine honour at the stake,
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think?[23] To one of your receiving[24]
Enough is shown; a cyprus, not a bosom,
Hides my heart.[25] So, let me hear you speak.
Vio. I pity you.
Oli. That 's a degree to love.
Vio. No, not a grise;[26] for 't is a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.
Oli. Why then, methinks, 't is time to smile again.
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf! *[Clock strikes.*
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time. —
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man.
There lies your way, due west.
Vio. Then westward-ho![27]
Grace, and good disposition attend[28] your ladyship.
You 'll nothing, Madam, to my lord by me?
Oli. Stay:
I pr'ythee, tell me what thou think'st of me.
Vio. That you do think, you are not what you are.
Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.
Vio. Then think you right: I am not what I am.
Oli. I would, you were as I would have you be!
Vio. Would it be better, Madam, than I am?
I wish it might; for now I am your fool.
Oli. O! what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon,
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.[29]
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;[30]
But rather, reason thus with reason fetter:
Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.
Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
And that no woman has;[31] nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.[32]
And so adieu, good Madam: never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.[33]
Oli. Yet come again, for thou perhaps may'st move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.[34]
[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Sir Toby Belch, *Sir* Andrew Ague-cheek, *and* Fabian.

Sir And. No, faith, I 'll not stay a jot longer.
Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom:[1] give thy reason.
Fab. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.
Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the count's serving-man, than ever she bestowed upon me: I saw 't i' the orchard.
Sir To. Did she see thee[2] the while, old boy? tell me that.
Sir And. As plain as I see you now.
Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.
Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an ass o' me?
Fab. I will prove it legitimate, Sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

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dafür. 21) Nachdem Ihr bei Eurem letzten Besuche einen solchen Zauber auf mich ausübtet. — Warburton setzte zuerst *here* für *hear (heare)* der Fol. 22) *shameful cunning* ist vielleicht in Sh.'s Sinne hier nicht = eine schmachvolle List, sondern eine verschämte List, eine Verstellung, der Scham zum Grunde liegt. So steht in All 's well that ends well (A. 5, Sc. 3) *shameful hate.* 23) Das Bild ist von einer Bärenhetze entlehnt, wo Olivia's Ehre, an den Pfahl gebunden, von den losgelassenen Hunden gehetzt wird. — *tyrannous* = grausam, von der Natur des Wütherichs. 24) *receiving* = Auffassungsgabe, Verstand. — Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 2, Anm. 3. 25) Mein Herz liegt offen dar, da nur ein durchsichtiger Flor, kein undurchsichtiger Busen es vor Euch verdeckt. — Manche Hgg. fügen mit der Folioausg. von 1632 vor *heart* ein *poor* ein. Vielleicht wäre *hideth* zu lesen. 26) *grise* = die einzelne Stufe, der Theil von *degree* = eine ganze Stufenfolge. 27) *eastward-ho!* und *westward-ho!* waren die herkömmlichen Rufe der Fährschiffer auf der Themse, je nachdem nach der City oder nach Westminster, ostwärts oder westwärts, gefahren werden sollte. 28) So die Fol. Manche Hgg. verkürzen des Verses wegen *attend* zu *'tend.* 29) Ich liebe Dich so, dass selbst Deine stolze Sprödigkeit meinem Verstande und Geiste vergebens räth, meine Leidenschaft zu bergen. 30) Der Nachdruck liegt auf *I* und auf *thou:* entnimm nicht Deine Rechtfertigungsgründe aus der Schlussfolgerung, dass Du keine Ursache hast zu werben, weil ich es schon thue. 31) Dieses mein Herz u. s. w. hat kein Weib im Besitz, es ist an kein Weib verschenkt. 32) Hanmer verkannte diese versteckte Hindeutung der Viola auf ihr wirkliches Geschlecht, wenn er *save I alone* der Olivia beilegen wollte. 33) *to deplore* in Verbindung mit *my master's tears* steht hier in ungewöhnlichem Sinne: meines Herrn Thränen Euch vorklagen, klagend vorstellen. 34) *his love* ist Object zu *abhors* wie zu *to like.*

1) *venom* redet Sir Toby den Sir Andrew scherzhaft an, weil er ihn in so giftiger Erbitterung sieht. 2) *thee,* das in der Fol. zufällig ausgefallen war, schieben die spätern Folioausgg. ein, nicht erst Rowe, wie Ma-

Sir To. And they have been grand-jurymen, since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favour to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her, and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was balked: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion;[3] where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some landable attempt, either of valour, or policy.

Sir And. An 't be any way, it must be with valour, for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist[4] as a politician.

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour: challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places: my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker[5] in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman, than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand;[6] be curst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invention: taunt him with the license of ink:[7] if thou thou'st[8] him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware[9] in England, set 'em down. Go, about it. Let there be gall[10] enough in thy ink, though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter. About it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We 'll call thee at the *cubiculo.*[11] Go.

[Exit Sir ANDREW.

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him,[12] lad; some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him; but you 'll not deliver it?

Sir To. Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think, oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and[13] you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I 'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite,[14] the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine[15] comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness.[16] He 's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-gartered?

Mar. Most villanously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church. — I have dogged him like his murderer.[17] He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him: he does smile his face into more lines, than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies.[18] You have not seen such a thing as 't is; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know, my lady will strike him: if she do, he 'll smile, and take 't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

A Street.

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO.

Seb. I would not, by my will, have troubled you;
But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you: my desire,
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;
And not all love to see you (though so much.
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage),

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lone meint. 3) d. h. Olivia ist in ihren Empfindungen für Euch erkaltet, frostig geworden. 4) So hiessen die Anhänger von Robert Browne, der um das Jahr 1580 sich von der englischen Kirche lossagte und eine puritanische Secte bildete. — Anspielungen darauf kommen bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen öfter vor; so in dem alten Drama Sir Thomas More: *Tom Barber that makes me thus look like a Brownist.* — Die Secte nannte sich später *Independents.* 5) *love-broker* = Liebesmäkler, Kuppler. Dieselbe Bedeutung hat bei Sh. schon das einfache *broker.* 6) Wie ein Soldat zu schreiben pflegt. — Das Folgende geht dann auf die Abfassung des Briefes: grimmig und kurz angebunden. 7) Lass Dich so in Kränkung seiner Ehre gehen, wie es die Tinte Dir nur verstattet. 8) *to thou* = Jemanden dutzen, galt als eine geflissentliche Demüthigung und Herabwürdigung. 9) Auf dieses grosse Bett, das in Ware in der Grafschaft Hartfordshire zu sehen war, weist auch Ben Jonson's Epicoene als auf eine bekannte und sprichwörtlich gewordene Merkwürdigkeit hin: *Why, we have been — || In the great bed of Ware together in our time.* Es sollten zugleich zwölf Männer und zwölf Weiber darin liegen können. 10) *gall* = Galle, ist doppelsinnig, da die Tinte aus Ochsengalle bereitet wurde. So in Cymbeline (A. 1, Sc. 2) *though ink be made of gall.* — Daher der Gegensatz zu *goose-pen.* 11) Malone vermuthete *at thy cubiculo.* 12) Auf *I* liegt der Nachdruck: vielmehr komme ich ihm theuer zu stehen, ich habe ihm schon einige Tausende gekostet. Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 3 am Schluss, wo Sir Toby dem Sir Andrew sagt *Thou hadst need send for more money* und dieser erwiedert *If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.* 13) Das *and* der Fol. ist vielleicht hier, wie an vielen andern Stellen, in *an* = wenn, zu ändern. — Die blutlose Leber ist ein Symptom der Feigherzigkeit. 14) *opposite* = Gegner. 15) *nine* emendirte Theobald das *mine* der Fol. — Steevens citirt dazu aus R. Chester's A dialogue of the Phoenix: *The little wren that many young ones brings.* — Es ist eine Anspielung auf die kleine Figur der Maria. Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 5, Anm. 41. 16) *such impossible passages of grossness* = solches handgreiflich unsinnige oder undenkbare Zeug, wie es Malvolio glaubt. — Vielleicht ist aber die Construction verwirrt, und Sh. wollte eigentlich sagen: Von keinem Christen kann man solchen Unsinn glauben, wie ihn Malvolio in sich darstellt. 17) Ich bin ihm nachgeschlichen, als ob ich ihn morden wollte. 18) Eine Anspielung, wie

But jealousy[1] what might befall your travel,
Being skilless in these parts; which to a stranger,
Unguided, and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhospitable: my willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,[2]
Set forth in your pursuit.
Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make, but, thanks,
And thanks, and ever thanks; and oft good turns[3]
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay;
But, were my worth,[4] as is my conscience, firm,
You should find better dealing. What 's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques[5] of this town?
Ant. To-morrow, Sir: best first go see your lodging.
Seb. I am not weary, and 't is long to night.
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.
Ant. 'Would, you 'd pardon me:
I do not without danger walk these streets.
Once, in a sea-fight 'gainst the count his galleys,[6]
I did some service; of such note, indeed,
That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.
Seb. Belike, you slew great number of his people.
Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature,
Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrel,
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake,
Most of your city did: only myself stood out;
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,[7]
I shall pay dear.
Seb. Do not then walk too open.
Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, Sir; here 's my purse.
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge,
With viewing of the town: there shall you have me.
Seb. Why I your purse?
Ant. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, Sir.
Seb. I 'll be your purse-bearer,[8] and leave you for an hour.
Ant. To the Elephant. —
Seb. I do remember. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Olivia's Garden.

Enter Olivia *and* Maria.

Oli. I have sent after him: he says, he 'll come;[1]
How shall I feast him? what bestow of him?
For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd, or borrow'd.
I speak too loud. —
Where is Malvolio? — he is sad, and civil,[2]
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes. —
Where is Malvolio?[3]
Mar. He 's coming, Madam; but in very strange manner. He is sure possess'd, Madam.
Oli. Why, what 's the matter? does he rave?
Mar. No, Madam; he does nothing but smile: your ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come, for sure the man is tainted in his wits.
Oli. Go call him hither. — I am as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be. —

Enter Malvolio.

How now, Malvolio?
Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho.
Oli. Smil'st thou?
I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.
Mal. Sad, lady? I could be sad.[4] This does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; but what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is, »Please one, and please all.«[5]
Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?
Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed: I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.[6]
Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?
Mal. To bed? ay, sweet-heart, and I 'll come to thee.

Steevens vermuthet, auf eine Erdkarte, die 1598 mit der englischen Uebersetzung von Linschoten's Reisen erschien, auf welcher zuerst die Inseln des ostindischen Archipelagus gezeichnet waren. Die Karte ist von Strichen zur Orientirung nach allen Seiten hin durchzogen.

1) *jealousy* = argwöhnische Sorge um das, was Euch auf Eurer Reise zustossen könnte, da Ihr unerfahren, unkundig in diesen Gegenden seid. 2) Um so eher wegen dieser Gründe der Besorgniss. 3) So vervollständigt Theobald den Vers, der in der Fol. so steht: *And thankes: and ever oft good turnes.* — Steevens setzte *often* für *and oft.* Die spätern Folioausgg. lassen diese Zeile und die folgende aus. 4) *my worth* = was ich in pecuniärer Hinsicht werth bin, meine finanzielle Geltung. So in Ben Jonson's Cynthia's Revels: *Such as the satyrist paints truly forth || That only to his crimes owes all his worth.* 5) Steevens erklärt *reliques* mit Heiligenreliquien oder mit Ueberbleibseln alter Gebäude. Wahrscheinlich meinte Sh. die Sehenswürdigkeiten aus alter Zeit überhaupt, dasselbe, was gleich nachher *the memorials, and the things of fame etc.* heisst. 6) *the count his galleys* für *the count's galleys* oder *the county's galleys*, wie nach Malone's Vermuthung Sh. geschrieben. Diese Paraphrase des Genitivs ist bei Sh. nicht selten, meistens jedoch da, wo ein Zusammenstossen des *s* mit einem andern *s* vermieden werden soll, wie *Mars his heart* in Troilus and Cressida (A. 5, Sc. 2). 7) Wenn ich mich betreffen lasse, wenn ich nicht auf meiner Hut bin an diesem Platze. So in Hamlet (A. 3, Sc. 4) *laps'd in time and passion.* 8) *purse-bearer* doppelsinnig = Seckelmeister, und: ich will Eure Börse mit mir herumtragen.

1) Olivia setzt voraus, dass er sagen werde, er wolle kommen, und überlegt, wie sie ihn bewirthen und was sie ihm schenken will. — *bestow of him*, wie Sh. oft *of* für *on* gebraucht. — Pope änderte *bestow on him.* 2) *sad* = ernst; *civil* = ehrbar im Benehmen, manierlich, wie es ehrbaren Bürgern geziemt. 3) Die drei folgenden Reden, die in der Fol. als Prosa gedruckt sind, hat Steevens, indem er willkürlich mehrere Worte, wie *very, Madam, to* und *some,* auslässt, zu Versen umgearbeitet. 4) Olivia fasst *sad* = ernst, Malvolio fasst es = niedergeschlagen, verstimmt. 5) Das Gedicht mit dem Refrain *Please one, and please all* war verloren gegangen

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft? [7]

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request? Yes; nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. »Be not afraid of greatness:« — 't was well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. »Some are born great,« [8] —

Oli. Ha?

Mal. »Some achieve greatness,« —

Oli. What say'st thou?

Mal. »And some have greatness thrust upon them.«

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. »Remember, who commended thy yellow stockings,« —

Oli. Thy yellow stockings?

Mal. »And wished to see thee cross-gartered.«

Oli. Cross-gartered?

Mal. »Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so:« —

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. »If not, let me see thee a servant still.«

Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness. [9]

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, the young gentleman of the count Orsino's is returned. I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I 'll come to him. *[Exit Servant.]* Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where 's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him. I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[Exeunt Olivia *and* Maria.

Mal. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? [10] no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me? This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. »Cast thy humble slough,« says she; — »be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants, — let thy tongue tang [11] with arguments of state, put thyself into the trick of singularity;« — and consequently sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed [12] her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And when she went away now, »Let this fellow be looked to:« fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. [13] Why, every thing adheres together, that no drachm of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous [14] or unsafe circumstance — What can be said? Nothing that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter Maria, *with Sir* Toby Belch *and* Fabian.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion [15] himself possessed him, yet I 'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is. — How is 't with you, Sir? how is 't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you: let me enjoy my private; [16] go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you? — Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to: peace! peace! we must deal gently with him; let me alone. — How do you, Malvolio? how is 't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he 's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you! an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched!

Fab. Carry his water to the wise-woman. [17]

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I 'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress?

Mar. O Lord!

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace: this is not the way. Do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir!

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me. [18] What, man! 't is not for gravity to play at cherry-pit [19] with Satan. Hang him, foul collier! [20]

Mar. Get him to say his prayers: good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx!

Mar. No, I warrant you; he will not hear of godliness.

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und ist erst vor einigen Jahren wieder entdeckt. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 484. — Die folgende Rede theilt die Fol. irrig dem Malvolio zu; die Fol. von 1632 verbessert den Fehler. 6) Er meint die lateinische Handschrift der Olivia in dem aufgefundenen Briefe. 7) Auf diese Sitte spielt Sh. auch sonst an; so in K. Henry VI. First Part (A. 5, Sc. 3) *I kiss these fingers for eternal peace,* || *And lay them gently on thy tender side.* 8) Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 5, Anm. 30. 9) Steevens citirt dazu aus Ray's Sprichwörtersammlung: *'T is midsummer moon with you* im Sinne von: Ihr seid toll. 10) Rückt Ihr mir nun näher? macht Ihr es mir nun deutlicher, was Ihr wollt? 11) Für *tang* hat die Fol. *langer*, was die zweite Folioausg. verbessert. In dem Briefe (vgl. A. 2, Sc. 5) stand *tang arguments* ohne *with.* 12) *to lime* = Jemanden mit Vogelleim fangen. 13) *fellow*, das Olivia in vertraulicher Weise = Gesell, Mensch, gebraucht hat, fasst Malvolio im ursprünglichen Sinn = Gefährte, Gleichgestellter. 14) *incredulous* steht hier mit Sh.'s Licenz = was Einen ungläubig oder zweifelhaft machen könnte. 15) *Legion* ist der Name eines Teufels. 16) *private* = Einsamkeit, Fürsichsein, wie es scheint aus *in private* gebildet. Sonst kommt das substantivische *private* nur vereinzelt = geheimes Geschäft, oder = geheime Botschaft, vor. 17) *wise-woman* = ein Weib, das sich mit Quacksalberei, Besprechung von Besessenen, Wahrsagerei u. s. w. befasste. Hier soll sie aus Malvolio's Urin die Natur seines Uebels ergründen. 18) Collier vermuthet ein Stück aus einem Liede darin. — *Biddy* ist abgekürzt aus *Bridget* = Brigitte. — Die Fol. hat *I biddy, come with me.* 19) *to play at cherry-pit* = ein Kinderspiel, wobei mit Kirschkernen in ein kleines Loch geworfen wurde. Ein so ehrbarer Mann, wie Sir Toby, darf mit dem Satan nicht so vertraulich verkehren. 20) *collier* heisst der Teufel wegen

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element. You shall know more hereafter. *[Exit.*

Sir To. Is 't possible?

Fab. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air, and taint.[21]

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad, indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we 'll have him in a dark room,[22] and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he 's mad: we may carry it thus, for our pleasure, and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him; at which time we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder[23] of madmen. But see, but see.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.[24]

Sir And. Here 's the challenge; read it: I warrant, there 's vinegar and pepper in 't.

Fab. Is 't so saucy?[25]

Sir And. Ay, is 't, I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me. *[Reads.]* »Youth; whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.«

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. »Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for 't.«

Fab. A good note, that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. »Thou comest to the lady Olivia; and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for.«

Fab. Very brief, and to[26] exceeding good sense — less.

Sir To. »I will waylay thee going home; where, if it be thy chance to kill me,« —

Fab. Good.

Sir To. »Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.«

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: good.[27]

Sir To. »Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine,[28] but my hope is better; and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.« — If this letter move him not, his legs cannot.[29] I 'll give 't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for 't: he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailie.[30] So soon as ever thou seest him, draw, and, as thou drawest, swear horrible;[31] for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent, sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away!

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. *[Exit.*

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding: his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, Sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Ague-cheek a notable report of valour, and drive the gentleman (as, I know, his youth will aptly receive it) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.[32]

Fab. Here he comes with your niece. Give them way, till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message[33] for a challenge.

[Exeunt Sir TOBY, FABIAN, *and* MARIA.

Re-enter OLIVIA, *with* VIOLA.

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary out:[34]
There 's something in me that reproves my fault,
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same 'haviour that your passion bears,
Goes on my master's grief.[35]

Oli. Here; wear this jewel[36] for me: 't is my picture.
Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you;

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seines schwarzen Gesichtes. So das Sprichwort *Like will to like, quoth the devil to the collier.* 21) *to taint* bezieht sich auf *infection*: Malvolio soll in Gewahrsam gebracht werden, damit sein Uebel nicht an die Luft komme und ansteckend wirke. 22) Damit soll Malvolio als ein erklärter Wahnsinniger behandelt werden. — *dark room* ist, wie *dark house* = Irrenhaus, so = die Zelle eines Wahnsinnigen. 23) *to find* im gerichtlichen Sinne von Richtern oder Geschwornen, die den fraglichen Wahnsinn eines vor Gericht Gestellten zu constatiren hatten. 24) Am Morgen des ersten Mai ergötzte man sich mit allerlei Spass und komischen Aufzügen, in denen auch der närrische Sir Andrew eine Stelle versehen konnte. 25) *saucy* = dreist, unverschämt, erinnert zugleich an *sauce*, in Beziehung auf *vinegar and pepper*. 26) Manche Hgg. lassen stillschweigend *to* weg. 27) Mit dieser Fassung, da *like a rogue and a villain* sich, je nach der Deutung der Worte, auf *thou* wie auf *me* beziehen lässt, stellt Sir Andrew sich auf die Windseite des Gesetzes, stellt sich so, dass das Gesetz ihm nichts anhaben kann. — Nach Staunton's Deutung ist unter *law* hier das spitzfindige Gesetzbuch über das Duell zu verstehen, demzufolge die Beleidigung *like a rogue* ohne Zweikampf sich abmachen liess. Erst mit dem Zusatze *like a rogue, as thou art* musste sie mit Blut gebüsst werden. 28) d. h. wenn ich im Zweikampf falle, so wird Gott sich meiner armen Seele erbarmen. 29) *to move* = rühren, reizen, und = aus der Stelle bringen. 30) *bum-bailie* = Häscher. Manche Hgg. setzen *bum-bailiff* dafür. 31) Sh. gebraucht die Adjectiva auf *—ble* häufig statt der Adverbia auf *—bly*. 32) Als ob sie zwei Basilisken wären, die mit dem Blicke tödten. Genauer sollte es heissen: dass Jeder vom blossen Anschauen des Andern sterben wird, wie von dem Blicke eines Basilisken. 33) Eine haarsträubende Botschaft als Herausforderung, die er mündlich dem Cesario im Namen Sir Andrew's bestellen will. 34) *out* ist Theobald's Emendation für *on't* der Fol. — *to lay out* = blosslegen. Dyce citirt dazu aus dem Drama Every Woman in her Humour: *For there is blushing modesty laid out.* 35) Mit derselben unaufhaltsamen Gewalt wie Eure Leidenschaft geht auch der Liebesschmerz meines Herrn seinen Weg weiter. — Die Fol. hat *goes*

And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me, that I 'll deny,
That honour, sav'd, may upon asking give? [37]

Vio. Nothing but this; your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that,
Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow. Fare thee well:
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell. *[Exit.*

Re-enter Sir Toby Belch, *and* Fabian.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, Sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to 't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy intercepter, [38] full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end. Dismount thy tuck; be yare [39] in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, Sir: I am sure, no man hath any quarrel to me. My remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You 'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, Sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubbed with unhatch'd rapier, and on carpet consideration; [40] but he is a devil in private brawl; souls and bodies hath he divorced three, and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre. Hob, nob, [41] is his word: give 't, or take 't.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady: i am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrels purposely on others to taste [42] their valour; belike, this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent [43] injury: therefore, get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle [44] you must, that 's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil, as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. *[Exit.*

Vio. Pray you, Sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know, the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement, but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, [45] as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, Sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for 't: I am one, that would rather go with sir priest, than sir knight: [46] I care not who knows so much of my mettle. *[Exeunt.*

Re-enter Sir Toby, *with Sir* Andrew. [47]

Sir To. Why, man, he 's a very devil, I have not seen such a firago. [48] I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck-in [49] with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you [50] as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say, he has been fencer to the Sophy. [51]

Sir And. Pox on 't, I 'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on 't; an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I 'd have seen him damned ere I 'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I 'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

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und *greefes*, von Rowe verbessert. Malone setzte dafür *go* und *griefs*. 36) *jewel* = Kleinod im Allgemeinen, hier ein reich gefasstes Miniaturbild der Olivia. 37) Ihr könnt nichts von mir verlangen, was ich verweigerte oder was die Ehre, wenn sie dabei bewahrt wird, nicht auf Verlangen gewähren könnte. — Collier interpungirt *That, honour sav'd, may upon asking give* und supplirt also wohl *I* als Subject aus dem Vorhergehenden: was ich geben kann, indem die Ehre bewahrt wird. 38) *thy intercepter* affectirt = Dein Gegner, eigentlich = der Dir auflauert auf Deinem Wege. — Eben so affectirt sagt Sir Toby *dismount thy tuck* = demontire Deinen Stossdegen, für = ziehe Deinen Degen. 39) *yare* = gewandt, behende. 40) *unhatched* gebraucht Sh. hier für *unhacked* = unzerhackt, nicht schartig, was manche Hgg. in den Text setzen. — Malone vermuthete *an hatch'd rapier* = ein Schwert mit reich eingelegtem Griff. — *on carpet consideration* geht auf die sogenannten *carpet knights* = Ritter, welche diese Würde nicht auf dem Schlachtfeld wegen bewiesener Tapferkeit, sondern auf dem Teppich eines königlichen Staatszimmers wegen Verdienste des Friedens empfingen. Das Wort erhielt dann einen verächtlichen Nebensinn, an den freilich Sir Toby hier nicht denkt; so in Harrington's Epigrams: *That captains in those days were not regarded,* || *That only carpet-knights were well rewarded.* 41) *hob, nob*, oder auch *hab, nab*, = entweder, oder; triff oder fehl', auf gut Glück. 42) Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 1, Anm. 16. 43) *competent* = zuständig, berechtigt. Die Fol. hat *computent*. 44) *to meddle* = handgemein werden mit Jemandem. 45) Wenn man ihn nach seinem Aeussern betrachtet, so verspricht er durchaus nicht so viel Wunderbares, wie Ihr bei der Erprobung seiner Tapferkeit finden werdet. 46) Geistliche und Ritter erhielten zu Sh.'s Zeit ein *Sir* vor ihren Namen. — Viola meint, wenn sie einmal mit einem Sir zu schaffen haben sollte, so sollte es lieber ein Geistlicher als ein Ritter sein. 47) Dyce und Staunton beginnen hier eine neue, fünfte Scene, die sie überschreiben *A street adjoining Olivia's garden*. Indess ist es, wegen der Uebereinstimmung im Citiren, rathsamer, nicht von der herkömmlichen Scenenabtheilung abzuweichen. — Die Fol., welche sonst überall in diesem Drama die Scenen angiebt, hat an dieser Stelle keine neue Bezeichnung. 48) Sir Toby will, wenngleich in verkehrtem Sinne, das Wort *virago* gebrauchen und sagt dafür *firago*, weil er wahrscheinlich dabei an *fire* denkt. 49) *stuck-in* für das gewöhnliche *stuck* oder *stock* = Stoss im Gefecht, vom italienischen *stoccata*. 50) Nachdem er Euren Stoss parirt hat, so vergilt er ihn Euch, so trifft er Euch so sicher, wie Eure Füsse den Boden treffen. 51) Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 5,

Sir To. I 'll make the motion. Stand here; make a good show on 't. This shall end without the perdition of souls. *[Aside.]* Marry, I 'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Re-enter FABIAN *and* VIOLA.

[To FABIAN.*]* I have his horse to take up the quarrel. I have persuaded him, the youth 's a devil.

Fab. [To Sir TOBY.*]* He is as horribly conceited of him;[52] and pants, and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. [To VIOLA.*]* There 's no remedy, Sir: he will fight with you for 's oath sake. Marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw for the supportance of his vow:[53] he protests, he will not hurt you.

Vio. [Aside.] Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.[54]

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there 's no remedy: the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you: he cannot by the duello[55] avoid it; but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to 't.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath! *[Draws.*

Vio. I do assure you, 't is against my will. *[Draws.*

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Put up your sword. — If this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me:
If you offend him, I for him defy you. *[Drawing.*

Sir To. You, Sir? why, what are you?

Ant. One, Sir, that for his love dares yet do more,
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker,[56] I am for you. *[Draws.*

Fab. O good Sir Toby, hold! here come the officers.

Sir To. I 'll be with you anon.

Vio. Pray, Sir, put your sword up, if you please.

Sir And. Marry, will I, Sir: — and, for that I promised you, I 'll be as good as my word. He will bear you easily,[57] and reins well.

Enter Two Officers.

1. Off. This is the man: do thy office.

2. Off. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit
Of count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, Sir.

1. Off. No, Sir, no jot: I know your favour well,
Though now you have no sea-cap[58] on your head. —
Take him away: he knows, I know him well.

Ant. I must obey. — *[To* VIOLA.*]* This comes with seeking you;
But there 's no remedy: I shall answer it.
What will you do? Now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse. It grieves me
Much more for what I cannot do for you,
Than what befalls myself. You stand amaz'd;
But be of comfort.

2. Off. Come, Sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, Sir?
For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,
And part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I 'll lend you something. My having[59] is not much:
I 'll make division of my present with you.
Hold, there is half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?
Is 't possible, that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man,
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none;
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature.
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying vainness, babbling drunkenness,[60]
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themselves!

2. Off. Come, Sir: I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth, that you see here,
I snatch'd one half[61] out of the jaws of death,
Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,
And to his image, which, methought, did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1. Off. What 's that to us? The time goes by: away!

Ant. But, O, how vile an idol proves this god! —
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.
In nature there 's no blemish, but the mind;[62]
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind:[63]
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous-evil[64]
Are empty trunks,[65] o'erflourish'd by the devil.

Anm. 37. 52) Cesario ist mit eben so fürchterlichen Vorstellungen von Sir Andrew erfüllt, wie dieser von ihm. — *some horrible conceit* steht in Othello (A. 3, Sc. 3). 53) Zieht also nur Euer Schwert, damit Sir Andrew sein Gelübde, mit Euch zu fechten, halten kann. 54) In demselben Sinne sagt Portia in Merchant of Venice (A. 3, Sc. 4) *accomplished with that we lack.* 55) *by the duello* = nach dem Duellgesetz, wie es, spitzfindig raffinirt, in ein System gebracht und in Büchern verzeichnet war. Diese Vorschriften stammten aus Italien und Frankreich, daher der ausländische Name. So in Love's Labour's Lost (A. 1, Sc. 2) *the duello he regards not.* 56) *undertaker* eigentlich = der es mit Jemandem aufnimmt, sich mit ihm einlässt, wie in Othello (A. 4, Sc. 1) *and for Cassio, let me be his undertaker;* daher = Händelsucher, Raufbold. 57) Er meint das Pferd, von dem er vorher gesprochen. 58) *sea-cap* = die Mütze, die er in dem Seegefechte trug. Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 3, Anm. 6. — Der Gerichtsdiener deutet damit an, dass er den Antonio wohl erkannt hat. 59) Auf *my having* = mein Besitzthum, bezieht sich das folgende *my present* = mein gegenwärtiges Vermögen. 60) So Rowe's plausible Interpunction. Die meisten Hgg. coordiniren vier Begriffe: *lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness* und die Fol. drei: *lying, vainness, babbling drunkenness.* 61) Als er schon mit einer Hälfte in dem Rachen des Todes steckte, riss ich ihn heraus. 62) *in nature* = in der körperlichen Bildung, ist Gegensatz zu *in the mind* = im Geiste. 63) *unkind* = abnorm, der natürlichen Art und Gesittung widersprechend. 64) *beauteous-evil* = die äusserlich schön und innerlich schlecht sind, ist ein Compositum wie *proper-false* (vgl. A. 2, Sc. 2, Anm. 9). 65) Steevens findet darin eine Anspielung auf die schön verzierten Kasten und Truhen, deren reicher Aussenseite

1. Off. The man grows mad: away with him!
Come, come, Sir.
Ant. Lead me on. *[Exeunt Officers with* Antonio.
Vio. Methinks, his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself; so do not I.[66]
Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!
Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian:
we 'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.
Vio. He nam'd Sebastian: I my brother know
Yet living in my glass;[67] even such, and so,
In favour was my brother; and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate. O! if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh[68] in love!
[Exit.

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare. His dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.
Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.
Sir And. 'Slid, I 'll after him again, and beat him.
Sir To. Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.
Sir And. An I do not, —[69] *[Exit.*
Fab. Come, let 's see the event.
Sir To. I dare lay any money 't will be nothing yet.
[Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

The Street before Olivia's House.

Enter Sebastian *and Clown.*

Clo. Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?
Seb. Go to, go to; thou art a foolish fellow:
Let me be clear of thee.
Clo. Well held out;[1] i' faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not Master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither. — Nothing, that is so, is so.
Seb. I pr'ythee, vent thy folly somewhere else:
Thou know'st not me.
Clo. Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney.[2] I pr'ythee now, ungird thy strangeness,[3] and tell me what I shall vent to my lady. Shall I vent to her that thou art coming?
Seb. I pr'ythee, foolish Greek,[4] depart from me.
There 's money for thee: if you tarry longer,
I shall give worse payment.
Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand. — These wise men, that give fools money, get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.[5]

Enter Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Now, Sir, have I met you again? there 's for you. *[Striking* Sebastian.
Seb. Why, there 's for thee, and there, and there.
Are all the people mad? *[Beating Sir* Andrew.

Enter Sir Toby *and* Fabian.

Sir To. Hold, Sir, or I 'll throw your dagger o'er the house.[6]
Clo. This will I tell my lady straight. I would not be in some of your coats for twopence. *[Exit.*
Sir To. Come on, Sir: hold.
Sir And. Nay, let him alone; I 'll go another way to work with him: I 'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria. Though I struck him first, yet it 's no matter for that.
Seb. Let go thy hand.
Sir To. Come, Sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed. Come on.
Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now?
If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.
Sir To. What, what! Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you. *[Draws.*

Enter Olivia.

Oli. Hold, Toby! on thy life I charge thee, hold!
Sir To. Madam!
Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch!
Fit for the mountains, and the barbarous caves,[7]

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die innere Leere nicht entspricht. — *by the devil* bezieht sich nicht eigentlich auf *trunks*, sondern auf *beauteous-evil.* 66) Viola zweifelt noch, woran Antonio glaubt, an dem Leben ihres Bruders Sebastian, aber sie wünscht, dass diese Einbildung, in welcher sie für den Sebastian gehalten wird, sich als richtig erweise, insofern das Dasein Sebastian's überhaupt eine solche Verwechslung erklärlich macht. 67) Ich kenne meinen Bruder noch in meinem Spiegelbilde; gerade so wie mein Spiegel mich zeigt, sah mein Bruder aus, und gerade so trug er sich. 68) Gegensatz zwischen *salt water* und *fresh water* = Süsswasser, zugleich *fresh in love* = jung, frisch in der Liebe. 69) d. h. ich werde doch mein Schwert ziehen; wenn ich es nicht thue, so will ich verwünscht sein. — Die Fol. druckt *And I do not.* als vollständigen Satz.

1) Ihr führt Eure Rolle gut durch. 2) Der Narr moquirt sich über das affectirte *to vent thy folly* = Deine Narrheit äussern, laut werden lassen, und drückt die Besorgniss aus, dass Jedermann am Ende ein solcher Zierbengel werden, solche affectirte Redeweise sich aneignen möchte. — *lubber* = ein ungeschlachter Grobian, steht im Gegensatz zu *cockney* = affectirter Zierbengel. — Douce wollte lesen *this great lubberly word will prove a cockney.* — Das Wort *to vent* als ein affectirt gebrauchtes wird auch in Ben Jonson's Volpone persiflirt: *Pray you, what news, Sirs, vents our climate?* 3) *strangeness* = Fremdthun, reservirte Haltung. 4) *foolish Greek* dasselbe was sonst *merry Greek* = Spassmacher. Sebastian hält die Aufforderung des Narren, dass er zur Olivia kommen solle, für Spass. 5) Sie erhalten den guten Leumund erst in vierzehn Jahren, nachdem sie dafür bezahlt haben; es ist also ein ziemlich unvortheilhafter Handel, den die Weisen mit den Narren abschliessen. — Im Folgenden lassen die meisten Hgg. mit der Fol. die Drei zugleich auftreten. — Dyce hat das Richtige, dass erst Sir Andrew erscheint und nachher Sir Toby und Fabian. 6) Sir Toby droht dem Sebastian, den er für den leicht einzuschüchternden Cesario hält, den Dolch zu entreissen und über's Haus zu werfen. 7) *barbarous caves* =

Where manners ne'er were preach'd. Out of my sight! —
Be not offended, dear Cesario. —
Rudesby, be gone!

[Exeunt Sir Toby, *Sir* Andrew, *and* Fabian.

I pr'ythee, gentle friend,
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent[8]
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up,[9] that thou thereby
May'st smile at this. Thou shalt not choose but go:
Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart[10] of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this?[11] how runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream.
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep.

Oli. Nay; come, I pr'ythee. 'Would thou 'dst be rul'd by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O! say so, and so be. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Maria *and Clown.*

Mar. Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown, and this beard: make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate: do it quickly; I 'll call Sir Toby the whilst. *[Exit.*

Clo. Well, I 'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in 't: and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown.[1] I am not tall[2] enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student; but to be said an honest man, and a good housekeeper, goes as fairly as to say a careful man, and a great scholar. The competitors[3] enter.

Enter Sir Toby Belch *and* Maria.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master parson.

Clo. *Bonos dies*, Sir Toby: for as the old hermit of Prague,[4] that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of king Gorboduc, »That, that is, is;« so I, being master parson, am master parson, for what is that, but that? and is, but is?

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas.

Clo. What, ho! I say. — Peace in this prison.

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. [Within.] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas, the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical[5] fiend! how vexest thou this man! Talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged. Good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones, that will use the devil himself with courtesy. Sayest thou, that house is dark?[6]

Mal. As hell, Sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay-windows transparent as barricadoes,[7] and the clear-stories[8] towards the south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir Topas. I say to you, this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness but ignorance, in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.[9]

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are: make the trial of it in any constant question.[10]

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl?[11]

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

Höhlen, die den Wilden zur Wohnung dienen. — Die Berge werden bei Sh. auch sonst als Sitze der Rohheit und Barbarei bezeichnet; so wird *mountaineer* in Cymbeline (A. 4, Sc. 2) wiederholt als ein Schimpfwort gebraucht. 8) *extent*, sonst = Confiscation, im gerichtlichen Sinne, fasst Johnson hier = Gewaltsamkeit, Gewaltthat. Vielleicht ist es einfach = Demonstration, Darlegung. 9) Wie viel unnütze Streiche dieser Raufbold schon zusammengeflickt, ungeschickt fertig gebracht hat. — Das folgende *thereby* bezieht sich darauf: nach Massgabe jener Streiche. 10) *heart* wird hier, wie *to start* = ein Wild aufjagen, zeigt, im Doppelsinne mit *hart* = Hirsch, gebraucht, ein Wortspiel, das Sh. auch in Julius Cæsar (A. 3, Sc. 1) hat. 11) Wonach schmeckt das? wie erklärt sich das? insofern eine Sache sich durch den Geschmackssinn ergründen lässt.

1) *to dissemble one's self* = sich verkleiden, und *to dissemble* = heucheln. 2) *tall*, wofür Tyrwhitt *pale*, und Farmer, dem die meisten Hgg. folgen, *fat* setzte, ist = stattlich von Wuchs. 3) *competitor* = Verbündeter, Genosse. 4) Wie Steevens meint, bezieht sich das auf eine wirkliche Person. Es ist indess wahrscheinlich, dass der Narr diesen Eremiten von Prag eben so gut fingirt, wie er sonst allerlei Namen und Geschichten erfindet (vgl. A. 1, Sc. 5, Anm. 7 und A. 2, Sc. 3, Anm. 6), und wie er gleich nachher dem alten britannischen Könige Gorboduc, den das Publicum aus Sackville's und Norton's gleichnamigem Drama kannte, eine sonst durchaus unbekannte Nichte zuschreibt. 5) *hyperbolical* = der sich in Uebertreibungen gefällt. Das Wort gebraucht der Narr vielleicht für *diabolical*. 6) Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 4, Anm. 22. 7) *bay-window* = ein breites, oft in einen Erker vorspringendes Fenster, das den ganzen Raum *(bay)* zwischen zwei Querbalken des Hauses einnimmt. — *barricadoes* sind Läden, womit man Fenster oder Luftlöcher schliesst und verdeckt. — Der Widerspruch zwischen beiden liegt ebenso zu Tage wie in den folgenden Reden des Narren. 8) *clear-stories* = obere Fensterreihen in einer Kirche oder Halle, die sich über dem Gewölbe im Mittelschiff erheben. — Aus *clear stores* der Fol. macht die zweite Folioausg. *clear stones*, was manche Hgg. beibehalten. 9) Anspielung auf eine der Plagen Aegyptens vor dem Auszuge der Kinder Israel. 10) *constant question* = ein zusammenhängendes Gespräch. Wenn Malvolio ein solches führen kann, so ist er nicht wahnsinnig. 11) Die Lehre des Pythagoras von der Seelenwanderung wird auch in As you like it (A. 3, Sc. 2) scherzhaft behandelt. — *woodcock* = Schnepfe, wird sodann beispielsweise

Mal. i think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: remain thou still in darkness. Thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas! Sir Topas! —

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.[12]

Mar. Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown: he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would, we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

[Exeunt Sir Toby *and* Maria.

Clo. [Singing.] »Hey Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does.«[13]

Mal. Fool, —

Clo. »My lady is unkind, perdy.«

Mal. Fool, —

Clo. »Alas, why is she so?«

Mal. Fool, I say; —

Clo. »She loves another« — Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper. As I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for 't.

Clo. Master Malvolio!

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, Sir, how fell you besides your five wits?[14]

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well? then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertied[15] me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses! and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say: the minister is here.[16] — Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas, —

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow. — Who, I, Sir? not I, Sir. God b' wi' you, good Sir Topas. — Marry, amen. — I will, Sir, I will.[17]

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say.

Clo. Alas, Sir, be patient. What say you, Sir? I am shent[18] for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light, and some paper: I tell thee, I am as well in my wits, as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day, that you were, Sir![19]

Mal. By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will set down to my lady: it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to 't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?[20]

Mal. Believe me, I am not: I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I 'll ne'er believe a madman, till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I 'll requite it in the highest degree: I pr'ythee, be gone.

Clo. *I am gone, Sir,*
And anon, Sir,
I 'll be with you again.
In a trice,
Like to the old Vice,[21]
Your need to sustain;

Who with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, Ah, ha! to the devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad,
Adieu, goodman drivel.[22] *[Exit.*

SCENE III.

Olivia's Garden.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel 't, and see 't;
And though 't is wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 't is not madness. Where 's Antonio then?

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angeführt als ein Vogel, der für besonders dumm gilt, daher auch = Einfaltspinsel. 12) Sprichwörtlich: ich bin in allen Sätteln gerecht. — M. Mason's Deutung auf *water* = Farbe und Glanz der Edelsteine, in Verbindung mit *Topas* = Topas, der Edelstein, scheint zu weit hergeholt. 13) Dieses Citat und die folgenden sind aus einer alten Ballade von Wyatt. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 485. — In der vorhergehenden Rede fügte zuerst Rowe vor *the upshot* das unentbehrliche *to* ein. 14) So hiessen fünf verschiedene Seelenkräfte: *common wit, imagination, fancy, estimation, memory.* 15) *to property* = zu einem Eigenthum oder willenlosen Werkzeuge, zu einer Sache machen. So in K. John (A. 5, Sc. 2) *I am too high-born to be propertied.* 16) Das Folgende spricht der Narr mit der angenommenen Stimme des Sir Topas, wie auch die nächste Rede des Narren ein kurzes Zwiegespräch zwischen Sir Topas und ihm selber fingirt. 17) Mit diesen Worten verspricht der Narr auf die Mahnreden des Sir Topas, sich nicht weiter mit Malvolio befassen zu wollen. 18) *to shend* = ausschelten, Jemanden schlecht machen. — Die vorhergehenden Worte *What say you, Sir?* sind auch vielleicht als an den Sir Topas gerichtet zu verstehen, der den Narren straft, weil er noch immer mit Malvolio redet. 19) Wollte Gott, dass Ihr vernünftig wäret! 20) Oder thut Ihr nur so, als ob Ihr toll wäret? — Sh. hätte, wie Malone mit Recht bemerkt, entweder setzen müssen: *are you mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit?* oder aber: *are you not mad indeed, and do you but counterfeit?* 21) Der Narr will so behende verschwinden und wiederkommen, wie die stereotype komische Theaterfigur der vorshakspere'schen altenglischen Moralitäten, der *Vice*, verschwand und kam. In der folgenden Strophe giebt der Narr eine weitere Charakteristik von diesem seinem Vorgänger auf der englischen Bühne, wie er mit hölzernem Dolche seinem Gefährten, dem Teufel, auf die Finger klopft, als wolle er ihm die charakteristischen langen Nägel beschneiden. So heisst es von Pistol in K. Henry V. (A. 4, Sc. 4) *this roaring devil i' the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger.* — Auch das *Ah, ha!* ist die gewöhnliche Anrede des *Vice* an den Teufel. 22) *drivel* ist Rowe's Verbesserung für *devil* der Fol. — M. Mason las *good mean-evil*, eine Uebersetzung des Namens *Malvolio* oder *Malivolo.*

I could not find him at the Elephant;
Yet there he was, and there I found this credit,[1]
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service:
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,[2]
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,[3]
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
To any other trust but that I am mad,[4] —
Or else the lady 's mad: yet, if 't were so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take and give back affairs, and their despatch,[5]
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,
As, I perceive, she does. There 's something in 't,
That is deceivable.[6] But here the lady comes.

Enter Olivia *and a Priest.*

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,
Now go with me, and with this holy man,
Into the chantry by; there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace. He shall conceal it,
Whiles[7] you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth. — What do you say?
Seb. I 'll follow this good man, and go with you,
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.[8]
Oli. Then lead the way, good father; and heavens so shine,[9]
That they may fairly note this act of mine! *[Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

The Street before Olivia's House.

Enter Clown and Fabian.

Fab. Now, as thou lov'st me, let me see his letter.
Clo. Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.
Fab. Anything.
Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.
Fab. This[1] is, to give a dog, and in recompense desire my dog again.

Enter Duke, Viola, *and Attendants.*

Duke. Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends?
Clo. Ay, Sir; we are some of her trappings.
Duke. I know thee well: how dost thou, my good fellow?
Clo. Truly, Sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.
Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.
Clo. No, Sir, the worse.
Duke. How can that be?
Clo. Marry, Sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now, my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, Sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself, and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives,[2] why then, the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.
Duke. Why, this is excellent.
Clo. By my troth, Sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.
Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me: there 's gold.
Clo. But that it would be double-dealing,[3] Sir, I would you could make it another.
Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.
Clo. Put your grace[4] in your pocket, Sir, for this once; and let your flesh and blood obey it.
Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double-dealer: there 's another.
Clo. *Primo, secundo, tertio,* is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the *triplex*, Sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of Saint Bennet, Sir, may put you in mind, — one, two, three.[5]
Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know, I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.
Clo. Marry, Sir, lullaby[6] to your bounty, till I come again. I go, Sir; but I would not have you to think, that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness; but, as you say, Sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. *[Exit*
Vio. Here comes the man, Sir, that did rescue me.

Enter Antonio *and Officers.*

Duke. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet when I saw it last, it was besmear'd,

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1) *credit* = beglaubigte Kunde, *oral intelligence*, wie Steevens erklärt. — Collier und Knight fassen das Wort einfach = *belief*. 2) Sebastian's Sinne glauben an die Wahrheit des Erlebten, was sein Verstand, der es für Täuschung hält, ihnen abstreiten will. 3) *instance* = Beleg, Beispiel; *discourse* = Raisonnement. 4) Die Vernunft will ihm eher alles Andere glaublich machen, nur nicht, dass er toll sei. — *trust* ist dem vorhergehenden *distrust* entgegengesetzt. 5) Wenn sie wahnsinnig wäre, könnte sie nicht häusliche Geschäfte und deren Besorgung sich vorlegen lassen und darüber Bescheid ertheilen. 6) *deceivable* = geeignet zu täuschen, was täuschen kann. So in K. Richard II. (A. 2, Sc. 3) *thy knee,* || *Whose duty is deceivable and false.* 7) *whiles* = bis dass. — Für *jealous* hat die Fol. *iealious.* 8) *truth* = Treue, *true* = treu. 9) Steevens citirt dazu ein Sprichwort: *Happy is the bride upon whom the sun shines, and blessed the corpse upon which the rain falls.*

1) Für *this* der Fol. setzen manche Hgg. willkürlich *that.* 2) Farmer citirt dazu aus dem Drama Lust's Dominion folgende Stelle: Queen. *Come, let's kiss.* — Moor. *Away, away.* — Queen. *No, no, says ay; and twice away, says stay.* 3) *double-dealing* = Doppelzüngigkeit, und = doppeltes Thun, zweimal dasselbe Thun. Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 1, Anm. 8. — Eben so zweideutig steht bald nachher *double-dealer.* 4) *grace* = Titel und Attribut des Herzogs, hier scherzhaft für *your gracious hand.* Zugleich ist *grace* = Frömmigkeit, die man beseitigt, indem man sie in die Tasche steckt. 5) Der Herzog soll dem Narren dreimal Geld geben, wie der Dreitakt in der Musik ein gutes, hüpfendes Zeitmass ist, und wie die Glocken des St. Benedictthurmes in London im Dreiklange anschlagen. 6) *to lullaby* = ein Wiegenlied singen, einschläfern, sagt der Narr in Bezug auf das vom

As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war.
A bawbling vessel [7] was he captain of,
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable, [8]
With which such scathful [9] grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy, and the tongue of loss, [10]
Cried fame and honour on him. — What 's the matter?
1. Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio,
That took the Phœnix and her fraught from Candy;
And this is he, that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg.
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state, [11]
In private brabble did we apprehend him.
Vio. He did me kindness, Sir, drew on my side, [12]
But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me;
I know not what 't was but distraction.
Duke. Notable pirate, thou salt-water thief, [13]
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody, and so dear, [14]
Hast made thine enemies?
Ant. Orsino, noble Sir,
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me:
Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate,
Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ingrateful boy there, by your side,
From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wrack past hope he was:
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love, without retention, or restraint,
All his in dedication; for his sake
Did I expose myself, pure [15] for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town;
Drew to defend him, when he was beset:
Where being apprehended, his false cunning
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger) [16]
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty-years-removed thing,
While one would wink, [17] denied me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.
Vio. How can this be?
Duke. When came he to this town?
Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months before
(No interim, not a minute's vacancy),
Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter Olivia *and Attendants.*

Duke. Here comes the countess: now heaven walks on earth! —
But for thee, fellow; fellow, thy words are madness:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon. — Take him aside.
Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein [18] Olivia may seem serviceable? —
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.
Vio. Madam?
Duke. Gracious Olivia, —
Oli. What do you say, Cesario? — Good my lord, —
Vio. My lord would speak, my duty hushes me.
Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat [19] and fulsome to mine ear,
As howling after music.
Duke. Still so cruel?
Oli. Still so constant, lord.
Duke. What, to perverseness? [20] you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breath'd out,
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?
Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.
Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,
Kill what I love? [21] a savage jealousy,
That sometime savours nobly. — But hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favour,
Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant, still;
But this your minion, whom, I know, you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite. —
Come, boy, with me: my thoughts are ripe in mischief:
I 'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove.
Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.
Oli. Where goes Cesario?
Vio. After him I love,
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, [22] than e'er I shall love wife.

Herzog im uneigentlichen Sinne gebrauchte *awake*. Ebenso nachher *take a nap*. 7) So in Troilus and Cressida (A. 1, Sc. 3) *How many shallow bauble boats dare sail.* 8) *unprizable* = von so geringem Werthe, dass man es kaum abschätzen mochte. An einer andern Stelle in Cymbeline (A. 1, Sc. 5) hat Sh. das Wort in seiner gewöhnlichen Bedeutung = unschätzbar. 9) *scathful* = verderblich. 10) Der Mund Derer, die durch ihn zu Schaden kamen, die durch ihn Verlust erlitten. 11) Unbekümmert um das Schamgefühl und um geordnete bürgerliche Verhältnisse. 12) Er zog das Schwert zu meinem Beistand, indem er auf meine Seite trat. 13) So in Merchant of Venice (A. 1, Sc. 3) *water-thieves, and land-thieves, I mean, pirates.* 14) In so blutigen und empfindlichen Beziehungen oder Verhältnissen: welche Tollkühnheit hat Dich in die Gewalt Derer gebracht, die Du so blutig und empfindlich zu Deinen Feinden machtest? — So hat Sh. *dearest enemy* in K. Henry IV. First Part (A. 3, Sc. 2). 15) *pure* = bloss, in adverbialem Sinne, wie sonst *merely:* einzig um seinetwillen. 16) Indem er nicht die gerichtliche Bestrafung oder Strafbarkeit mit mir zu theilen beabsichtigte. — In diesem Sinne = Bereich des Gerichtes, kommt *danger* öfter vor; so in Merchant of Venice (A. 4, Sc. 1) *You stand within his danger, do you not?* 17) In einem Augenblick wurde er plötzlich ein Wesen, das zwanzig Jahre weit von mir entfernt war. 18) *wherein* bezieht sich auf *what would:* Was begehrt mein Gebieter, worin Olivia ihm helfen oder dienen kann, abgerechnet das, was er nicht erhalten kann, d. h. Olivia's Liebe? 19) *fat* = Alles, womit man Jemanden übersättigt, widerlich, wird näher erklärt durch das folgende *fulsome*. — Johnson fasst es synonym mit *dull*. 20) scil. *constant to perverseness* = der Verkehrtheit getreu. 21) Die Geschichte des ägyptischen Räuberhauptmanns Thyamis, der, von Feinden bedroht, seine Geliebte in der Höhle, wo er sie sammt seinem Schatze geborgen hatte, umbrachte, kannte Sh. aus Heliodorus, der im Jahre 1587 in englischer Uebersetzung von

If I do feign, you witnesses above,
Punish my life for tainting of my love!
Oli. Ah me! detested! how am I beguil'd!
Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?
Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?[23]
Call forth the holy father! *[Exit an Attendant.*
Duke. *[To* Viola.*]* Come away.
Oli. Whither, my lord? — Cesario, husband, stay.
Duke. Husband?
Oli. Ay, husband: can he that deny?
Duke. Her husband, sirrah?
Vio. No, my lord, not I.
Oli. Alas! it is the baseness of thy fear,
That makes thee strangle thy propriety.[24]
Fear not, Cesario, take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.[25]

Re-enter Attendant with the Priest.

O, welcome, father!
Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold (though lately we intended
To keep in darkness, what occasion now
Reveals before 't is ripe) what thou dost know
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.
Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact[26]
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travelled but two hours.
Duke. O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be,
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?[27]
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?[28]
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet,
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.
Vio. My lord, I do protest, —
Oli. O! do not swear!
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter Sir Andrew Ague-cheek.

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon! send one presently to Sir Toby.
Oli. What 's the matter?
Sir And. He has broke my head across, and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too. For the love of God, your help! I had rather than forty pound I were at home.
Oli. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?
Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cesario: we took him for a coward, but he 's the very devil incardinate.[29]
Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?
Sir And. Od's lifelings![30] here he is. — You broke my head for nothing! and that that I did, I was set on to do 't by Sir Toby.
Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your sword upon me, without cause;
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.
Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.[31]

Enter Sir Toby Belch *and Clown.*

Here comes Sir Toby halting; you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates than he did.
Duke. How now, gentleman? how is 't with you?
Sir To. That 's all one: he has hurt me, and there 's the end on 't. — Sot,[32] didst see Dick surgeon, sot?
Clo. O! he 's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour agone: his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.
Sir To. Then he 's a rogue, and a passy-measures pavin.[33] I hate a drunken rogue.
Oli. Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?
Sir And. I 'll help you, Sir Toby, because we 'll be dressed together.[34]
Sir To. Will you help? — an ass-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave, a thin-faced knave, a gull![35]
Oli. Get him to bed! and let his hurt be look'd to.
[Exeunt Clown, Sir Toby, *and Sir* Andrew.

Underdown erschien. 22) Sh. bildet hier einen Plural von *more*, wie er in K. Richard III. (A. 3, Sc. 4) einen Plural von *if* bildet. 23) d. h. ist es so lange her, dass Du Dich mit mir vermählt hast? 24) *strangle thy propriety* erklärt Malone mit *disown thy property*. Es ist aber wohl eher = Dein eigentliches, geziemendes, gehöriges Wesen unterdrücken, wie in Othello (A. 2, Sc. 3) *Silence that dreadful bell! it frights the isle || From her propriety.* 25) Dann stehst Du als mein Gemahl dem Herzog an Rang gleich. 26) Sh. betont *compact* auf der letzten Sylbe. 27) *case* steht, wie Johnson sagt, hier verächtlich für *skin* = Fell. Der Herzog gebraucht das Wort, weil er den Cesario als *dissembling cub* angeredet hat. 28) Dass Du stürzest, indem Du Dir selber ein Bein stellst. 29) *incardinate*, scherzhaft entstellt aus *incarnate*, wie in Measure for Measure (A. 2, Sc. 1) *cardinally given* für *carnally given*. 30) *Od's lifelings* für *God's life*, mit der Diminutivsylbe *ling*. 31) Ihr legt kein Gewicht auf einen blutigen Kopf, und zugleich: Ihr habt nichts einem blutigen Kopf zur Seite zu stellen. — *coxcomb*, eigentlich = Narrenmütze, steht auch sonst scherzhaft = Kopf, oder = Schädel. 32) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 5, Anm. 24. 33) Sir Toby erfindet für den Wundarzt einen Schimpfnamen, indem er die Namen zweier ihm wegen ihrer Feierlichkeit und Würde verhassten Tänze combinirt und entstellt. — *passy-measures* wird hergeleitet aus dem italienischen *passa-mezzo*, und *pavin* ist gewöhnlich *pavan*. — Indess hat Collier in einem Verzeichniss alter Tänze, das er in die Zeit 1580—1590 setzt, auch folgende Angabe gefunden: *The passinge measure Pavyon* mit dieser Beschreibung: *two singles and a double forward, and two singles syde. Reprynce back.* — Wie Collier erklärt, will Sir Toby zunächst sagen: *Dick surgeon has passed his measures in getting drunk*, und kommt so auf den Namen des erwähnten Tanzes. — Die Fol. hat *panyn*, was manche Hgg. *paynim* = Heide, lesen. Andere Hgg. ziehen die Lesart der zweiten Folioausg. vor: *after a passy-measures pavin* und verbinden das mit dem Folgenden: *After a passy-measure or a pavin I hate a drunken rogue.* 34) *to dress* von wundärztlichem Verbande. 35) Malone bezieht alle diese Schimpfreden auf den Wundarzt oder auf Sebastian, Steevens mit grösserer Wahrscheinlichkeit auf Sir Andrew. Andere lesen mit der Fol. *Will you help an asshead etc.*, als ob Sir Toby sich selber meine. 36) Wenn ich bei Verstand war und mich sicherstellen wollte.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I am sorry, Madam, I have hurt your kinsman;
But had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less, with wit and safety.[36]
You throw a strange regard[37] upon me, and by that
I do perceive it hath offended you:
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.
Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons;
A natural perspective,[38] that is, and is not!
Seb. Antonio? O my dear Antonio!
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
Since I have lost thee!
Ant. Sebastian are you?
Seb. Fear'st thou that,[39] Antonio?
Ant. How have you made division of yourself? —
An apple cleft in two is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?
Oli. Most wonderful
Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother;
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and every where.[40] I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd. —
[To VIOLA.*]* Of charity,[41] what kin are you to me?
What countryman? what name? what parentage?
Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
So went he suited[42] to his watery tomb.
If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.
Seb. A spirit I am indeed;
But am in that dimension grossly clad,
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say — Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!
Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow, —
Seb. And so had mine.
Vio. And died that day, when Viola from her birth
Had number'd thirteen years.
Seb. O! that record is lively in my soul.
He finished, indeed, his mortal act,
That day that made my sister thirteen years.
Vio. If nothing lets[43] to make us happy both,
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and jump,
That I am Viola: which to confirm,
I 'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds: by whose gentle help
I was preserv'd,[44] to serve this noble count.
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.
Seb. *[To* OLIVIA.*]* So comes it, lady, you have been mistook;
But nature to her bias drew in that.[45]
You would have been contracted to a maid,
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd.
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.
Duke. Be not amaz'd; right noble is his blood. —
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wrack.[46]
[To VIOLA.*]* Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times,
Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.
Vio. And all those sayings will I over-swear,
And all those swearings keep as true in soul,
As doth that orbed continent, the fire
That severs day from night.[47]
Duke. Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.
Vio. The captain, that did bring me first on shore,
Hath my maid's garments: he, upon some action,[48]
Is now in durance at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.
Oli. He shall enlarge him. — Fetch Malvolio hither. —
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he 's much distract.
A most extracting[49] frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his. —

Re-enter Clown, with a letter, and FABIAN.

How does he, sirrah?
Clo. Truly, Madam, he holds Belzebub at the stave's end, as well as a man in his case may do. He has here writ a letter to you: I should have given it you to-day morning; but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are delivered.
Oli. Open it, and read it.
Clo. Look then to be well edified, when the fool delivers the madman. — *[Reads.]* »By the Lord, Madam,« —
Oli. How now! art thou mad?
Clo. No, Madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow *vox.*[50]
Oli. Pr'ythee, read i' thy right wits.
Clo. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits, is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.
Oli. *[To* FABIAN.*]* Read it you, sirrah.

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37) Ihr seht mich an, als kenntet Ihr mich nicht. 38) *perspective* = optischer Betrug, eigentlich = Ocularglas, und was man durch ein solches sieht. — *natural* = leibhaftig, das nicht bloss auf dem Schein beruht, sondern körperlich verwirklicht ist. 39) Bist Du in Zweifel darüber, dass ich Sebastian bin? Hast Du Bedenken deshalb? 40) in meiner Natur kann nicht die göttliche Begabung stecken, dass ich zugleich hier und überall sein könnte. 41) *of charity* = aus Menschenliebe. So in Marlowe's Dido: *vouchsafe, of ruth.* 42) *so suited* = in solcher Tracht, so gekleidet. 43) *to let* = hinderlich sein, im Wege stehen. 44) Theobald, der in der vorigen Zeile *maid's weeds* ändert, setzt hier mit grösserer Plausibilität *preferr'd* für *preserv'd*, insofern der Schiffscapitain den Cesario dem Herzog als Diener empfohlen hatte. Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 2 zum Schluss. — Staunton vermuthet, dass *he* vor *by whose gentle help* ausgefallen sei. 45) In Eurem Irrthum ist die Natur doch ihrem rechten Zuge gefolgt. 46) *wrack* = das gestrandete Gut, im bildlichen Sinne zugleich mit der Anspielung auf den Schiffbruch, in welchem Sebastian und Viola getrennt wurden. 47) Viola will ihre Schwüre so treu bewahren, wie das Himmelsgewölbe die Sonne bewahrt. 48) *action* = Process, Gerichtsklage. 49) *extracting* erklärt Knight mit *absorbing*. Hanmer setzte *distracting* dafür. Rowe las *exacting* mit den spätern Folioausgg. — In der Historie of Hamblet steht, wie Malone citirt: *to try if men of great account be extract out of their wits.* 50) Eine Tollheit muss auch in übertriebener Redeweise vorgetragen werden, deshalb müsst Ihr mir die gehörige

Fab. [Reads.] »By the Lord, Madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.

The madly-used MALVOLIO.«

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, Madam.

Duke. This savours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian: bring him hither.

[Exit FABIAN.

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on 't,[51] so please you,
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer. — *[To* VIOLA.*]* Your master quits you; and, for your service done him,
So much against the mettle[52] of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand: you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister! — you are she.

Re-enter FABIAN, *with* MALVOLIO.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same.
How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter.
You must not now deny it is your hand:
Write from it,[53] if you can, in hand, or phrase;
Or say, 't is not your seal, nor your invention:
You can say none of this. Well, grant it then,
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour,
Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
Upon Sir Toby, and the lighter people?[54]
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck and gull
That e'er invention play'd on?[55] tell me why.

Oli. Alas! Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character;
But, out of question, 't is Maria's hand:
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad; then cam'st[56] in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presuppos'd
Upon thee in the letter. Pr'ythee, be content:
This practice[57] hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee;
But when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good Madam, hear me speak;
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself, and Toby,
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd against him.[58] Maria writ
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance:[59]
In recompense whereof, he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge,
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd,
That have on both sides pass'd.

Oli. Alas, poor fool,[60] how have they baffled thee!

Clo. Why, »some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown[61] upon them.« I was one, Sir, in this interlude;[62] one Sir Topas, Sir; but that 's all one. — »By the Lord, fool, I am not mad.« — But do you remember? »Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he 's gagg'd:«[63] and thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you. *[Exit.*

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace.[64]
He hath not told us of the captain yet:
When that is known and golden time convents,[65]
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls. — Meantime, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence. — Cesario, come;
For so you shall be, while you are a man;
But when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen.

[Exeunt all, except Clown.

Stimme dazu verstatten. — *vox* sagt der Narr pathetisch = Stimme. 51) Der Bund, der die Olivia zu einer Schwester des Herzogs macht, indem der Herzog sich mit der Viola, und Olivia sich mit deren Bruder vermählt. — Henley wollte lesen *the alliance an 't so please you.* Indess bezieht sich *on 't*, für *of it*, auf *sister* und *wife.* 52) *mettle* = Grundelement, Beschaffenheit. 53) Schreibt anders als dies geschrieben ist. 54) *lighter people* = die geringere Dienerschaft. 55) *geck* = Tropf, Narr, den man zum Besten hat: warum habt Ihr mich zum ärgsten Narren und Gimpel machen lassen, mit dem der Witz jemals sein Spiel trieb? 56) Nach *cam'st* ist aus dem Vorhergehenden *thou* zu suppliren. — Dann, nachdem Maria mir mitgetheilt, Du seist toll, kamst Du lächelnd zu mir herein und in solchem äusserlichen Habitus, wie er in Bezug auf Dich in dem Briefe, den Du fandest, im Voraus angenommen war. — Warburton erklärt unrichtig *presupposed* mit *imposed.* 57) *practice* = Anschlag. 58) In Folge einer groben und unhöflichen Haltung, die wir ihm übel vermerkt hatten. 59) *importance* = dringendes Anliegen. 60) *poor fool* = ein vertraulicher Ausdruck des Mitleids, mit dem Olivia sich an Malvolio wendet. 61) Der Narr citirt nicht ganz genau aus dem Briefe, in welchem *thrust* für *thrown* steht (vgl. A. 2, Sc. 5 und A. 3, Sc. 4). 62) Ich spielte eine Rolle in diesem Possenspiel. 63) Der Narr bezieht sich auf Malvolio's Worte (A. 1, Sc. 5): *I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal* und: *unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged.* 64) Steevens citirt dazu aus Fletcher's Two Noble Kinsmen: *Go, take her || And fluently persuade her to a peace.* 65) *to convent* erklärt Steevens mit *to assemble*, Douce mit *to agree, to be convenient;* es ist wohl = anberaumen, d. h. den Zeitpunkt unserer Vermählung.

CLOWN sings.[66]

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my beds,[67]
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that 's all one, our play is done,
And we 'll strive to please you every day.

[Exit.

66) Das folgende Lied des Narren ist ein sogenanntes *Jig*, wie die lustige Person des Sh.'schen Theaters solche oft halb sinnlose Lieder improvisirte und mit Gesang und grotesken Sprüngen zur Belustigung des Publicums vortrug.
67) Für *beds* und *heads* der Fol. setzte Hanmer *bed* und *head*.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

Einleitung.

Das nachfolgende Drama ist zuerst gedruckt in der Gesammtausgabe der Shakspere'schen Schauspiele in Folio (1623). Es steht daselbst unter dem Titel The Winters Tale als das letzte Stück in der Reihe der Comedies, in Acte und Scenen eingetheilt und mit einem Personenverzeichniss, das mit der herkömmlichen Bezeichnung The Names of the Actors auf der letzten Seite seinen Platz gefunden hat.

Die erste Notiz von The Winter's Tale findet sich in dem Tagebuche eines gewissen Dr. Simon Forman, der das Drama am 15. Mai 1611 auf dem Globustheater aufführen sah und darüber so berichtet:

Observe ther howe Lyontes the Kinge of Cicillia was overcom with jelosy of his wife with the Kinge of Bohemia, his frind, that came to see him, and howe he contrived his death, and wold have had his cup-berer to have poisoned, who gave the Kinge of Bohemia warning thereof and fled with him to Bohemia.

Remember also howe he sent to the orakell of Apollo, and the aunswer of Apollo that she was giltless, and that the kinge was jelouse, &c., and howe, except the child was found againe that was loste, the kinge should die without yssue; for the child was caried into Bohemia, and there laid in a forrest, and brought up by a sheppard, and the Kinge of Bohemia, his sonn married that wentch: and howe they fled into Cicillia to Leontes, and the sheppard having showed [by] the letter of the nobleman whom Leontes sent, it was that child, and [by] the jewells found about her, she was knowen to be Leontes daughter, and was then 16. yers old.

Remember also the rog [rogue] that cam in all tottered like roll pixci and howe he fayned him sicke and to have him robbed of all that he had, and howe he cosoned the por man of all his money, and after cam to the shop ther [sheep sheer?] with a pedlers packe, and ther cosened them again of all their money; and how he changed apparell with the Kinge of Bomia, his sonn, and then how he turned courtier, &c. Beware of trustinge feined beggars or fawninge fellouse.

In demselben Jahre wurde das Drama auch bei Hofe im Palaste zu Whitehall dargestellt, wie aus einem Vermerk des damaligen *Master of the Revels*, Sir George Buc, unterm 5. November, erhellt: *A play called the winters nightes Tayle.* — Obwohl der Titel hier etwas modificirt erscheint und der Name des Verfassers nicht angegeben ist, sondern nur die Shakspere'sche Schauspielergesellschaft *(the kings players)*, die das Stück spielte, so kann doch wohl kein Zweifel sein, dass das Shakspere'sche Drama gemeint ist. — Der Name des Sir George Buc, als Desjenigen, der das Stück zuerst in seiner amtlichen, vom October 1610 an bekleideten, Eigenschaft als *Master of the Revels* und Theatercensor zur öffentlichen Aufführung zuliess, wird auch in dem Buche seines spätern Nachfolgers, Sir Henry Herbert, erwähnt: *For the kings players. An olde playe called Winters Tale, formerly allowed of by Sir George Bucke and likewyse by mee on Mr. Hemminges his worde that there was nothing prophane added or reformed, thogh the allowed booke was missing: and therefore I returned it without a fee, this 19th of August, 1623.* — Zu diesen äusserlichen Gründen, welche es höchst wahrscheinlich machen, dass Dr. Simon Forman das Stück, als ein damals erst kürzlich zur Aufführung gelangtes, im Globustheater kennen lernte, kommen noch stylistische und metrische Merkmale, die unserm Drama ein verhältnissmässig spätes Datum unter den Dramen Shakspere's vindiciren.

The Winter's Tale ist, in ähnlicher Weise wie As you like it auf eine Novelle von Thomas Lodge, so auf eine Novelle von Robert Greene begründet, die zuerst im Jahre 1588 unter folgendem Titel erschien: Pandosto The Triumph of Time. *Wherein is Discovered by a pleasant Historie, that although by the meanes of sinister fortune, Truth may be concealed yet by Time in spight of fortune it is most manifestly revealed. Pleasant for age to avoyde drowsie thoughts, profitable for youth to eschue other wanton pastimes, and bringing to both a desired content. Temporis filia veritas. By Robert Greene, Maister of Artes in Cambridge. Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci. Imprinted at London by Thomas Orwin for Thomas Cadman, dwelling at the Signe of the Bible, neere unto the North doore of Paules, 1588.* — Ein zweiter Titel: The Historie of Dorastus and Fawnia, der in dieser ersten Auflage nur als Nebentitel figurirt, ist in den meisten, sehr zahlreichen späteren Auflagen der eigentliche Titel geworden. — Aus den reichlichen Auszügen, die wir mit fortlaufender Bezugnahme auf die Acte und Scenen des Shakspere'schen Dramas folgen lassen, wird sich die Verwandtschaft zwischen der Novelle und dem darauf begründeten Drama am leichtesten ergeben. — Zuvor sei nur noch bemerkt, wie die in Greene's Novelle auftretenden Personen sich zu denen in The Winter's Tale verhalten: Pandosto,

König von Böhmen, = Leontes, König von Sicilien; Bellaria = Hermione; Garinter = Mamillius; Egistus, König von Sicilien, = Polixenes, König von Böhmen; Dorastus = Florizel; Fawnia = Perdita; Franion im ersten Theile der Novelle und Capnio im zweiten = Camillo; Porrus = der alte Schäfer. — Die übrigen Figuren seines Dramas fügte Shakspere aus seiner eigenen Erfindung hinzu, wie auch der Schluss von The Winter's Tale, das Wiedererscheinen der todtgeglaubten Hermione, ganz und gar ihm selbst angehört und in der Novelle nichts Entsprechendes hat.

A. 1, Sc. 1 und 2. *In the countrey of Bohemia, there raygned a king called Pandosto, whose fortunate successe in warres against his foes, and bountifull curtesie towardes his friendes in peace, made him to be greatly feared and loved of all men. This Pandosto had to wife a ladie called Bellaria, by birth royall, learned by education, faire by nature, by vertues famous, so that it was hard to judge whether her beautie, fortune, or vertue wanne the greatest commendations. These two, lincked together in perfect love, led their lives with such fortunate content that their subjects greatly rejoyced to see their quiet disposition. They had not beene married long, but Fortune (willing to increase their happines) lent them a sonne, so adorned with the gifts of nature, as the perfection of the childe greatly augmented the love of the parentes, and the joy of their commons; in so much that the Bohemians, to shewe their inward joyes by outwarde actions, made bonefires and triumphs throughout all the kingdome, appointing justes and turneyes for the honour of their young prince: whether resorted not only his nobles, but also divers kings and princes which were his neighbours, willing to shewe their friendship they ought to Pandosto, and to win fame and glory by their prowesse and valour. Pandosto, whose minde was fraught with princely liberality, entertayned the kings, princes, and noble men with such submisse curtesie and magnifical bounty, that they all sawe how willing he was to gratifie their good wils, making a generall feast for subjects, which continued by the space of twentie dayes; all which time the justes and turneys were kept to the great content both of the lordes and ladies there present. This solemne tryumph being once ended, the assembly, taking their leave of Pandosto and Bellaria, the young sonne (who was called Garinter) was nursed up in the house to the great joy and content of the parents.*

Fortune envious of such happy successe, willing to shewe some signe of her inconstancie, turned her wheele, and darkned their bright sunne of prosperitie with the mistie cloudes of mishap and misery. For it so happened that Egistus, king of Sycilia, who in his youth had bene brought up with Pandosto, desirous to shewe that neither tracte of time, nor distance of place could diminish their former friendship, provided a navie of ships and sayled into Bohemia to visite his old friend and companion; who hearing of his arrivall, went himselfe in person, and his wife Bellaria accompanied with a great traine of lords and ladies, to meete Egistus; and espying him alighted from his horse, embraced him very lovingly, protesting that nothing in the world could have happened more acceptable to him then his comming, wishing his wife to welcome his olde friend and acquaintance: who (to shewe how she liked him whom her husband loved) intertayned him with such familiar curtesie as Egistus perceived himselfe to bee verie well welcome. After they had thus saluted and embraced eche other, they mounted againe on horsbacke and rode toward the citie, devising and recounting howe being children they had passed their youth in friendely pastimes: where by the meanes of the citizens Egistus was receyved with triumphs and shewes, in such sort that he marvelled how on so small a warning they coulde make such preparation.

Passing the streetes thus with such rare sightes they rode on to the pallace, where Pandosto entertained Egistus and his Sycilians with such banqueting and sumptuous cheare, so royally as they all had cause to commend his princely liberality; yea, the verie basest slave that was knowne to come from Sycilia was used with such curtesie, that Egistus might easily perceive how both he and his were honored for his friendes sake. Bellaria (who in her time was the flower of curtesie), willing to shew how unfaynedly shee looved her husband by his friends intertainement, used him likewise so familiarly that her countenance bewraied how her minde was affected towardes him, oftentimes comming her selfe into his bed chamber to see that nothing should be amis to mislike him. This honest familiarity increased dayly more and more betwixt them; for Bellaria, noting in Egistus a princely and bountifull minde, adorned with sundrie and excellent qualities, and Egistus, finding in her a vertuous and curteous disposition, there grew such a secret uniting of their affections, that the one could not well be without the company of the other: in so much, that when Pandosto was busied with such urgent affaires that hee could not bee present with his friend Egistus, Bellaria would walke with him into the garden, where they two in privat and pleasant devises would passe away the time to both their contents. This custome still continuing betwixt them, a certaine melancholy passion entring the minde of Pandosto drave him into sundry and doubtfull thoughts. First, he called to minde the beauty of his wife Bellaria, the comelines and braverie of his friend Egistus, thinking that love was above all lawes and therefore to be staied with no law; that it was hard to put fire and flaxe together without burning; that their open pleasures might breede his secrete displeasures. He considered with himselfe that Egistus was a man and must needes love, that his wife was a woman and therefore subject unto love, and that where fancy forced friendship was of no force.

These and such like doubtfull thoughtes, a long time smoothering in his stomacke, beganne at last to kindle in his minde a secret mistrust, which, increased by suspition, grewe at last to a flaming jealousie that so tormented him as he could take no rest. He then began to measure all their actions, and to misconstrue of their too private familiaritie, judging that it was not for honest affection, but for disordinate fancy, so that hee began to watch them more narrowely to see if he coulde gette any true or certaine proofe to confirme his doubtfull suspition. While thus he noted their lookes and gestures and suspected their thoughtes and meaninges, they twoo seely soules, who doubted nothing of this his treacherous intent, frequented daily eache others companie, which drave him into such a franticke passion, that he beganne to

beare a secret hate to Egistus and a lowring countenance to Bellaria; who marveiling at such unaccustomed frowns, began to cast beyond the moone, and to enter into a thousand sundrie thoughtes, which way she should offend her husband: but finding in her selfe a cleare conscience ceassed to muse, until such time as she might find fit opportunitie to demaund the cause of his dumps. In the meane time Pandostoes minde was so farre charged with jealousy, that he did no longer doubt, but was assured, (as he thought) that his friend Egistus had entered a wrong pointe in his tables, and so had played him false play: whereupon, desirous to revenge so great an injury, he thought best to dissemble the grudge with a faire and friendly countenance, and so under the shape of a friend to shew him the tricke of a foe. Devising with himself a long time how he might best put away Egistus without suspition of treacherous murder, hee concluded at last to poyson him; which opinion pleasing his humour he became resolute in his determination, and the better to bring the matter to passe he called unto him his cupbearer, with whom in secret he brake the matter, promising to him for the performance thereof to geve him a thousande crownes of yearely revenues.

His cupbearer, eyther being of a good conscience or willing for fashion sake to deny such a bloudy request, began with great reasons to perswade Pandosto from his determinate mischief, shewing him what an offence murther was to the Gods; how such unnaturall actions did more displease the heavens than men, and that causelesse cruelty did seldome or never escape without revenge: he layd before his face that Egistus was his friend, a king, and one that was come into his kingdome to confirme a league of perpetuall amitie betwixt them; that he had and did shew him a most friendly countenance; how Egistus was not onely honoured of his owne people by obedience, but also loved of the Bohemians for his curtesie, and that if he now should without any just or manifest cause poyson him, it would not onely be a great dishonour to his majestie, and a meanes to sow perpetuall enmity between the Sycilians and the Bohemians, but also his owne subjects would repine at such treacherous cruelty. These and such like perswasions of Franion (for so was his cupbearer called) could no whit prevaile to disswade him from his divellish enterprize, but remaining resolute in his determination (his fury so fired with rage as it could not be appeased with reason), he began with bitter taunts to take up his man, and to lay before him two baites, preferment and death; saying that if he would poyson Egistus, he would advance him to high dignities; if he refused to doe it of an obstinate minde, no torture should be too great to requite his disobedience. Franion, seeing that to perswade Pandosto any more was but to strive against the streame, consented as soone as an opportunity would give him leave to dispatch Egistus: wherewith Pandosto remained somewhat satisfied, hoping now he should be fully revenged of such mistrusted injuries, intending also as soon as Egistus was dead to give his wife a sop of the same sawce, and so be rid of those which were the cause of his restles sorrow. — Die Flucht des Polixenes unter Camillo's Beistand findet sich in der Novelle ebenso.

A. 2, Sc. 1. *Whereupon he began to imagine that Franion and his wife Bellaria had conspired with Egistus, and that the fervent affection shee bare him was the onely meanes of his secret departure; in so much that incensed with rage he commaundes that his wife should be carried straight to prison untill they heard further of his pleasure. The guarde, unwilling to lay their hands on such a vertuous princesse and yet fearing the kings fury, went very sorrowfull to fulfill their charge. Comming to the queenes lodging they found her playing with her yong sonne Garinter, unto whom with teares doing the message, Bellaria, astonished at such a hard censure and finding her cleere conscience a sure advocate to pleade in her cause, went to the prison most willingly, where with sighes and teares shee past away the time till she might come to her triall.*

But Pandosto, whose reason was suppressed with rage and whose unbridled follie was incensed with fury, seeing Franion had bewrayed his secrets, and that Egistus might well be rayled on, but not revenged, determined to wreake all his wrath on poore Bellaria. He therefore caused a generall proclamation to be made through all his realme that the Queene and Egistus had, by the helpe of Franion, not onely committed most incestuous adultery, but also had conspired the kings death; whereupon the traitor Franion was fled away with Egistus, and Bellaria was most justly imprisoned. This proclamation being once blazed through the country, although the vertuous disposition of the queene did halfe discredit the contents, yet the suddaine and speedy passage of Egistus, and the secret departure of Franion, induced them (the circumstances throughly considered) to thinke that both the proclamation was true, and the king greatly injured: yet they pittyed her case, as sorrowful that so good a lady should be crossed with such adverse fortune. But the king, whose restlesse rage would remit no pitty, thought that although he might sufficiently requite his wives falshood with the bitter plague of pinching penury, yet his minde should never be glutted with revenge till he might have fit time and opportunity to repay the trechery of Egistus with a totall injury. But a curst cow hath oftentimes short hornes, and a willing minde but a weake arme; for Pandosto, although he felt that revenge was a spurre to warre, and that envy alwaies proffereth steele, yet he saw that Egistus was not onely of great puissance and prowesse to withstand him, but had also many kings of his alliance to ayde him, if neede should serve, for he married the Emperours daughter of Russia.

A. 2, Sc. 2 und 3. *For Bellaria was brought to bed of a faire and beautifull daughter, which no sooner Pandosto hearde, but he determined that both Bellaria and the young infant should be burnt with fire. His nobles hearing of the kings cruell sentence sought by perswasions to divert him from his bloodie determination, laying before his face the innocencie of the childe, and vertuous disposition of his wife, how she had continually loved and honoured him so tenderly that without due proofe he could not, nor ought not to appeach her of that crime. And if she had faulted, yet it were more honourable to pardon with mercy then to punish with extremity, and more kingly to be commended of pitty than accused of rigour: and as for the childe, if he should punish it for the mothers offence, it were to strive against nature and*

justice; and that unnatural actions doe more offend the gods then men; how causelesse cruelty, nor innocent blood never scapes without revenge. These and such like reasons could not appease his rage, but he rested resolute in this, that Bellaria being an adultresse the childe was a bastard, and he would not suffer that such an infamous brat should call him father. Yet at last (seeing his noble men were importunate upon him) he was content to spare the childes life, and yet to put it to a worse death. For he found out this devise, that seeing (as he thought) it came by fortune, so he would commit it to the charge of fortune, and therefore caused a little cock-boat to be provided, wherein he meant to put the babe, and then send it to the mercies of the seas and the destenies. From this his peeres in no wise could perswade him, but that he sent presently two of his guard to fetch the childe; who being come to the prison, and with weeping teares recounting their maisters message, Bellaria no sooner heard the rigorious resolution of her mercilesse husband, but she fell downe in a swound, so that all thought she had bin dead: yet at last being come to her selfe, shee cryed and screeched out in this wise.

Alas, sweete infortunate babe, scarce borne, before envied by fortune! would the day of thy birth had beene the terme of thy life; then shouldest thou have made an ende to care and prevented thy fathers rigour. Thy faults cannot yet deserve such hatefull revenge; thy dayes are too short for so sharpe a doome, but thy untimely death must pay thy mothers debts, and her guiltlesse crime must bee thy gastly curse. And shalt thou, sweete babe, be committed to fortune, when thou art already spited by fortune? Shall the seas be thy harbour and the hard boate thy cradle? Shall thy tender mouth, in steede of sweete kisses, be nipped with bitter stormes? Shalt thou have the whistling windes for thy lullabie, and the salt sea fome in steede of sweete milke? Alas, what destinies would assigne such hard hap? What father would be so cruell, or what gods will not revenge such rigor? Let me kisse thy lippes (sweete infant) and wet thy tender cheekes with my teares, and put this chayne about thy little necke, that if fortune save thee, it may helpe to succour thee. Thus, since thou must goe to surge in the gastfull seas, with a sorrowfull kisse I bid thee farewell, and I pray the gods thou maist fare well.

Such, and so great was her griefe, that her vitall spirits being suppressed with sorrow, she fell againe downe into a trance, having her sences so sotted with care that after shee was revived yet shee lost her memorie, and lay for a great time without moving, as one in a trance. The guard left her in this perplexitie, and carried the child to the king, who quite devoide of pity commanded that without delay it should bee put in the boat, having neither saile nor rudder to guid it, and so to be carried into the midst of the sea, and there left to the wind and wave as the destinies please to appoint. The very ship-men, seeing the sweete countenance of the yong babe, began to accuse the king of rigor, and to pity the childs hard fortune; but feare constrayned them to that which their nature did abhorre, so that they placed it in one of the ends of the boat, and with a few greene bows made a homely cabben to shrowd it as they could from wind and weather. Having thus trimmed the boat they tied it to a ship and so haled it into the mayne sea, and then cut in sunder the coarde; which they had no sooner done, but there arose a mighty tempest, which tossed the little boate so vehemently in the waves that the shipmen thought it could not continue long without sincking; yea, the storme grewe so great, that with much labour and perill they got to the shoare.

A. 3, Sc. 1 und 2. *But leaving the childe to her fortunes, againe to Pandosto, who not yet glutted with sufficient revenge devised which way he should best increase his wives calamitie. But first assembling his nobles and counsellors, hee called her for the more reproch into open court, where it was objected against her that she had committed adulterie with Egistus, and conspired with Franion to poyson Pandosto her husband, but their pretence being partely spyed, she counselled them to flie away by night for their better safety. Bellaria, who standing like a prisoner at the barre, feeling in her selfe a cleare conscience to withstand her false accusers, seeing that no lesse than death could pacifie her husbands wrath, waxed bolde and desired that she might have lawe and justice, for mercy shee neyther craved nor hoped for; and that those perjured wretches which had falsely accused her to the king might be brought before her face to give in evidence. But Pandosto, whose rage and jealousie was such as no reason nor equitie could appease, tolde her, that for her accusers they were of such credite as their wordes were sufficient witnesse, and that the sodaine and secret flight of Egistus and Franion confirmed that which they had confessed; and as for her, it was her parte to deny such a monstrous crime, and to be impudent in forswearing the fact, since shee had past all shame in committing the fault: but her stale countenaunce should stand for no coyne, for as the bastard which she bare was served, so she should with some cruell death be requited. Bellaria, no whit dismayed with this rough reply, tolde her husband Pandosto that he spake upon choller and not conscience, for her vertuous life had beene ever such as no spot of suspicion could ever staine. And if she had borne a frendly countenaunce to Egistus, it was in respect he was his friende, and not for any lusting affection; therefore, if she were condemned without any further proofe it was rigour and not law.*

The noble men which sate in judgement said that Bellaria spake reason, and intreated the king that the accusers might be openly examined and sworne, and if then the evidence were such as the jury might finde her guilty, (for seeing she was a prince she ought to be tryed by her peeres) then let her have such punishment as the extremitie of the law will assigne to such malefactors. The king presently made answere that in this case he might and would dispence with the law, and that the jury being once panneld they should take his word for sufficient evidence otherwise he would make the proudest of them repent it. The noble men seeing the king in choler were all whist; but Bellaria, whose life then hung in the ballaunce, fearing more perpetuall infamie then momentarie death, tolde the king if his furie might stand for a law that it were vaine to have the jury yeeld their verdict; and therefore she fell downe upon her knees, and desired the king that for the love he bare to his young sonne Garinter, whome she brought into the world, that hee woulde graunt her a request; which was this, that it would please his majestie to send sixe of his

noble men whome he best trusted to the Isle of Delphos, there to enquire of the oracle of Apollo whether she had committed adultery with Egistus, or conspired to poyson him with Franion? and if the god Apollo, who by his devine essence knew al secrets, gave answere that she was guiltie, shc were content to suffer any torment were it never so terrible. The request was so reasonable that Pandosto could not for shame deny it, unlesse he would bee counted of all his subjects more wilfull than wise: he therefore agreed that with as much speede as might be there should be certaine Embassadores dispatched to the Ile of Delphos, and in the meane season he commanded that his wife should be kept in close prison.

Bellaria having obtained this graunt was now more carefull for her little babe that floated on the seas then sorrowful for her owne mishap, for of that she doubted: of her selfe shee was assured, knowing if Apollo should give oracle according to the thoughts of the hart, yet the sentence should goe on her side, such was the clearenes of her minde in this case. But Pandosto (whose suspitious head still remained in one song) chose out six of his nobility whom hee knew were scarse indifferent men in the queenes behalfe, and providing all things fit for their journey sent them to Delphos: they willing to fulfill the kinges commaund, and desirous to see the situation and custome of the iland, dispatched their affaires with as much speede as might be, and embarked themselves to this voyage, which (the wind and weather serving fit for their purpose) was soone ended. For within three weekes they arrived at Delphos, where they were no sooner set on lande but with great devotion they went to the temple of Apollo, and there offring sacrifice to the God and giftes to the priest, as the custome was, they humbly craved an aunswere of their demaund. They had not long kneeled at the altar, but Apollo with a loude voice saide: Bohemians, what you finde behinde the altar take and depart. They forthwith obeying the oracle founde a scroule of parchment, wherein was written these words in letters of golde, —

The Oracle.

SUSPITION IS NO PROOFE: JEALOUSIE IS AN UNEQUALL JUDGE: BELLARIA IS CHAST; EGISTUS BLAMELESSE: FRANION A TRUE SUBJECT; PANDOSTO TREACHEROUS: HIS BABE INNOCENT, AND THE KING SHALL LIVE WITHOUT AN HEIRE, IF THAT WHICH IS LOST BE NOT FOUNDE.

As soone as they had taken out this scroule the priest of the God commaunded them that they should not presume to read it before they came in the presence of Pandosto, unlesse they would incurre the displeasure of Apollo. The Bohemian lords carefully obeying his commaund, taking their leave of the priest with great reverence, departed out of the temple, and went to their ships, and as soon as wind would permit them sailed toward Bohemia, whither in short time they safely arrived; and with great tryumph issuing out of their ships went to the kinges pallace, whom they found in his chamber accompanied with other noble men. Pandosto no sooner saw them but with a merrie countenaunce he welcomed them home, asking what newes? they told his majestie that they had received an aunswere of the God written in a scroule, but with this charge, that they should not reade the contents before they came in the presence of the king, and with that they delivered him the parchment: but his noble men entreated him that, sith therein was contayned either the safetie of his wives life and honesty or her death and perpetuall infamy, that he would have his nobles and commons assembled in the judgment hall, where the queene, brought in as prysoner, should heare the contents. If shee were found guilty by the oracle of the God, then all should have cause to thinke his rigour proceeded of due desert: if her grace were found faultlesse, then shee should bee cleared before all, sith she had been accused openly. This pleased the king so, that he appointed the day, and assembled al his lords and commons, and caused the queene to be brought in before the judgemente seate, commaunding that the inditement shoulde bee read wherein she was accused of adultery with Egistus and of conspiracy with Franion. Bellaria hearing the contentes was no whit astonished, but made this chearefull aunswer: —

If the devine powers bee privy to humane actions (as no doubt they are) I hope my patience shall make fortune blushe, and my unspotted life shall staine spightful discredit. For although lying report hath sought to appeach mine honor, and suspition hath intended to soyle my credit with infamie, yet where vertue keepeth the forte, report and suspition may assayle, but never sack: how I have led my life before Egistus comming, I appeale, Pandosto, to the gods and to thy conscience. What hath passed betwixt him and me, the gods onely know, and I hope will presently reveale: that I loved Egistus I can not denie; that I honored him I shame not to confesse: to the one I was forced by his vertues, to the other for his dignities. But as touching lascivious lust, I say Egistus is honest, and hope my selfe to be found without spot: for Franion, I can neither accuse him nor excuse him, for I was not privie to his departure; and that this is true which I have heere rehearsed I referre myself to the devine oracle.

Bellaria had no sooner sayd but the king commaunded that one of his dukes should reade the contentes of the scroule, which after the commons had heard they gave a great showt rejoysing and clapping their hands that the queene was cleare of that false accusation. But the king, whose conscience was a witnesse against him of his witlesse furie and false suspected jealousie, was so ashamed of his rashe folly that he entreated his nobles to perswade Bellaria to forgive and forget these injuries; promising not onely to shew himselfe a loyall and loving husband, but also to reconcile himselfe to Egistus and Franion; revealing then before them all the cause of their secrete flighte, and how treacherously hee thought to have practised his death, if the good minde of his cupbearer had not prevented his purpose. As thus he was relating the whole matter, there was worde brought him that his young sonne Garinter was sodainly dead, which newes so soone as Bellaria heard, surcharged before with extreame joy and now suppressed with heavie sorrowe, her vitall spirites were so stopped that she fell downe presently dead, and could never be revived. This sodaine sight so appalled the kinges sences, that he sanck from his seate in a sound, so as he was

fayne to be carried by his nobles to his pallace, where hee lay by the space of three dayes without speache. His commons were, as men in dispaire, diversly distressed: there was nothing but mourning and lamentation to be heard throughout al Bohemia: their young prince dead, their vertuous queene bereaved of her life, and their king and soveraigne in great hazard. This tragicall discourse of fortune so daunted them, as they went like shadowes, not men; yet somewhat to comfort their hearie hearts, they heard that Pandosto was come to himselfe, and had recovered his speache, who as in a fury brayed out these bitter speaches:

O miserable Pandosto! what surer witnesse then conscience? what thoughts more sower then suspition? what plague more bad then jealousie? unnaturall actions offend the gods more than men, and causelesse crueltie never scapes without revenge. I have committed such a bloudy fact, as repent I may, but recall I cannot. Ah, jealousie! a hell to the minde, and a horror to the conscience, suppressing reason, and inciting rage; a worse passion than phrensie, a greater plague than madnesse. Are the gods just? then let them revenge such brutishe crueltie. My innocent babe I have drowned in the seas; my loving wife I have slaine with slaunderous suspition; my trusty friend I have sought to betray, and yet the gods are slack to plague such offences. Ah, unjust Apollo! Pandosto is the man that hath committed the faulte, why should Garinter, seely childe, abide the paine? Well, sith the gods meane to prolong my dayes to increase my dolour, I will offer my guiltie bloud a sacrifice to those sackles soules whose lives are lost by my rigorous folly.

And with that he reached at a rapier to have murdered himselfe, but his peeres being present stayed him from such a bloudy acte, perswading him to think that the commonwealth consisted on his safetie, and that those sheepe could not but perish that wanted a sheepheard; wishing that if hee would not live for himselfe, yet he should have care of his subjects, and to put such fancies out of his minde, sith in sores past help salves doe not heale but hurt, and in thinges past cure, care is a corrosive. With these and such like perswasions the kinge was overcome, and began somewhat to quiet his minde; so that as soone as he could goe abroad hee caused his wife to bee embalmed, and wrapt in lead with her young sonne Garinter; erecting a rich and famous sepulchre wherein hee intombed them both, making such solemme obsequies at her funeral as al Bohemia might perceive he did greatly repent him of his forepassed folly; causing this epitaph to be ingraven on her tombe in letters of golde: —

The Epitaph.

HERE LYES ENTOMBDE BELLARIA FAIRE,
FALSLY ACCUSED TO BE UNCHASTE:
CLEARED BY APOLLOS SACRED DOOME,
YET SLAINE BY JEALOUSIE AT LAST.
WHAT ERE THOU BE THAT PASSEST BY,
CURSSE HIM THAT CAUSDE THIS QUEENE TO DIE.

This epitaph being ingraven, Pandosto would once a day repaire to the tombe, and there with watry plaintes bewaile his misfortune, coveting no other companion but sorrowe, nor no other harmonie but repentance.

A. 3, Sc. 3. *But leaving him to his dolorous passions, at last let us come to shewe the tragicall discourse of the young infant. Who beeing tossed with winde and wave floated two whole daies without succour, readie at every puffe to bee drowned in the sea, till at last the tempest ceassed and the little boate was driven with the tyde into the coast of Sycilia, where sticking uppon the sandes it rested. Fortune minding to be wanton, willing to shewe that as she hath wrinckles on her browes so shee hath dimples in her cheekes, thought after so many sower lookes to lend a fayned smile, and after a puffing storme to bring a pretty calme, shee began thus to dally. It fortuned a poore mercenary sheepheard that dwelled in Sycilia, who got his living by other mens flockes, missed one of his sheepe, and thinking it had strayed into the covert that was hard by, sought very diligently to find that which he could not see, fearing either that the wolves or eagles had undone him (for he was so poore as a sheepe was halfe his substaunce), wandered downe toward the sea cliffes to see if perchaunce the sheepe was browsing on the sea ivy, whereon they greatly doe feede; but not finding her there, as he was ready to returne to his flocke hee heard a child crie, but knowing there was no house nere, he thought he had mistaken the sound and that it was the bleatyng of his sheepe. Wherefore looking more narrowely, as he cast his eye to the sea he spyed a little boute, from whence, as he atientively listened, he might heare the cry to come. Standing a good while in a maze, at last he went to the shoare, and wading to the boate, as he looked in he saw the little babe lying al alone ready to die for hunger and colde, wrapped in a mantle of scarlet richely imbrodered with golde, and having a chayne about the necke. The sheepeheard, who before had never seene so faire a babe nor so riche jewels, thought assuredly that it was some little god, and began with great devocion to knock on his breast. The babe, who wrythed with the head to seeke for the pap, began againe to cry a fresh, whereby the poore man knew that it was a childe, which by some sinister meanes was driven thither by distresse of weather; marvailing how such a seely infant, which by the mantle and the chayne could not be but borne of noble parentage, should be so hardly crossed with deadly mishap. The poore sheepheard, perplexed thus with divers thoughts, tooke pitty of the childe, and determined with himselfe to carry it to the king, that there it might be brought up according to the worthinesse of birth, for his ability could not afforde to foster it, though his good minde was willing to further it. Taking therefore the chylde in his armes, as he foulded the mantle together the better to defende it from colde there fell downe at his foote a very faire and riche purse, wherein he founde a great summe of golde; which sight so revived the shepheard's*

spirits, as he was greatly ravished with joy and daunted with feare; joyful to see such a summe in his power, and feareful if it should be knowne that it might breede his further daunger.

In den beiden letzten Acten weicht Shakspere mehr als in den drei ersten von der Novelle ab. Die erste Begegnung der Liebenden schildert Greene so: *It happened not long after this that there was a meeting of all the farmers daughters in Sycilia, whither Fawnia was also bidden as the mistres of the feast, who having attired her selfe in her best garments, went among the rest of her companions to the merry meeting, there spending the day in such homely pastimes as shepheards use. As the evening grew on and their sportes ceased, ech taking their leave at other, Fawnia, desiring one of her companions to beare her companie, went home by the flocke to see if they were well folded, and as they returned it fortuned that Dorastus (who all that daye had bene hawking, and kilde store of game) incountred by the way these two mayds, and casting his eye sodenly on Fawnia he was halfe afraid, fearing that with Acteon he had seene Diana; for he thought such exquisite perfection could not be founde in any mortall creature. As thus he stoode in a maze one of his pages told him that the maide with the garland on her head was Fawnia, the faire shepheard whose beauty was so much talked of in the court. Dorastus, desirous to see if nature had adorned her minde with any inward qualities, as she had decked her body with outward shape, began to question with her whose daughter she was, of what age, and how she had bin trained up? who answered him with such modest reverence and sharpnesse of witte, that Dorastus thought her outward beautie was but a counterfait to darken her inward qualities, wondring how so courtly behaviour could be found in so simple a cottage, and cursing fortune. As thus he held her a long while with chat, beauty seeing him at discovert thought not to lose the vantage, but strooke him so deepely with an invenomed shafte, as he wholy lost his libertie, and became a slave to love, which before contemned love, glad now to gaze on a poore shepheard, who before refused the offer of a riche princesse; for the perfection of Fawnia had so fired his fancie as he felt his minde greatly chaunged, and his affections altered, cursing love that had wrought such a chaunge, and blaming the basenesse of his mind that would make such a choice; but thinking that these were but passionat toies that might be thrust out at pleasure, to avoid the syren that inchaunted him he put spurs to his horse, and bad this faire shepheard farwell.*

Fawnia (who all this while had marked the princely gesture of Dorastus) seeing his face so wel featured, and each lim so perfectly framed, began greatly to praise his perfection, commending him so long till she found her selfe faultie, and perceived, that if she waded but a little further she might slippe over her shooes: shee therefore, seeking to quench that fier which never was put out, went home and fayning her selfe not well at ease got her to bed; where casting a thousand thoughts in her head she could take no rest: for if she waked, she began to call to minde his beautie, and thinking to beguile such thoughts with sleepe, she then dreamed of his perfection. Pestered thus with these unacquainted passions, she passed the night as she could in short slumbers. — Auch folgender Monolog des als Schäfer verkleideten Prinzen ist stellenweise von Shakspere benutzt: *Well, said Dorastus, thou keepest a right decorum; base desires and homely attires: thy thoughts are fit for none but a shepheard, and thy apparel such as only becomes a shepheard. A strange change from a prince to a peasant! what, is it thy wretched fortune or thy wilful folly? Is it thy cursed destinies, or thy crooked desires that appointeth thee this penance? Ah, Dorastus, thou canst but love, thou art like to perish for love. Yet, fond foole, choose flowers, not weedes; diamonds, not peables; ladies which may honor thee not shepheards which may disgrace thee. Venus is painted in silkes, not in ragges; and Cupid treadeth on disdain when he reacheth at dignitie. And yet, Dorastus, shame not at thy shepheards weede: the heavenly godes have sometime earthly thoughtes. Neptune became a ram, Jupiter a bul, Apollo a shepheard: they gods, and yet in love; and thou a man appointed to love.*

Dorastus und Fawnia fliehen, ohne dass der königliche Vater ihre Liebe vorher entdeckt hätte. — Der alte Schäfer, welcher bei dem Egistus sich über dessen Sohn Dorastus beklagen will, wird durch Dorastus' Diener Capnio auf das Schiff gebracht, das die Liebenden aus Sicilien wegführen soll. So erfährt Egistus erst durch die Frau des Schäfers von der Flucht seines Sohnes mit der Fawnia; er sendet ihnen Boten nach, welche die Beiden in Böhmen finden. Dort lebt Dorastus als unbekannter Ritter mit der Fawnia, in welche der König Pandosto sich verliebt, und vergebens um ihre Gunst, die er als Tochter nicht erkennt, sich bewirbt. Die Entdeckung wird endlich in folgender Weise herbeigeführt: *Pandosto commaunded that Fawnia, Porrus, and Capnio, should bee brought to his presence; who were no sooner come, but Pandosto, having his former love turned to a disdainful hate, began to rage against Fawnia in these tearmes.*

Thou disdainfull vassal, thou currish kite, assigned by the destinies to base fortune, and yet with an aspiring minde gazing after honor, how durst thou presume, being a beggar, to match with a prince? by thy alluring lookes to inchant the sonne of a king to leave his owne countrie to fulfill thy disordinate lusts? O despightfull minde! a proud heart in a beggar is not unlike to a great fire in a smal cottage, which warmeth not the house, but burneth it: assure thy selfe that thou shalt die. And thou, old doating foole, whose follie hath bene such as to suffer thy daughter to reach above thy fortune, looke for no other meede but the like punishment. But Capnio, thou which hast betrayed the king, and hast consented to the unlawfull lust of thy lord and maister, I know not how justly I may plague thee: death is too easie a punishment for thy falsehood, and to live (if not in extreme miserie) were not to shew thee equitie. I therefore award that thou shalt have thine eyes put out, and continually while thou diest, grinde in a mil like a brute beast. The feare of death brought a sorrowfull silence upon Fawnia and Capnio, but Porrus seeing no hope of life burst forth into these speeches.

Pandosto, and ye noble embassadours of Sicilia, seeing without cause I am condemned to die, I am yet glad I have opportunitie to disburden my conscience before my death. I will tel you as much as I know, and yet no more than is true. Whereas I am accused that I have bene a supporter of Fawnias

pride, and shee disdained as a vilde begger, so it is, that I am neither father unto her, nor she daughter unto me. For so it happened, that I beeing a poore shepheard in Sicilia, living by keeping other mens flockes, one of my sheepe straying downe to the sea side, as I went to seeke her, I saw a little boat driven upon the shoare, wherein I found a babe of sixe daies olde, wrapped in a mantle of skarlet, having about the necke this chaine. I pittying the child, and desirous of the treasure, carried it home to my wife, who with great care nursed it up and set it to keepe sheepe. Heere is the chaine and the jewels, and this Fawnia is the childe whome I found in the boate. What shee is, or of what parentage I knowe not, but this I am assured that shee is none of mine.

Pandosto would scarce suffer him to tell out his tale, but that he enquired the time of the yeere, the manner of the boate and other circumstaunces; which when he found agreeing to his count he sodainelie leapt from his seate and kissed Fawnia, wetting her tender cheeks with his teares, and crying, my daughter Fawnia! ah sweete Fawnia! I am thy father, Fawnia. This sodaine passion of the king had breathed himselfe a while in this newe joy, hee rehearsed before the embassadours the whole matter, how hee had entreated his wife Bellaria for jealousie, and that this was the childe whome hee had sent to floate in the seas.

Fawnia was not more joyfull that she had found such a father, then Dorastus was glad he should get such a wife. The embassadors rejoyced that their yong prince had made such a choice, that those kingdomes, which through enmitie had long time been dissevered, should now through perpetual amitie be united and reconciled. The citizens and subjects of Bohemia (hearing that the king had found againe his daughter, which was supposed dead, joyfull that there was an heire apparent to his kingdome) made bonfires and showes throughout the cittie. The courtiers and knights appointed justs and turneis to signifie their willing mindes in gratifying the kings hap.

Eighteene daies being past in these princely sports, Pandosto, willing to recompence old Porrus, of a shepheard made him a knight; which done, providing a sufficient navie to receive him and his retinue, accompanied with Dorastus, Fawnia, and the Sicilian embassadours, he sailed towards Sicilia, where he was most princelie entertained by Egistus; who hearing this most comicall event, rejoyced greatly at his sonnes good happe, and without delay (to the perpetuall joy of the two yong lovers) celebrated the marriage; which was no sooner ended, but Pandosto (calling to mind how first he betraied his friend Egistus, how his jealousie was the cause of Bellarias death, that contrarie to the law of nature hee had lusted after his owne daughter) moved with these desperate thoughts, he fell into a melancholie fit, and to close up the comedie with a tragicall stratageme, hee slewe himselfe; whose death being many daies bewailed of Fawnia, Dorastus, and his deere friend Egistus, Dorastus, taking his leave of his father, went with his wife and the dead corps into Bohemia, where after they were sumptuouslie intoombed, Dorastus ended his daies in contented quiet.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LEONTES, King of Sicilia.
MAMILLIUS, young Prince of Sicilia.
CAMILLO, ANTIGONUS, CLEOMENES, DION. } Lords of Sicilia.
POLIXENES, King of Bohemia.
FLORIZEL, Prince of Bohemia.
ARCHIDAMUS, a Lord of Bohemia.
A Mariner.
A Gaoler
An old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita.
Clown, his Son.

AUTOLYCUS, a Rogue.
Time, the Chorus.

HERMIONE, Queen to Leontes.
PERDITA, Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.
PAULINA, Wife to Antigonus.
EMILIA, a Lady attending the Queen.
MOPSA, DORCAS, } Shepherdesses.

Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen, Officers, and Servants, Shepherds and Shepherdesses, Guards, etc.

SCENE, sometimes in Sicilia, sometimes in Bohemia.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Sicilia. An Antechamber in Leontes' Palace.

Enter Camillo *and* Archidamus.

Arch. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot,[1] you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia[2] the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we will be justified in our loves:[3] for, indeed, —

Cam. 'Beseech you, —

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge:[4] we cannot with such magnificence — in so rare[5] — I know not what to say. — We will give you sleepy drinks,[6] that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficience, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what 's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia[7] cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities, and royal necessities,[8] made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorney'd,[9] with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies, that they have seemed to be together, though absent, shook hands, as over a vast,[10] and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

Arch. I think, there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it.[11] You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him. It is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physics the subject,[12] makes old hearts fresh: they that went on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. *[Exeunt.*

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1) d. h. als Reisebegleiter seines Königs. 2) *Bohemia* = der König von Böhmen, Polixenes. — Für *coming summer* der Fol. lesen die späteren Folioausgg. *common summer*, was auch Rowe noch hat. 3) Wenn bei Eurem uns zugedachten Besuche die Aufnahme, die Ihr bei uns finden werdet, wegen ihrer Mängel uns blamirt, so soll die Herzlichkeit des Empfangs das wieder gut machen. 4) Kraft meines Wissens, zuversichtlich. 5) Archidamus kann nicht Worte finden, die ganz dem Glanze der Bewirthung am Hofe des Leontes entsprechen. 6) Wenn Ihr nach Böhmen kommt, so wollen wir Euch Schlaftränke geben, damit Ihr nicht unsere Unzulänglichkeit merkt. 7) *Sicilia* = der König von Sicilien, Leontes. 8) *their royal necessities* = die Ansprüche, welche die königliche Würde an sie macht. 9) *to attorney* = durch Stellvertretung vermitteln. Die Art der Vermittlung wird dann näher bezeichnet im folgenden *with interchange etc.* — Die Fol. hat *hath been*. 10) So die Fol. — Manche Hgg. lesen mit der Folioausg. von 1632 *vast sea*. — *vast* kommt in demselben Sinne vor in Pericles (A. 3, Sc. 1) *The god of this great vast, rebuke these surges*. 11) *it* bezieht sich ungenau auf *their loves*. 12) *subject* collectiv = die Unterthanen. — Der Anblick des jungen Prinzen schon macht die Unterthanen gesund, heilt sie von jeder Beschwerde. — Vgl. das Entsprechende bei Greene in der Einleitung pag. 522.

SCENE II.

The Same. A Room of State in the Palace.

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, *and Attendants.*

Pol. Nine changes of the watery star have been[1]
The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne
Without a burden: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we should for perpetuity
Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cipher,
Yet standing in rich place,[2] I multiply
With one »We thank you« many thousands more
That go before it.
Leon. Stay your thanks awhile,
And pay them when you part.
Pol. Sir, that 's to-morrow.
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our absence; that may blow
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,
»This is put forth too truly!«[3] Besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.
Leon. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to 't.
Pol. No longer stay.
Leon. One sevennight longer.
Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.
Leon. We 'll part the time between 's then; and in that
I 'll no gainsaying.
Pol. Press me not, 'beseech you, so.
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world,
So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, although
'T were needful I denied it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward; which to hinder,
Were in your love a whip to me, my stay
To you a charge, and trouble: to save both,
Farewell, our brother.
Leon. Tongue-tied, our queen? speak you.
Her. I had thought, Sir, to have held my peace, until
You had drawn oaths from him, not to stay. You, Sir,
Charge him too coldly: tell him, you are sure
All in Bohemia 's well: this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd. Say this to him,
He 's beat from his best ward.
Leon. Well said, Hermione.
Her. To tell he longs to see his son were strong:
But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We 'll thwack him hence with distaffs.[4] —
[To POLIXENES.*]* Yet of your royal presence I 'll adventure
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I 'll give him my commission,
To let him there a month behind the gest
Prefix'd for 's parting:[5] yet, good deed,[6] Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind
What lady she her lord.[7] — You 'll stay?
Pol. No, Madam.
Her. Nay, but you will?
Pol. I may not, verily.
Her. Verily!
You put me off with limber vows; but I,
Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths,
Should yet say, »Sir, no going.« Verily,
You shall not go: a lady's »verily« is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees,
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?
My prisoner, or my guest? by your dread »verily«,
One of them you shall be.
Pol. Your guest then, Madam:
To be your prisoner should import offending;
Which is for me less easy to commit,
Than you to punish.
Her. Not your gaoler then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I 'll question you
Of my lord's tricks. and yours, when you were boys;
You were pretty lordings then.
Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.
Her. Was not my lord the verier wag o' the two?
Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i' the sun,
And bleat the one at the other: what we chang'd,

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1) *hath been* in der Fol., nach einer bei Sh. gewöhnlichen Attraction: der Schäfer hat den Mond, das wasseranziehende Gestirn, neunmal wechseln sehen; neun Monate sind vergangen. Als Beobachter solcher Himmelserscheinungen hat Sh. den Schäfer auch in K. Henry VI. Third Part (A. 2, Sc. 5) *What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,* || *Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.* 2) Die Null, die an sich nichts bedeutet, doch an der rechten Stelle, d. h. hinter einer andern Ziffer, dieselbe reich macht, wird mit einem »Ich danke Euch« verglichen, das alle vorhergehenden Danksagungen vervielfältigt. 3) Mich beschäftigen meine Besorgnisse wegen dessen, was in Folge meiner Abwesenheit vorfallen oder sich vorbereiten mag, dass daheim böse Winde wehen mögen, welche mich dann eingestehen lassen, dass dies nur zu wahr sich offenbart, dass die Besorgnisse nur zu sehr eingetroffen sind. — *that no sneaping winds etc.* scheint von *my fears* abzuhängen, und daher auch die Negation zu erklären. — Andere beginnen mit *that* einen neuen Satz des Wunsches: Möchte doch nicht u. s. w. — Für *truly* wollte Hanmer *early*, Capell *tardily* lesen. 4) Selbst wir Weiber wollen ihn dann mit unsern Waffen, den Spinnrocken, von hier wegtreiben, wenn er als Motiv seiner Abreise die Sehnsucht nach seinem Sohne angeben kann. 5) Ich will ihn dann ermächtigen, dass Ihr ihn dort halten dürft einen Monat länger, als die für seine Abreise vorgeschriebene Reiseroute. — *gest* bezeichnet nicht nur das Verzeichniss der Nachtquartiere auf der Reise, sondern auch des Aufenthaltes auf jeder einzelnen Station. — *to let him* fassen die Hgg. als reflexives Verbum, ohne Beziehung auf Polixenes, im Sinne von *to detain himself*. 6) *good deed* = fürwahr, in der That. — Manche Hgg. lesen mit der zweiten Folioausg. *good heed*. 7) Ich bleibe in meiner Liebe zu Dir nicht um das geringste Zeitmass, um ein einzelnes Picken der Uhr, hinter der Liebe irgend einer Frau zu ihrem Manne zurück. — *what lady she* erklärt Grant White als Ellipse: welche Frau sie auch sein mag. Natürlicher fasst Staunton *lady-she* als Compositum = eine Frau, die eine Dame ist. — Collier setzt aus einer Correctur, die er in dem Egerton'schen

Was innocence for innocence: we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd[8]
That any did. Had we pursu'd that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven
Boldly, »not guilty;« the imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.[9]
Her. By this we gather,
You have tripp'd since.
Pol. O! my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born to 's; for
In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl:
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young playfellow.
Her. Grace to boot![10]
Of this make no conclusion, lest you say,
Your queen and I are devils; yet, go on:
The offences we have made you do, we 'll answer;
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not
With any but with us.
Leon. Is he won yet?[11]
Her. He 'll stay, my lord.
Leon. At my request he would not.
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st
To better purpose.
Her. Never?
Leon. Never, but once.
Her. What? have I twice said well? when was 't before?
I pr'ythee, tell me. Cram 's with praise, and make 's
As fat as tame things:[12] one good deed, dying tongueless,
Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages: you may ride 's
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we heat[13] an acre. But to the goal: —
My last good deed was to entreat his stay:
What was my first? it has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you: O, 'would her name were Grace!
But once before I spoke to the purpose: when?
Nay, let me have 't; I long.
Leon. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap thyself my love:[14] then didst thou utter,
»I am yours for ever.«
Her. 'T is Grace, indeed.[15] —
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice:
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband,
The other for some while a friend.
[Giving her hand to Polixenes.[16]
Leon. [Aside.] Too hot, too hot!
To mingle friendship far is mingling bloods.
I have *tremor cordis*[17] on me: — my heart dances,
But not for joy, not joy. — This entertainment
May a free face put on, derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,[18]
And well become the agent: 't may, I grant;
But to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers,
As now they are; and making practis'd smiles,
As in a looking-glass;[19] — and then to sigh, as 't were
The mort o' the deer;[20] O! that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows.[21] — Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?
Mam. Ay, my good lord.
Leon. I' fecks?[22]
Why, that 's my bawcock. What! hast smutch'd thy nose? —
They say, it 's a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We must be neat;[23] not neat, but cleanly, captain:
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd neat. — Still virginalling[24]
Upon his palm? — How now, you wanton calf![25]
Art thou my calf?
Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Exemplar der Fol. fand, *what lady should her lord.* 8) Die zweite Folioausg. setzt des Verses wegen *no, nor dream'd.* — Malone liest dagegen *doctrine* dreisylbig *(docterine)* und betont in *ill-doing* die erste Sylbe. — Aus *ill-doing* ist *ill* zu dem folgenden *did* zu suppliren. 9) Wenn die Schuld abgerechnet wäre, welche erblich unser ist, die Erbsünde. 10) Die himmlische Gnade komme uns zu Statten, Gott schütze uns! sagt Hermione zu der Schlussfolgerung, die sich leicht ergeben könnte, als ob sie selbst und die Gattin des Polixenes die Versucherinnen gewesen wären, die den beiden Gatten zuerst mit Verführungen genaht. 11) Leontes mischt sich erst jetzt wieder in das Gespräch, von dem er sich bis dahin fern gehalten. 12) Hermione denkt an Thiere oder Vögel, die so zahm sind, dass sie sich bereitwillig von den Menschen füttern lassen. 13) *to heat* von dem substantivischen *heat* = der einzelne Lauf bei einem Wettrennen, daher = solchen Lauf bestehen. — *an acre* = ein Mass von 160 Ruthen, wie *a thousand furlongs*, bezeichnet die Distance des Laufes. — Das Bild vom Wettrennen wird noch fortgesetzt in *but to the goal* = aber zum Ziel, lasst uns zur Sache kommen. 14) Ehe ich Dich bewegen konnte, Deine Hand zu öffnen und durch Handschlag als Verlobung Dich zu meiner Geliebten zu machen oder zu bekennen. — Das *a clap* der Fol. verbessert die zweite Folioausg. in *and clap.* 15) Dann heisst mein erstes gutes Wort in der That Huld oder Gnade. — *Grace* wird zugleich doppelsinnig als wirklicher Eigenname gefasst. 16) Diese Bühnenweisung ist erst von Capell zur Erklärung des Folgenden hinzugefügt. 17) An diese lateinische Bezeichnung, welche gleich darauf mit *my heart dances* umschrieben wird, erinnert in K. Lear (A. 2, Sc. 4) *O, how this mother swells up 'oward my heart!* || *Hysterica passio!* 18) Hanmer änderte ohne Noth *boun'y's fertile bosom:* diese Freundlichkeit der Hermione gegen Polixenes darf sich ein unbefangenes Ansehen geben und diese Unbefangenheit schöpfen aus Herzlichkeit, Güte und freigebig mittheilsamer Empfindung. 19) *practis'd* ist mit *as in a looking-glass* zu verbinden: sich gegenseitig anlächeln, wie wenn man das Lächeln vor einem Spiegel einstudirt. 20) Seufzen so melancholisch wie die Melodie, welche man auf der Jagd bei dem Fallen des Wildes auf dem Jagdhorn bläst. 21) *brows* = die Stirn, welche mit dem Horn des Hahnreis durch solche zuvorkommende Freundlichkeit der Hermione gegen den Polixenes bedroht ist. 22) *i' fecks* entstellt aus *i' faith.* 23) *neat* = rein, schmuck, in Bezug auf *hast smutch'd thy nose*, und dann im Wortspiel = Rind, wobei Leontes wieder an die Hörner denkt. Vgl. Anm. 21. 24) *to virginal* = auf dem Spinett spielen, die Tasten anschlagen, von dem substantivischen *virginals.* 25) Leontes knüpft wieder an seine vorhergehenden Worte an: *And yet the steer etc.* und denkt auch bei dem folgenden *rough pash* = unebene Stirn, und *shoots* = Sprossen, an die Hörner, welche

Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots that I have,
To be full[26] like me: — yet, they say, we are
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,
That will say anything: but were they false
As o'er-dyed blacks,[27] as wind, as waters; false
As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
No bourn[28] 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
To say this boy were like me. — Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin eye:[29] sweet villain!
Most dear'st! my collop![30] — Can thy dam? — may 't be? —
Affection! thy intention stabs the centre:[31]
Thou dost make possible things not so held,
Communicat'st with dreams; — (how can this be?) —
With what 's unreal thou co-active art,
And fellow'st nothing.[32] Then, 't is very credent,
Thou may'st co-join with something; and thou dost, —
And that beyond commission; and I find it,
And that to the infection of my brains,
And hardening of my brows.
Pol. What means Sicilia?
Her. He something seems unsettled.
Pol. How, my lord!
What cheer? how is 't with you, best brother?[33]
Her. You look,
As if you held a brow of much distraction:
Are you mov'd, my lord?
Leon. No, in good earnest. —
How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms![34] Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methoughts I did recoil
Twenty-three years, and saw myself unbreech'd.
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
Lest it should bite its master,[35] and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash,[36] this gentleman. — Mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for money?[37]
Mam. No, my lord, I 'll fight.
Leon. You will? why, happy man be 's dole! — My brother,
Are you so fond of your young prince, as we
Do seem to be of ours?
Pol. If at home, Sir,
He 's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all.
He makes a July's day short as December;
And with his varying childness cures in me
Thoughts that would thick my blood.
Leon. So stands this squire
Offic'd with me.[38] We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps.[39] — Hermione,
How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's welcome:
Let what is dear in Sicily, be cheap.
Next to thyself, and my young rover, he 's
Apparent to my heart.[40]
Her. If you would seek us,
We are yours i' the garden: shall 's attend you there?
Leon. To your own bents dispose you: you 'll be found,
Be you beneath the sky. — *[Aside.]* I am angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to!
How she holds up the neb,[41] the bill to him;

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das Kalb noch nicht besitzt, wohl aber er als Hahnrei. 26) *full* = ganz und gar. 27) *o'er-dyed blacks* scheint nach einer Sh.'schen Ideenassociation die nur äusserlich aufgetragene, übertünchte Trauer zu bezeichnen. Andere erklären = Trauerzeug, dessen ursprüngliche schwarze Farbe durch eine andere aufgetragene hindurchscheint. Mit einer Deutung Hanmer's: *blacks dyed too much, and therefore rotten* stimmt eine Conjectur Staunton's überein: *oft-dyed blacks*, was auch in Webster's Dutchess of Malfi vorkommt. 28) *bourn* = Scheidegrenze. 29) *welkin eye* = ein Auge blau wie der Himmel. 30) So in K. Henry VI. First Part (A. 5, Sc. 4) *God knows, thou art a collop of my flesh.* 31) Nachdem Leontes sich die Frage vorgelegt, ob Hermione wirklich ihm untreu sein könne *(Can thy dam? — may 't be?)*, antwortet er mit einer Apostrophe an die Leidenschaft des Affects, deren Streben bis in den Mittelpunkt, das Herz, vernichtend eindringen könne und Dinge möglich mache, die man sonst nicht für möglich halten solle, wie die Untreue der Hermione. — Die meisten Hgg. fassen *affection* hier als *imagination* = Einbildungskraft, und Andere verbinden sogar in diesem Sinne *may 't be affection?* 32) Du gesellst Dich einem Nichts zu. — Die Leidenschaft macht sogar aus einem Nichts Etwas. — Dem *nothing* steht in dem Folgenden *something* gegenüber: es ist also sehr glaublich, dass Du Dich zu einem Etwas gesellst, und zwar über die Berechtigung hinaus, in unerlaubter Weise. Leontes spricht auch hier von dem Liebesaffect, welcher die Hermione dem Polixenes entgegentreibt, und fügt dann hinzu: ich merke das, so dass mein Gehirn darunter leidet und meine Stirn hart wird von den mir aufgesetzten Hörnern. — *credent* für *credible* gebraucht Sh. auch in Measure for Measure (A. 4, Sc. 4) *credent bulk.* — Der Deutlichkeit wegen ist in der vorhergehenden Zeile *co-active* zu schreiben, wie in der folgenden *co-join*, um das Wort von *coactive* = zwingend, zu unterscheiden. Der Sinn ist: Du wirkst mit bei dem, was unwirklich ist. 33) Die Fol. theilt diese Zeile dem Leontes zu. Die Verbesserung rührt von Hanmer her. — Für *How, my lord!* vermuthet Dyce *Ho, my lord!* da die Fol. auch an andern Stellen *how* für *ho* setzt. 34) Diesen Satz will Staunton von Leontes beiseit gesprochen haben. — In der folgenden Zeile behalten auch die Cambridge Edd. und Dyce aus der Fol. *methoughts* bei, das sich neben *methought* öfter in der Fol. wie in andern alten Drucken findet. 35) Das Bild in *muzzled* und *bite* ist von einem Hunde, dem man einen Maulkorb anlegt. 36) *squash* = Knirps, eigentlich = unreife Bohne oder Erbse. So in Twelfth-Night (A. 1, Sc. 5) *as a squash is before 't is a peascod.* 37) *to take eggs for money* oder gewöhnlicher *for his money* = an Zahlungsstatt Eier annehmen, ist eine sprichwörtliche Redensart: sich leicht zufrieden stellen lassen, sich viel bieten lassen. — Eben so sprichwörtlich ist das folgende *Happy man be his dole!* = Möge ein glücklicher Mann sein Theil sein! Möge es ihm gut gehen! 38) Alle diese Verrichtungen *(my sworn friend etc.)* hat dieser Junker bei mir zu versehen. 39) *your graver steps* = Eure Schritte, die gemessener sind, als die meinigen mit meinem Knaben. — Vielleicht aber ist der Satz *We two — — steps* eine Rede der Hermione, welche mit dem Polixenes lustwandeln und ihren Gemahl seinen Staatsgeschäften überlassen will. 40) Er steht meinem Herzen als nächster Erbe nahe. So steht *apparent* in K. Henry VI. Third Part (A. 2, Sc. 2) *I'll draw it as apparent to the crown.* 41) *neb* =

And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing husband![42]
[Exeunt Polixenes, Hermione, *and Attendants.*
Gone already;[43]
Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd one! —
Go play, boy, play; — thy mother plays, and I
Play too, but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
Will hiss[44] me to my grave: contempt and clamour
Will be my knell. — Go play, boy, play. — There have been,
Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is, (even at this present,[45]
Now, while I speak this) holds his wife by the arm,
That little thinks she has been sluic'd in 's absence,
And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour,[46] by
Sir Smile, his neighbour. Nay, there 's comfort in 't,
Whiles other men have gates, and those gates open'd,
As mine, against their will. Should all despair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physic for 't there is none:
It is a bawdy planet,[47] that will strike
Where 't is predominant; and 't is powerful, think it,
From east, west, north, and south: be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly: know 't;
It will let in and out the enemy,
With bag and baggage. Many a thousand on 's[48]
Have the disease, and feel 't not. — How now, boy?
Mam. I am like you, they[49] say.
Leon. Why, that 's some comfort. —
What! Camillo there?
Cam. Ay, my good lord.
Leon. Go play, Mamillius; thou 'rt an honest man. —
[Exit Mamillius.
Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.
Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold:
When you cast out, it still came home.[50]
Leon. Didst note it?
Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made
His business more material.[51]
Leon. Didst perceive it? —
They 're here with me already;[52] whispering, rounding,
»Sicilia is a — so-forth.« 'T is far gone,
When I shall gust[53] it last. — How came 't, Camillo,
That he did stay?
Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.
Leon. At the queen's, be 't: good should be pertinent;
But so it is, it is not.[54] Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking;[55] will draw in
More than the common blocks: — not noted, is 't,
But of the finer natures? by some severals,
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes,[56]
Perchance, are to this business purblind: say.
Cam. Business, my lord? I think, most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.
Leon. Ha?
Cam. Stays here longer.
Leon. Ay, but why?
Cam. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.
Leon. Satisfy?
The entreaties of your mistress? — satisfy? —
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils, wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleans'd my bosom:[57] I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd; but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that which seems so.[58]
Cam. Be it forbid, my lord!
Leon. To bide upon 't,[59] — thou art not honest; or,
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward,

Schnabel, wie das folgende *bill* für Mund gebraucht. 42) *a wife to her husband* = eine Frau ihres Gatten wie sie sich bewehrt mit der Dreistigkeit eines Weibes, das einen zustimmenden, geduldigen Gatten hat. 43) *gone already* = es ist schon mit mir vorbei, ist mit dem Folgenden zu verbinden: ich stecke schon zolldick, knietief darin, bin ein Gehörnter über Kopf und Ohren. — In diesem Sinne steht *forked* vom Hahnrei auch in Othello (A. 3, Sc. 3) *Even then this forked plague is fated to us,* || *When we do quicken.* — Der Weggang des Polixenes u. s. w., der in der Fol. nicht bezeichnet ist, wäre vielleicht schon vorher, nach *beneath the sky*, zu setzen. 44) *to hiss* von dem Schauspieler, der in seiner Rolle ausgezischt wird; wie *to play* und *a part.* 45) *present* = Gegenwart. 46) Das Bild von einem Teiche, der abgelassen und dann ausgefischt wird, schwebte dem Dichter schon bei *sluiced* vor, noch ehe *his pond* erwähnt ist. Aehnlich steht in Measure for Measure (A. 1, Sc. 2) *But what 's his offence? — Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.* — *Sir Smile* ist eine Personification, wie *Sir Prudence* in Tempest (A. 2, Sc. 1). 47) Wie hier die Kuppelei planetarischem Einflusse zugeschrieben wird, so das Versemachen in Much Ado about Nothing (A. 5, Sc. 2) *I was not born under a rhyming planet.* — Sonst haben die Planeten nur in einer bestimmten Stellung ihre Einwirkung auf die Menschen, aber dieser kupplerische Planet wirkt nach allen Seiten hin, aus jeder Himmelsgegend. 48) *on 's* für *of us*, was manche Hgg. dafür in den Text setzen. 49) *they*, das in der Fol. fehlt, supplirt die zweite Folioausg. von 1632. 50) Als Ihr den Anker auswarft, wollte er nicht festhaken, sondern kam unverrichteter Sache zurück; Eure Bemühung, den Polixenes zu längerem Bleiben zu bewegen, war vergeblich. 51) Als Ihr ihn batet, machte er das Geschäft, das ihn zur Abreise trieb, nur um so wesentlicher, dringlicher. 52) *they 're here with me already* ist nach Staunton's Erklärung eine familiäre Redeweise: die Leute machen schon das Zeichen des Hahnreis, wenn sie von mir sprechen. Vielleicht besagt es bloss: die Leute wissen bei mir schon Bescheid, wissen schon, wie es bei mir steht, und flüstern und raunen sich in's Ohr *(rounding):* der König von Sicilien ist ein — u. s. w. — *so-forth* steht für *a cuckold* oder etwas Aehnliches, was die Leute nicht geradezu aussprechen, sondern nur pantomimisch ausdrücken. 53) *to gust* = kosten, schmecken. 54) scil. *it is not pertinent:* die Sache verhält sich so, dass das Beiwort *good* zu *queen* nicht passend ist. 55) *soaking* wird erklärt durch *will draw in:* Dein Verstand zieht, wie ein Schwamm, in sich, fasst mehr auf als gemeine Klötze. 56) *lower messes* eigentlich = Leute, die bei Tisch einen niedrigen Platz bekommen oder an einer geringeren Tafel speisen, dann allgemein = Leute von niedrigem Range. 57) Leontes hat den Camillo sowohl mit den seinem Herzen am nächsten liegenden Dingen als auch mit seinen vertrauchsten Berathungen betraut, wie man sein Herz gegen einen Priester als Beichtvater ausschüttet. So in Macbeth (A. 5, Sc. 3) *Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,* || *Which weighs upon the heart.* 58) scil. *which seems*

Which hoxes[60] honesty behind, restraining
From course requir'd; or else thou must be counted
A servant grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent; or else a fool,
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
And tak'st it all for jest.
Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful:
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Amongst the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth.[61] In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance,[62] 't was a fear
Which oft infects[63] the wisest. These, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
Is never free of: but, 'beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me: let me know my trespass
By its[64] own visage; if I then deny it,
'T is none of mine.
Leon. Ha' not you seen, Camillo,
(But that 's past doubt; you have: or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn) or heard,
(For, to a vision so apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute) or thought, (for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think)[65]
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
(Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor[66] eyes, nor thought) then say
My wife 's a hobbyhorse,[67] deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight: say 't, and justify 't.
Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken. 'Shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this; which to reiterate, were sin
As deep as that, though true.[68]
Leon. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty) horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web,[69] but theirs, theirs only,
That[70] would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world, and all that is in 't, is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.
Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes;
For 't is most dangerous.
Leon. Say, it be; 't is true.[71]
Cam. No, no, my lord.
Leon. It is; you lie, you lie:
I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee;
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave,
Or else a hovering temporizer;[72] that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both: were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.[73]
Cam. Who does infect her?
Leon. Why, he that wears her like her medal, hanging
About his neck,[74] Bohemia: who — if I
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts, they would do that
Which should undo more doing:[75] ay, and thou,
His cupbearer, — whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worship;[76] who may'st see

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thy integrity. 59) *to bide upon 't* = um dabei zu bleiben, um es noch einmal zu sagen. So in Beaumont und Fletcher's King and no King: *Captain, thou art a valiant gentleman;* || *To abide upon 't, a very valiant man.* 60) *to hox* = die Fersensehne abschneiden, lähmen. Die gewöhnliche Schreibweise ist *to hocks.* — *honesty* wird hier als ein Pferd gefasst, dem die Feigheit hinterlistig die Sehne zerschneidet und so die Kraft zum Rennen benimmt. 61) Kein Mensch ist so frei davon, dass seine Nachlässigkeit, Thorheit, Bangigkeit sich nicht in dem unendlichen Getriebe der Welt bisweilen zeigt. 62) Malone bemerkt mit Recht, dass Sh. entweder *against the performance* oder *for the non-performance* habe setzen müssen, und citirt andere Stellen, wo Sh. in ähnlicher Weise in der Häufung negirender Begriffe die Construction verwirrt hat. 63) Für *infects* der Fol. setzen manche Hgg. stillschweigend *affects.* 64) Staunton weist auf das häufigere Vorkommen von *its, it's* in der Fol., in diesem Drama, wofür in den meisten andern Sh.'schen Schauspielen gewöhnlich *his* steht, als auf ein Zeichen der späten Abfassung von Winter's Tale hin. 65) So die Fol.; Theobald *think it.* — *think* ist, an das vorhergehende *or thought* anknüpfend, mit dem Folgenden, obgleich durch ein Parenthesezeichen davon getrennt, in Sh.'s Constructionsweise zu verbinden. 66) *nor* verstärkt das vorhergehende *negative:* sonst musst Du unverschämt ableugnen, dass Du Augen, Ohren und Gedanken habest. 67) *hobbyhorse* = eine ausgelassene Person, wahrscheinlich von der so benannten stehenden Charaktermaske im Mohrentanze. — Die Fol. hat *holy horse,* was Rowe zuerst verbesserte. 68) Die Wiederholung Eurer Worte schon wäre eine Sünde so schwer wie die von Euch behauptete der Hermione, selbst wenn sie nicht bloss behauptet, sondern wahr wäre. 69) *pin* = Staar im Auge, *web* = Fell im Auge, zusammengefasst in der Bezeichnung *cataract.* — So in K. Lear (A. 3, Sc. 4) *he gives the web and the pin.* 70) *that* bezieht sich auf ein in *theirs* steckendes *they.* 71) Gesetzt auch, dass diese krankhafte Einbildung gefährlich sei, so ist sie doch wahr, begründet. 72) Ein schwankender Achselträger. — *temporizer* = der sich nach der Zeit richtet, bald so bald so handelt und redet. 73) So würde sie keine Stunde leben, nicht so lange leben, wie der Sand in einem Stundenglase läuft. — *one* gehört dem Sinne nach eher zu *running* als zu *glass.* — So in K. Henry VI. First Part (A. 4, Sc. 2) *ere the glass, that now begins to run,* || *Finish the process of his sandy hour.* 74) Polixenes hegt die Hermione, als ob es ein Bild, ein Medaillon von ihr wäre, das er am Halse trägt. — Manche Hgg. lesen *his medal.* 75) *doing* steht hier in obscönem Sinne, wie Sh. *to do* auch an andern Stellen gebraucht: die heimliche Wegräumung des Polixenes würde dem ferneren unkeuschen Verkehr

Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,
How I am galled, — mightst bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;[77]
Which draught to me were cordial.
Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this, and that with no rash potion,
But with a lingering dram, that should not work
Maliciously, like poison:[78] but I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.
I have lov'd thee, —
Leon. Make that thy question, and go rot![79]
Dost think, I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation? sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets, —
Which to preserve is sleep; which, being spotted,
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps, —
Give[80] scandal to the blood o' the prince, my son,
(Who, I do think, is mine, and love as mine)
Without ripe moving to 't? Would I do this?
Could man so blench?[81]
Cam. I must believe you, Sir:
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for 't;[82]
Provided, that when he 's remov'd, your highness
Will take again your queen, as yours at first,
Even for your son's sake; and thereby[83] for sealing
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.
Leon. Thou dost advise me,
Even so as I mine own course have set down.
I 'll give no blemish to her honour, none.
Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,
And with your queen. I am his cupbearer;
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.
Leon. This is all:
Do 't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do 't not, thou splitt'st thine own.[84]
Cam. I 'll do 't, my lord.
Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me.
[Exit.
Cam. O miserable lady! — But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes; and my ground to do 't
Is the obedience to a master; one,
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his, so too.[85] — To do this deed,
Promotion follows. If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings,
And flourish'd after, I 'd not do 't; but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,
Let villany itself forswear 't.[86] I must
Forsake the court: to do 't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Enter Polixenes.

Pol. This is strange. Methinks,
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak? —
Good day, Camillo.
Cam. Hail, most royal Sir!
Pol. What is the news i' the court?
Cam. None rare, my lord.
Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance,
As he had lost some province, and a region
Lov'd as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment, when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt,[87] speeds from me, and
So leaves me to consider what is breeding,
That changes thus his manners.
Cam. I dare not know, my lord.
Pol. How! dare not? do not! Do you know, and dare not
Be intelligent to me?[88] 'T is thereabouts;
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must,
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which shows me mine chang'd too; for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with 't.
Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease, and it is caught
Of you, that yet are well.
Pol. How caught of me?
Make me not sighted like the basilisk:[89]
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better

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zwischen ihm und der Hermione ein Ende machen. 76) *bench'd* ist mit *rear'd to worship* zu verbinden und bezieht sich auf *meaner form:* ich habe Dich von einem niedrigeren Sitze zu einem andern, angeseheneren erhoben. — *to bench* = auf eine Bank setzen. Vgl. oben Anm. 56. 77) Du könntest einen Becher so würzen, dass mein Feind davon die Augen dauernd zumachte. — Derselbe Euphemismus für Tod kehrt wieder in Tempest (A. 2, Sc. 1) *To the perpetual wink for aye might put || This ancient morsel.* 78) Dem schnell wirkenden Gifte wird ein langsam zehrender Trunk ohne sichtliche schlimme Wirkung entgegengesetzt. — Wie hier *rash potion*, steht in K. Henry IV. Second Part (A. 4, Sc. 4) *rash gunpowder.* 79) Mit dieser Verwünschung unterbricht der ungeduldige König nicht die Ergebenheitsbetheurungen des Camillo, auf die er gar nicht hört, sondern dessen Zweifel an der Schuld der Königin: Wenn Du das, was so klar vor Augen liegt, noch bezweifeln, noch in Frage stellen willst, so magst Du zu Grunde gehen! 80) *give* ist wie *sully* dem vorhergehenden *to appoint* coordinirt. 81) *to blench* = abspringen, abirren vom rechten Wege. 82) Ich will deshalb den Polixenes wegschaffen. 83) *thereby* = daneben, ausserdem, bezieht sich auf *for your son's sake:* und auch um die bösen Zungen zum Schweigen zu bringen an Höfen und in Reichen, die mit Eurem Hof und Reich bekannt und verknüpft sind. 84) Thust Du es nicht, so bist Du selbst die Veranlassung, dass ich Dein Herz durchbohre. 85) scil. *in rebellion with themselves.* 86) Zu *not one* ist *example* zu suppliren, und *forswear 't* bezieht sich auf *to do 't* in *I 'd not do 't:* 87) Indem er seine Augen nach der entgegengesetzten Seite richtete und die Lippe voll Verachtung hängen liess. — *to fall* = senken. 88) *intelligent* = die Kundschaft mittheilend, einverstanden mit Jemandem. — Darauf bezieht sich das Folgende: denn Euch selber müsst Ihr doch, was Ihr wisst, mittheilen, und könnt nicht sagen, dass Ihr es nicht dürft. 89) Sage nicht, dass mein Anblick tödte, wie der des Basilisken, versetzt Polixenes auf Camillo's Ausrede, dass die grassirende Krankheit von ihm ausgehe. 90) *clerk-like experienc'd* = voll Erfahrungs-Wissen wie ein

By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo, —
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto
Clerk-like experienc'd,[90] which no less adorns
Our gentry than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we are gentle,[91] — I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison 't not
In ignorant concealment.[92]
Cam. I may not answer.
Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well?
I must be answer'd. — Dost thou hear, Camillo,
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man
Which honour does acknowledge, — whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine, — that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be:[93]
If not, how best to bear it.
Cam. Sir, I will tell you;
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable. Therefore, mark my counsel,
Which must be even as swiftly follow'd, as
I mean to utter it, or both yourself and me[94]
Cry »lost«, and so good night.
Pol. On, good Camillo.
Cam. I am appointed him[95] to murder you.
Pol. By whom, Camillo?
Cam. By the king.
Pol. For what?
Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,
As he had seen 't, or been an instrument
To vice you to 't,[96] — that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.
Pol. O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly, and my name
Be yok'd with his that did betray the Best![97]
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive; and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard, or read!
Cam. Swear his thought over[98]
By each particular star in heaven, and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As, or by oath, remove, or counsel, shake,
The fabric of his folly, whose foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.[99]
Pol. How should this grow?
Cam. I know not; but, I am sure, 't is safer to
Avoid what 's grown, than question how 't is born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,
That lies enclosed in this trunk,[100] which you
Shall bear along impawn'd, away to-night!
Your followers I will whisper to the business;
And will, by twos and threes, at several posterns,
Clear them o' the city. For myself, I 'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth, which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth, thereon
His execution sworn.[101]
Pol. I do believe thee:
I saw his heart in 's face.[102] Give me thy hand:
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine.[103] My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago. — This jealousy
Is for a precious creature: as she 's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his person 's mighty,
Must it be violent; and, as he does conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
Profess'd to him,[104] why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me:
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort

Gelehrter. — Die Fol. setzt mit Recht kein Comma zwischen die beiden zusammengehörenden Wörter, wie die meisten Hgg. thun. 91) In deren Geschlechtsfolge wir adlig sind. — *success* für *succession* gebraucht auch Spenser in Faerie Queene: *All the sons of these five brethren reigned || By due success.* 92) *ignorant concealment* = eine Verhehlung, welche thut, als ob sie nichts wisse. 93) *if to be* = wenn es sich überhaupt vermeiden lässt. — Vielleicht wäre zu lesen *if it be* scil. *to be prevented.* 94) *me* für *I.* 95) *him* fassen die meisten Hgg. als *he* = der Mann: ich bin bestimmt als der Mann, der Euch ermorden soll. — Boswell erklärt es mit *by him.* — Vielleicht ist der Sinn: Ich bin ihm ausersehen oder bestimmt, Euch zu morden. — Rowe streicht das *him* und Hanmer setzt *sir* als Anrede dafür. 96) *to vice* in Bezug auf *instrument*: als ob er selbst das Werkzeug gewesen wäre, Euch daran fest zu schrauben, Euch mit der Königin fest zusammenzuketten. 97) d. h. mit dem Namen des Judas Ischarioth. — Douce citirt dazu aus einer Excommunicationsformel: *let them have part with Judas that betrayed Christ.* 98) *swear his thought over* erklärt Steevens richtig mit *over-swear his thought*: wenn Ihr auch der falschen Meinung des Leontes Trotz bietet mit Betheurungen und Schwüren. — Zu *swear* gehört dann *by each particular star etc.*: wenn Ihr auch bei jedem einzelnen Sterne am Himmel und bei aller Sterne gesammtem Einfluss auf Welt und Menschen schwört. — Theobald wollte lesen *swear this, though, over.* — Sh. gebraucht *to swear over* wie er sonst (z. B. in Merchant of Venice A. 4, Sc. 2) *to outswear* gebraucht. 99) Das Gebäude seines Wahns ist gegründet auf seinen festen Glauben daran und wird bestehen während der Dauer seiner Person, so lange er selbst besteht. 100) *trunk* = Rumpf, Leib, und = Truhe, in der Etwas aufbewahrt wird. 101) *thereon* bezieht sich auf *condemned etc.*: so dass seine Hinrichtung in Folge der Verurtheilung eidlich feststeht. 102) Polixenes hatte dem Leontes schon angesehen, wie er gesinnt war. Vgl. oben Anm. 87. 103) *places* wird mit *honours* erklärt. — Vielleicht ist der Sinn aber nur: Du sollst überall mir nahe bleiben; Dein Platz, wie er auch wechseln mag, soll immer meinem Platze nahe sein. 104) *to profess to him* = sich zu Jemandem bekennen. 105) Glückliche Förderung meiner Flucht begünstige mich und gereiche durch meine Entfernung auch der Königin zum Trost, welche die Gedanken ihres Gemahls beschäftigt, aber durchaus nicht an seinem unbegründeten Verdachte Theil hat. — Warburton, der *comfort* als Substantiv fasste, wollte *the queen's* lesen, und Hanmer *Heaven comfort* für *and comfort.* — *theme* ist der Gegenstand, mit dem sich Leontes beschäftigt, von dem er spricht.

The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion![105] Come, Camillo:
I will respect thee as a father, if
Thou bear'st my life off hence. Let us avoid.
Cam. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the posterns. Please your highness
To take the urgent hour. Come, Sir: away! *[Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The Same.

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, *and Ladies.*

Her. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,
'T is past enduring.
1. Lady. Come, my gracious lord:
Shall I be your playfellow?
Mam. No, I 'll none of you.
1. Lady. Why, my sweet lord?
Mam. You 'll kiss me hard, and speak to me as if
I were a baby still. — I love you better.
2. Lady. And why so, my lord?
Mam. Not for because
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best, so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,
Or a half-moon made with a pen.
2. Lady. Who taught ye this?[1]
Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces. — Pray now,
What colour are your eyebrows?
1. Lady. Blue, my lord.
Mam. Nay, that 's a mock: I have seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.
2. Lady. Hark ye.
The queen, your mother, rounds[2] apace: we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince,
One of these days; and then you 'd wanton with us,
If we would have you.
1. Lady. She is spread of late
nto a goodly bulk: good time[3] encounter her!
Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come, Sir; now
I am for you again: pray you, sit by us,
And tell 's a tale.
Mam. Merry, or sad, shall 't be?
Her. As merry as you will.
Mam. A sad tale 's best for winter.[4]
I have one of sprites and goblins.
Her. Let 's have that, good Sir.
Come on, sit down: come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites: you 're powerful at it.
Mam. There was a man, —
Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on.
Mam. Dwelt by a churchyard. — I will tell it softly;
Yond crickets[5] shall not hear it.
Her. Come on then,
And give 't me in mine ear.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, *Lords, and Others.*[6]

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?
1. Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them: never
Saw I men scour so on their way. I ey'd them
Even to their ships.
Leon. How blest am I
In my just censure,[7] in my true opinion! —
Alack! for lesser knowledge![8] — how accurs'd,
In being so blest! — There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd,[9] and one may drink, depart,[10]
And yet partake no venom, for his knowledge
Is not infected; but if one present
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts.[11] — I have drunk, and seen the spider.
Camillo was his help in this, his pander. —
There is a plot against my life, my crown:
All 's true that is mistrusted;[12] — that false villain.
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him.
He has discover'd my design,[13] and I
Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will. — How came the posterns
So easily open?
1. Lord. By his great authority;
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,
On your command.
Leon. I know 't too well. —
Give me the boy. *[To* HERMIONE.*]* I am glad, you did not nurse him:
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.
Her. What is this? sport?
Leon. Bear the boy hence; he shall not come about her.
Away with him; and let her sport herself

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1) So erklärt Dyce das *Who taught 'this?* der Fol. — Die meisten Hgg. fügen mit Rowe *you* für *ye* ein. 2) *to round* = rund werden, an Leibesumfang zunehmen, hier in Bezug auf die Schwangerschaft. 3) *time* = Zeit der Niederkunft. 4) Eine Anspielung auf den Titel dieses Dramas. — *a winter's tale* scheint schon lange vorher für eine wunderbare, ergreifende Geschichte gebraucht zu sein. So in Marlowe's Dido Queen of Carthage: *Who would no' undergo all kind of toil,* || *To be well stored with such a winter's tale?* 5) *crickets* nennt er die Hofdamen, wegen ihrer Munterkeit, nach dem sprichwörtlichen *as merry as a cricket.* 6) In der Fol. wird das Auftreten des Leontes u. s. w. gleich zu Anfang der Scene verzeichnet, wie die Fol. häufig alle erst im Verlaufe der Scene erscheinenden Personen gleich zu Anfang namhaft macht. 7) *censure* = Urtheil. — *blest* = gesegnet, und = begabt mit Etwas. In ersterem Sinne folgt als Gegensatz *accursed.* 8) Ach, wäre mein Wissen doch geringer! wüsste ich weniger, wie ich betrogen bin! 9) Die Spinnen galten zu Sh.'s Zeit für giftig, nach Leontes' Auffassung hier jedoch nur dann, wenn der Trinker sie bemerkte. So in Middleton's No Wit, no Help like a Woman's: *Even when my lips touch'd the contracting cup,* || *Even then to see the spider.* 10) Staunton vermuthet sinnreich *drink deep on 't.* Indess ist jede Aenderung überflüssig: Einer kann trinken und davon gehen ohne Gift mitzunehmen. 11) *heft* = Hebung, Drang zum Erbrechen, von *to heave* = Etwas emporheben. 12) Jedes Misstrauen erweist sich als wahr, jeder Verdacht ist begründet. 13) Camillo hat meinen Plan dem Polixenes enthüllt, und ich stehe jetzt da wie ein Ding oder Geschöpf, das man ungestraft zwickt, ja, wie ein Spielzeug, mit dem sie nach Belieben spielen. — Heath fasst *a pinch'd thing* wohl zu speciell als *a mere*

With that she 's big with, for 't is Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.
Her. But I 'd say he had not,
And, I 'll be sworn, you would believe my saying,
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.[14]
Leon. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say, »she is a goodly lady,« and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
»'T is pity she 's not honest, honourable:«
Praise her but for this her without-door form
(Which, on my faith, deserves high speech), and straight
The shrug, the hum, or ha; these petty brands,
That calumny doth use: — O, I am out![15] —
That mercy does, for calumny will sear
Virtue itself: — these shrugs, these hums, and ha's,
When you have said, »she 's goodly,« come between,
Ere you can say, »she 's honest.« But be 't known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She 's an adult'ress.
Her. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd[16] villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
Do but mistake.
Leon. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes. O thou thing,
Which I 'll not call a creature of thy place,[17]
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar! — I have said
She 's an adult'ress; I have said with whom:
More, she 's a traitor; and Camillo is
A federary with her,[18] and one that knows
What she should shame to know herself,
But with her most vile principal, that she 's
A bed-swerver, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold'st titles; ay, and privy
To this their late escape.[19]
Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me? Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me throughly then, to say
You did mistake.
Leon. No;[20] if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top.[21] — Away with her to prison!
He, who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty,
But that he speaks.[22]
Her. There 's some ill planet reigns:
I must be patient, till the heavens look
With an aspect[23] more favourable. — Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, shall dry your pities; but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here,[24] which burns
Worse than tears drown. 'Beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me; — and so
The king's will be perform'd.
Leon. Shall I be heard?[25]
Her. Who is 't, that goes with me? — 'Beseech your highness,
My women may be with me; for, you see,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cause: when you shall know, your mistress
Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears,
As I come out: this action, I now go on,
Is for my better grace.[26] — Adieu, my lord:
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now,
I trust, I shall. — My women, come; you have leave.
Leon. Go, do our bidding: hence!
[Exeunt Queen and Ladies.
1. Lord. 'Beseech your highness, call the queen again.
Ant. Be certain what you do, Sir, lest your justice
Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer,
Yourself, your queen, your son.
1. Lord. For her, my lord,
I dare my life lay down, and will do 't, Sir,
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless
I' the eyes of heaven, and to you: I mean,
In this which you accuse her.
Ant. If it prove
She 's otherwise, I 'll keep my stables where

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child's baby, a thing pinch'd out of clouts. 14) Wie sehr Ihr Euch auch zum Nein, zur Verneinung neigen mögt. — *to the nayward* ist gebildet wie *to bedward* in Coriolanus (A. 1, Sc. 6). 15) Ich komme aus dem Concept, ich irre mich. Leontes, der eben gesagt hatte, dass die Verläumdung solche Brandmarke gebrauche, verbessert sich nun und sagt, dass die Milde, die Nächstenliebe vielmehr sie gebrauche. 16) *replenished* = vollkommen, vollendet. So in K. Richard III. (A. 4, Sc. 3) *The most replenished sweet work of nature.* 17) O Du Ding, dessen rechten Namen ich nicht anwenden will auf ein Geschöpf Deines hohen Ranges. Der eigentliche Name wäre ein Wort wie *a whore*, welches Leontes nicht gebrauchen will, damit nicht die rohe Unwissenheit, sich auf sein Beispiel berufend, fernerhin solch eine schimpfliche Bezeichnung ohne Unterschied auf alle Stände anwende. 18) Für *federary*, das sonst nirgendwo vorkommt, wollte Malone *feodary* lesen. Indess ist der Sinn von *federary* klar: *confederate* = verbündet, Helfershelfer. — *federary* steht im Gegensatze zu dem folgenden *principal:* Einer, der weiss, was sie sich schämen sollte selbst zu wissen, nur zugleich mit ihrem elenden ausschliesslichen Theilhaber, d. h. Polixenes. — *but* = nur, einzig. 19) *their late escape* ist die Flucht des Polixenes und des Camillo, bei der die Hermione im Einverständniss war. 20) Einige Hgg. setzen *no, no;* des Verses wegen. 21) So ist das Centrum, um das die Erde sich dreht, nicht stark genug, den Kreisel eines Knaben zu tragen. — *centre* = der Mittelpunkt der Erde, wird als die feste Grundlage des ganzen Erdballs gefasst. — In demselben Sinne, wie hier, ist *the centre* vielleicht auch an einer früheren Stelle (A. 1, Sc. 2, Anm. 31) zu verstehen. 22) Wer zu ihren Gunsten spricht, der hat einen entfernten Antheil an ihrer Schuld, der ist entfernt schuldig, bloss dadurch, dass er spricht. 23) *aspect*, von Sh. auf der letzten Sylbe betont, ist ein astrologischer Ausdruck, wie auch *ill planet.* 24) Hier, in meinem Herzen. 25) Der König richtet diese Worte an die Diener, welche bisher zögerten, seinen schon vorher ausgesprochenen Befehl, *Away with her to prison!* zu vollziehen. 26) Diese Anklage, oder diese Rechtssache, auf Grund deren ich jetzt gehe, d. h. in's Gefängniss, dient zu meinem grösseren Heil oder Schmuck. — *go* ist dem *come out* entgegengestellt. 27) Von den verschiedenen Deutungen, welche

I lodge my wife; I 'll go in couples with her;[27]
Than[28] when I feel, and see her, no further trust her;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,
If she be.

Leon. Hold your peaces!

1. Lord. Good my lord, —

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves.
You are abus'd, and by some putter-on,[29]
That will be damn'd for 't; 'would I knew the villain,
I would land-damn[30] him. Be she honour-flaw'd, —
I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven,
The second, and the third, nine, and some five;[31]
If this prove true, they 'll pay for 't: by mine honour,
I 'll geld them all: fourteen they shall not see,[32]
To bring false generations: they are co-heirs;
And I had rather glib myself, than they
Should not produce fair issue.

Leon. Cease! no more.
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose; but I do see 't, and feel 't,
As you feel doing thus, and see withal
The instruments that feel.[33]

Ant. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty:
There 's not a grain of it the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leon. What! lack I credit?

1. Lord. I had rather you did lack, than I, my lord,
Upon this ground; and more it would content me
To have her honour true, than your suspicion;
Be blam'd for 't how you might.[34]

Leon. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this, but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels, but our natural goodness
Imparts this; which, if you (or stupified,
Or seeming so in skill) cannot, or will not,
Relish a truth[35] like us, inform yourselves,
We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on 't,[36] is all
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more overture.

Leon. How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity
(Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,[37]
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation,
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to the deed), doth push on this proceeding:
Yet, for a greater confirmation,
(For in an act of this importance 't were
Most piteous to be wild) I have despatch'd in post,
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency.[38] Now, from the oracle
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop, or spur me.[39] Have I done well?

1. Lord. Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am satisfied,[40] and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle

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diese Stelle erfahren hat, ist diejenige die unwahrscheinlichste, welche *stables* oder *stable*, oder gar *stablestand* wie emendirt worden ist, einfach = Aufenthalt, Standort, fasst, als ob Antigonus nur sagen wolle: ich will immer da mich anfhalten, wo meine Frau wohnt. Dass Sh. *stables* = Stall für Pferde, fasst, dafür spricht das folgende *I 'll go in couples* = ich will gekoppelt, wie Jagdhunde, mit ihr gehen. Der Sinn der ganzen Stelle ist dann: Wenn die Königin unkeusch ist, so will ich auch alle Weiber für eben so schlecht halten, und demgemäss meine Frau nicht anders behandeln, und ihr nicht mehr freien Willen lassen, als meinen Pferden und Hunden. 28) Malone vermuthet, dass *than*, was die Fol. für *than* und *then* setzt, hier nicht *than*, sondern *then* sei. Indess scheint *than* von *further* abzuhängen, obwohl es vorhergeht: ich will ihr nicht weiter trauen, ihr keinen weiteren Spielraum gewähren, als wenn ich sie fühle und sehe. 29) *putter-on* = Anstifter. 30) *land-damn* (*Land-damne* in der Fol.) scheint eine unheilbare Corruption des Textes, deren zweiter Theil durch das gerade darüber stehende *damn'd* der vorigen Zeile noch verdächtiger wird. — Malone wollte *land-dam* lesen und dieses eben so auffallende Compositum erklären mit *bury him in earth.* — Collier vermuthete *lamback i. e. beat.* 31) Die zweite Folioausg. liest *and sons five*, was auch Rowe noch beibehält im Widerspruch mit dem folgenden *they are co-heirs.* — *some five* = etwa fünf Jahre alt, bezieht sich auf *the third*, wie sich *nine* auf *the second* bezieht. 32) *fourteen they shall not see* ist nicht für sich allein, sondern in Verbindung mit dem vorhergehenden *I 'll geld them all* aufzufassen: ich will sie verschneiden, ehe sie noch vierzehn Jahre alt werden und dann unkeusche Kinder gebären können. — *to geld* wird von dem Verschneiden weiblicher Thiere, wie *to glib* von dem männlicher Thiere gebraucht. 33) Johnson fügt hier die erklärende Bühnenweisung *Striking his brows*, Hanmer *Laying hold of his arm* hinzu. Jedenfalls sind *the instruments that feel* die Finger des Leontes, welche den Antigonus anpacken. 34) Möchtet Ihr wegen Eures ungegründeten Verdachtes auch noch so sehr getadelt oder blossgestellt werden. 35) Rowe änderte ohne Grund *as truth:* wenn Ihr in dem, was unsere angeborne Güte Euch mittheilt, nicht, wie wir es thun, eine Wahrheit erkennen könnt, da Ihr entweder verdummt seid, oder nicht erkennen wollt, da Ihr mit Bedacht dumm scheinen wollt, so macht Euch selbst damit bekannt, dass wir Eures Rathes nicht mehr bedürfen. 36) Die Regelung der Sache, was in dieser Sache anzuordnen, zu thun ist. — Das folgende *properly* verstärkt *ours:* in unserm eigenen Besitz. 37) *conjecture* = Argwohn, Misstrauen. So in Much Ado about Nothing (A. 4, Sc. 1) *And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,* || *To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm.* — Von *conjecture* hängt das folgende *that* ab: ein Argwohn, dem nur der Augenschein fehlte, dem nichts zum Beweise fehlte, als das Sehen, da alle andern Umstände genugsam vorhanden waren für die That, für den verbrecherischen Verkehr zwischen Polixenes und Hermione. — Staunton interpungirt *That lack'd, sight only, nought for approbation;* || *But only seeing:* welchem, den Augenschein abgerechnet, nichts zum Beweise fehlte, nur der Augenschein. 38) *stuffed sufficiency* = volle, ausreichende Tüchtigkeit. 39) Vom Orakel werden sie alles Erforderliche zurückbringen; des Orakels geistlicher Rath, wenn er erlangt ist, soll mich in meinem Verfahren aufhalten oder zum Weitergehen anspornen. — Bei Greene trägt die Königin auf die Sendung nach Delphi an. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 524 u. 525.

Give rest to the minds of others; such as he,
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth. So have we thought it good,
From our free[41] person she should be confin'd,
Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us:
We are to speak in public; for this business
Will raise us all.
Ant. [Aside.] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known.[42] *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Same. The outer Room of a Prison.

Enter PAULINA *and Attendants.*

Paul. The keeper of the prison, call to him:
Let him have knowledge who I am. — Good lady!
[Exit an Attendant.
No court in Europe is too good for thee;
What dost thou then in prison? —
Re-enter Attendant, with the Gaoler.[1]
Now, good Sir,
You know me, do you not?
Gaoler. For a worthy lady,
And one whom much I honour.
Paul. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the queen.
Gaoler. I may not, Madam: to the contrary
I have express commandment.
Paul. Here 's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from
The access of gentle visitors! — Is 't lawful,
Pray you, to see her women? any of them?
Emilia?
Gaoler. So please you, Madam,
To put apart these your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth.
Paul. I pray now, call her. —
Withdraw yourselves. *[Exeunt Attendants.*
Gaoler. And, Madam,
I must be present at your conference.
Paul. Well, be 't so, pr'ythee. *[Exit Gaoler.*
Here 's such ado to make no stain a stain,
As passes colouring.[2]
Re-enter Gaoler, with EMILIA.
Dear gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious lady?
Emil. As well as one so great, and so forlorn,
May hold together. On her frights, and griefs,
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater)
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.
Paul. A boy?
Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in 't, says, »My poor prisoner,
I am innocent as you.«
Paul. I dare be sworn: —
These dangerous, unsafe lunes i' the king,[3] beshrew them!
He must be told on 't, and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman best; I 'll take 't upon me.
If I prove honey-month'd, let my tongue blister,
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more. — Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen:
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I 'll show 't the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate to the loud'st. We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' the child:
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.
Emil. Most worthy Madam,
Your honour, and your goodness, is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue: there is no lady living
So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyship
To visit the next room, I 'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer,
Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this design,
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Lest she should be denied.[4]
Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I 'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from 't,
As boldness from my bosom, let 't not be doubted
I shall do good.
Emil. Now, be you blest for it!
I 'll to the queen. — Please you, come something nearer.
Gaoler. Madam, if 't please the queen to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incur to pass it,[5]
Having no warrant.
Paul. You need not fear it, Sir:
The child was prisoner to the womb, and is,
By law and process of great nature, thence
Freed and enfranchis'd; not a party to
The anger of the king, nor guilty of,
If any be,[6] the trespass of the queen.
Gaoler. I do believe it.
Paul. Do not you fear: upon mine honour, I
Will stand betwixt you and danger. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, *Lords, and other Attendants.*

Leon. Nor night nor day, no rest. It is but weakness
To bear the matter thus, mere weakness. If

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40) Der Nachdruck liegt auf *I:* wenn ich auch meiner Sache gewiss bin. 41) *free* = frei sich bewegend, zugänglich für Jedermann. Hermione ist von dem Zutritt zum König abgesperrt worden, damit nicht der hochverrätherische Anschlag des Polixenes und Camillo gegen das Leben des Leontes ihr zur Vollführung überlassen bleibe. 42) Diese Sache wird uns, wie ich meine, dem Gelächter preisgeben, wenn die Wahrheit kund wäre.

1) Manche Hgg. bezeichnen ihn als *Keeper*, nach Paulina's ersten Worten. 2) Hier ist ein solches Bemühen, die Fleckenlosigkeit befleckt erscheinen zu lassen, das über alle Uebertünchung, alle Färberkunst hinausgeht. 3) *lunes* = Anfälle von Wahnsinn. — Das Wort kommt nur bei Sh. vor. — Steevens ändert unnöthig *o' the king*. 4) Die Königin fürchtete eine abschlägige Antwort zu erhalten, wenn sie einen Mann von Ansehen um diesen Dienst anspräche. 5) *to pass it* = wenn ich das Kind passiren lasse. 6) *if any be* bezieht sich auf das folgende *trespass:* wenn die Königin wirklich gefehlt hat.

The cause were not in being,[1] — part o' the cause,
She, the adult'ress; for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain,[2] plot-proof; but she
I can hook to me: — say, that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again. — Who 's there?[3]
1. Atten. My lord.
Leon. How does the boy?
1. Atten. He took good rest to-night;
'T is hop'd, his sickness is discharg'd.
Leon. To see his nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply,
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on 't in himself,
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd. — Leave me solely:[4] — go,
See how he fares. *[Exit Attendant.]* — Fie, fie! no thought of him:[5]
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil[6] upon me: in himself too mighty,
And in his parties, his alliance;[7] — let him be,
Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sorrow:
They should not laugh, if I could reach them; nor
Shall she, within my power.

Enter PAULINA, *with a Child.*[8]

1. Lord. You must not enter.
Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me.
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the queen's life?[9] a gracious innocent soul,
More free[10] than he is jealous.
Ant. That 's enough.
1. Atten. Madam, he hath not slept to-night; commanded
None should come at him.
Paul. Not so hot, good Sir:
I come to bring him sleep. 'T is such as you, —
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings,[11] — such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come with words as med'cinal as true,
Honest as either, to purge him of that humour,
That presses him from sleep.
Leon. What[12] noise there, ho?
Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful conference,
About some gossips for your highness.
Leon. How? —
Away with that audacious lady. Antigonus,
I charg'd thee, that she should not come about me:
I knew she would.
Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,
She should not visit you.
Leon. What! canst not rule her?
Paul. From all dishonesty he can: in this,
(Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me for committing honour)[13] trust it,
He shall not rule me.
Ant. Lo you now! you hear.
When she will take the rein, I let her run;
But she 'll not stumble.
Paul. Good my liege, I come, —
And, I beseech you, hear me, who professes[14]
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor, yet that dares
Less appear so in comforting your evils,[15]
Than such as most seem yours, — I say, I come
From your good queen.
Leon. Good queen!
Paul. Good queen, my lord, good queen: I say, good queen;
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you.[16]
Leon. Force her hence.
Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me. On mine own accord I 'll off,
But first I 'll do my errand. — The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter:
Here 't is; commends it to your blessing.
[Laying down the Child.
Leon. Out!
A mankind witch![17] Hence with her, out o' door:
A most intelligencing bawd!

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1) Manche Hgg. interpungiren mit der Fol. *mere weakness, if* || *The cause were not in being.* Indess beginnt mit *if* ein Vordersatz, zu dem der durch Parenthesen verzögerte Nachsatz erst mit *a moiety of my rest etc.* folgt, nachdem der Vordersatz noch einmal resümirt ist in *say, that she were gone, given to the fire* = gesetzt, dass sie fort wäre, dem Feuertode übergeben. 2) *blank* = Ziel des Schusses, *level* = Richtung des Schusses. — *brain* = das Gehirn, das Pläne zum Verderben des Polixenes ersinnt, wird näher bestimmt durch *plot-proof* = gegen solche Anschläge gesichert. 3) Der König, der bis jetzt, in Gedanken versunken, ein Selbstgespräch geführt, wird nun erst die im Hintergrunde wartenden Hofleute gewahr. 4) Lasst mich allein. 5) *him* scil. Polixenes. — Der König nimmt den Faden seines Selbstgesprächs da wieder auf, wo er ihn hatte fallen lassen, als er die Anwesenheit der Hofleute bemerkte und sich nach dem Befinden seines Sohnes erkundigte. 6) *recoil* steht im Plural wegen des vorhergehenden pluralischen *revenges:* schon der blosse Gedanke an Rache, die ich nach dieser Richtung hin, an dem Polixenes, nehmen könnte, geschweige denn die Rache selbst, fällt auf mich zurück, indem Gedanke oder Ausführung des Gedankens von dem Feinde abprallt. 7) Der in sich selbst und in seiner Bundesgenossenschaft und Verwandtschaft zu mächtig ist. Vgl. die entsprechende Stelle bei Greene, Einleitung pag. 523. 8) *with a Child* ist erst von Rowe hinzugefügt. 9) *to fear* mit dem Accusativ = sich vor Etwas scheuen, und = um Etwas besorgt sein. 10) *free* = frei von Schuld. So in Hamlet (A. 2, Sc. 2) *Make mad the guilty, and appal he free.* 11) Bei jedem überflüssigen Stossseufzer, den er laut werden lässt. 12) *what* verbessert die zweite Folioausg. das *who* der ersten Fol. 13) *to commit* = begehen, sonst nur von einem Verbrechen, steht mit *honour* verbunden = ehrenvoll handeln, wegen des vorhergehenden *to commit* = verhaften. 14 So die Fol. — Manche Hgg. setzen *profess* wegen des vorhergehenden *me;* und ebenso *dare* für *dares* in der zweitfolgenden Zeile. 15) Ich wage es weniger Euer Arzt und Rathgeber zu erscheinen, in der Hegung Eures Uebels, weniger, als Diejenigen, die Euch scheinbar am meisten ergeben sind; ich schmeichle Euren Gebrechen nicht und erscheine deshalb nicht als Euer Rath und Arzt. 16) Ich würde im Zweikampf die Tugend der Königin

Paul. Not so:
I am as ignorant in that, as you
In so entitling me, and no less honest
Than you are mad: which is enough, I 'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.
Leon. Traitors!
Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard. —
[To Antigonus.*]* Thou, dotard, thou art woman-tir'd,[18] unroosted
By thy dame Partlet here. — Take up the bastard:
Take 't up, I say; give 't to thy crone.[19]
Paul. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the princess by that forced baseness
Which he has put upon 't![20]
Leon. He dreads his wife.
Paul. So I would you did; then 't were past all doubt
You 'd call your children yours.
Leon. A nest of traitors!
Ant. I am none, by this good light.
Paul. Nor I; nor any,
But one that 's here, and that 's himself; for he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's,[21] and will not
(For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to 't) once[22] remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten
As ever oak, or stone, was sound.
Leon. A callat,
Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband,
And now baits me! — This brat is none of mine:
It is the issue of Polixenes.
Hence with it; and, together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.
Paul. It is yours;
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 't is the worse.[23] — Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,
The trick of 's frown, his forehead; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek; his smiles;
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger. —
And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in 't;[24] lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's.
Leon. A gross hag! —
And, lozel,[25] thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.
Ant. Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you 'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.
Leon. Once more, take her hence.
Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.[26]
Leon. I 'll have thee burn'd.
Paul. I care not:
It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in 't. I 'll not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your queen
(Not able[27] to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy) something savours
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.
Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her! Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her!
Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I 'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord; 't is yours: Jove send her
A better guiding spirit! — What needs these hands?[28] —
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so: — farewell; we are gone. *[Exit.*
Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this. —
My child? away with 't! — even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire:
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight.
Within this hour bring me word 't is done
(And by good testimony), or I 'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine.[29] If thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire,
For thou sett'st on thy wife.
Ant. I did not, Sir:
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in 't.
1. Lord. We can: my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

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vertreten, wenn ich nur ein Mann wäre, selbst der geringste oder schlechteste aus Eurer Umgebung. 17) *a mankind witch* = eine Hexe von unweiblicher, männlicher Art, ein Mannweib. So in Fletcher's Monsieur Thomas: *A plaguy mankind girl.* 18) *woman-tired* = unter dem Pantoffel stehend. — *to tire* wird von einem Raubvogel gebraucht, der seine Beute hin und her zerrt, sich mit seinem Frasse zu schaffen macht. — Bei dem folgenden *unroosted etc.* denkt Sh. an einen Hahn, der von der Henne von seinem Platze verjagt wird. — *Partlet.* wie die Henne in dem englischen Reynart the Fox heisst, kommt auch in K. Henry IV. First Part (A. 3, Sc. 3) vor: *How now, dame Partlet the hen?* 19) *crone*, verächtliche Bezeichnung eines alten Weibes = alte Vettel. 20) Die ungerechte Schmach oder Erniedrigung, welche der König dem Kinde angethan hat, ist die Bezeichnung Bastard. — *base* und *baseness* waren zu Sh.'s Zeit synonym mit *bastard* und *bastardy*. 21) So in Cymbeline (A. 3, Sc. 4) *slander, whose edge is sharper than the sword.* — In der vorigen Zeile liest Capell *this babe's.* 22) *once* = ein für alle Mal, kurz und gut. 23) Staunton findet dieses alte Sprichwort citirt in Overbury's Characters: *The devil calls him his white son: he is so like him that he is the worse for it, and he looks after his father.* 24) *yellow* als die Farbe der Eifersucht: wende unter allen Farben kein Gelb an, wenn Du ihr Gemüth bildest. 25) *lozel* = Lump. 26) Paulina's Rede knüpft an ihre vorhergehende an: ein so unnatürlicher Herr oder Gemahl kann consequenter Weise nicht anders handeln, als dass er alle Männer, die nicht eben so tyrannisch sind, hängen lässt. 27) *not able etc.* bezieht sich auf das *you* in *your queen:* da Ihr nicht fähig seid u. s. w. 28) Für *needs* der Fol. setzen manche Hgg. mit den spätern Folioausgg. *need:* Was bedarf es dieser Hände? sagt Paulina zu den Hofleuten, die auf Befehl des Königs Hand an sie legen und sie aus dem Zimmer schaffen wollen.

Leon. You are liars all.

1. Lord. 'Beseech your highness, give us better credit.
We have always truly serv'd you, and beseech [30]
So to esteem of us; and on our knees we beg
(As recompense of our dear services, [31]
Past, and to come), that you do change this purpose;
Which, being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue. We all kneel.

Leon. I am a feather for each wind that blows. —
Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? Better burn it now,
Than curse it then. But, be it; let it live: —
It shall not neither. — *[To* Antigonus.*]* You, Sir, come you hither;
You, that have been so tenderly officious
With Lady Margery, [32] your midwife, there,
To save this bastard's life, — for 't is a bastard,
So sure as this [33] beard 's grey, — what will you adventure
To save this brat's life?

Ant. Anything, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose: [34] at least, thus much:
I 'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To save the innocent: anything possible.

Leon. It shall be possible. Swear by this sword,
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leon. Mark, and perform it, seest thou? for the fail
Of any point in 't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongued wife,
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence; and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, [35] to its own protection,
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, [36] I do in justice charge thee,
On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,
That thou commend it [37] strangely to some place,
Where chance may nurse, or end it. Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this, though a present death
Had been more merciful. — Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens,
To be thy nurses! Wolves, and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity. — Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed doth require! — And blessing
Against this cruelty fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss! [38]
[Exit with the Child.

Leon. No; I 'll not rear
Another's issue.

1. Atten. Please your highness, posts
From those you sent to the oracle are come
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.

1. Lord. So please you, Sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.

Leon. Twenty-three days
They have been absent: 't is good speed, foretells,
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords:
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady; for, as she hath
Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me,
And think upon my bidding. *[Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The Same. A Street in some Town.

Enter Cleomenes *and* Dion.

Cleo. The climate 's delicate, the air most sweet,
Fertile the isle, [1] the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.

Dion. I shall report,
For most it [2] caught me, the celestial habits
(Methinks, I so should term them), and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i' the offering!

Cleo. But, of all, the burst
And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense,
That I was nothing.

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29) Ich will Dein Leben nehmen und Alles, was Du sonst Dein nennst. 30) Die Fol. hat *beseech'*, wie vorher *taught 'this* (vgl. A. 2, Sc. 1, Anm. 1). — Indess lässt sich *you* hier sehr wohl aus dem vorhergehenden *serv'd you* leicht hinzudenken, ohne dass man mit Rowe *beseech you* liest. 31) *dear services* = eifrige, angelegentliche Dienste. 32) *Lady Margery* = Dame Grete, eine verächtliche Bezeichnung für Paulina. 33) *thy beards* verbessert ein Corrector in Lord Ellesmere's Exemplar der Fol. das *this beards* der Fol. — Indess lässt sich die alte Lesart rechtfertigen, wenn man annimmt, dass Leontes auf den Bart des Antigonus hindeutet oder denselben anfasst. 34) *nobleness* geht auf den König: was Ihr im Einklang mit Eurer Würde mir auferlegen könnt. 35) So die Fol. — Die zweite Folioausg. hat *without much mercy*, was auch Rowe noch beibehielt. — Die Fol. hat *to it own protection*, erst die dritte Folioausg. hat *its*. — *it* als Possessivpronomen kommt etwa ein Dutzend Mal in der Fol., und fast eben so oft *its* oder *it's* vor. Es scheint, dass Sh. selbst entweder geschwankt hat in der Schreibung und Anwendung dieses Possessivpronomen, für welches er gewöhnlich *his* gebraucht, oder dass die Abschreiber und Drucker schwankten. Die Cambridge Edd. sagen: *On the whole we think it most probable that Shakespeare would not deliberately have written it for its or his, except when imitating the language of rustics or children.* Vgl. jedoch weiterhin A. 3. Sc. 2, Anm. 18. 36) So bei Greene: *For he found out this device, that seeing (as he thought) it came by fortune, so he would commit it to the charge of fortune.* Vgl. Einleitung pag. 524. 37) *to commend* = anheimgeben, anvertrauen. 38) *condemn'd to loss* = verurtheilt, verloren zu gehen. So in einer spätern Scene (A. 3, Sc. 3) *expos'd to loss, and what may follow.*

1) Cleomenes spricht von Delphi, das Sh. sich, nach Greene's Vorgange, auf einer Insel gelegen denkt. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 525. — Es ist also überflüssig, mit Warburton *soil* für *isle* zu lesen. 2) *it* bezieht sich

Dion. If the event o' the journey
Prove as successful to the queen, — O, be 't so! —
As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on 't.[3]
Cleo. Great Apollo
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,[4]
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.
Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end, the business: when the oracle
(Thus[5] by Apollo's great divine seal'd up)
Shall the contents discover, something rare
Even then will rush to knowledge. — Go, fresh horses; —
And gracious be the issue! *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Same. A Court of Justice.

Enter LEONTES, *Lords, and Officers.*

Leon. This sessions (to our great grief we pronounce)
Even pushes 'gainst our heart: the party tried,
The daughter of a king, our wife, and one
Of us too much belov'd. — Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice, which shall have due course,
Even[1] to the guilt, or the purgation. —
Produce the prisoner.
Off. It is his highness' pleasure, that the queen
Appear in person here in court. — Silence![2]

Enter HERMIONE, *guarded;* PAULINA *and Ladies attending.*

Leon. Read the indictment.
Off. »Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband: the pretence[3] whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.«
Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation, and
The testimony on my part no other
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me
To say, »Not guilty:« mine integrity,
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so receiv'd. But thus: — if powers divine
Behold our human actions (as they do),
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience.[4] — You, my lord, best know,
(Who[5] least will seem to do so) my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which[6] is more
Than history can pattern, though devis'd
And play'd to take spectators. For behold me,
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne,[7] a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing
To prate and talk for life and honour 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare:[8] for honour,
'T is a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, Sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd, to appear thus:[9] if one jot beyond
The bound of honour, or, in act or will,
That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry »Fie!« upon my grave!
Leon. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of these bolder vices wanted

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auf das Folgende zusammengefasst: *the celestial habits etc.* 3) So ist die Zeit den Gebrauch werth, den wir von ihr gemacht haben, so haben wir unsere Zeit mit der Reise nach Delphi nicht verloren. 4) So bei Greene: *He therefore caused a generall proclamation to be made etc.* Vgl. Einleitung pag. 523. 5) *thus* ist hinweisend auf das versiegelte Orakel, das Dion in der Hand hält.

1) *even* will Roderick hier adjectivisch als *equal* oder *indifferent* fassen. Indess steht *even to* wohl eher im gewöhnlichen Sinne: das Recht, dem sein gebührender Lauf bis zur Schuldigerklärung oder bis zur Freisprechung gelassen sein soll. 2) Die Fol. druckt *Silence* als Bühnenweisung. — Dyce theilt, nach Capell's Vorgange, diesen Ruf einem besondern *Crier* zu, die meisten Hgg. aber mit Rowe einfacher demselben *Officer*, der die vorhergehenden Worte spricht. — Das Auftreten der Hermione und ihres Gefolges ist in der Fol. nicht an dieser Stelle verzeichnet, sondern gleich zu Anfang der Scene: *Hermione, as to her trial; Ladies.* Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 1, Anm. 6. 3) *pretence* = Anschlag. So in Macbeth (A. 2, Sc. 3) *Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight || Of treasonous malice.* — Sh. fand das Wort an der entsprechenden Stelle bei Greene: *but their pretence being partely spyed, she counselled them to flie away by night for their better safety.* Vgl. Einleitung pag. 524. 4) Auch für diese Rede der Hermione hat Sh. Greene's Novelle theilweise fast wörtlich benutzt. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 525. 5) *whom* in der Fol., von Rowe verbessert. 6) *which* bezieht sich auf ein Wort wie *unhappiness*, das aus *unhappy* zu entlehnen ist: mein Unglück ist grösser, als die Geschichte ein Muster davon aufstellen kann, selbst wenn sie dramatisirt sein sollte, um die Zuschauer zu fesseln. — *history* ist sowohl = Geschichte, als = geschichtliches Drama. — So in K. Henry V. (A. 1, Chorus) *Admit me chorus to this history.* 7) Die ich den Thron zur Hälfte mein eigen nennen kann. 8) Was das Leben betrifft, so schätze ich es wie ich ein Leid schätze, das ich mir gern ersparen möchte; das Leben ist mir solch ein Leid, dass ich es gern verliere und dafür nicht das Wort ergreife. 9) Der Satz *since he came etc.* hängt noch ab von *I appeal to your own conscience:* ich frage Euch auf Euer Gewissen, mit welchem unrechtmässigen Entgegenkommen oder Zusammenkommen, seit dem Besuche des Polixenes, ich mich vergangen habe, dass ich so hier vor Gericht erscheinen muss. — *encounter* kommt in demselben Sinne von verbotenen Zusammenkünften vor in Much Ado about Nothing (A. 4, Sc. 1) *Who ha h — — || Confess'd the vile encounters they have had || A thousand times in secret.* — *uncurrent*, eigentlich von Münzen, die keinen Cours haben, = ungültig. — *to strain* = über das rechte Mass oder Geleis hinausgehen,

Less [10] impudence to gainsay what they did,
Than to perform it first.
Her. That 's true enough;
Though 't is a saying, Sir, not due to me.
Leon. You will not own it.
Her. More than mistress of
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. [11] For Polixenes
(With whom I am accus'd), I do confess,
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd,
With such a kind of love as might become
A lady like me; with a love, even such,
So and no other, as yourself commanded:
Which not to have done, I think, had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude
To you, and toward your friend, [12] whose love had spoke,
Even since it could speak from an infant, freely
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes, though it be dish'd
For me to try how: all I know of it
Is, that Camillo was an honest man;
And why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting [13] no more than I, are ignorant.
Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in 's absence.
Her. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not:
My life stands in the level [14] of your dreams,
Which I 'll lay down.
Leon. Your actions are my dreams:
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it. — As you were past all shame,
(Those of your fact [15] are so) so past all truth,
Which to deny concerns more than avails; [16] for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself, [17]
No father owning it (which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee than it), so thou
Shalt feel our justice, in whose easiest passage
Look for no less than death.
Her. Sir, spare your threats:
The bug, which you would fright me with, I seek.
To me can life be no commodity:
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My second joy,
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd, like one infectious. My third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
The innocent milk in its [18] most innocent mouth,
Haled out to murder: myself on every post [19]
Proclaim'd a strumpet: with immodest hatred,
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all fashion: lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i' the open air, before
I have got strength of limit. [20] Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore, proceed.
But yet hear this; mistake me not; — no life, — [21]
I prize it not a straw; but for mine honour
(Which I would free), if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else
But what your jealousies awake, I tell you,
'T is rigour, and not law. [22] — Your honours all, [23]
I do refer me to the oracle:
Apollo be my judge.
1. Lord. This your request
Is altogether just. Therefore, bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[Exeunt several Officers.

Her. The emperor of Russia was my father: [24]
O! that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial; that he did but see
The flatness of my misery, [25] yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers, with Cleomenes *and* Dion.

Off. You here shall swear upon this sword of justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos; and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest; and that, since then,
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in 't.
Cleo., Dion. All this we swear.
Leon. Break up the seals, and read.
Off. [Reads.] »Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blameless, Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant, his

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zu weit gehen. So in K. Henry IV. First Part (A. 4, Sc. 1) *You strain too far.* 10) *less* für *more*, in Verbindung mit *wanted*, ist eine neue Probe von der Sh.'schen Licenz in der gehäuften Anwendung negativer Wörter. Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 2, Anm. 62. Ebenso in Cymbeline (A. 1, Sc. 5) *for taking a beggar without less quality.* 11) Ich brauche von dem, was mir als Vergehen nahetritt, nicht mehr als mein anzuerkennen, als das, was davon mir wirklich gehört. 12) *disobedience* gehört zu *to you*, und *ingratitude* zu *toward your friend.* 13) *wotting*, von dem veralteten *to wot*, hat Sh. nur an dieser Stelle: wenn sie nicht mehr davon wissen als ich. 14) Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 3, Anm. 2. 15) *fact* = Unthat: Die, welche sich so vergehen wie Ihr, sind über alle Scham hinaus. — Sh. fand *fact* und *past all shame* in der Novelle von Greene. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 521. 16) Es liegt Dir mehr nahe, als es Dir frommt, es abzuleugnen. 17) Wie es sich für einen solchen Balg geziemt, da kein Vater ihn sein eigen nennt. 18) Die Fol. hat *it* für *it's*, das an dieser Stelle sich erst bei Rowe findet. Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 3, Anm. 35. — Staunton, der an beiden Stellen *it* im Text stehen lässt, hält das Wort für den Vorgänger von *its*, wofür früher *his* gebraucht wurde. — *starr'd most unluckily* = der sehr ungünstige Sterne hat, unter solchen Sternen stehend; wie in Othello (A. 5, Sc. 2) *ill-starr'd.* 19) *post* = der Pfosten, an den die Anklagea te der Königin angeschlagen ist. Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 1, Anm. 4. 20) *strength of limit* = die vorschriftmässige Stärke, die den Kindbetterinnen bedungen oder bestimmt ist, ehe sie sich in die freie Luft wagen dürfen. — Die späteren Folioausgg. setzen *limbs* für *limit.* 21) So die Fol. — Manche Hgg. interpungiren: *No! life,* || *I prize it etc.* — Der Sinn ist: ich bitte um kein Leben, es handelt sich nicht um mein Leben. 22) Fast wörtlich aus Greene's Novelle: *if she were condemned without any further proofe it was rigour and not law.* Vgl. Einleitung pag. 524. 23) *your honours all* ist der Ehrentitel, mit dem sie die Richter anredet. 24) Greene macht nicht die Gemahlin des Leontes, sondern die des Polixenes (Egistus) zu einer Tochter des Kaisers von Russland. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 523. 25) Sähe er nur, wie mich das Elend zu Boden geworfen, dahingestreckt hat. 26) Vgl. damit den

innocent babe truly begotten; and the king shall live
without an heir, if that which is lost be not found!« [26]
Lords. Now, blessed be the great Apollo!
Her. Praised!
Leon. Hast thou read truth?
Off. Ay, my lord; even so
As it is here set down.
Leon. There is no truth at all i' the oracle.
The sessions shall proceed: this is mere falsehood.

Enter a Servant, hastily.

Serv. My lord the king, the king!
Leon. What is the business?
Serv. O Sir! I shall be hated to report it:
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed, [27] is gone.
Leon. How! gone?
Serv. Is dead.
Leon. Apollo 's angry, and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. [HERMIONE *faints.*] How now
there!
Paul. This news is mortal to the queen. — Look
down,
And see what death is doing.
Leon. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will recover. —
I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion: —
'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life. —
[Exeunt PAULINA *and Ladies, with* HERMIONE.
Apollo, pardon
My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle! —
I 'll reconcile me to Polixenes,
New woo my queen, recall the good Camillo,
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy;
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister to poison
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command; [28] though I with death and with
Reward did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done: [29] he, most humane,
And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest
Unclasp'd my practice, [30] quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great, and to the certain [31] hazard
Of all incertainties himself commended,
No richer than his honour: [32] — how he glisters
Thorough my rust! [33] and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

Re-enter PAULINA.

Paul. Woe the while!
O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too!
1. Lord. What fit is this, good lady?
Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? what flaying? boiling, [34]
In leads, or oils? what old, or newer torture
Must I receive, whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? [35] Thy tyranny,
Together working with thy jealousies, —
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine, — O! think, what they have done,
And then run mad, indeed; stark mad! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 't was nothing;
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant,
And damnable ingrateful: [36] nor was 't much,
Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's honour,
To have him kill a king; [37] poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by! whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter,
To be or none, or little, [38] though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire, ere done 't: [39]
Nor is 't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince, whose honourable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart
That could conceive a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer: but the last, — O lords!
When I have said, cry »woe!« [40] — the queen, the queen,

Orakelspruch bei Greene, Einleitung pag. 525. — Einige Auflagen der Novelle haben *the king shall die without an heir.* 27) Von blosser Einbildung und Besorgniss wegen des ferneren Ergehens der Königin, wegen des Ausgangs ihres Processes. — Bei Greene wird dem plötzlichen Tode des jungen Prinzen diese Veranlassung nicht zugeschrieben. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 525. 28) *to tardy* = verzögern: wenn nicht Camillo's gute Gesinnung meinen Befehl, der Eile gebot, verzögert hätte. Bei Greene steht: *if the good minde of his cupbearer had not prevented his purpose.* Vgl. Einleitung pag. 525. 29) Obgleich ich ihm mit dem Tode drohte, wenn er es nicht thue, und ihn mit Belohnungen ermuthigte, die er erhalten solle, wenn es gethan sei. — Die Fol. unterscheidet nicht zwischen *human* und *humane.* 30) *practice* = Anschlag, Nachstellung. 31) Mit *certain* vervollständigt die zweite Folioausg. den unvollständigen Vers der Fol. — Die Antithese von *certain* und *incertainties* ist ganz Sh.'sch. So in Comedy of Errors (A. 2, Sc. 2) *Until I know this sure uncertainty.* — Zu *commended* vgl. A. 2, Sc. 3, Anm. 37. 32) Indem er nichts besass als seine Ehre, indem er keinen andern Reichthum auf seine Flucht mitnahm als seine Ehre. — Staunton verbindet diese Worte mit dem Folgenden und beginnt mit *no richer* einen neuen Satz. 33) Für *through my rust* der Fol. setzt die zweite Folioausg. *through my dark rust,* was viele Hgg. beibehalten. Einfacher wird dem Verse aufgeholfen, wenn man mit Malone *thorough* für *through* liest, wie wohl auch in Merchant of Venice (A. 3, Sc. 2) *Shall lose a hair thorough Bassanio's fault* zu lesen ist. 34) Die zweite Folioausg. fügt zur Vervollständigung des Verses noch *burning* hinzu, was den Zusammenhang zwischen *boiling* und *in leads* ungeschickt zerreisst. 35) Jedes Wort, das ich spreche, ist so kränkend für Dich, dass ich das Aergste verdiene, was Du mir anthun kannst. 36) Staunton erklärt *of a fool* mit *for a fool.* Plausibler ist Johnson's Deutung: das zeigte nur, wie Du aus einem Narren unbeständig und undankbar wurdest. — *damnable* für *damnably,* wie Sh. die Adjectiva auf *—ble* häufig adverbialisch gebraucht. 37) Malone macht darauf aufmerksam, dass Leontes diesen Umstand erst so eben in Paulina's Abwesenheit bekannt habe, — eine Vergesslichkeit von Seiten des Dichters. 38) ich rechne die Aussetzung Deiner Tochter für kein Vergehen oder doch nur für ein geringes Vergehen, im Vergleich mit dem, was noch kommt. 39) Ein Teufel würde eher aus dem Höllenfeuer, in dem er steckt, Thränenwasser vergossen haben, aus Feuer Wasser erzeugt

The sweet'st, dear'st creature 's dead; and vengeance for 't
Not dropp'd down yet.
1. Lord. The higher powers forbid!
Paul. I say, she 's dead; I 'll swear 't: if word, nor oath,
Prevail not, go and see. If you can bring
Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye,[41]
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I 'll serve you
As I would do the gods. — But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things, for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir;[42] therefore, betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,[43]
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter,
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.
Leon. Go on, go on;
Thou canst not speak too much: I have deserv'd
All tongues to talk their bitterest.
1. Lord. Say no more:
Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I' the boldness of your speech.
Paul. I am sorry for 't:[44]
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent. Alas! I have show'd too much
The rashness of a woman. He is touch'd
To the noble heart. — What 's gone, and what 's past help,
Should be past grief: do not receive affliction
At my petition;[45] I beseech you rather,
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal Sir, forgive a foolish woman:
The love I bore your queen, — lo, fool again! —
I 'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;
I 'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too. Take your patience to you,
And I 'll say nothing.
Leon. Thou didst speak but well,
When most the truth, which I receive much better,
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen, and son.
One grave shall be for both: upon them[46] shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual. Once a day I 'll visit
The chapel where they lie; and tears shed there
Shall be my recreation: so long as nature
Will bear up with this exercise, so long
I daily vow to use it. Come, and lead me
To these sorrows.[47] *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Bohemia. A desert Country near the Sea.

Enter Antigonus, *with the Babe; and a Mariner.*

Ant. Thou art perfect[1] then, our ship hath touch'd upon
The deserts of Bohemia?
Mar. Ay, my lord; and fear
We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon 's.
Ant. Their sacred wills be done! — Go, get aboard;
Look to thy bark: I 'll not be long, before
I call upon thee.
Mar. Make your best haste, and go not
Too far i' the land: 't is like to be loud weather;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey that keep upon 't.
Ant. Go thou away:
I 'll follow instantly.
Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o' the business. *[Exit.*
Ant. Come, poor babe: —
I have heard (but not believ'd), the spirits o' the dead
May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night, for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd, and so becoming:[2] in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay, thrice bow'd before me,
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts: the fury spent,[3] anon
Did this break from her: — »Good Antigonus,
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe

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haben, ehe er das gethan. 40) Wenn ich ausgesprochen habe, so sollt Ihr Wehe rufen. 41) scil. *tincture in her lip* und *lustre in her eye.* 42) Diese Schuld lastet schwerer, als dass all Deine Klage und Reue sie bewegen, fortschaffen könnte. 43) *naked, fasting* bezieht sich auf Diejenigen, welche etwa knieen wollten, um die Götter zu rühren und die Schuld des Leontes zu sühnen. — *and still winter* = und indem es stets Winter wäre. 44) Dieser plötzliche Wechsel in Paulina's Reden und Gedanken ist nicht aus den Worten des ersten Hofmannes zu erklären, sondern aus dem Anblick des ganz vernichteten Leontes. 45) Paulina bezieht sich auf ihre früheren Worte *betake thee to nothing but despair*, die sie hiermit zurücknimmt: lasst die Verzweiflung nicht an Euch kommen, weil ich Euch darum ersuche, dazu auffordere. — *at my petition*, wofür Singer *at my relation* vermuthet, scheint gesichert durch das folgende *I beseech you rather* = ich bitte Euch vielmehr u. s. w. 46) *upon them* geht auf *one grave*, weil es das Grab Beider sein soll, daran in Grabschriften die Ursache ihres Todes verkündet wird. — Vgl. damit die Grabschrift in Greene's Novelle, Einleitung pag. 526. 47) So ist die Versabtheilung der Fol., welche Collier, Knight, Dyce und Staunton wieder herstellen. Die frühern Hgg. theilen ab: *So long as || Nature will bear up with this exercise, || So long I daily vow to use it. Come, || And lead me to these sorrows.*

1) *perfect* = seiner Sache gewiss, sicher. 2) Ich sah nie ein Gefäss solcher Trauer, das so erfüllt war von der Trauer, und dem diese zugleich so wohl anstand. — Das Bild von *vessel* wird fortgesetzt in *fill'd*, während bei *becoming* der Dichter mehr an *sorrow* dachte. 3) *fury* geht auf die Gewalt, mit der die Thränen aus den Augen, wie aus Wasserröhren, sich ergiessen: als dieser Sturm und Drang erschöpft war. — Drei Zeilen weiter hat die Fol

Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
I pr'ythee, call 't: for this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more:« — and so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself, and thought
This was so,[4] and no slumber. Dreams are toys;
Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squar'd by this. I do believe,
Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life or death, upon the earth
Of its right father. — Blossom, speed thee well!
[Laying down the babe.
There lie; and there thy character:[5] there these,
[Laying down a bundle.
Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,[6]
And still rest thine. — The storm begins. — Poor wretch!
That for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd
To loss,[7] and what may follow. — Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds, and most accurs'd am I,
To be by oath enjoin'd to this. — Farewell!
The day frowns more and more: thou art like to have
A lullaby too rough.[8] I never saw
The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour![9] —
Well may I get aboard! — This is the chase;
I am gone for ever. *[Exit, pursued by a bear.*[10]

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would there were no age between ten and three-and-twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest;[11] for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry,[12] stealing, fighting. — Hark you now! — Would any but these boiled-brains of nineteen, and two-and-twenty, hunt this weather? They have scared away two of my best sheep; which, I fear, the wolf will sooner find than the master: if any where I have them, 't is by the sea-side, browsing of ivy.[13] Good luck, an 't be thy will! — What have we here? *[Taking up the babe.]* Mercy on 's, a barn;[14] a very pretty barn! A boy, or a child,[15] I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one. Sure some scape:[16] though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I 'll take it up for pity; yet I 'll tarry till my son come: he hollaed[17] but even now. — Whoa, ho hoa!

Clo. [Without.] Hilloa, loa!

Shep. What! art so near? If thou 'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither.

Enter Clown.

What ail'st thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea, and by land — but I am not to say it is a sea, for it is now the sky: betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore![18] but that 's not to the point. O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em; now the ship boring the moon with her mainmast, and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you 'd thrust a cork into a hogs-head. And then for the land-service:[19] — to see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help, and said, his name was Antigonus, a nobleman. — But to make an end of the ship: — to see how the sea flap-dragoned it;[20] — but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them; — and how the poor gentleman roared, and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy! when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now; I have not winked since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half-dined[21] on the gentleman: he 's at it now.

Shep. 'Would I had been by, to have helped the old man![22]

Clo. I would you had been by the ship's side, to have helped her: there your charity would have lacked footing.

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself: thou mettest with things

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Thower-out, was die zweite Folioausg. verbessert. 4) Auf *was* hegt der Nachdruck: ich dachte, dass dies wirklich so geschehen sei, und dass ich das nicht im Schlafe geträumt. 5) *character* = die Kennzeichen des Kindes, zugleich mit seinem Namen. — Unter *these* sind das Gold und die Kostbarkeiten verstanden, die, wenn es dem Schicksal gefällt, zur Auferziehung des Kindes dienen, sein Eigenthum bleiben, ihm nicht geraubt sein sollen. 6) *pretty*, wofür Rowe *pretty one* setzt, ist Vocativ der Anrede an das Kind. 7) Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 3, Anm. 38. 8) So sagt bei Greene die Königin: *shalt thou have the whistling windes for thy lullabie?* Vgl. Einleitung pag. 524. 9) Der Lärm der Jagd. — Als er den Bären kommen sieht, ruft er: *This is the chase etc.* = das ist das gejagte Thier. 10) Diese Bühnenweisung ist aus der Fol. 11) Die Frist zwischen dem zehnten Jahre und dem dreiundzwanzigsten. — So ist *the between* = die Zwischenzeit. — Die Cambridge Edd. vermuthen *sixteen* für *ten*, da, in Ziffern geschrieben, der Drucker leicht 10 und 16 verwechseln konnte. 12) *ancientry* = das Alter, die alten Leute, collectiv gefasst, wie *peasantry* u. A. 13) *browsing on the sea ivy* bei Greene. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 526. 14) *barn* = Kind, ein provinzielles Wort. 15) Steevens' Bemerkung, dass in einigen Grafschaften *child* für ein weibliches Kind gebraucht werde, bestätigt Halliwell aus einem älteren Glossary of Devonshire Words, in dem es heisst: *A child, a female infant.* 16) *scape* = Fehltritt. Das Kind ist die Frucht eines Fehltritts, wie der Schäfer meint, und, wie er weiter vermuthet, mit einer Zofe auf einer Treppe, auf einem Koffer oder hinter der Thür gezeugt. 17) *hallow'd* in der Fol. 18) *to take up* = Jemanden hart anfahren, hier von dem Anstürmen der See gegen die Küste, wie sonst *to chide* davon gebraucht wird bei Sh. 19) *land-service*, das in K. Henry IV. Second Part (A. 1, Sc. 2) in seinem eigentlichen Sinne vorkommt, steht hier scherzhaft für das, was auf dem Lande geschah, im Gegensatz zur See. 20) *to flap-dragon* = Etwas zu einem *flap-dragon* machen, als solches verschlucken. — *flap-dragon* ist irgend ein brennbarer Stoff, der angezündet und mit dem Getränk zusammen verschluckt wurde. So in Love's Labour's Lost (A. 5, Sc. 1) *thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.* 21) *half-dined* = der sich halb satt gegessen hat. So in Troilus and Cressida (A. 5, Sc. 9) *My half-supp'd sword, that frankly would have fed.* 22) Für *old man* wollte Theobald *nobleman* lesen,

dying, I with things new-born. Here 's a sight for thee: look thee, a bearing-cloth [23] for a squire's child! Look thee here: take up, take up, boy; open 't. So, let 's see. It was told me, I should be rich by the fairies: this is some changeling. [24] — Open 't: what 's within, boy?

Clo. You 're a made [25] old man: if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you 're well to live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, [26] boy, and 't will prove so: up with 't, keep it close; home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy. — Let my sheep go. — Come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings: I 'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst, but when they are hungry. [27] If there be any of him left, I 'll bury it.

Shep. That 's a good deed. If thou may'st discern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i' the ground.

Shep. 'T is a lucky day, boy, and we 'll do good deeds on 't. *[Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter TIME, *as Chorus.*

Time. I, that please some, try all; both joy, and terror,
Of good and bad; [1] that make, and unfold error: —
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap; [2] since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one-self-born hour [3]
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,
Or what is now receiv'd: [4] I witness to
The times that brought them in; so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning, and make stale
The glistering of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. [5] Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass, and give my scene such growing,
As you had slept between. Leontes leaving, —
The effects of his fond jealousies so grieving,
That he shuts up himself; — imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia; [6] and remember well,
I mention'd a son o' the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wondering: [7] what of her ensues,
I list not prophesy; but let Time's news
Be known, when 't is brought forth: — a shepherd's daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument of Time. [8] Of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now:
If never, yet [9] that Time himself doth say,
He wishes earnestly you never may. *[Exit.*

SCENE I.

Bohemia. A Room in the Palace of POLIXENES.

Enter POLIXENES *and* CAMILLO.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 't is a sickness denying thee anything, a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen [1] years, since I saw my country: though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad,

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weil der Schäfer von dem Alter des Antigonus nichts wissen konnte. Vgl. aber A. 3, Sc. 2, Anm. 37. 23) *bearing-cloth* = der Mantel, mit dem das Kind auf dem Wege zur Taufe bedeckt wird. 24) *changeling* = ein Kind, das die Feen geraubt oder vertauscht haben. So in Midsummer-Night's Dream (A. 2, Sc. 1) *A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king:* || *She never had so sweet a changeling.* 25) *made* verbesserte Theobald das *mad* der Fol.: ein alter Mann, dessen Glück gemacht ist. — Sh. fand das Wort bei Greene: *The good man desired his wife to be quiet; if she would hold her peace, they were made for ever.* 26) *fairy gold* = Gold, das von den Feen Einem in den Weg gestreut wird und Glück bringt, wenn man nichts davon verlauten lässt. — Darauf bezieht sich *and 't will prove so.* 27) Die Bären sind nur bösartig, wenn sie hungrig sind.

1) Die Zeit erfreut die Guten, und schreckt die Bösen, insofern sie Beiden den Lohn ihrer Thaten bringt. — Die Idee zu dieser Personification der Zeit als Chorus fand Sh. wahrscheinlich in dem Titel der Greene'schen Novelle. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 521. — Die Cambridge Edd. stellen aus der Fol. *makes* und *unfolds* wieder her, was schon Rowe in *make* und *unfold* verbessert hatte. 2) Und dass ich nicht untersuche, was in dieser weiten Kluft eines Zeitraumes von sechszehn Jahren erwachsen ist. 3) *one* ist mit *self* zu verbinden: in einer und derselben Stunde, die ich geboren habe, kann ich ein Herkommen begründen und vernichten. So in Twelfth-Night (A. 1, Sc. 1) *one self king.* 4) *or what is now receiv'd* bezieht sich auf *ancient'st order:* oder zur Zeit derjenigen Ordnung, die jetzt gilt. — Auf *order* geht das folgende *them*: ich kann als Zeuge dienen für die Zeiten, welche diese Ordnung einführten. 5) Mit der Zeit wird der Glanz dieser Gegenwart so fahl und glanzlos sein, wie meine Erzählung schon jetzt im Vergleich damit erscheint. 6) Diese Stelle ist erst durch Staunton's Interpunction in das rechte Licht gesetzt: indem wir Leontes verlassen, der die Früchte seiner thörichten Eifersucht so betrauert, dass er sich einschliesst, denkt Euch, liebe Zuschauer, dass ich nun im schönen Böhmen bin. — Die frühern Ausgg. interpungiren: *Leontes leaving* || *The effects of his fond jealousies; so grieving,* || *That he shuts up himself; imagine me etc.* — Das *me* zu *imagine* ist ethischer Dativ. 7) Perdita ist in einer Anmuth gediehen, die eben so gross ist wie die Bewunderung, welche sie erregt. 8) Eine Schäfertochter und was zu ihr gehört, was sich weiter daraus ergiebt, das ist der Stoff, den ich, die Zeit, zu verhandeln habe. — Darauf bezieht sich dann *Of this allow etc.:* Gestattet mir das, wenn u. s. w. 9) Manche Hgg. interpungiren: *If never yet, that Time etc.* — Der Sinn ist aber: wenn Ihr niemals die Zeit schlechter anwendetet, so sagt nunmehr jene selbe Zeit, d. h. der Chorus, der hier spricht, u. s. w.

1) Hanmer wollte *sixteen* lesen. Vgl. den obigen Chorus: *that I slide o'er sixteen years.* 2) Oder ich bin doch so dreist mir einzubilden, dass ich seinem tief eindringenden Kummer zur Besc[illegible]wichtigung gereichen

desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me; to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so,[2] — which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services, by leaving me now. The need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made: better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee. Thou, having made me businesses, which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done; which if I have not enough considered (as too much I cannot), to be more thankful to thee shall be my study, and my profit therein, the heaping friendships.[3] Of that fatal country, Sicilia, pr'ythee speak no more, whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the prince Florizel, my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them when they have approved their virtues.[4]

Cam. Sir, it is three days, since I saw the prince. What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown; but I have, missingly,[5] noted, he is of late much retired from court, and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service, which look upon his removedness: from whom I have this intelligence, that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours,[6] is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, Sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That 's likewise part of my intelligence, but, I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither.[7] Thou shalt accompany us to the place, where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question[8] with the shepherd; from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo! — We must disguise ourselves.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The Same. A Road near the Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, *singing.*

When daffodils begin to peer, —
With, heigh! the doxy[1] *over the dale, —*
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.[2]

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge, —
With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing! —
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;[3]
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants, —
With heigh! with heigh![4] *the thrush and the jay,*
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,[5]
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore three-pile;[6] but now I am out of service:

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night;
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin budget,
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.[7]

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen.[8] My father named me Autolycus; who being, as I am, littered under Mercury,[9] was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. With die, and drab, I purchased this caparison,[10] and my revenue is the silly cheat.[11]

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könnte. 3) Wenn ich Deine Dienste bisher nicht genugsam anerkannt habe, so soll es mein Bestreben sein, Dir meinen Dank besser zu erweisen, und mein Vortheil soll darin bestehen, dass ich Freundschaftsdienste, die Du mir leistest, sammle, zu meinem Nutzen aufhäufe. 4) Wenn diese Kinder bereits Proben ihrer Tüchtigkeit abgelegt haben. 5) *missingly* = in vermissender Weise, indem ich ihn vermisste. Weniger einleuchtend erklärt Steevens *missingly* mit *at intervals, not constantly.* — Hanmer schlug *musingly* vor. 6) Mehr als seine Nachbarn es sich vorstellen oder denken können. 7) Manche Hgg. interpungiren: *But I fear the angle etc. — but the angle,* durch das parenthetische *I fear* getrennt, ist zu verbinden: das nur ist die Angel, wie ich befürchte. 8) *question* = Unterredung.

1) *doxy* = die liederliche Dirne, die es mit einem Landstreicher hält. — Autolycus schildert in dem Liede die Reize seines Vagabundenlebens, wie er im Beginn des Frühlings mit seiner Dirne über Land zieht. 2) *pale* = Bezirk, Bereich. 3) Das weisse Leinen, das an der Hecke zum Bleichen aufgehängt wird, schärft den Diebeszahn, regt das diebische Gelüste an. — *to pug* = stehlen, aus der Diebessprache, synonym mit dem gewöhnlicheren *to prig.* — In Dekker's Drama The Roaring Girl kommt *puggards* als Bezeichnung einer bestimmten Classe von Gaunern oder Dieben vor. 4) So die zweite Folioausg. In der Fol. steht *with heigh* nur einmal. 5) *aunt,* sonst ein gemeiner Ausdruck für *bawd,* scheint von Autolycus hier gebraucht, wie vorher *doxy.* 6) *three-pile* = feiner Sammet. 7) Wenn die Kesselflicker mit ihrem Ranzen frei durch's Land ziehen dürfen, so kann ich auch mein Vagabundiren vertreten, selbst wenn ich deshalb in den Fussblock, die gewöhnliche Strafe der Landstreicher, gesetzt werde. 8) Autolycus' Geschäft ist Leinenzeug, das er stiehlt. (Vgl. oben Anm. 3.) Er empfiehlt also scherzhaft den Leuten, auf ihre kleinere Wäsche zu achten, dass der Habicht sie nicht von der Hecke weghole, um sein Nest, das er baut, damit auszustatten. 9) *Mercury* = der Planet, unter dessen Einfluss Autolycus geboren war, zugleich = Mercur, der Gott der Diebe. — *who* bezieht sich auf *Autolycus.* Sh. denkt dabei an den mythischen Sohn des Mercur dieses Namens, den er als gewandten Dieb wahrscheinlich aus Golding's Uebersetzung des Ovid kennen gelernt hatte. 10) Das Würfelspiel und der Verkehr mit liederlichen Dirnen haben mich

Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the highway: beating, and hanging, are terrors to me: for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it. — A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see: — every 'leven wether tods;[12] every tod yields — pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred shorn, — what comes the wool to?

Aut. [Aside.] If the springe hold, the cock 's[13] mine.

Clo. I cannot do 't without counters. — Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? »Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice,« — what will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on.[14] She hath made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers; three-man song-men all,[15] and very good ones, but they are most of them means and bases:[16] but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to horn-pipes. I must have saffron, to colour the warden pies; mace, — dates, — none; that 's out of my note:[17] »nutmegs, seven: a race or two of ginger;« but that I may beg: — »four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun.«

Aut. O, that ever I was born!

[Grovelling on the ground.

Clo. I' the name of me, —

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags, and then, death, death!

Clo. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O, Sir! the loathsomeness of them offend[18] me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robbed, Sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horseman, or a footman?

Aut. A footman, sweet Sir, a footman.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a footman, by the garments he hath left with thee: if this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I 'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand. *[Helping him up.*

Aut. O! good Sir, tenderly, O!

Clo. Alas, poor soul!

Aut. O, good Sir; softly, good Sir. I fear, Sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear Sir: *[picks his pocket]* good Sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good, sweet Sir: no, I beseech you, Sir. I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going: I shall there have money, or anything I want. Offer me no money, I pray you! that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

Aut. A fellow, Sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames:[19] I knew him once a servant of the prince. I cannot tell, good Sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say: there 's no virtue whipped out of the court: they cherish it, to make it stay there, and yet it will no more but abide.[20]

Aut. Vices, I would say, Sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compassed a motion of the Prodigal Son,[21] and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.

Clo. Out upon him! Prig,[22] for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, Sir; he, Sir, he: that 's the rogue, that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia: if you had but looked big, and spit at him, he 'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, Sir, I am no fighter: I am false of heart that way,[23] and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet Sir, much better than I was: I can stand, and walk. I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good-faced Sir; no, sweet Sir.

Clo. Then fare thee well. I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet Sir! *[Exit Clown.]* — Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice.[24] I 'll be

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so zerlumpt gemacht, wie ich jetzt erscheine. 11) *silly cheat* = kleiner Taschendiebstahl, im Gegensatz zu dem gefährlichen Gewerbe eines Strassenräubers, bei dem es nicht ohne heftige Stösse abgeht und am Ende auf den Galgen hinausläuft. 12) *to tod* von dem substantivischen *tod* = ein Gewicht von 28 Pfund Wolle: je elf Widder liefern so viele Pfund Wolle. 13) *cock* ist hier *woodcock*, wie aus *springe* hervorgeht. 14) *to lay it on* = loslegen, Etwas tüchtig betreiben. 15) Leute, die sich auf dreistimmige, lustige Lieder verstehen. So in Heywood's K. Edward IV.: *call Dudgeon and his fellows, we 'll have a three-man song.* 16) Der Clown scheint den eigentlichen Sinn von *means and bases* = Tenor und Bass, nicht zu verstehen, da er sie mit *one Puritan* zusammenstellt. — *warden* = eine Art grosser Birne, die vorzugsweise zum Backen gebraucht wurde. 17) Das steht nicht auf meinem Verzeichniss. 18) So die Fol., nach der Sh.'schen Construction, wegen *of them.* — Manche Hgg. lesen *offends* mit der zweiten Folioausg. 19) *trol-my-dames*, aus dem französischen *trou-madame*, ein Spiel, dessen eigentlicher englischer Name *pigeon-holes* war, weil es darauf ankam, durch die den Oeffnungen eines Taubenschlages ähnlichen Löcher eines Brettes Kugeln zu rollen. Farmer citirt dazu aus einer Abhandlung von Dr. Jones über die Bäder in Buckstone folgende Beschreibung des Spieles: *The ladyes, gentle women, wyves, maydes, if the weather be not agreeable, may have in the ende of a benche, eleven holes made, into the which to troule pummits, either vyolent or softe, after their own discretion: the pastyme troule in madame is termed.* 20) Die Hgg. nehmen einen Gegensatz zwischen *to stay* = bleibend verweilen, und *to abide* = vorübergehend sich aufhalten, an. Staunton erklärt plausibler: es will sich nur eben, es will sich kaum aufhalten. 21) Ein Marionettenspiel, mit dem er die Geschichte vom verlorenen Sohne im Evangelium aufführte. 22) *prig* = Beutelschneider, Taschendieb. Vgl. oben Anm. 3. 23) Man kann sich in der Beziehung nicht auf mich oder auf meinen

with you at your sheep-shearing too. If I make not this cheat[25] bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled,[26] and my name put in the book of virtue!

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,[27]
And merrily hent[28] *the stile-a:*
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The Same. A Lawn before a Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter FLORIZEL *and* PERDITA.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do[1] give a life: no shepherdess, but Flora
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on 't.
Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes it not becomes me:
O! pardon, that I name them.[2] — Your high self,
The gracious mark o' the land,[3] you have obscur'd
With a swain's wearing, and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up.[4] But that our feasts
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom,[5] I should blush
To see you so attired, swoon,[6] I think,
To show myself a glass.
Flo. I bless the time,
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.[7]
Per. Now, Jove afford you cause!
To me the difference[8] forges dread; your greatness
Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble
To think, your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did. O, the Fates!
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up?[9] What would he say? Or how
Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?
Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love,[10] have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way so chaste,[11] since my desires
Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.
Per. O! but, Sir,[12]
Your resolution cannot hold, when 't is
Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power of the king.
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak, — that you must change this purpose,
Or I my life.
Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forc'd thoughts,[13] I pr'ythee, darken not
The mirth o' the feast: or I 'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's; for I cannot be
Mine own, nor anything to any, if
I be not thine: to this I am most constant,
Though destiny say, no. Be merry, gentle;[14]
Strangle such thoughts as these with anything
That you behold the while.[15] Your guests are coming:
Lift up your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have sworn shall come.

Muth verlassen. 24) Eine Anspielung auf den heissen Geschmack des Gewürzes, das der Clown mit dem ausgeleerten Geldbeutel nicht kaufen kann. So in Twelfth-Night (A. 2, Sc. 3) *ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.* 25) Vgl. oben Anm. 11. 26) *unrolled* ist antithetisch aus dem folgenden *and my name etc.* zu erklären: so lasst mich aus der Rolle, in der mein Name bisher stand, streichen, d. h. aus der Rolle der Spitzbuben, und lasst meinen Namen in däs Buch der Tugend eintragen. — Für *unrolled* vermuthet ein Anonymus *unrogued.* 27) Diese Strophe findet sich mit noch zwei folgenden als Canon in einer Gedichtsammlung, gedruckt 1661 unter dem Titel An Antidote against Melancholy. 28) *to hent* oder *to hend*, eigentlich = ergreifen, steht hier und an einer andern Stelle bei Sh., in Measure for Measure (A. 4, Sc. 6), von einem Platze, den man erreicht.

1) Die Fol. hat *do's.* Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 2, Anm. 1. — Vgl. mit dem Anfang dieser Scene das Entsprechende bei Greene, Einleitung pag. 527. 2) Verzeiht, dass ich es so nenne, nämlich *extremes* = auffallendes, zu weit gehendes Thun und Treiben. 3) Worauf das ganze Land sein Auge richtet. 4) Und mich armes, niederes Mädchen habt Ihr ganz wie eine Göttin aufgeputzt. — Sie meint die phantastische Tracht, in der sie bei dem Feste der Schafschur erscheint, wie Florizel schon vorher sagte *These your unusual weeds etc.* 5) Wenn nicht unsere ländlichen Feste in jedem Theil ihrer Mahlzeiten einige Thorheit mit sich brächten, welche die Gäste dann mit verdauen, weil sie herkömmlich ist. — Zu *mess* vgl. A. 1, Sc. 2, Anm. 56. — *it* zu *digest* ergänzt die zweite Folioausg. 6) *swoon* ist Hanmer's plausible Emendation für *sworn* der Fol.: ich würde erröthen, dass ich Euch in so niederer Hirtentracht sähe, ja ich würde in Ohnmacht fallen, glaube ich, wenn ich in meinem Putz mich in einem Spiegel betrachtete, mir einen Spiegel vorhielte. — Die Hgg., welche *sworn* beibehalten, beziehen das Wort auf *you*: als ob Ihr geschworen hättet, mir einen Spiegel vorzuhalten. — In Timon of Athens (A. 4, Sc. 3) sagt Timon zu Apemantus: *I swoon to see thee.* 7) Auch dieser Zug ist aus Greene entlehnt. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 527. 8) *difference* = der Standesunterschied zwischen Florizel und Perdita. 9) Das Gleichniss von einem Buche und seinem Einbande ist Sh. sehr geläufig. So in Romeo and Juliet (A. 3, Sc. 2) *Was ever book containing such vile matter || So fairly bound?* — Perdita denkt wieder an Florizel's Schäfertracht. 10) Vgl. damit die entsprechende Stelle bei Greene, Einleitung pag. 527. 11) Noch hatten sie bei ihrer Verwandlung eine so keusche Tendenz, wie ich habe. — *so chaste* ist Epitheton zu *way.* — Ritson las *nor any way so chaste.* 12) So die Fol. — Die späteren Folioausgg. fügen *dear* vor *Sir* ein. 13) *forced thoughts* = Gedanken, die sich nicht von selbst ergeben; unnatürliche, ungehörige Gedanken. So kam vorher *forced baseness* vor. Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 3, Anm. 20. 14) *gentle* ist Vocativ der Anrede: Du Holde! — So stand *pretty* für *pretty one.* Vgl. A. 3 Sc. 3, Anm. 3. 15) Vergesst solche Gedanken in der Beschäftigung mit Allem, was Euch gerade vor die Augen

Per. O lady Fortune,
Stand you auspicious!
Flo. See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let 's be red with mirth.[16]

Enter Shepherd, with Polixenes *and* Camillo, *disguised; Clown,* Mopsa, Dorcas, *and Others.*

Shep. Fie, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day she was both pantler, butler, cook;[17]
Both dame and servant; welcom'd all, serv'd all;
Would sing her song, and dance her turn; now here,
At upper end o' the table, now i' the middle;
On his shoulder, and his;[18] her face o' fire
With labour, and the thing she took to quench it,[19]
She would to each one sip. You are retir'd,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting: 'pray you, bid
These unknown friends to us welcome; for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.[20]
Come; quench your blushes, and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o' the feast:[21] come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.
Per. *[To* Polixenes.*]* Sir, welcome.[22]
It is my father's will, I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' the day. *[To* Camillo.*]* You 're welcome, Sir. —
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas. — Reverend Sirs,
For you there 's rosemary, and rue; these keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long:
Grace, and remembrance,[23] be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!
Pol. Shepherdess
(A fair one are you), well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.
Per. Sir, the year growing ancient, —
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, — the fairest flowers o' the season
Are our carnations, and streak'd gillyvors,[24]
Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustic garden 's barren, and I care not
To get slips of them.
Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?
Per. For[25] I have heard it said,
There is an art which, in their piedness, shares
With great creating nature.
Pol. Say, there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, o'er that art,
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race: this is an art
Which does mend nature, — change it rather; but
The art itself is nature.
Per. So it is.
Pol. Then make your garden rich in gillyvors,
And do not call them bastards.
Per. I 'll not put
The dibble[26] in earth to set one slip of them:
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say, 't were well, and only therefore
Desire to breed by me. — Here 's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun,
And with him rises weeping:[27] these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age. You are very welcome.
Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.[28]
Per. Out, alas!
You 'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through. — Now, my fair'st friend,
I would, I had some flowers o' the spring, that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing: — O Proserpina!
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou lett'st fall
From Dis's waggon![29] daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,

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kommt, wie z. B. jetzt bei dem Empfange der Gäste. 16) So dass uns die Wangen glühen von munterer Lust. 17) *both* gebraucht Sh. auch von der Aufzählung von mehr als zwei Dingen. — Die Frau des alten Schäfers heisst bei Greene Mopsa, und Sh. nennt daher eine der Schäferinnen so. 18) Indem sie beim Tanzen ihren Arm bald auf die Schulter des Einen, bald des Andern legte, indem sie mit Diesem und mit Jenem tanzte. 19) *quench it* bezieht sich auf *fire:* was sie trank, um die Gluth ihres Angesichtes zu löschen, das trank sie Jedem nach der Reihe zu. 20) Denn das ist ein Weg, uns mit einander besser befreundet und bekannter zu machen. 21) *mistress of the feast* fand Sh. bei Greene. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 527. 22) Manche Hgg. stellen stillschweigend und willkürlich um: *Welcome, Sir!* 23) *grace* ist die symbolische Deutung, die zu *rue* gehört, wie *remembrance* zu *rosemary.* So in Hamlet (A. 4, Sc. 5) *there 's rosemary, that 's for remembrance; there 's rue for you: we may call it herb of grace. — remembrance* ist, wie oft bei Sh., viersylbig *(rememberance)* zu lesen. 24) *gillyvors* in der Fol. Die meisten Hgg. setzen hier und weiterhin die gewöhnlichere Form *gillyflowers* dafür. 25) *for* = weil: Perdita verschmäht die gestreiften Nelken, weil ihre bunten Farben nicht von der Natur herrühren, sondern von der Kunst des Gärtners. — Wie aus dem Folgenden erhellt, denkt Perdita dabei an die Kunst der Schminke, welcher die eitlen Weiber sich bedienen: *were I painted etc.* 26) *dibble* = Pflanzstock, ein Werkzeug um ein Loch in der Erde zu machen, in das man die Pflanzen setzt. 27) *marigold* oder *sun-flower.* Von dieser Blume heisst es in Lupton's Book of Notable Things: *Some call it Sponsus Solis, the Spouse of the Sun, because it sleeps and is awakened with him. — weeping* bezeichnet den Morgenthau in der Blume. 28) Wortspiel zwischen *grazing* und *gazing.* 29) Diesen Zug, wie Proserpina, vom Pluto in die Unterwelt entführt, die eben gepflückten Blumen fallen liess, entlehnte Sh. aus Golding's Uebersetzung des Ovid. Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 2, Anm. 9. — *Dis's* (*Dysses* in der Fol.) *waggon* = der Wagen Pluto's, fand Sh. in Barnaby Barnes' Devil's Charter (1607) *From the pale horror of eternal fire || Am I sent with the waggon of black Dis.* 30) Die unscheinbare Farbe der Veilchen *(dim)* wird gegenübergestellt ihrem Wohlgeruch, in welchem sie die

Or Cytherea's breath;[30] pale primroses,
That die unmarried ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength,[31] a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips,[32] and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one. O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of, and my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What, like a corse?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on,
Not like a corse; or if, — not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers.
Methinks, I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun-pastorals:[33] sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I 'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I 'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too: when you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function: each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.[34]

Per. O Doricles!
Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood, which peeps fairly through it,[35]
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think, you have
As little skill[36] to fear, as I have purpose
To put you to 't. — But, come; our dance, I pray.
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I 'll swear for 'em.[37]

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever
Ran on the green-sward:[38] nothing she does, or seems,[39]
But smacks of something greater than herself;
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something,
That makes her blood look out.[40] Good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, strike up.

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, garlic,
To mend her kissing with!

Mop. Now, in good time!

Clo. Not a word, a word: we stand upon our manners.[41] —
Come, strike up. *[Music.*

[Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this,
Which dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him Doricles, and boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding;[42] but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it:
He looks like sooth.[43] He says, he loves my daughter:
I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he 'll stand, and read,
As 't were, my daughter's eyes; and, to be plain,
I think, there is not half a kiss to choose,
Who loves another best.[44]

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So she does anything, though I report it,
That should be silent. If young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.[45]

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O master! if you did but hear the pedlar at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you. He sings several tunes faster than you 'll tell money; he utters them as

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Augenlider der Juno und den Athem der Venus übertreffen. 31) Die blassen Primeln sterben unvermählt, insofern sie blühen und vergehen, ehe die Sommersonne in ihrer Kraft sie bescheint und färbt. Damit wird das Schicksal junger Mädchen verglichen, welche früh hinschwinden. 32) *bold* heisst die grosse Schlüsselblume entweder wegen ihrer grellen, gelben Farbe oder wegen ihres gerade aufstrebenden Wuchses. 33) Auf diese theatralischen Spiele mit Verkleidungen deutet Sh. ausführlicher hin in Two Gentlemen of Verona (A. 4, Sc. 4) *at Pentecost,* || *When all our pageants of delight were play'd,* || *Our youth got me to play the woman's part,* und weiterhin: *For I did play a lamentable part.* || *Madam, 't was Ariadne, passioning* || *For Theseus' perjury etc.* 34) Die Art, wie Du jedes Ding thust, so einzig in jeder Einzelnheit, setzt Allem, was Du thust, in dem was Du gerade vornimmst, die Krone auf, so dass jede Deiner Handlungen als gekrönt, als eine Königin erscheint. — Den Namen Doricles scheint Sh. aus Dorastus, dem Florizel bei Greene, gebildet zu haben. 35) Malone citirt dazu aus Marlowe's Hero and Leander: *Through whose white skin, softer than soundest sleep,* || *With damask eyes the ruby blood doth peep.* 36) *skill* = Interesse, Ursache. — Diese zu Sh.'s Zeit schon seltnere Bedeutung, die früher gewöhnlich war, belegt Dyce mit einem Citat aus Warner's Continuance of Albion's England (1606) *Hence England's heirs apparent have of Wales been princes, till* || *Our queen deceas'd conceal'd her heir, I wot not for what skill.* 37) Ritson wollte *for one* lesen, aber *for 'em* bezieht sich auf *that never mean to part:* Ich will es eidlich versichern, dass diese Turteltauben, d. h. Florizel und Perdita, sich niemals zu trennen vorhaben. 38) *greene-sord* in der Fol. 39) *nothing* lässt sich nur in freierer Construction mit *seems* verbinden: Alles, was sie thut oder worin sie erscheint, hat einen Beigeschmack von etwas Grösserem als sie selber ist. 40) *out* ist Theobald's Emendation für *on 't* der Fol. Vgl. oben Anm. 35. — *out* und *on 't* werden auch sonst im Drucke der Fol. verwechselt. 41) Wir halten auf unsern Anstand und lassen uns, in Gegenwart der Fremden, in kein Gezänk ein. 42) *a worthy feeding* = eine Weide für seine Schafe, die ihren Werth hat. So in Drayton's Polyolbion: *so much that do rely* || *Upon their feeding, flocks, and their fertility.* — Das folgende *but* ist = nur: ich weiss es nur von ihm. Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 1, Anm. 7. 43) Er sieht aus wie die Wahrhaftigkeit selbst. So vorher *good sooth* = wahrhaftig! 44) Es macht kaum einen halben Kuss in ihrer gegenseitigen Zärtlichkeit aus, zu entscheiden, wer von den Beiden den Andern am meisten liebt. 45) Der alte Schäfer meint ihre Mitgift, das Gold, das in dem Bündel sich neben dem ausgesetzten Kinde fand. Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 3, Anm. 5. 46) Doppelsinnig = als ob alle Ohren an seinen Melodien festwüchsen, und = als ob alle Ohren lang würden bei

he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew to his tunes.[46]

Clo. He could never come better: he shall come in. I love a ballad but even too well; if it be doleful matter, merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

Serv. He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all sizes: no milliner[47] can so fit his customers with gloves. He has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without bawdry, which is strange; with such delicate burdens of »dildos« and »fadings«,[48] »jump her and thump her;« and where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap[49] into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, »Whoop, do me no harm, good man;« puts him off, slights him with »Whoop, do me no harm, good man.«

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable-conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?[50]

Serv. He hath ribands of all the colours i' the rainbow; points,[51] more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross; inkles, caddisses,[52] cambrics, lawns: why, he sings them over, as they were gods or goddesses. You would think a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-hand, and the work about the square on 't.[53]

Clo. Pr'ythee, bring him in, and let him approach singing.

Per. Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous words in 's tunes. *[Exit Servant.*

Clo. You have of these pedlars, that have more in them than you 'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter Autolycus, *singing.*

Lawn, as white as driven snow;
Cyprus, black as e'er was crow;
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces, and for noses;
Bugle-bracelet, necklace-amber,
Perfume[54] *for a lady's chamber;*
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins and poking-sticks[55] *of steel;*
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come, buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:
Come, buy.

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me; but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves.

Mop. I was promised them against the feast, but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promised you: may be, he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets, where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole,[56] to whistle off these secrets, but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'T is well they are whispering. Clamour your tongues,[57] and not a word more.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry lace,[58] and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee, how I was cozened by the way, and lost all my money?

Aut. And, indeed, Sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, Sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. 'Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print, o' life,[59] for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here 's one to a very doleful tune, how a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burden; and how she longed to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonadoed.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true; and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Aut. Here 's the midwife's name to 't, one Mistress Taleporter, and five or six honest wives' that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad?

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seinen Melodien. 47) *milliner* = Modehändler, zu Sh.'s Zeit immer männlichen Geschlechts. 48) *dildo* und *fading* kommen als sinnlose Refrains von Liedern vor; *fading* ausserdem auch als der Name eines irischen Tanzes. — Von den beiden folgenden Citaten *jump her and thump her* und *whoop, do me no harm, good man*, hat sich nur das zweite nachweisen lassen als zu einer bekannten Melodie gehörig. 49) *a foul gap* = eine unanständige Parenthese, hier mit obscönem Nebensinn. 50) *unbraided wares* = ächte Waaren, Waaren, die nicht verschossen oder verschlissen *(braided)* sind. — *braided ware* kommt so in Marston's Scourge of Villainy vor. 51) *points* = juristische Spitzfindigkeiten, und = Nestel an den Beinkleidern. 52) *inkle* = Zwirnband, *caddis* = Wollenband. 53) *sleeve-hand* = Aufschlag am Aermel; *work about the square* = die gestickte Vorderseite, das Brustst ück des Hemdes. — *on 't*, d. h. *of it*, bezieht sich auf *smock*. — Für *sleeve-hand* wollte Hanmer *sleeve-band* lesen, indess ist jenes Wort hinlänglich belegt. 54) *perfume* ist Apposition zu *necklace-amber* = Bernstein, aus dem man Halsbänder macht und der auch als Wohlgeruch für das Zimmer einer Dame dient. 55) *poking-stick* = ein eisernes oder stählernes Werkzeug, das heiss gemacht zum Fälteln der gesteiften Halskrausen u. s. w. diente. So in Middleton's Blurt Master Constable: *your ruff must stand in print, and for that purpose get poking-sticks with fair long handles, lest they scorch your hands.* 56) *kiln-hole* = Oeffnung des Ofens, der zum Backen oder Malzdörren dient. 57) Hanmer las dafür *charm your tongues.* Indess citirt Hunter aus Taylor's Werken: *He thus began: Cease friendly cutting throats;* || *Clamour the promulga'ion of your tongues,* || *And yield to Demagorgon's policy.* — Der Sinn = schweigt still, ist klarer als die Erklärung der Phrase. 58) *tawdry lace* = Halsschnur. — *tawdry* ist entstellt aus *Saint Audrey*, wie aus der lateinischen Erklärung bei Skinner erhellt: *Tawdrie lace, astrigmenta, timbriae seu fasciolae emtae nundinis Stae-Ethelredae celebratis.* — *sweet gloves* = parfümirte Handschuhe, werden bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen häufig erwähnt; so vorher *Gloves, as sweet as damask roses*, neben den Masken, welche die Damen beim Ausgehen statt der Schleier tragen. 59) *o' life* = bei meinem Leben, eine Betheurung. 60) Beschreibungen und Balladen

Mop. 'Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by: and let 's first see more ballads; we 'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here 's another ballad, of a fish,[60] that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh[61] with one that loved her. The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands[62] at it, and witnesses more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let 's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing[63] merry one, and goes to the tune of »Two maids wooing a man«. There 's scarce a maid westward but she sings it: 't is in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it: if thou 'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 't is in three parts.[64]

Dor. We had the tune on 't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know, 't is my occupation: have at it with you.

SONG.

Aut. *Get you hence, for I must go,*
Where it fits not you to know.
Dor. *Whither?*
Mop. *O! whither?*
Dor. *Whither?*
Mop. *It becomes thy oath full well,*
Thou to me thy secrets tell.
Dor. *Me too: let me go thither.*
Mop. *Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill.*
Dor. *If to either, thou dost ill.*
Aut. *Neither.*
Dor. *What, neither?*
Aut. *Neither.*
Dor. *Thou hast sworn my love to be.*
Mop. *Thou hast sworn it more to me:*
Then, whither go'st? say, whither?

Clo. We 'll have this song out anon by ourselves. My father and the gentlemen are in sad[65] talk, and we 'll not trouble them: come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I 'll buy for you both. Pedlar, let 's have the first choice. — Follow me, girls.

Aut. [Aside.] And you shall pay well for 'em.

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
Come to the pedlar;
Money 's a medler,
That doth utter[66] *all men's ware-a.*

[Exeunt Clown, AUTOLYCUS, DORCAS, *and* MOPSA.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair: they call themselves Saltiers;[67] and they have a dance, which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols,[68] because they are not in 't; but they themselves are o' the mind, (if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling)[69] it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we 'll none on 't: here has been too much homely foolery already. — I know, Sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us. Pray, let 's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Serv. One three of them, by their own report, Sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire.[70]

Shep. Leave your prating. Since these good men are pleased, let them come in: but quickly now.

Serv. Why, they stay at door, Sir. *[Exit.*

Re-enter Servant, with Twelve Rustics habited like Satyrs. They dance, and then exeunt.[71]

Pol. O father! you 'll know more of that hereafter.[72] —
Is it not too far gone? — 'T is time to part them. —
He 's simple, and tells much. How now, fair shepherd?
Your heart is full of something, that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,
And handed love as you do, I was wont
To load my she[73] with knacks: I would have ransack'd
The pedlar's silken treasury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him. If your lass
Interpretation should abuse, and call this
Your lack of love or bounty,[74] you were straited
For a reply, at least, if you make a care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old Sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are.

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von solchen wunderbaren Fischen kommen zu Sh.'s Zeit häufig vor. So wurde im Jahre 1604 in die Register der Buchhändler eingetragen: *A strange report of a monstrous fish that appeared in the form of a woman from her waist upward, seen in the sea.* — Wie Malone vermuthet, spielte Sh. gerade auf dieses Buch an. Indess erwähnt Halliwell u. A. auch eine frühere Ballade: *The discription of a rare or rather most monstrous fishe, taken on the east coast of Holland the 16. of November, anno 1566.* 61) Weil sie sich nicht fleischlich vermischen wollte. — *flesh* und *fish* werden hier scherzhaft zusammengestellt. 62) Handschriftliche Zeugnisse von fünf Gerichtspersonen sind dabei. 63) *passing* = ausnehmend. 64) Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 2, Anm. 15. 65) *sad* = ernst. 66) *to utter* = veräussern, feilbieten. 67) Er meint *Satyrs*. Als solche erscheinen sie ganz behaart, in Thierfelle gekleidet. — *men of hair* = Leute, die ganz aus Haaren bestehen, ganz behaart sind. 68) Als einen Mischmasch von Luftsprüngen bezeichnen die Mädchen verächtlich diesen Satyrtanz, weil sie dabei nicht mittanzen. 69) *to bowl* = tanzen, wie eine Kugel über den glatten Boden wegschleift, ohne dabei so hoch zu springen, wie die verkleideten Satyrn. 70) *by the squire* = nach dem Winkelmass gemessen, also in die Breite. 71) Die Fol. hat *Here a dance of twelve Satyrs.* 72) Mit diesen Worten bricht Polixenes ein mit dem alten Schäfer während des Tanzes gepflogenes Gespräch ab, um sich nach seinem Sohne umzusehen, der unterdess sich mit Perdita unterhalten hatte. 73) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 2, Anm. 7. 74) Wenn Euer Mädchen die Deutung übel anwenden und dies als Mangel an Liebe oder an Freigebigkeit bei Euch bezeichnen sollte, so würdet Ihr in Verlegenheit wegen einer Antwort sein.

The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart, which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. — O! hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient Sir, who,[75] it should seem,
Hath sometime lov'd: I take thy hand; this hand,
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it,
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow
That 's bolted[76] by the northern blasts twice o'er.
Pol. What follows this? —
How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand, was fair before![77] — I have put you out. —
But, to your protestation: let me hear
What you profess.
Flo. Do, and be witness to 't.
Pol. And this my neighbour too?
Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men; the earth, the heavens, and all;
That, were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy, were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve, had force, and knowledge,
More than was ever man's, I would not prize them,
Without her love: for her, employ them all,
Commend them, and condemn them to her service,
Or to their own perdition.[78]
Pol. Fairly offer'd.
Cam. This shows a sound affection.
Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?
Per. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.
Shep. Take hands; a bargain: —
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to 't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.
Flo. O! that must be
I' the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder.[79] But, come on;
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.
Shep. Come, your hand;
And, daughter, yours.
Pol. Soft, swain, awhile, 'beseech you.
Have you a father?
Flo. I have; but what of him?
Pol. Knows he of this?
Flo. He neither does, or shall.
Pol. Methinks, a father
Is at the nuptial of his son a guest
That best becomes the table. Pray you, once more,
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid
With age, and altering rheums? can he speak? hear?
Know man from man? dispute his own estate?[80]
Lies he not bed-rid? and again, does nothing,
But what he did being childish?
Flo. No, good Sir:
He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,
Than most have of his age.
Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial. Reason,[81] my son
Should choose himself a wife; but as good reason,
The father (all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity) should hold some counsel
In such a business.
Flo. I yield all this;
But for some other reasons, my grave Sir,
Which 't is not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.
Pol. Let him know 't.
Flo. He shall not.
Pol. Pr'ythee, let him.
Flo. No, he must not.
Shep. Let him, my son: he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.
Flo. Come, come, he must not. —
Mark our contract.
Pol. Mark your divorce, young Sir,
[Discovering himself.
Whom son I dare not call: thou art too base[82]
To be acknowledg'd. Thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affects[83] a sheep-hook! — Thou old traitor,
I am sorry, that by hanging thee I can but
Shorten thy life one week. — And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who, of force,[84] must know
The royal fool thou cop'st with, —
Shep. O, my heart!
Pol. I 'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briers, and made
More homely than thy state. — For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know, thou dost but sigh,
That thou no more shalt[85] see this knack (as never
I mean thou shalt), we 'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Far than Deucalion off:[86] — mark thou my words;
Follow us to the court. — Thou, churl, for this time,
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it. — And you, enchantment,[87] —
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,[88]

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75) *whom* in der Fol.; von der zweiten Folioausg. verbessert. 76) *bolted* = gesiebt. — Dasselbe Gleichniss findet sich in Midsummer-Night's Dream (A. 3, Sc. 2) *That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,* || *Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow,* || *When thou hold'st up thy hand.* 77) Die Hand, die schon vorher blank war, also der Wäsche nicht bedurfte. 78) Ich würde alle glänzenden Gaben, die ich besässe, dem Dienste der Perdita widmen, oder, wenn dies nicht möglich wäre, dieselben zu ihrer Vernichtung durch sich selbst verurtheilen. 79) Ich werde dann genug besitzen, dass Ihr darüber erstaunen werdet. — *then* ist der Gegensatz zu *yet* = jetzt noch. 80) Ist er noch im Stande, sein Besitzthum zu vertreten? 81) *reason* elliptisch = es ist vernünftig und billig; ebenso das folgende *as good reason* = es ist eben so billig. 82) Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 3, Anm. 20. — Zu dieser und der folgenden Strafrede des Polixenes hat Sh. Manches aus einer Rede des Pandosto (Leontes) bei Greene entlehnt. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 527. 83) *affects* in der Fol.; von Pope in *affect'st* corrigirt. 84) *of force* = nothgedrungen. — Für *who* hat auch hier die Fol. *whom*. Vgl. oben Anm. 75. 85) Rowe strich *never* nach *shalt*, das wahrscheinlich aus Versehen von dem folgenden *never* in der Fol. an diese Stelle gerieth. 86) *far* steht für *farther*, in älterem Englisch *ferre*: weiter entfernt in der Verwandtschaft, als von Deukalion, dem gemeinsamen Stammvater, her. Die Fol. hat deshalb *farre*. 87) *enchantment*, personificirt = Zauberin, Hexe. —

Unworthy thee, — if ever henceforth thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop[89] his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to 't. *[Exit.*

Per. Even here undone![90]
I was not much afeard; for once, or twice,
I was about to speak, and tell him plainly,
The self-same sun that shines upon his court,
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.[91] — *[To* Florizel.*]* Will 't please you,
Sir, be gone?
I told you what would come of this. 'Beseech you,
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,
Being now awake, I 'll queen it no inch further,[92]
But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father?
Speak, ere thou diest.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know. — *[To* Florizel.*]*
O Sir!
You have undone a man of fourscore-three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones: but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no priest shovels in dust.[93] — *[To* Perdita.*]*
O cursed wretch!
That knew'st this was the prince, and wouldst adventure
To mingle faith with him. — Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I desire. *[Exit.*

Flo. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not afear'd; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd. What I was, I am:
More straining on, for plucking back;[94] not following
My leash unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's[95] temper: at this time
He will allow no speech (which, I do guess,
You do not purpose to him), and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:
Then, till the fury of his highness[96] settle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.
I think, Camillo?[97]

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you 't would be thus!
How often said, my dignity would last
But till 't were known!

Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith;[98] and then,
Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together,
And mar the seeds within! — Lift up thy looks: —
From my succession wipe me, father; I
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.

Flo. I am; and by my fancy:[99] if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, Sir.

Flo. So call it; but it does fulfil my vow,[100]
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat[101] glean'd, for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs,[102] or the profound seas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd. Therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's honour'd friend,
When he shall miss me (as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more), cast your good counsels
Upon his passion: let myself and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver. — I am put to sea
With her, whom[103] here I cannot hold on shore;
And, most opportune to our need,[104] I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this design. What course I mean to hold,
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O my lord!
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita. — *[Takes her aside.*
[To Camillo.*]* I 'll hear you by and by.

Cam. He 's irremoveable[105]
Resolv'd for flight. Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn,
Save him from danger, do him love and honour,
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo,
I am so fraught with curious[106] business, that
I leave out ceremony.[107] *[Going.*

So in K. John (A. 3, Sc. 4) *O fair affliction, peace!* 88) Wenn nicht meine königliche Ehre dabei betheiligt wäre. 89) *hoop* verbessert Pope das *hope* der Fol. 90) *even here undone* = ich bin schon jetzt, schon hier vernichtet, bezieht sich auf die letzten Drohungsworte des Königs. — Staunton hält es für denkbar, dass zu interpungiren wäre: *Even here undone,* || *I was not much afeard etc.* 91) *to look on* = herblicken. 92) Ich will keine Spanne weiter die Königin spielen. 93) Wo ich kein christliches Begräbniss erhalte, wo kein Priester eine Schaufel Erde auf mein Grab schüttet, indem er die Einsegnungsworte dabei spricht. — Auf ein ehrliches Begräbniss geht auch *by his honest bones.* 94) Ich strebe nur um so mehr vorwärts, weil man mich zurückreissen will. 95) *my father's* in der Fol.; von der zweiten Folioausg. verbessert. 96) *his highness* ist nicht bloss der Titel des Königs, sondern die Majestät des Polixenes, die durch die Liebschaft Florizel's gekränkt ist. 97) Florizel erkennt erst jetzt den Camillo in der Verkleidung und ist dessen noch nicht ganz sicher. 98) Die Würde, welche Perdita schon für verloren giebt, kann ihr nur entgehen, wenn Florizel sein Gelübde bricht. 99) Ich lasse mir von meiner Liebe rathen. — *be advised* = seid bedächtig, und = lasst Euch rathen. 100) Staunton erklärt: *but as it does fulfil my vow etc.* — Vielleicht ist es eher: wenn es nur meinen Eid erfüllt, so muss ich es für Redlichkeit halten. 101) *thereat* d. h. bei dem Besitze Böhmens. 102) Oder was die Erde still in ihrem Schosse hegt. 103) *who* in der Fol.; verbessert von der zweiten Folioausg. 104) *our need* setzt Theobald für *her need* der Fol. — *opportune* betont Sh. auf der zweiten Sylbe. 105) Staunton verbindet plausibel *irremoveable* als Adverbium mit *resolved.* Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 2, Anm. 36. — Die andern Hgg. trennen die beiden Wörter als Adjectiva

Cam. Sir, I think,
You have heard of my poor services, i' the love
That I have borne your father?
Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserv'd: it is my father's music,
To speak your deeds; not little of his care,
To have them recompens'd, as thought on.
Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the king,
And thorough him, what 's nearest [108] to him, which is
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction
(If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration), on mine honour
I 'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your highness; where you may
Enjoy your mistress (from the whom, I see,
There 's no disjunction to be made, but by,
As heavens forefend, your ruin); marry her;
And (with my best endeavours in your absence)
Your discontenting father strive to qualify, [109]
And bring him up to liking.
Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done,
That I may call thee something more than man,
And, after that, trust to thee.
Cam. Have you thought on
A place whereto you 'll go?
Flo. Not any yet;
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, [110] so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.
Cam. Then list to me:
This follows: — if you will not change your purpose,
But undergo this flight, make for Sicilia,
And there present yourself, and your fair princess
(For so, I see, she must be), 'fore Leontes:
She shall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see
Leontes, opening his free arms, [111] and weeping
His welcomes forth; asks thee, the son, [112] forgiveness,
As 't were i' the father's person; kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess; o'er and o'er divides him
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness: [113] the one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow
Faster than thought, or time.
Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?
Cam. Sent by the king, your father,
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I 'll write you down:
The which shall point you forth at every sitting [114]
What you must say; that he shall not perceive,
But that you have your father's bosom there, [115]
And speak his very heart.
Flo. I am bound to you.
There is some sap [116] in this.
Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores; most certain,
To miseries enough: no hope to help you,
But, as you shake off one, to take another; [117]
Nothing so certain as your anchors, who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you 'll be loath to be. Besides, you know,
Prosperity 's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion, and whose heart together,
Affliction alters.
Per. One of these is true:
I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in [118] the mind.
Cam. Yea, say you so?
There shall not, at your father's house, these seven years,
Be born another such.
Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding, as
She is i' the rear our birth. [119]
Cam. I cannot say, 't is pity
She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.
Per. Your pardon, Sir; for this
I 'll blush you thanks. [120]

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durch ein Comma. 106) *curious* = was viele Sorgfalt erheischt, häklich. 107) *ceremony* = die Förmlichkeiten des Abschiedes, den er eigentlich von Camillo nehmen sollte. 108) Die meisten Hgg. lesen *what is nearest* für *what 's nearest* der Fol. — Da der Nachdruck auf *him* liegen muss, so ist eher mit Theobald *thorough* für *through* der Fol. und der Hgg. zu lesen. Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 2, Anm. 33. 109) Malone hält *strive* für den Imperativ, als ob Florizel aus der Ferne seinen Vater zu beschwichtigen suchen solle. — Wahrscheinlich aber verlor Sh., wie es ihm in längeren, durch Parenthesen unterbrochenen Sätzen leicht widerfährt, den Faden der Construction und fuhr nach *with my best endeavours in your absence* fort, als ob Camillo, nicht Florizel, das Subject wäre. — Rowe setzte *I 'll strive*, dem Sinne und Zusammenhange nach richtig, wenn auch nicht Sh.'s Worten gemäss. — *discontenting* von dem intransitiven *to discontent* = missvergnügt sein; so in Ph. Fletcher's Eliza: *Religion blames impatient discontenting.* 110) Wie der unerwartete Zufall schuld ist an dem, was wir unüberlegt thun. — *guilty to* findet sich auch in Comedy of Errors (A. 3, Sc. 2) *But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong.* 111) *his free arms* = seine Arme, die Euch bereitwillig umfangen. 112) So verbessern die spätern Folioausgg. das *asks thee there son* der beiden ersten. — Ritson dagegen schlug vor *asks there the son.* 113) Er spricht wechselweise von seiner ehemaligen Härte und von seiner jetzigen Freundlichkeit, er kommt immer wieder auf den Gegensatz beider zurück. 114) *at every sitting* = so oft Ihr mit dem König im Gespräch zusammensitzt. 115) Dass Ihr mit Eurem Vater vollkommen einverstanden seid, im Sinne Eures Vaters redet. 116) *sap* = Saft und Kraft. So in Antony and Cleopatra (A. 3, Sc. 11) *there 's sap in 't yet.* 117) *one* und *another* bezieht sich auf *miseries enough:* es ist keine andere Hoffnung auf Hülfe für Euch, als die, dass Ihr, wie Ihr ein Elend abschüttelt, ein anderes dafür auf Euch nehmt. — Zwischen *shake* und *take* scheint ein Gleichklang beabsichtigt. 118) *to take in* = unterwerfen, bezwingen. 119) Die Fol. schreibt *'our birth*, als solle das Apostrophzeichen das ausgefallene *of* andeuten: sie ist an feiner Bildung eben so weit voraus, wie sie an Geburt mir nachsteht. 120) Diese Interpunction schlug zuerst Malone vor. Die meisten Hgg. setzen *Your pardon, Sir, for this; || I 'll*

Flo. My prettiest Perdita! —
But, O, the thorns we stand upon! — Camillo,
Preserver of my father, now of me,
The medicine [121] of our house, how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son,
Nor shall appear in Sicilia. [122]

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this. I think, you know, my fortunes
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The scene you play were mine. For instance, Sir,
That you may know you shall not want, one word.

[They talk aside.

Enter Autolycus.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery: not a counterfeit stone, not a riband, glass, pomander, [123] brooch, table-book, [124] ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting: they throng who should buy first; as if my trinkets had been hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means I saw whose purse was best in picture, [125] and what I saw, to my good use I remembered. My clown (who wants but something to be a reasonable man) grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes, till he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears: you might have pinched a placket, it was senseless; 't was nothing to geld a codpiece of a purse: [126] I would have filed keys off, that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, [127] and admiring the nothing of it; so that, in this time of lethargy, I picked and cut most of their festival purses; and had not the old man come in with a whoobub [128] against his daughter and the king's son, and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[Camillo, Florizel, *and* Perdita *come forward.*

Cam. Nay, but my letters, by this means being there
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you 'll procure from king Leontes [129] —

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!
All that you speak shows fair.

Cam. [Seeing Autolycus.*]* Who have we here? —
We 'll make an instrument of this: omit
Nothing, may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now, — why, hanging.

Cam. How now, good fellow? Why shakest thou so? Fear not, man; here 's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, Sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here 's nobody will steal that from thee: yet, for the outside of thy poverty, we must make an exchange; therefore, discase thee instantly, (thou must think, there 's a necessity in 't) and change garments with this gentleman. Though the pennyworth on his side be the worst, yet hold thee, there 's some boot. [130]

Aut. I am a poor fellow, Sir. — *[Aside.]* I know ye well enough.

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee, despatch: the gentleman is half flayed already. [131]

Aut. Are you in earnest, Sir? — *[Aside.]* I smell the trick of it.

Flo. Despatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; [132] but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle. —

[Florizel *and* Autolycus *exchange garments.*

Fortunate mistress, (let my prophecy [133]
Come home to you!) you must retire yourself
Into some covert: take your sweet-heart's hat,
And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face;
Dismantle you, and, as you can, disliken [134]
The truth of your own seeming, that you may
(For I do fear eyes over you) [135] to shipboard
Get undescried.

Per. I see, the play so lies,
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy. —
Have you done there? [136]

Flo. Should I now meet my father
He would not call me son.

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blush you thanks. 121) *medicine* = Arzt. So in Macbeth (A. 5, Sc. 2) *Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal.* 122) Und wir werden in Sicilien auch nicht erscheinen als Sohn des Königs von Böhmen. — Die meisten Hgg. setzen hinter *Sicilia* einen Strich, als ob Camillo Florizel's Rede unterbräche. — Staunton vermuthet sehr wahrscheinlich, dass hinter *appear* zufällig ein *so* ausgefallen sei. 123) *pomander* = eine aus verschiedenen wohlriechenden Stoffen bereitete Kugel, die man in der Tasche oder am Halse trug, um daran zu riechen. 124) *table-book* = Notizbuch, aus kleinen Schreibtafeln bestehend. 125) Wessen Börse sich am besten gemalt ausnehmen würde, am besten gefüllt wäre. — Für *picture*, das allerdings hier ein seltsamer Ausdruck ist, schlägt ein Anonymus, den die Cambridge Edd. citiren, sinnreich *pasture* vor. 126) Aus einem Hosenlatz die Börse entwenden, sie ihm abschneiden. Zugleich mit obscönem Nebensinn. Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 1, Anm. 32. 127) *my sir's* ist eine ironische Bezeichnung für den Clown: das Lied, in das sich der Rüpel so verliebt hatte. — *the no'hing of it* = die Nichtigkeit, Werthlosigkeit dieses Liedes. 128) *whoobub* = lauter Lärm, Geschrei, gewöhnlich *hubbub*. 129) Die Briefe, welche der beim Polixenes zurückbleibende Camillo von Leontes erhalten wird, werden durch ihre Verwendung für Florizel und Perdita den Polixenes zufrieden stellen, ihn mit seinem Sohne aussöhnen. — Natürlicher erschiene es, wenn auch dieser Vers, wie die beiden vorigen und der folgende, dem Camillo in den Mund gelegt würde, dass also Florizel die Briefe von Leontes beschaffte. 130) Obgleich Florizel sich bei diesem Kleidertausch, dem Geldwerthe nach, am schlechtesten steht, so nimm doch dies hier als Zugabe. — Bei *hold thee* = halt her, sieh, giebt er dem Autolycus Geld, das er als *boot* = Zugabe, bezeichnet. 131) Florizel hat seine Kleider schon halb abgelegt. — *flayed*, eigentlich von der abgezogenen Haut, ist nur ein stärkerer Ausdruck als das vorhergehende *discase thee* = streife Deine Hülle, Deine Haut ab. — Die Fol. hat *fled* für *flayed*, nach der alten Orthographie des Verbums *to flea* für *to flay*. 132) *earnest* = Handgeld, im Wortspiel mit *in earnest* = im Ernst. 133) Die Prophezeiung, die in der Anrede *fortunate mistress* liegt. 134) *to disliken* = unähnlich, unkenntlich machen. 135) *you* fügte Rowe ein. — Für *over* fand Collier in Lord Ellesmere's Exemplar

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat.[137] — Come, lady, come. — Farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, Sir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot![138] Pray you, a word. *[They converse apart.*

Cam. What I do next shall be to tell the king
Of this escape, and whither they are bound;
Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevail,
To force him after: in whose company
I shall review Sicilia, for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.[139]

Flo. Fortune speed us! —
Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side

Cam. The swifter speed, the better.

[Exeunt Florizel, Perdita, *and* Camillo.

Aut. I understand the business; I hear it. To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse: a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see, this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been without boot! what a boot is here with this exchange![140] Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do anything *extempore.*[141] The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels. If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do 't:[142] I hold it the more knavery to conceal it, and therein am I constant to my profession. Aside, aside: — here is more matter for a hot brain. Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

Clo. See, see, what a man you are now! There is no other way, but to tell the king she 's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to, then.

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and so your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her; those secret things, all but what she has with her.[143] This being done, let the law go whistle: I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the furthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know[144] how much an ounce.

Aut. [Aside.] Very wisely, puppies!

Shep. Well, let us to the king: there is that in this fardel[145] will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. [Aside.] I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. 'Pray heartily he be at palace.

Aut. [Aside.] Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance: — let me pocket up my pedlar's excrement.[146] *[Takes off his false beard.]* How now, rustics? whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there? what? with whom? the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having,[147] breeding, and anything that is fitting to be known? discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, Sir.

Aut. A lie: you are rough and hairy. Let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie; but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel: therefore, they do not give us the lie.[148]

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an 't like you, Sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it[149] the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness court-contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toze[150] from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier, cap-a-pè; and one that will either push on, or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, Sir, is to the king.

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der Fol. *ever* verbessert. 136) Seid Ihr dort mit dem Kleiderwechsel fertig? fragt Camillo den Florizel. 137) Florizel's Hut, den er wieder aufsetzen will, muss jetzt die Perdita tragen, wie Camillo schon vorher sagte *take your sweet-heart's hat*, so dass sich Florizel ohne Hut behelfen muss. 138) Sh. lässt die Beiden irgend etwas Verabsäumtes bei Seite besprechen, damit Camillo zu dem folgenden kurzen Monologe Gelegenheit finde. 139) Ein krankhaftes Gelüste wie das einer Schwangeren. So in Troilus and Cressida (A. 3, Sc. 3) *I have a woman's longing,* || *An appetite that I am sick withal.* 140) Er betrachtet die prinzlichen Kleider, die er angezogen hat, und das Geld, das er noch dazu bekommen. Vgl. oben Anm. 130. — Sh. scheint bei diesem Kleiderwechsel ausser Acht gelassen zu haben, dass er den Prinzen nicht in seinem eigentlichen Costüm, sondern in Schäfertracht auftreten liess. 141) Die Götter sehen uns Spitzbuben dieses Jahr Alles nach und wir können ungestraft aus dem Stegreif stehlen, was uns in den Weg kommt. 142) Hanmer ändert: *it were not a piece of honesty* und: *I would do it.* Aber *a piece of honesty* knüpft an *a piece of iniquity* an und Beides geht auf Florizel: Wenn ich glauben könnte, es sei ein redliches Stück vom Prinzen, das ich seinem Vater verrathen könnte, so würde ich es nicht thun, weil ich mit der Redlichkeit, meiner Profession gemäss, nichts zu schaffen habe. 143) Ausser dem, was sie an sich trägt. — Zugleich liegt aber eine frivole Zweideutigkeit in *secret things* = die geheimen Theile des Körpers, und = die verborgen gehaltenen Stücke, welche mit dem Findelkinde gefunden waren. 144) Hanmer wollte lesen *I know not.* 145) *fardel* = Bündel. 146) Den falschen Bart, den er als Hausirer trug und den die Beiden, der Schäfer und sein Sohn, kennen. — *excrement* = Haar, sowohl Haupthaar als Barthaar. 147) *having* = Besitzthum. 148) Wortspiel zwischen *to give the lie* = Jemanden Lügen strafen, und *to give* = Etwas geben, umsonst geben, in Bezug auf *we pay them etc.* — Daran schliesst sich der Gegensatz zwischen *to give* und *to take* im Folgenden. — *to take with the manner* = Jemanden auf frischer That ertappen, eigentlich mit dem gestohlenen Gute in der Hand. 149) *in it* bezieht sich vielleicht ungenau auf *these enfoldings* = diese Umhüllungen, diese Kleider: hat nicht mein Gang darin den feierlichen Tanzschritt *(measure)* des Hofes? — Doch lässt sich auch *in it*

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an 't like you.

Clo. Advocate 's the court-word for a pheasant:[151] say, you have none.

Shep. None, Sir: I have no pheasant, cock, nor hen.

Aut. How bless'd are we that are not simple men!
Yet nature might have made me as these are,
Therefore I 'll not disdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical: a great man, I 'll warrant; I know by the picking on 's teeth.[152]

Aut. The fardel there? what 's i' the fardel? Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, Sir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace: he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy, and air himself: for, if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know, the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 't is said, Sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast,[153] let him fly: the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, Sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane[154] to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which, though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say, he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I. Draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, Sir, do you hear, an 't like you, Sir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flayed alive; then, 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then[155] stand, till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recovered again with aqua-vitæ, or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication[156] proclaims, shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, (for you seem to be honest plain men) what you have to the king? being something gently considered,[157] I 'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and, if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great anthority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold. Show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember, stoned, and flayed alive!

Shep. An 't please you, Sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I 'll make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawn, till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, Sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety. — Are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, Sir: but though my case[158] be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

Aut. O! that 's the case of the shepherd's son. — Hang him, he 'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort! We must to the king, and show our strange sights: he must know, 't is none of your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is performed; and remain, as he says, your pawn, till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side: go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge,[159] and follow you.

Clo. We are blessed in this man, as I may say; even blessed.

Shep. Let 's before, as he bids us. He was provided to do us good. *[Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see, Fortune would not suffer me: she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion — gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore[160] them again, and that the complaint they

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reflexiv auf *my gait* beziehen. 150) Für *or toze* hat die Fol. *at toaze.* — *to toze* ist dasselbe, was *to touse:* Glaubst Du, weil ich mir mit Dir zu schaffen mache und Deine Angelegenheiten aus Dir herauszerre, u. s. w. 151) Ein Fasan, mit dem man einen Hofmann als Vertreter beim König gewinnen, ihn bestechen könnte. — Malone vermuthet, dass der Clown *a present* sage, was dann der alte Schäfer missverstehe als *pheasant.* 152) Die Zähne sich mit einem Zahnstocher zu stochern, war eine aus der Fremde nach England hinübergebrachte Mode, die den vornehmen und weitgereisten Herrn bezeichnete. 153) *to be in hand-fast* = nur gegen Bürgschaft auf freiem Fusse sein, so dass man sich nicht entfernen darf. 154) Autolycus braucht hier in gesuchter Sprache *germane* = blutsverwandt, obgleich das Wort zu dem folgenden *though removed fifty times* nicht passen will. 155) Capell setzte *there* für *then.* 156) *prognòstication* = die Vorherverkündigung des Wetters im Kalender. Solche Kalender führten z. B. den Titel *An Almanack and Prognostication made for the year of our Lord God 1595.* 157) Wenn ich eine anständige Anerkennung dafür finde, wenn ich anständig honorirt werde. Dieser Euphemismus für eine Bestechung kommt auch sonst vor, so in The Three Ladies of London: *What, consider me? dost thou think that I am a bribe-taker?* 158) *case* = Fall, Lage, und = Haut, Fell. — Ein ähnliches Wortspiel ist in Romeo and Juliet (A. 4, Sc. 5) *This is a pitiful case. — Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.* 159) Euphemismus für: seine Nothdurft verrichten. 160) *to shore* = an's Land setzen. 161) *rogue* = Schelm, als Schimpfwort, und = Landstreicher, der eigentliche Charakter des Autolycus. 162) Es mag wichtig, förderlich sein, dass ich die Beiden dem Prinzen Florizel vorstelle.

have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue [161] for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to 't. To him will I present them: there may be matter in it. [162]

[Exit.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Sicilia. A Room in the Palace of Leontes.

Enter Leontes, Cleomenes, Dion, Paulina, *and Others.*

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down
More penitence than done trespass. At the last,
Do, as the heavens have done, forget your evil;
With them, forgive yourself. [1]

Leon. Whilst I remember
Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them, and so still think of
The wrong I did myself; which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom, and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, [2] too true, my lord:
If one by one you wedded all the world,
Or from the all that are took something good,
To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd
Would be unparallel'd.

Leon. I think so. Kill'd!
She I kill'd! [3] I did so; but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did: it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought. Now, good now,
Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady:
You might have spoken a thousand things that would
Have done the time more benefit, [4] and grac'd
Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those,
Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name, [5] consider little,
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Incertain lookers-on. [6] What were more holy
Than to rejoice the former queen is well? [7]
What holier than for royalty's repair,
For present comfort, and for future good, —
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to 't?

Paul. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that 's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes;
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is 't not the tenour of his oracle,
That king Leontes shall not have an heir,
Till his lost child be found? [8] which, that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason,
As my Antigonus to break his grave,
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'T is your counsel,
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills. — Care not for issue;
The crown will find an heir: great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest, so his successor
Was like to be the best. [9]

Leon. Good Paulina, —
Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour, — O, that ever I
Had squar'd me to thy counsel! — then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes,
Have taken treasure from her lips, —

Paul. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.

Leon. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives; therefore, no wife: [10] one worse,
And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corse, and on this stage
(Where we offenders now) appear, soul-vex'd,
And begin, »Why to me?« [11]

Paul. Had she such power,
She had just cause. [12]

Leon. She had; and would incense [13] me
To murder her I married.

Paul. I should so:
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I 'd bid you mark
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in 't
You chose her: then I 'd shriek, that even your ears
Should rift to hear me, and the words that follow'd
Should be, »Remember mine.« [14]

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1) Wie der Himmel Euch verziehen hat, so verzeiht Euch selbst Eure Schuld. 2) Die Fol. fügt dieses *true* noch der Rede des Leontes bei: *bred his hopes out of, true*, und lässt Paulina antworten *Too true, my lord.* — Die richtige Vertheilung rührt von Theobald her. 3) Leontes wiederholt Paulina's Worte: Die, welche ich tödtete. 4) Die dem jetzigen Augenblicke besser gefrommt, besser dazu gepasst hätten. 5) Für *name* = Leontes' Name, der auf seine Kinder übergehen muss, setzen viele Hgg. stillschweigend *dame.* 6) Und welche Diejenigen mit in's Verderben reissen können, die müssig zuschauen, und unentschlossen, was sie bei solchen Gefahren zu thun haben. 7) Denselben Euphemismus, nach dem Sprichwort *The dead are well*, gebraucht Balthasar in Romeo and Juliet (A. 5, Sc. 1) *Then she is well, and nothing can be ill.* 8) Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 2, Anm. 26. 9) Indem Alexander der Grosse seine Krone dem Würdigsten hinterliess, ohne diesen namhaft zu machen, war es wahrscheinlich, dass sein Nachfolger der Beste sein würde. 10) Es giebt keine solche Weiber mehr, deshalb will ich auch kein Weib mehr haben. 11) Die Fol. hat *and on this Staye || (Where we offendors now appeare) Soule-vext, || And begin, why to me?* — Theobald setzt in die Parenthese: *where we offend her now*, und Heath: *were we offenders now*, während Steevens die Parenthese der Fol. beibehält und nur in der folgenden Zeile umstellt: *Begin, And why to me?* — Das Einfachste scheint, *appear* aus der Parenthese herauszurücken und es doch zugleich mit einer Sh.'schen Licenz zu *where we offenders now* hinzuzudenken. — Vielleicht wäre auch *move* für *now* zu lesen. — *Why to me?* = Warum wurde mir eine so ganz andere Behandlung zu Theil? oder: Warum wurde mir eine Nachfolgerin gegeben? 12) *just such cause* in der Fol. — Das aus der vorigen Zeile herübergenommene *such* streicht die dritte Folioausg. mit Recht. 13) *to incense* = anreizen, erbittern zu einer That. 14) *mine* bezieht sich, wie aus dem folgenden *stars, stars!* hervorgeht, auf das vorhergehende *her eye:* Gedenke meiner

Leon. Stars, stars!
And all eyes else dead coals. — Fear thou no wife;
I 'll have no wife, Paulina.
Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry, but by my free leave?
Leon. Never, Paulina: so be bless'd my spirit!
Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.
Cleo. You tempt him overmuch.
Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye.[15]
Cleo. Good Madam, —
Paul. I have done.[16]
Yet, if my lord will marry, — if you will, Sir,
No remedy, but you will,[17] — give me the office
To choose you a queen. She shall not be so young
As was your former; but she shall be such
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.[18]
Leon. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry, till thou bidd'st us.
Paul. That
Shall be when your first queen 's again in breath:
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.[19]

Gent. One that gives out himself prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess (she
The fairest I have yet beheld), desires access
To your high presence.
Leon. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness;[20] his approach,
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us
'T is not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need and accident. What train?
Gent. But few,
And those but mean.
Leon. His princess, say you, with him?
Gent. Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.
Paul. O Hermione!
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better, gone, so must thy grave[21]
Give way to what 's seen now. Sir, you yourself
Have said and writ so,[22] but your writing now
Is colder than that theme,[23] — »She had not been,
Nor was not to be equall'd;« — thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once: 't is shrewdly ebb'd,
To say you have seen a better.
Gent. Pardon, Madam:
The one I have almost forgot (your pardon);
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else,[24] make proselytes
Of whom she but bid follow.
Paul. How! not women?
Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman
More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.
Leon. Go, Cleomenes;
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement. — Still 't is strange,
[Exeunt Cleomenes, *Lords, and Gentleman.*
He thus should steal upon us.
Paul. Had our prince
(Jewel of children) seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord: there was not full a month
Between their births.
Leon. Pr'ythee, no more: cease! thou know'st,
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which may
Unfurnish me of reason. — They are come. —

Re-enter Cleomenes, *with* Florizel, Perdita, *and Others.*

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince;
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you. Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him; and speak of something, wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome!
And your[25] fair princess, goddess! — O, alas!
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder as
You, gracious couple, do. And then I lost
(All mine own folly) the society,
Amity too, of your brave father; whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on him.[26]
Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia; and from him
Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend,[27]
Can send his brother: and, but infirmity
(Which waits upon worn times) hath something seiz'd
His wish'd ability, he had himself

Augen, als ob dafür *her eyes*, und *in them* für *in 't* stände. 15) *to affront* = entgegentreten, begegnen. So in Hamlet (A. 3, Sc. 1) *That he, as 't were by accident, may here* || *Affront Ophelia.* 16) *I have done* theilt die Fol. noch dem Cleomenes zu, weshalb Rowe änderte: *Good madam, pray, have done.* — Die plausiblere Vertheilung rührt von Capell her. Paulina versetzt auf die wiederholte Mahnung des Cleomenes: Ich bin fertig. Sie nimmt aber den Faden ihrer Rede noch einmal auf mit *Yet, if my lord etc.* 17) Wenn nichts hilft, dass Ihr durchaus heirathen wollt. 18) So würde Hermione's Geist Freude empfinden, diese zweite Gemahlin in Euren Armen zu sehen. 19) Die Fol. giebt ihm einen zu niedrigen Rang: *Enter a Servant.* — Vgl. Paulina's spätere Worte *Sir, you yourself have said and writ so etc.* 20) Gemäss dem hohen Range seines Vaters. 21) *thy grave* = Du in Deinem Grabe. — Lord Ellesmere's Exemplar der Fol. hat die handschriftliche Verbesserung *thy grace.* 22) *so* bezieht sich auf das folgende *She had not been, nor was not to be equall'd.* 23) *that theme* scil. Hermione, die jetzt eine kalte Leiche ist. 24) Sie ist ein Wesen, das, wenn es eine Secte stiften wollte, den religiösen Eifer Aller, die sich zu einer andern Lehre bekennten, ersticken würde. 25) Boswell ändert stillschweigend *you* für *your.* 26) Wie Sh. bisweilen das zu Anfang stehende Relativpronomen zum Schlusse des Satzes wiederholt, so hat er hier das Personalpronomen gesetzt, obwohl das vorhergegangene *whom* dasselbe überflüssig machte. 27) *at friend* ist in Verbindung mit dem folgenden *his brother* aufzufassen, als ob *at friend with him* stände: ein König, der mit seinem Bruder gut Freund ist. — Manche Hgg. schlagen dafür *as friend*, andere *a friend* vor.

The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measur'd to look upon you, whom he loves
(He bade me say so) more than all the sceptres
And those that bear them living.
Leon. O my brother!
Good gentleman, the wrongs I have done thee stir
Afresh within me; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters [28]
Of my behind-hand slackness. — Welcome hither,
As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage
(At least ungentle) [29] of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains, much less
The adventure of her person?
Flo. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.
Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble, honour'd lord, is fear'd and lov'd?
Flo. Most royal Sir, from thence; from him, whose daughter
His tears proclaim'd his, [30] parting with her: thence
(A prosperous south-wind friendly) we have cross'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highness. My best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd,
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, Sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
Here, where we are.
Leon. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate [31] here! You have a holy [32] father,
A graceful gentleman, against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin;
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless; and your father 's bless'd,
(As he from heaven merits it) with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you!

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble Sir,
That which I shall report will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great Sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself by me;
Desires you to attach his son, who has
(His dignity and duty both cast off)
Fled from his father, from his hopes, [33] and with
A shepherd's daughter.
Leon. Where 's Bohemia? speak.
Lord. Here in your city; I now came from him:
I speak amazedly, and it becomes
My marvel, and my message. [34] To your court
Whiles he was hastening (in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple), meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.
Flo. Camillo has betray'd me,
Whose honour, and whose honesty, till now
Endur'd all weathers.
Lord. Lay 't so to his charge:
He 's with the king your father.
Leon. Who? Camillo?
Lord. Camillo, Sir: I spake with him, who now
Has these poor men in question. [35] Never saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth,
Forswear themselves as often as they speak:
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death. [36]
Per. O my poor father! —
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.
Leon. You are married?
Flo. We are not, Sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:
The odds for high and low 's alike. [37]
Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?
Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.
Leon. That once, I see, by your good father's speed, [38]
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,
Where you were tied in duty; and as sorry,
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty, [39]
That you might well enjoy her.
Flo. Dear, look up:
Though Fortune, visible [40] an enemy,
Should chase us with my father, power no jot
Hath she to change our loves. — 'Beseech you, Sir,
Remember since you ow'd no more to time [41]
Than I do now; with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate: at your request,
My father will grant precious things as trifles.
Leon. Would he do so, I 'd beg your precious mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.
Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in 't: not a month

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28) *interpreter* = Einer, der Etwas deutlich macht, Etwas in's rechte Licht setzt. 29) Mit *ungentle* modificirt er den zu starken Ausdruck *fearful*. 30) Die Construction ist ungenau, da der Sinn nur sein kann: von ihm, dessen Thränen sie als Tochter, als die Seinige, erklärten, da er von ihr Abschied nahm. 31) *to climate* = unter einem Himmelsstriche wohnen. — Das Verbum scheint von Sh. gebildet zu sein. 32) *holy* = ehrwürdig. — *graceful* = mit allen guten Gaben ausgestattet. 33) Von dem, was er als Erbprinz in Böhmen zu erwarten hatte. 34) Wenn ich in verwirrter Weise rede, so passt das zu meiner Verwunderung und zu der Botschaft, die ich zu überbringen habe. — Zwei Zeilen vorher setzt Reed *here in the city*. 35) *question* = Verhör. 36) Sie sollen nicht mit Einem Male sterben, sondern verschiedene Todesarten erleiden. 37) *alike* bezieht sich auf die vorige Zeile: so wenig wie die Sterne sich zu den Thälern herablassen, so wenig können Hochgeborne sich mit Niedriggebornen paaren. — Douce will in *high and low* zugleich eine Anspielung auf das Spiel mit den so benannten falschen Würfeln finden. 38) Dieses Einst wird, bei oder vermöge der Eile, mit welcher Polixenes Euch eingeholt hat, sehr langsam herankommen. — Antithese zwischen *speed* und *slowly*. 39) Es thut mir leid, dass Eure erwählte Braut nicht so reich mit Würde, hoher Abkunft, wie mit Schönheit ausgestattet ist. 40) *visible* für *visibly*. Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 2, Anm. 36 und A. 4. Sc. 3, Anm. 105. 41) Gedenkt daran, wie Ihr noch so wenig Jahre zähltet, wie ich; erinnert Euch, wie Ihr der Zeit für kein längeres Leben verpflichtet waret, als ich jetzt. — Darauf

'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look on now.
Leon. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made. — *[To* Florizel.*]* But your petition
Is yet unanswer'd.[42] I will to your father:
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am friend to them and you; upon which errand
I now go toward him. Therefore, follow me,
And mark what way I make:[43] come, good my lord.
[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The Same. Before the Palace.

Enter Autolycus *and a Gentleman.*

Aut. 'Beseech you, Sir, were you present at this relation?

1. Gent. I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this, methought, I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

1. Gent. I make a broken delivery of the business; but the changes I perceived in the king and Camillo, were very notes of admiration: they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they looked, as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed. A notable passion of wonder appeared in them; but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say, if the importance[1] were joy or sorrow, but in the extremity of the one[2] it must needs be.

Enter Another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, haply, knows more. The news, Rogero?

2. Gent. Nothing but bonfires. The oracle is fulfilled; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers[3] cannot be able to express it. Here comes the lady Paulina's steward: he can deliver you more.

Enter a Third Gentleman.

How goes it now, Sir? this news, which is called true, is so like an old tale,[4] that the verity of it is in strong suspicion. Has the king found his heir?

3. Gent. Most true, if ever truth were pregnant[5] by circumstance: that which you hear you 'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of queen Hermione;[6] — her jewel about the neck of it;[7] — the letters of Antigonus found with it, which they know to be his character;[8] — the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother; — the affection of nobleness, which nature shows above her breeding,[9] and many other evidences, proclaim her with all certainty to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

2. Gent. No.

3. Gent. Then you have lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another; so, and in such manner, that, it seemed, sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour.[10] Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, »O, thy mother, thy mother!« then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter with clipping her;[11] now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by like a weather-bitten[12] conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.[13]

2. Gent. What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

3. Gent. Like an old tale still,[14] which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open. He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son, who has not only his innocence (which seems much)[15] to justify him, but a handkerchief, and rings of his, that Paulina knows.

1. Gent. What became of his bark, and his followers?

3. Gent. Wracked, the same instant of their master's death, and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child were even

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bezieht sich das Folgende: indem Ihr der Empfindungen denkt, die Ihr damals hegtet. 42) Ich habe, in den Anblick der Perdita versunken, Euer Gesuch noch unbeantwortet gelassen. 43) Seht zu, wie weit ich mit Eurem Vater komme.

1) *importance* = Bedeutung, Sinn, von *to import* = bedeuten, bezieht sich auf *a notable passion of wonder:* der klügste Zuschauer, der nicht mehr von der Sache wusste als er sah, hätte nicht sagen können, ob dieser auffällige Ausdruck des Staunens Freude oder Leid bedeute. 2) *the one* = das eine von Beiden. 3) Die Balladendichter der Zeit hatten es vorzugsweise mit wunderbaren Begebenheiten zu thun, die sie in ihren Balladen noch wunderbarer herausstrichen. Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 3, Anm. 60. 4) *an old tale* = ein Mährchen aus alter Zeit. 5) *pregnant* = klar, voll Beweiskraft. So in Othello (A. 2, Sc. 1) *as it is a most pregnant and unforced position.* 6) Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 3, Anm. 23. 7) Dieses *it*, so wie das folgende *with it*, bezieht sich auf ein Wort wie *the child*, das in Sh.'s Gedanken vorhergegangen sein musste. 8) Darin sie seine Schriftzüge erkennen. 9) *affection* = Aneignung, Annahme: die edle Haltung, die Perdita sich angeeignet hatte, und welche eine Art oder Herkunft zeigt, die über ihre Erziehung hinausgeht. 10) Die Mienen waren so verzückt, dass man die beiden Könige nur an ihren Kleidern, nicht an ihren Gesichtszügen erkennen konnte. 11) *to clip* = umarmen. 12) *weather-bitten* = vom Wetter angefressen, verwittert. — Manche Hgg. lesen *weather-beaten* mit den spätern Folioausgg. — Denselben Vergleich einer weinenden Person mit einem Brunnenbilde hat Sh. in Romeo and Juliet (A. 3, Sc. 5) *How now! a conduit, girl? what! still in tears? || Evermore showering?* 13) *to do* wird hier von dem Malen eines Bildes gebraucht, wie in Merchant of Venice (A. 3, Sc. 2) *but her eyes! — how could he see to do them?* — und steht im Gegensatz zu *to undo* = vernichten, unfähig machen. 14) Auch das klingt noch wie ein altes Mährchen. — Er bezieht sich auf die frühern Worte des zweiten Edelmanns: *like an old tale.* Vgl. oben Anm. 4. 15) Seine Harmlosigkeit, seine Einfalt, die gross erscheint. — *to justify* = ausweisen. 16) So in Hamlet

then lost, when it was found. But, O! the noble combat, that 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband, another elevated [16] that the oracle was fulfilled: she lifted the princess from the earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1. Gent. The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes, for by such was it acted.

3. Gent. One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes (caught the water, though not the fish), was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to 't (bravely [17] confessed and lamented by the king), how attentiveness wounded [18] his daughter; till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an alas! I would fain say, bleed tears, for, I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there, [19] changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen it, the woe had been universal.

1. Gent. Are they returned to the court?

3. Gent. No; the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina, — a piece many years in doing, [20] and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano; who, had he himself eternity and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her custom, [21] so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, [22] that, they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer: thither, with all greediness of affection, are they gone; and there they intend to sup.

2. Gent. I thought, she had some great matter there in hand, for she hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1. Gent. Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: [23] our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. [24] Let 's along. *[Exeunt Gentlemen.*

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him I heard them talk of a fardel, and I know not what; but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter (so he then took her to be), who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 't is all one to me; for had I been the finder-out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits. [25] — Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune. [26]

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Shep. Come, boy: I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, Sir. You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born: see you these clothes? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say, these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie, do, and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know, you are now, Sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have; — but I was a gentleman born before my father, for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me, brother; and then the two kings called my father, brother; and then the prince, my brother, and the princess, my sister, called my father, father; and so we wept: and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay; or else 't were hard luck, being in so preposterous [27] estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, Sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. 'Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, [28] I 'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend: — and I 'll swear to the

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(A. 1, Sc. 2) *With one auspicious, and one dropping eye.* 17) *bravely* = in schöner, stattlicher Weise. — Der Edelmann spricht auch hier von dem Wiedersehen wie von einem Schauspiel. 18) *to wound* in diesem weiteren, uneigentlichen Sinne findet sich so in Hamlet (A. 5, Sc. 1) *wonder-wounded hearers.* 19) Wer da noch so hart und kalt wie Marmor war, wechselte die Farbe. — Das folgende *swooned* ist in der Fol. *swownded.* 20) Ein Kunstwerk, das viele Jahre in Arbeit gewesen und das erst kürzlich vollendet ist von jenem ausgezeichneten italienischen Meister u. s. w. — Da Giulio Romano nur als Maler, nicht als Bildhauer bekannt ist, so haben einige Commentatoren angenommen, dass Sh. ihn nur die von einem andern Künstler geformte Statue der Hermione coloriren lässt. Indess erhellt nicht, dass Sh. einen solchen Unterschied gemacht habe, obwohl er unzweifelhaft sich die Statue der Hermione als eine mit Farben bemalte denkt, wie solche Bildsäulen und Büsten, die das Leben genauer nachahmen sollten, zu Sh.'s Zeit gebräuchlich waren. 21) Giulio Romano's Kunst würde die Natur um ihre Kundschaft bringen; er würde eben so gut und besser Menschen schaffen können als sie. 22) Er hat die Hermione ihr selber so ähnlich gebildet. Vgl. oben Anm. 13. 23) In jedem Zucken der Augen, in jedem Augenblick kann ein neuer schöner Zug, ein neuer Reiz entstehen oder vorkommen. Vgl. oben Anm. 17. 24) 'Unser Wegbleiben lässt uns als unbekümmert in Bezug auf unsere Kunde, unser Wissen erscheinen. 25) Bei dem schlechten Ruf, in dem ich stehe, würde man mir die Entdeckung dieses Geheimnisses doch nicht Dank gewusst, sie mir nicht angemerkt haben. 26) Autolycus meint damit die neuen, schönen Kleider, in denen der alte Schäfer und sein Sohn auftreten. 27) Er meint *prosperous.* 28) Bauern und Freisassen müssen sich mit einer einfachen Versicherung oder Erklärung begnügen, während Edelleute eine solche auf ihre Ehre betheuern und eidlich erhärten können. 29) *a tall fellow of thy hands* = ein tüchtiger Mann, der gleich bei der Hand ist, der tüchtig anpackt. So in Merry Wives of Windsor (A. 1, Sc. 4) *he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is between this and his head.* 30) Wir wollen Deine Gönner sein.

prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands,[29] and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk: but I 'll swear it, and I would thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, Sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: if I do not wonder how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not. — Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we 'll be thy good masters.[30] *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Same. A Chapel in Paulina's House.

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!
Paul. What, sovereign Sir,
I did not well, I meant well. All my services
You have paid home; but that you have vouchsaf'd
With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,
It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.
Leon. O Paulina!
We honour you with trouble. But we came
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities,[1] but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.
Paul. As she liv'd peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely,[2] apart. But here it is: prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd,[3] as ever
Still sleep mock'd death: behold! and say, 't is well.
[Paulina *undraws a curtain, and discovers* Hermione *as a statue.*[4]
I like your silence: it the more shows off
Your wonder; but yet speak: — first you, my liege.
Comes it not something near?
Leon. Her natural posture! —
Chide me, dear stone, that I may say, indeed,
Thou art Hermione; or, rather, thou art she
In thy not chiding, for she was as tender
As infancy, and grace. — But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled; nothing
So aged, as this seems.
Pol. O! not by much.
Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence;
Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her
As she liv'd now.[5]
Leon. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. O! thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty (warm life,
As now it coldly stands), when first I woo'd her.
I am asham'd: does not the stone rebuke me,
For being more stone than it? — O royal piece!
There 's magic in thy majesty, which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance, and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee.[6]
Per. And give me leave,
And do not say 't is superstition, that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing. — Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.
Paul. O, patience![7]
The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour 's
Not dry.
Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on,
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers dry:[8] scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow,
But kill'd itself much sooner.
Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him that was the cause of this have power
To take off so much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himself.
Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought, the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you[9] (for the stone is mine),
I 'd not have show'd it.
Leon. Do not draw the curtain.
Paul. No longer shall you gaze on 't, lest your fancy
May think anon it moves.
Leon. Let be, let be!
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already —[10]

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1) *singularity* = Seltenheit, Rarität. 2) *lonely (louely)* in der Fol., von Hanmer verbessert. 3) *to mock* = nachäffen, wie zur Täuschung des Anschauers. So in Timon of Athens (A. 1, Sc. 1) *It is a pretty mocking of the life.* 4) Diese Bühnenweisung ist modern. Die Fol. zählt dafür schon zu Anfang unter den auftretenden Personen *Hermione (like a Statue)* auf. 5) Und der sie so bildet, als ob sie jetzt lebte; wie sie jetzt aussehen würde, wenn sie lebte. — Daran knüpft Leontes mit den folgenden Worten an: Wie sie auch jetzt noch hätte leben können, eben so sehr zu meinem Troste, wie es jetzt mir in die Seele schneidet, dass sie nicht mehr lebt. 6) So dass sie dasteht, versteint wie Du. 7) *O, patience!* erklärt Johnson mit *stay a while, be not so eager.* — Es ist aber eher = verzeiht! ein Ausruf, mit welchem zugleich Paulina die Perdita von der Berührung der Statue zurückzieht. — *patience* = Nachsicht, Verzeihung, ist bei Sh. häufig, namentlich in der Phrase *by your patience.* — In der folgenden Zeile vermuthet Sidney Walker sehr plausibel *colours* für *colour 's.* 8) Ein Schmerz, den die Stürme von sechszehn Wintern nicht verwehen, und die Gluthen von eben so vielen Sommern nicht trocknen können. 9) Dass der Anblick meines armen Bildes auf Euch solche Wirkung ausübte. — Das parenthetische *for the stone is mine* bezieht sich auf *my poor image* und soll den König darauf hinweisen, dass er nicht die wirkliche Hermione vor sich habe, sondern nur ein steinernes Bild von ihr im Besitze der Paulina. Zugleich ist Paulina im Begriff, den Vorhang vor der Statue wieder zuzuziehen, woran Leontes sie verhindert. 10) Warburton ergänzt den Schluss des Satzes, den Leontes in seiner grossen Bewegung unvollendet lässt, so: *but that, methinks, I already converse with the dead.* — Plausibler ist die Ergänzung Staunton's, der in Anknüpfung an Paulina's Worte *lest your fancy may think anon it moves* den Leontes sagen lässt: *May I die,*

What was he that did make it? [11] — See, my lord,
Would you not deem it breath'd, and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?
Pol. Masterly done:
The very life seems warm upon her lip.
Leon. The fixure [12] of her eye has motion in 't,
As we are mock'd with art. [13]
Paul. I 'll draw the curtain.
My lord 's almost so far transported, that
He 'll think anon it lives.
Leon. O sweet Paulina!
Make me to think so twenty years together:
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let 't alone. [14]
Paul. I am sorry, Sir, I have thus far stirr'd you: but I could afflict you further.
Leon. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort. — Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her: what fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath? [15] Let no man mock me,
For [16] I will kiss her.
Paul. Good my lord, forbear.
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet:
You 'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own
With oily painting. [17] Shall I draw the curtain?
Leon. No, not these twenty years.
Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker-on.
Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you
For more amazement. [18] If you can behold it,
I 'll make the statue move indeed, descend
And take you by the hand; but then you 'll think,
(Which I protest against) I am assisted
By wicked powers.
Leon. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on: what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 't is as easy
To make her speak, as move.
Paul. It is requir'd,
You do awake your faith. Then, all stand still;
Or [19] those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.
Leon. Proceed:
No foot shall stir.
Paul. Music, awake her, strike! — *[Music.*
'T is time; descend; be stone no more: approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come;
I 'll fill your grave up: [20] stir; nay, come away;
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you. — You perceive, she stirs.
[HERMIONE *descends from the pedestal.*
Start not: her actions shall be holy, as
You hear my spell is lawful: [21] do not shun her,
Until you see her die again, for then
You kill her double. [22] Nay, present your hand:
When she was young you woo'd her; now, in age,
Is she become the suitor!
Leon. [Embracing her.] O! she 's warm.
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.
Pol. She embraces him.
Cam. She hangs about his neck.
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.
Pol. Ay; and make it manifest where she has liv'd,
Or, how stol'n from the dead.
Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale; [23] but it appears she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while. —
Please you to interpose, fair Madam: kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing. — Turn, good lady;
Our Perdita is found. [PERDITA *kneels to* HERMIONE.
Her. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head! — Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd? how found
Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear, that I,
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserv'd
Myself to see the issue.
Paul. There 's time enough for that,
Lest they desire, upon this push, to trouble
Your joys with like relation. [24] — Go together,
You precious winners all: [25] your exultation
Partake to every one. [26] I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there

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if I do not think, it moves already. — would I were dead als eine verwünschende Betheurung findet sich so in Ben Jonson's Tale of a Tub: *Would I were dead — — if I do know*, und ähnlich in Two Gentlemen of Verona (A. 4, Sc. 4) *and 'would I might be dead, || If I in thought etc.* — Die Fol. druckt den Satz als einen vollständigen, wie ihn Sh. vielleicht auch beabsichtigte: Ich will sterben, wenn mir das nicht jetzt schon so vorkommt, d. h. dass die Statue sich bewegt. — *that, methinks, already* entspräche dann dem vorhergehenden *think anon it moves.* 11) Wer war ein solcher Künstler, dass er ein so vollendetes, täuschendes Bild darstellen konnte? 12) *fixure* = feste Stellung, steht im Gegensatz zu *motion* = Bewegung. 13) Malone hält auch hier, wie an so vielen andern Stellen, *as* für *as if*, und Rowe wollte *were* für *are* lesen; *as* scheint aber hier im gewöhnlichen Sinne zu stehen: wie die Kunst uns täuscht, indem die Kunst uns täuscht. 14) Lass das Bild wie es ist; ziehe den Vorhang nicht davor. 15) Welcher Meissel war je so künstlerisch, dass er den Athem in Stein aushauen konnte? 16) Auch hier ist *for* = *because*: Möge Niemand mich verspotten, weil ich sie küssen will. 17) Vgl. A. 5, Sc. 2, Anm. 20. 18) Oder macht Euch auf ein noch grösseres Wunder gefasst, das Euch in Erstaunen versetzen wird. 19) *or* verbessert Hanmer das *on* der Fol.: oder Diejenigen, welche glauben, dass ich verbotene zauberische Künste treiben will, die mögen weggehen, während die Andern bleiben. — Die Cambridge Edd. lesen *On: those that think etc.*, fassen also *on* = fahrt fort! wie gleich nachher Leontes sagt *proceed.* 20) Ich will das leere Grab, das Ihr verlasst, zuschütten. 21) Die Bewegungen der Statue werden keine von böser Zauberei herbeigeführte, sondern aus guter Quelle stammende, fromme Bewegungen sein, wie auch der Zauber, den Ihr mich sprechen hört, ein wohlerlaubter ist. 22) Meidet sie nicht, bis Ihr sie wieder sterben seht, hängt ihr bis zu ihrem Tode treu an; denn, wenn Ihr sie jetzt meidet, so tödtet Ihr sie zum zweiten Male, wie Ihr sie schon einmal getödtet habt. — Das Fragezeichen am Schluss dieser Rede in der Fol. hinter *suitor* ist wohl, wie oft im Drucke dieser Ausgabe, als Ausrufungszeichen zu fassen. 23) Vgl. A. 5, Sc. 2, Anm. 4. 24) Wenn Perdita jetzt auf der Stelle

My mate, that 's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.
Leon. O, peace, Paulina!
Thou shouldst[27] a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a wife: this is a match,
And made between 's by vows. Thou hast found mine;
But how, is to be question'd; for I saw her,
As I thought, dead, and have in vain said many
A prayer upon her grave: I 'll not seek far
(For him, I partly know his mind), to find thee
An honourable husband. — Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand: whose[28] worth, and honesty,
Is richly noted, and here justified
By us, a pair of kings. — Let 's from this place. —
What! — Look upon my brother:[29] — both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion. — This' your son-in-law,
And son unto the king, whom heavens directing[30]
Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissever'd: hastily lead away. *[Exeunt.*

Bericht über ihre bisherigen Schicksale abstatten sollte, so möchten, auf diesen Anstoss hin, auch die Andern fragen und erzählen wollen und damit den reinen Genuss des Wiedersehens stören. 25) Ihr, die Ihr Alle kostbare Gewinne erlangt habt. 26) *to partake to* = Jemanden Theil haben lassen an Etwas. 27) *thou shouldst etc.* bezieht sich auf das folgende *this is a match* = das haben wir so ausgemacht. 28) *whose* bezieht sich auf *Camillo:* Du, dessen Werth sich so reich erwiesen hat. 29) Leontes richtet diese Worte an Hermione, da er bemerkt, dass diese sich scheut, den Polixenes anzublicken, und bittet dann Beide um Verzeihung, dass er ihre unschuldigen Blicke jemals beargwohnt habe. 30) Malone fasst *whom heavens directing* parenthetisch im Sinne von *him heavens directing* = indem ihn der Himmel leitete. — Natürlicher wird *whom*, das durch Attraction für *who* steht, auch mit dem Folgenden verbunden, und für *this* mit Sidney Walker *this'*, d. h. *this is*, geschrieben: Dies ist Euer Eidam und Polixenes' Sohn, der, unter der Leitung des Himmels, sich mit Eurer Tochter verlobt hat.

KING JOHN.

Einleitung.

Shakspere's King John erschien zuerst in der Folioausgabe vom Jahre 1623 und eröffnet unter dem Titel The Life and Death of King John die zweite Abtheilung dieses Bandes, welche die Histories, die Dramen aus der englischen Geschichte, enthält. Die Acte sind angegeben, aber in so nachlässiger und willkürlicher Weise, dass die späteren Herausgeber sich mit Recht veranlasst sahen, von dieser ursprünglichen Anordnung mehrfach abzuweichen. Der von Malone und Collier u. A. hervorgehobene Umstand, dass King John nicht ausdrücklich von den Verlegern der Folioausgabe in die Register der Buchhändlergilde eingetragen ist, lässt allerdings die Möglichkeit bestehen, dass schon vor dem Jahre 1623 von andrer Seite irgend ein Verlagsrecht auf das Drama beansprucht, dass vielleicht sogar das Drama selbst gedruckt erschienen war. Indess hat sich bisher keine Notiz von einer solchen Einzelausgabe in Quarto auffinden lassen, und der ziemlich reine, im Ganzen wenig Schwierigkeiten darbietende Text der Folio muss die alleinige und genügende Grundlage jedes späteren Abdruckes und jeder neuen Textrecension bilden.

Für die chronologische Bestimmung des King John gewährt allein einen festern Anhalt die Erwähnung dieses Schauspiels bei Francis Meres in dessen Palladis Tamia, Wits Treasury: being the Second Part of Wits Commonwealth. London 159[illegible].*) So wenig stichhaltig auch die aus äusserlichen, vagen Beziehungen entlehnten Gründe sind, welchen zufolge Malone das Drama in das Jahr 1596, und Chalmers in das Jahr 1598 selbst setzt, so wird dasselbe doch nach allen innern Merkmalen des Styls und Verses nicht lange vor 1596 zu setzen sein, und jedenfalls der mittlern Periode in Shakspere's dramatischer Laufbahn angehören. So mag King John nach der Zeit seiner Abfassung unter den Histories des Dichters in der Mitte stehen zwischen dem theilweise umgearbeiteten Cyklus der vier Dramen King Henry VI. — King Richard III. und dem ebenfalls in vier Dramen zerfallenden Cyklus King Richard II. — King Henry IV. — King Henry V., doch so, dass unser Schauspiel in allen wesentlichen Kennzeichen der Shakspere'schen Kunstentwicklung dem spätern Cyklus näher steht und verwandter ist, als dem früheren.

Dem Shakspere'schen King John liegt ein älteres Drama desselben Inhalts zu Grunde, das im Jahre 1591 ohne Namen des Verfassers erschien, betitelt: The first and second part of the troublesome Raigne of John King of England. With the Discovery of King Richard Cordelion's base Sonne (Vulgarly named the Bastard Fauconbridge). Also the Death of King John at Swinstead Abbey. As it was (sundry times) publikely acted by the Queenes Majesties Players in the honourable Cittie of London. — Bei der genauen, durch alle Acte und Scenen hindurch gehenden Bezugnahme, mit welcher Shakspere dieses ältere Drama benutzt hat, wird es, um die Uebereinstimmung in der Anlage beider Werke hervorzuheben, genügen, auf die einzelnen Abweichungen aufmerksam zu machen, zu welchen Shakspere in der äusserlichen Construction seines Schauspiels sich veranlasst fühlte. Da der ältere King John, abgesehen von der Eintheilung in zwei gesonderte Dramen, weder Acte noch Scenen notirt, so ist es rathsam, zur Orientirung des Lesers nach der von den Herausgebern beliebten Eintheilung des Shakspere'schen Dramas anzugeben, was aus jenem älteren Buche in dem Gange der Handlung und in der scenischen Darstellung des Stoffes von unserm Dichter etwa nicht beibehalten, sondern entsprechend geändert ist.

Dem ersten Theil des alten King John ist folgende Widmung *To the Gentlemen Readers* vorangesetzt:

You that with friendly grace of smoothed brow
Have entertain'd the Scythian Tamburlaine,
And given applause unto an infidel;
Vouchsafe to welcome with like curtesie,
A warlike Christian, and your countryman.

*) Die auf Shakspere bezügliche Stelle dieses Buchs, der bedeutendste auf uns gekommene Fingerzeig für die Chronologie seiner Werke, lautet im Zusammenhange: *As the soule of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweete worthie soule of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honytongued Shakespeare; witnes his Venus and Adonis, his Lucrece, his sugred sonnets among his private friends, etc.*

As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for comedy and tragedy among the Latines, so Shakespeare among the English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage; for comedy witnes his Gentlemen of Verona, his Errors, his Love Labors Lost, his Love Labours Wonne, his Mid-summers Night Dreame, and his Merchant of Venice: for tragedy, his Richard the 2., Richard the 3., Henry the 4., King John, Titus Andronicus, and his Romeo and Juliet.

As Epius Stolo said that the muses would speake with Plautus tongue, if they would speake Latin, so I say that the muses would speake with Shakespeares fine filed phrase, if they would speake English.

For Christ's true faith indur'd he many a storme
And set himselfe against the man of Rome
Until base treason by a damned wight
Did all his former triumphs put to flight,
Accept of it, sweet gentles, in good sort,
And thinke it was prepar'd for your disport.

A. 1, Sc. 1. Im alten King John beginnt die erste Scene mit der Thronbesteigung des Königs, auf die unmittelbar die Botschaft Chatillon's folgt. — Mit den beiden Brüdern Faulconbridge tritt zugleich deren Mutter auf, die mithin bei den Verhandlungen über die Unächtheit des einen Sohnes zugegen ist. — Den Schluss des Acts bildet das Zwiegespräch zwischen Philipp und seiner Mutter.

A. 2, Sc. 1 und 2 ganz wie bei Shakspere, nur dass im alten King John vor dem Auftreten der Herolde der Bastard auf der Bühne den Herzog von Oesterreich im Kampfe verfolgt, ihm die Löwenhaut abjagt und dann einen bombastischen Monolog hält. — Mit den Königen und ihrem Gefolge treten auch Constanze und Arthur auf, die im alten King John also Zeugen der Verlobung des Dauphins mit Lady Blanch werden. — Ein Monolog des Bastards zum Schlusse dieses Acts fehlt im alten King John, ebenso wie dessen vorhergehender Monolog zum Schlusse des ersten Acts.

A. 3, Sc. 1. Constanze und Arthur bleiben nach dem Weggange der Uebrigen auf der Bühne. Den Verwünschungen und Klagen, welche Erstere bei Shakspere gegen Salisbury und die Könige äussert, macht sie im alten King John nur im Gespräch mit ihrem Sohne Luft. — Die Könige und ihr Gefolge treten erst nach dem Weggange Arthur's und seiner Mutter auf. — Die Dazwischenkunft des Cardinals erfolgt wie bei Shakspere. — Sc. 2 und 3. Der Bastard erlegt den Herzog von Oesterreich auf der Bühne; Eleonore wird auf der Bühne gefangen genommen und ebenso von ihrem Sohne befreit. — Das Uebrige wie bei Shakspere. — Sc. 4. Die Klagen der Constanze, sowie die politischen Verhandlungen zwischen dem Cardinal und dem Dauphin erscheinen im alten King John im Verhältniss zu der Weitschweifigkeit vieler andrer Partieen skizzenhaft und flüchtig behandelt. — Daran schliesst sich im alten King John eine Scene der frivolsten, niedrigsten Komik, wo der nach England zurückgekehrte Bastard ein Mönchskloster und dann ein Nonnenkloster nach verborgenen Schätzen durchsucht und in jenem eine Nonne, in diesem einen Mönch, in einer Kiste versteckt, findet. — Endlich tritt noch der Prophet Peter von Pomfret, begleitet von einem Volkshaufen, auf, und wird im Verlauf einer ziemlich plumpen Volksscene vom Bastard verhaftet.

A. 4, Sc. 1 und 2. Der Gang der Handlung ist wie bei Shakspere, nur dass im alten King John der König zuerst den Lords seine Absicht mittheilt, sich noch einmal krönen zu lassen, und dass dann diese Krönung auf der Bühne vor sich geht. — Ebenso werden die Wundererscheinungen am Himmel, von denen bei Shakspere nur berichtet wird, hier sichtbar dem Publicum vorgeführt. — Mit dem Auftrage des Königs an Hubert, den Lords zu sagen, dass Arthur noch lebe, schliesst der erste Theil des alten King John; und dem zweiten Theil, der mit Arthur's Erscheinung auf der Mauer (A. 4, Sc. 3) beginnt, geht ein zweiter orientirender Prolog *To the Gentlemen Readers* voraus. — Der alte King John lässt die Lords, nachdem sie Arthur's Leichnam gefunden, nur mit Hubert, nicht mit dem Bastard, zusammentreffen und verhandeln, weshalb auch das Zwiegespräch zwischen den beiden Letzteren sich nur bei Shakspere findet.

A. 5, Sc. 1. Der Scene zwischen dem König und dem Cardinal geht im alten King John eine Scene zwischen dem König und Peter von Pomfret voraus, die damit schliesst, dass der König den Propheten aufhängen lässt. Der Bastard bringt gleich darauf die Nachricht von den letzten Augenblicken des Gehängten und wird von dem König an die abtrünnigen Lords abgesandt. — Sc. 2. Die Zusammenkunft des Dauphins mit den englischen Grossen, in Saint Edmund's Bury, führt der alte King John auf der Bühne in ihrem ganzen Verlaufe von Anfang an vor. — Vor das Auftreten des Cardinals im Lager des Dauphins setzt der alte King John noch eine kurze, von Shakspere bereits mit Sc. 1 verschmolzene Zwischenscene, in welcher der Cardinal dem König Johann die Krone wiedergiebt. — Sc. 3. 4. 5. Melun spielt im alten King John dieselbe Rolle wie bei Shakspere. — Vor Sc. 5 bei Shakspere hat der alte King John den heuchlerisch freundlichen Empfang des kranken Königs von Seiten der Mönche in Swinstead Abbey. Ein Mönch beschliesst, den König zu vergiften, und erhält in einem Zwiegespräch mit dem Abt, der den Anschlag billigt, im Voraus die Absolution für seine That. — Sc. 6 fehlt im alten King John. Dafür geht das Mahl des Königs und dessen Vergiftung im Klostergarten auf der Bühne vor sich. Der Mönch stirbt unmittelbar auf den Trunk, und der Bastard ersticht den Abt; Beides vor den Augen des Zuschauers. — Auf den Tod des Königs, der mit der Zerstörung von Swinstead Abbey gerächt werden soll, folgt noch eine Scene der Unterhandlung zwischen dem jungen König Heinrich und dem Dauphin. Letzterer erklärt sich zum Frieden und zum Abzug nach Frankreich geneigt, und Ersterem wird die Krone aufgesetzt.

Die aus obiger Analyse sich deutlich ergebende stoffliche Aehnlichkeit beider Dramen veranlasste im Jahre 1611 einen andern Verleger, in Ermangelung des Shakspere'schen King John, dessen er nicht habhaft werden konnte, das ältere Schauspiel von Neuem drucken zu lassen und mit der Angabe auf dem Titelblatt: Written by W. Sh. auf Shakspere als den Verfasser hinzuweisen; ohne Zweifel, um das Publicum glauben zu machen, es erhalte in diesem verschollenen Drama Shakspere's bekanntes Werk. Ein dritter, nach dem Tode unseres Dichters, aber vor der Veröffentlichung seines King John in der Folioausgabe, erschienener Abdruck des älteren Dramas, im Jahre 1622, machte dann geradezu in derselben betrügerischen Absicht W. Shakespeare auf dem Titelblatte als Autor namhaft. Auch später hat es nicht an einzelnen, englischen wie deutschen, Kritikern gefehlt, welche den älteren King John für eine Jugendarbeit unseres Dichters gelten lassen wollten, oder ihm doch eine Betheiligung daran im Verein mit andern Dichtern zuzuschreiben geneigt waren. Sowohl um das Unhaltbare dieser Meinung nachzuweisen, als auch um an einer Probe zu zeigen, wie Shakspere das Werk seines anonymen Vorgängers benutzt hat, mögen ein paar Scenen aus dem alten King John, der nach der Bezugnahme auf Marlowe's Tamburlaine im Prolog um das Jahr 1590 gespielt sein muss, hier ihren Platz finden. Das erste hier citirte Stück entspricht der zweiten Hälfte des ersten Acts bei Shakspere.

Enter the Shriue and whispers the Earle of *Salisbury* in the eare.

Sals. Pleasc it your Maiesty, here is the Shriuc of Northamptonshire with ccrtaine persons that of late committed a riot, and haue appeald to your Maiestie, beseeching your Highnesse for speciall cause to hearc them.

K. John. Will them come neere, and while wee heare the cause,
Goe Salisbury and make prouision,
We meane with speed to passe the Sea to Fraunce.
Say Shriue, what are these men, what haue they done?
Or whereto tends the course of this appeale?

Shriue. Please it your Maiestie, these two brethren vnnaturally falling at odds about their fathers liuing, haue broken your highnesse peace, in seeking to right their owne wrongs without course of Lawe, or order of Justice; and unlawfully assembled themselves in mutinous maner, having committed a riot, appealing from triall in their country to your Highness: and here I Thomas Nidigate Shriue of Northamptonshire do deliuer them ouer to their triall.

K. John. My Lord of Essex, will thoffenders to stand forth, and tell the cause of their quarrell.

Essex. Gentlemen, it is the Kings pleasure that you discouer your griefs, and doubt not but you shal haue iustice.

Phil. Please it your Maiesty the wrong is mine: yet will I abide all wrongs, before I once open my mouth t'vnrip the shamefull slander of my parents, the dishonor of my self, and the bad dealing of my brother in this princely assemblie.

Robert. Then, by my Prince his leaue, shall Robert speake,
And tell your Maiestie what right I haue
To offer wrong, as he accounteth wrong.
My father (not vnknowne vnto your Grace)
Receiu'd his spurres of Knighthood in the Field,
At kingly Richard hands in Palestine,
Whenas the walls of Acon gaue him way:
His name sir Robert Fauconbridge of Mountbery.
What by succession from his Ancestors,
And warlike seruice vnder Englands Armes,
His liuing did amount to at his death
Two thousand markes reuenew euery yeare:
And this (my Lord) I challenge for my right,
As lawfull heire to Robert Fauconbridge.

Phil. If first-borne sonne be heire indubitate
By certaine right of Englands auntient Lawe,
How should my selfe make any other doubt,
But I am heire to Robert Fauconbridge?

K. John. Fond youth, to trouble these our princely eares,
Or make a question in so plainc a case:
Speake, is this man thine elder brother borne?

Robert. Please it your Grace with patience for to heare?
I not deny but he mine elder is,
Mine elder brother too: yet in such sort,
As he can make no title to the land.

K. John. A doubtfull tale as euer I did heare,
Thy brother, and thine elder, and no heire:
Explaine this darke Ænigma.

Robert. I grant (my Lord) he is my mothers sonne,
Base borne, and base begot, no Fauconbridge.
Indeede the world reputes him lawfull heire,
My father in his life did count him so,
And here my mother stands to proue him so:
But I (my Lord) can proue, and doe auerre
Both to my mothers shame, and his reproach,
He is no heire, nor yet legitimate.
Then (gratious Lord) let Fauconbridge enjoy
The living that belongs to Fauconbridge.
And let not him possesse anothers right.

K. John. Proue this, the land is thine by Englands lawe.

Qu. Elian. Vngratious youth, to rip thy mothers shame,
The wombe from whence thou didst thy being take,
All honest eares abhorre thy wickednesse,
But Gold I see doth beate downe Natures lawe.

Mother. My gratious Lord, and you thrice reuerend Dame,
That see the teares distilling from mine eies,
And scalding sighes blowne from a rented heart:
For honour and regard of womanhood,
Let me intreate to be commaunded hence.
Let not these eares heere receiue the hissing sound
Of such a viper, who with poysoned words
Doth masserate the bowels of my soule.

K. John. Lady, stand up, be patient for awhile:
And fellow, say, whose bastard is thy brother?

Philip. Not for my selfe, nor for my mother now;
But for the honour of so braue a man,
Whom hee accuseth with adulterie:
Heere I beseech your Grace vpon my knees,
To count him mad, and so dismisse vs hence.

Robert. Nor mad, nor mazde, but well aduised, I
Charge thee before this royall presence here
To be a bastard to King Richards selfe,
Sonne to your Grace, and brother to your Maiestie.
Thus bluntly, and —

Qu. Elian. Yong man, thou needst not be ashamed of thy kin,
Nor of thy Sire. But forward with thy proofe.

Robert. The proofe so plain, the argument so strong,
As that your Highnesse and these noble Lords,
And all (saue those that haue no eies to see)
Shall sweare him to be bastard to the King.
First, when my Father was Embassador
In Germanie vnto the Emperour,
The King lay often at my fathers house;
And all the realme suspected what befell:
And at my fathers back-returne agen
My mother was deliuered, as tis sed,
Sixe weeks before the account my father made.
But more than this: looke but on Philips face,
His features, actions, and his lineaments,
And all this princely presence shall confesse,
He is no other but King Richards sonne.
Then gratious Lord, rest he King Richards sonne,
And let me rest safe in my Fathers right,
That am his rightfull sonne and only heire.

K. John. Is this thy proofe, and all thou hast to say?

Robert. I haue no more, nor neede I greater proofe.

K. John. First, where thou saidst in absence of thy Sire
My brother often lodged in his house:

And what of that? base groome to slaunder him,
That honoured his Embassador so much,
In absence of the man to cheere the wife?
This will not hold, proceede vnto the next.
Qu. Elian. Thou saist she teemde sixe weekes before her time.
Why good sir Squire, are you so cunning growen,
To make account of womens reckonings?
Spit in your hand and to your other proofes:
Many mischances happen in such affaires,
To make a woman come before her time.
K. John. And where thou saist, he looketh like the King,
In action, feature and proportion:
Therein I hold with thee, for in my life
I neuer saw so liuely counterfet
Of Richard Cordelion, as in him.
Robert. Then good my Lord, be you indiffrent Judge,
And let me have my liuing and my right.
Qu. Elian. Nay, heare you sir, you runne away too fast:
Know you not, Omne simile non est idem?
Or haue read in. Hark yee, good sir,
Twas thus I warrant, and no otherwise,
Shee lay with sir Robert your father, and thought vpon King Richard my sonne, and so your brother was formed in this fashion.
Robert. Madame, you wrong me thus to iest it out,
I craue my right: King John, as thou art King,
So be thou iust, and let me haue my right.
K. John. Why (foolish boy) thy proofes are friuolous,
Nor canst thou challenge any thing thereby.
But thou shalt see how I will helpe thy claime:
This is my doome, and this my doome shall stand
Irreuocable, as I am King of England.
For thou know'st not, weele aske of them that know,
His mother and himselfe shall end this strife:
And as they say, so shall thy liuing passe.
Robert. My Lord, herein I challenge you of wrong,
To giue away my right, and put the doome
Vnto themselues. Can there be likelihood
That shee will loose?
Or he will giue the liuing from himselfe?
It may not be, my Lord. Why should it be?
K. John. Lords, keep him back, and let him heare the doom. Essex, first ask the mother thrice, who was his Sire?
Essex. Lady Margaret, widow of Fauconbridge,
Who was Father to thy Sonne Philip?
Mother. Please it your Maiesty, Sir Robert Fauconbridge.
Robert. This is right, aske my fellow there if I be a thiefe.
K. John. Aske Philip whose sonne he is.
Essex. Philip, who was thy father?
Philip. Was my Lord, and that's a question: and you had not taken some paines with her before, I should have desired you to aske my mother.
K. John. Say, who was thy Father?
Philip. Faith (my Lord) to answere you, sure hee is my father that was neerest my mother when I was begotten, and him I think to be Sir Robert Fauconbridge.
K. John. Essex, for fashions sake demand agen,
And so an end to this contention.
Robert. Was ever man thus wronged as Robert is?
Essex. Philip speake I say, who was thy father?
K. John. Young man how now, what art thou in a trance?
Qu. Elian. Philip awake, the man is in a dreame.
Philip. Philippus atauis edite Regibus.
What saist thou Philip, sprung of auncient Kings?
— Quo me rapit tempestas?
What winde of honour blowes this furie forth?
Or whence proceede these fumes of Maiestie?
Methinkes I hear a hollow Ecchoe sound;
That Philip is the sonne vnto a King:
The wistling leaues vpon the trembling trees,
Whistle in consort I am Richards sonne:
The bubling murmur of the waters fall
Records Philippus Regius filius:
Birds in their flight make musicke with their wings,
Filling the aire with glorie of my birth:
Birds, bubbles, leaues, and mountaines, Ecchoe, all
Ring in mine eares, that I am Richards sonne.
Fond man! ah whither art thou carried?
How are thy thoughts ywrapt in Honors heauen?
Forgetfull what thou art, and whence thou camst.
Thy Fathers land cannot maintain these thoughts,
These thoughts are farre vnfitting Fauconbridge:
And well they may; for why this mounting minde
Doth soare too high to stoupe to Fauconbridge.
Why how now? knowest thou where thou art?
And knowest thou who expects thine answer here?
Wilt thou vpon a frantick madding vaine
Goe loose thy land, and say thy selfe base borne?
No, keep thy land, though Richard were thy Sire,
What ere thou thinkst, say thou art Fauconbridge.
K. John. Speake man, be sodaine, who thy Father was.
Philip. Please it your Maiestie, Sir Robert.
Philip, that Fauconbridge cleaues to thy iawes:
It will not out; I cannot for my life
Say I am sonne vnto a Fauconbridge.
Let land and liuing goe, this Honors fire
That makes me sweare King Richard was my Sire.
Base to a King addes title of more State,
Than Knights begotten, though legitimate.
Please it your Grace, I am King Richards Sonne.
Robert. Robert reuiue thy heart, let sorrow die,
His faltring tongue not suffers him to lie.
Mother. What head-strong furie doth enchant my sonne?
Philip. Philip cannot repent, for he hath done.
K. John. Then Philip blame not me, thy selfe hast lost
By wilfulnesse, thy liuing and thy land.
Robert, thou art the heire of Fauconbridge,
God giue thee ioy, greater than thy desert.
Qu. Elian. Why how now Philip, giue away thine own?
Philip. Madame, I am bold to make myselfe your nephew,
The poorest kinsman that your Highnesse hath:
And with this Prouerb gin the world anew,
Help hands, I haue no lands, Honor is my desire;
Let Philip liue to shew himselfe worthy so great a Sire.
Qu. Elian. Philip I think thou knewst thy Grandams minde:

But cheere thee Boy, I will not see thee want
As long as Elianor hath foote of land:
Henceforth thou shalt be taken for my sonne,
And waite on me and on thine vncle heere,
Who shall giue honour to thy noble mind.
K. John. Philip kneele down, that thou maist throughly know
How much thy resolution pleaseth vs,
Rise vp Sir Richard Plantaginet King Richards Sonne.
Philip. Grant heauens that Philip once may shew himselfe
Worthy the honour of Plantaginet,
Or basest glorie of a Bastards name.
K. John. Now, Gentlemen, we will away to Fraunce,
To checke the pride of Arthur and his mates:
Essex, thou shalt be Ruler of my Realme,
And toward the maine charges of my warres,
Ile ceaze the lasie Abbey lubbers lands
Into my hands to pay my men of warre.
The Pope and Popelings shall not grease themselues
With gold and groates, that are the souldiers due.
Thus forward Lords, let our commaund be done,
And march we forward mightily to Fraunce.

[Exeunt.

Manent *Philip* and his Mother.

Philip. Madame, I beseech you deigne me so much leasure as the hearing of a matter that I long to impart to you.
Mother. What 's the matter Philip? I think your suit in secret tends to some money matter, which you suppose burns in the bottom of my chest.
Philip. No Madame, it is no such suit as to beg or borrow,
But such a suit, as might some other grant,
I would not now have troubled you withall.
Mother. A Gods name let vs heare it.
Philip. Then Madame thus, your Ladiship sees well,
How that my scandal growes by meanes of you,
In that report hath rumord vp and downe,
I am a bastard, and no Fauconbridge.
This grosse attaint so tilteth in my thoughts,
Maintaining combat to abridge mine ease,
That field and towne, and company alone,
What so I do, or wheresoere I am,
I cannot chase the slaunder from my thoughts.
If it be true, resolue me of my sire,
For pardon, Madame, if I think amisse.
Be Philip Philip, and no Fauconbridge:
His father doubtlesse was as braue a man.
To you on knees, as sometime Phaeton,
Mistrusting sielly Merop for his sire,
Straining a little bashfull modestie,
I beg some instance whence I am extraught.
Mother. Yet more adoe to haste me to my graue,
And wilt thou too become a mothers crosse?
Must I accuse my selfe to close with you?
Slaunder my selfe, to quiet your affects?
Thou moust me Philip with this idle talke,
Which I remit, in hope this mood will die.
Philip. Nay, Lady mother, heare me further yet,
For strong conceit drives duty hence awhile:
Your husband, Fauconbridge, was father to that sonne,
That carries markes of nature like the sire,
The sonne that blotteth you with wedlockes breach,
And holds my right as lineal in descent
From him whose forme was figured in his face.
Can Nature so dissemble in her frame,
To make the one so like as like may be,
And in the other print no character
To challenge any marke of true descent?
My brothers mind is base, and too too dull,
To mount where Philip lodgeth his affects
And his externall graces that you vieve,
(Though I report it) counterpoise not mine:
His constitution plaine debilitie,
Requires the chaire, and mine the seat of steele.
Nay, what is he, or what am I to him?
When any one that knoweth how to carpe,
Will scarcely iudge us both one countrey borne.
This, Madame, this, hath droue me from my selfe.
And here by heauens eternal lampes I sweare,
As cursed Nero with his mother did,
So I with you, if you resolue me not.
Mother. Let mothers teares quench out thy angers fire,
And vrge no further what thou doest require.
Phil. Let sonnes intreatie sway the mother now,
Or else she dies: Ile not infringe my vow.
Moth. Vnhappy taske: must I recount my shame,
Blab my misdeeds, or by concealing die?
Some power strike me speechless for a time,
Or take from him awhile his hearings use.
Why wish I so, vnhappy as I am?
The fault is mine, and he the faultie fruit,
I blush, I faint, oh would I might be mute.
Phil. Mother be briefe, I long to know my name.
Moth. And longing die, to shroud thy mothers shame.
Phil. Come Madame come, you need not be so loath,
The shame is shared equall twixt vs both.
Ist not a slackenesse in me, worthy blame,
To be so old, and cannot write my name?
Good mother resolue me.
Moth. Then Philip heare thy fortune, and my griefe,
My honours losse by purchase of thy selfe,
My shame, thy name, and husbands secret wrong,
All maimd and staind by youths vnruly sway.
And when thou know'st from whence thou art extraught,
Or if thou knew'st what suites, what threats, what feares,
To moue by loue, or massacre by death,
To yeeld with loue, or end by loues contempt
The mightinesse of him that courted me,
Who tempered terror with his wanton talke,
That something may extenuate the guilt.
But let it not aduantage me so much:
Vpbraid me rather with the Romane dame
That shed her blood to wash away her shame.
Why stand I to expostulate the crime
With pro et contra, now the deed is done?
When to conclude two words may tell the tale,
That Philips father was a princes sonne:
Rich Englands rule, worlds onely terror he,
For honors losse left me with child of thee:
Whose sonne thou art, then pardon me the rather,
For fair King Richard was thy noble father.

Philip. Then Robin Fauconbridge I wish thee ioy,
My sire a King, and I a landlesse boy.
Gods lady mother, the world is in my debt,
There's something owing to Plantaginet.
I marry sir, let me alone for game,
Ile act some wonders now I know my name.
By blessed Mary Ile not sell that pride
For Englands wealth, and all the world beside.
Sit fast the proudest of my fathers foes,
Away good mother, there the comfort goes. [Exeunt.

Die bei Shakspere den vierten Act beginnende Scene zwischen Arthur und Hubert lautet im alten King John so:

Enter *Hubert de Burgh* with three men.

Hub. My masters, I haue shewed you what warrant I haue for this attempt; I perceiue by your heauy countenances, you had rather be otherwise imployed, and for my owne part, I would the King had made choice of some other executioner: only this is my comfort, that a King commaunds, whose precepts neglected or omitted, threatneth torture for the default. Therefore in briefe, leaue me, and be ready to attend the aduenture: stay within that entry, and when you heare me crie, God saue the King, issue sodainely forth, lay hands on Arthur, set him in this chaire, wherein (once fast bound) leaue him with me to finish the rest.
Attendants. We goe, though loath. [Exeunt.
Hub. My Lord, will it please your honor to take the benefit of the faire euening?

Enter *Arthur* to *Hubert de Burgh.*

Arth. Gramercie Hubert for thy care of me,
In or to whom restraint is newly knowne,
The ioy of walking is small benefit,
Yet will I take thy offer with small thanks,
I would not loose the pleasure of the eie.
But tell me courteous Keeper if thou can,
How long the King will haue me tarrie heere.
Hub. I know not Prince, but as I gesse, not long.
God send you freedome, and God saue the King.

They issue forth.

Arth. Why how now sirs, what may this outrage meane?
O helpe me Hubert, gentle keeper help:
God send this sodaine mutinous approach
Tend not to reaue a wretched guiltles life.
Hub. So sirs, depart, and leaue the rest for me.
Arth. Then Arthur yeeld, death frowneth in thy face,
What meaneth this? good Hubert pleade the case.
Hub. Patience yong Lord, and listen words of woe,
Harmefull and harsh, hells horror to be heard:
A dismall tale fit for a furies tongue.
I fainte to tell, deepe sorrow is the sound.
Arth. What, must I die?
Hub. No newes of death, but tidings of more hate,
A wrathfull doome, and most unluckie fate:
Deaths dish were daintie at so fell a feast,
Be deafe, hear not, its hell to tell the rest.
Arth. Alas, thou wrongst my youth with words of feare,
Tis hell, tis horror, not for one to heare:
What is it man if it must needes be done,
Act it, and end it, that the paine were gone.
Hub. I will not chaunt such dolour with my tongue,
Yet must I act the outrage with my hand.
My heart, my head, and all my powers beside,
To aide the office haue at once denide.
Peruse this letter, lines of trebble woe,
Reade ore my charge, and pardon when you know.

„*Hubert, these are to commaund thee, as thou tendrest our quiet in minde, and the estate of our person, that presently upon the receipt of our commaund, thou put out the eies of Arthur Plantaginet.*“

Arth. Ah monstrous damned man! his very breath infects the elements.
Contagious venome dwelleth in his heart,
Effecting meanes to poyson all the world.
Vnreuerent may I be to blame the heauens
Of great iniustice, that the miscreant
Liues to oppresse the innocents with wrong.
Ah Hubert! makes he thee his instrument,
To sound the trump that causeth hell triumph?
Heauen weepes, the saints do shed celestiall teares,
They feare thy fall, and cite thee with remorse,
They knocke thy conscience, mouing pitie there,
Willing to fence thee from the rage of hell:
Hell Hubert, trust me all the plagues of hell
Hang on performance of this damned deede.
This seale, the warrant of the bodies blisse,
Ensureth Satan chieftaine of thy soule:
Subscribe not Hubert, giue not Gods part away.
I speake not only for eies priuilege,
The chief exterior that I would enioy:
But for thy perill, farre beyond my paine,
Thy sweet soules losse, more than my eies vaine lacke:
A cause internall, and eternall too.
Aduise thee Hubert, for the case is hard,
To loose saluation for a Kings reward.
Hub. My Lord, a subiect dwelling in the land
Is tied to execute the Kings commaund.
Arth. Yet God commaunds whose power reacheth further,
That no commaund should stand in force to murther.
Hub. But that same Essence hath ordaind a law,
A death for guilt, to keepe the world in awe.
Arth. I pleade, not guilty, treasonlesse and free.
Hub. But that appeale my Lord concernes not me.
Arth. Why thou art he that maist omit the perill.
Hub. I, if my soueraigne would omit his quarrell.
Arth. His quarrell is vnhallowed false and wrong.
Hub. Then be the blame to whom it doth belong.
Arth. Why thats to thee if thou as they proceede,
Conclude their iudgment with so vile a deede.
Hub. Why then no execution can be lawfull,
If Judges doomes must be reputed doubtfull.
Arth. Yes where in form of law in place and time,
The offender is conuicted of the crime.
Hub. My Lord, my Lord, this long expostulation,
Heapes up more griefe, than promise of redresse;
For this I know, and so resolude I end,
That subiects liues on Kings commands depend.

I must not reason why he is your foe,
But do his charge since he commaunds it so.
Arth. Then do thy charge, and charged be thy soul,
With wrongfull persecution done this day.
You rowling eyes, whose superficies yet
I doe behold with eies that nature lent:
Send forth the terror of your Mouers frowne,
To wreake my wroug vpon the murtherers
That rob me of your faire reflecting view:
Let hell to them (as earth they wish to me)
Be darke and direfull guerdon for their guilt,
And let the blacke tormenters of deep Tartary
Vpbraide them with this damned enterprise,
Inflicting change of tortures on their soules.
Delay not Hubert, my orisons are ended,
Begin I pray thee, reaue me of my sight:
But to performe a tragedie indeede,
Conclude the period with a mortall stab.
Constance farewell, tormenter come away,
Make my dispatch the Tyrants feasting day.

Hub. I faint, I feare, my conscience bids desist:
Faint did I say? feare was it that I named:
My King commaunds that warrant sets me free:
But God forbids, and he commaundeth Kings,
That great Commaunder countercheckes my charge,
He stayes my haud, he maketh soft my heart.
Goe cursed tooles, your office is exempt,
Cheere thee yong Lord, thou shalt not loose an eie,
Thogh I should purchase it with losse of life.
Ile to the King, and say his will is done
And of the langor tell him thou art dead,
Goe in with me, for Hubert was not borne
To blinde those lampes that nature polisht so.
Arth. Hubert, if euer Arthur be in state,
Looke for amends of this receiued gift,
I tooke my eiesight by thy curtesie,
Thou lentst them me, I will not be ingrate.
But now procrastination may offend
The issue that thy kindnesse undertakes:
Depart we Hubert to preuent the worst.
[Exeunt.

Ganz besonders zu einer Vergleichung des Shakspere'schen Styls mit dem seines Vorgängers geeignet erscheint die Scene, welche Arthur's Todessprung enthält (bei Sh. A. 4, Sc. 3).

Enter yong *Arthur* on the walls.

Now help good hap to further mine entent,
Crosse not my youth with any more extremes:
I venter life to gaine my libertie,
And if I die, worlds troubles haue an end.
Feare gins disswade the strength of my resolue,
My holde will faile, and then alas I fall,
And if I fall, no question death is next:
Better desist, and liue in prison still.
Prison said I? nay, rather death than so:
Comfort and courage come againe to me,
Ile venter sure: tis but a leape for life.

He leapes, and brusing his bones, after he wakes from his traunce, speakes thus:

Hoe, who is nigh? some bodie take me vp.
Where is my mother? let me speake with her.
Who hurts me thus? speake hoe, where are you gone?
Ay me poore Arthur, I am heere alone.
Why calld I mother, how did I forget?
My fall, my fall, hath kilid my mothers sonne.
How will she weepe at tidings of my death?
My death indeed, O God, my bones are burst.
Sweete Iesu saue my soule, forgiue my rash attempt,
Comfort my mother, shield her from despaire,
When she shall heare my tragycke ouerthrowe.
My heart controuls the office of my tongue,
My vital powers forsake my brused trunke,
I die, I die, heauen take my fleeting soule,
And lady mother all good hap to thee. [He dies.

Von Holinshed's Chroniken, welche Shakspere für seine übrigen historischen Dramen sowie für seinen Macbeth in so ausgedehntem Masse benutzt hat, scheint er bei dem King John nur einen sehr spärlichen Gebrauch gemacht zu haben; wenigstens hat er in allen Fällen eines Zwiespalts zwischen den historischen Ueberlieferungen Holinshed's einerseits und den ungeschichtlichen Versionen seines dramatischen Vorgängers andrerseits, obwohl ihm die ersteren ohne Zweifel aus der Chronik sehr wohl bekannt sein mussten, doch die letzteren unbedenklich sich in seiner eigenen Auffassung angeeignet, und die Abweichungen, die er sich von dem älteren King John verstattet, sind überall nur im Interesse der dramatischen Kunst, nirgends im Interesse der geschichtlichen Wahrheit vorgenommen.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.[1]

KING JOHN.
PRINCE HENRY, his Son.
ARTHUR, Duke of Bretagne.
WILLIAM MARESHALL, Earl of Pembroke.
GEFFREY FITZ-PETER, Earl of Essex.
WILLIAM LONGSWORD, Earl of Salisbury.
ROBERT BIGOT, Earl of Norfolk.
HUBERT DE BURGH, Chamberlain to the King.
ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE.
PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE.
JAMES GURNEY, Servant to Lady Faulconbridge.
PETER of Pomfret.
PHILIP, King of France.
LEWIS, the Dauphin.
DUKE OF AUSTRIA.
CARDINAL PANDULPH, the Pope's Legate.
MELUN, a French Lord.
CHATILLON, Ambassador from France.

ELINOR, Widow of King Henry II.
CONSTANCE, Mother to Arthur.
BLANCH, Daughter to Alphonso, King of Castile.
LADY FAULCONBRIDGE.

Lords, Ladies, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.

SCENE, sometimes in England, and sometimes in France.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Northampton.[2] A Room of State in the Palace.

Enter King JOHN, *Queen* ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY, *and Others, with* CHATILLON.

K. John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would France[3] with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of France,
In my behaviour,[4] to the majesty,
The borrow'd majesty of England here.

Eli. A strange beginning; — borrow'd majesty!

K. John. Silence, good mother: hear the embassy.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf[5]
Of thy deceased brother Geffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island, and the territories,[6]
To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine;
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword
Which sways usurpingly these several titles,
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew and right royal sovereign.

K. John. What follows, if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud control[7] of fierce and bloody war,
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,
Controlment for controlment: so answer France.

Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,
The farthest limit of my embassy.[8]

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace.
Be thou as lightning[9] in the eyes of France;
For ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard.
So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And sullen presage[10] of your own decay. —
An honourable conduct let him have:
Pembroke, look to 't. Farewell, Chatillon.[11]

[Exeunt CHATILLON *and* PEMBROKE.

Eli. What now, my son? have I not ever said,
How that ambitious Constance would not cease,

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1) Das Personenverzeichniss fügte zuerst Rowe in seiner Ausgabe (1709) hinzu. 2) Diese in den alten Ausgg. fehlende Ortsbezeichnung ergiebt sich nicht aus Sh.'s Texte und ist erst von den spätern Hggn., den Chroniken gemäss, notirt. 3) *France* ist der König von Frankreich, Philipp, hier in familiärer Sprache so genannt, worauf der Gesandte mit um so grösserem Nachdruck dessen königliche Würde betont in *the king of France*. 4) *in my behaviour*, eigentlich = in meiner Haltung oder Vorstellung, durch mich repräsentirt. 5) *behalf* = Interesse. — Sh. fand in dem alten King John schon: *in the behalf of the said Arthur*. 6) *territories*, die ausser der britischen Insel *(this fair island)* in Anspruch genommenen Landgebiete werden in der folgenden Zeile genauer angegeben. Die Fol. hat ein Colon hinter *territories*. 7) *proud control* ist hier der imposante kriegerische Zwang, der dem König Johann angethan werden soll. In demselben Sinne, = Zwang, Gewalt, steht auch bald nachher *controlment*. — Der Gleichklang zwischen *enforce* und *forcibly* ist von Sh. offenbar beabsichtigt. 8) Bis zur Herausforderung, Kriegserklärung geht die Vollmacht *(limit)* des französischen Botschafters. — In der vorhergehenden Rede des Königs ist, wie die Cambridge Edd. vermuthen, *controlment* zuerst dreisylbig und dann viersylbig zu lesen. Die Fol. setzt beide Mal *controlement*. 9) So rasch wie dem Blitz der Donnerschlag folgt, so rasch wird auf die durch Chatillon überbrachte Kriegserklärung der Anfang des Kriegs selbst folgen. 10) *sullen presage* = finstere Weissagung, ist eigentlich Apposition zu *trumpet of our wrath*, wobei Sh. an die Trompete des Weltuntergangs gedacht hat, und nach einer unserm Dichter geläufigen Construction durch die Copula *and* mit dem Hauptwort verbunden. 11) *Chatillion* in der Fol., viersylbig gesprochen, giebt einen vollständigen Vers. 12) *manage* = Rüstung, kriegerische Aufbietung zweier Reiche, ist hier den freundlichen Unterhandlungen

Till she had kindled France, and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her son?
This might have been prevented, and made whole,
With very easy arguments of love,
Which now the manage [12] of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.
K. John. Our strong possession, and our right, for us. [13]
Eli. Your strong possession much more than your right,
Or else it must go wrong with you and me:
So much my conscience whispers in your ear,
Which none but heaven, and you, and I, shall hear.

Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, who whispers Essex. [14]

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy,
Come from the country to be judg'd by you,
That e'er I heard: shall I produce the men?
K. John. Let them approach. — *[Exit Sheriff.*
Our abbeys, and our priories, shall pay
This expedition's charge. —

Re-enter Sheriff, with Robert Faulconbridge, *and* Philip, *his Bastard Brother.*

What men are you?
Bast. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman
Born in Northamptonshire, and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge,
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cordelion [15] knighted in the field.
K. John. What art thou?
Rob. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.
K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother then, it seems.
Bast. Most certain of one mother, mighty king;
That is well known: and, as I think, one father:
But, for the certain knowledge of that truth
I put you o'er [16] to heaven, and to my mother:
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.
Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy mother,
And wound her honour with this diffidence.
Bast. I, Madam? no, I have no reason for it:
That is my brother's plea and none of mine:
The which if he can prove, 'a [17] pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a year.
Heaven guard my mother's honour, and my land!
K. John. A good blunt fellow. — Why, being younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?
Bast. I know not why, except to get the land.
But, once, [18] he slander'd me with bastardy:
But whe'r I be as true-begot, [19] or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head;
But, that I am as well-begot, my liege,
(Fair fall [20] the bones that took the pains for me!)
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.
If old Sir Robert did beget us both,
And were our father, and this son like him; —
O old Sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give heaven thanks, I was not like to thee!
K. John. Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent us here!
Eli. He hath a trick [21] of Cordelion's face;
The accent of his tongue affecteth [22] him.
Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man?
K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect Richard. — Sirrah, speak:
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?
Bast. Because he hath a half-face, like my father! [23]
With half that face would he have all my land,
A half-fac'd groat five hundred pound a year!
Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd,
Your brother did employ my father much, —
Bast. Well, Sir; by this you cannot get my land:
Your tale must be, how he employ'd my mother.
Rob. And once despatch'd him in an embassy
To Germany, there, with the emperor,
To treat of high affairs touching that time.
The advantage [24] of his absence took the king,
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's;
Where how he did prevail I shame to speak,
But truth is truth: large lengths of seas and shores
Between my father and my mother lay,
As I have heard my father speak himself,
When this same lusty gentleman was got.

(arguments of love) gegenübergestellt. So in K. Richard II. (A. 1, Sc. 4) *for the rebels — || Expedient manage must be made, my liege.* 13) scil. *our right is for us.* 14) Diese Bühnenweisung rührt von Capell her; sie folgt einer im alten King John: *Enter the Shrive and whispers the Earle of Salisbury in the eare.* Vgl. Einleitung pag. 573. — Die Fol. hat nur *Enter a Sheriff* und bezeichnet dessen nächstes *exit* und *re-enter* nicht. 15) So die Fol., deren Schreibung Rowe noch beibehielt. — Die späteren Hgg. französiren den Namen in *Coeur-de-lion.* — Auch der alte K. John nennt den König Richard Löwenherz einfach *Cordelion*, ohne den eigentlichen Namen hinzuzusetzen. 16) Ich verweise Euch, wegen der sichern Erkenntniss dieser Wahrheit, an den Himmel und an meine Mutter. 17) *'a* für *he*, aus der Sprache des gemeinen Lebens, die der Bastard hier und im Folgenden anklingen lässt. 18) *once* ist hier schwerlich eine Zeitbestimmung, sondern = kurz und gut, einmal für allemal. So in Coriolanus (A. 2, Sc. 3) *Once, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.* 19) *whe'r* aus *whether* zusammengezogen; in der Fol. *where.* — Dem *true-begot* = recht erzeugt, ebenbürtig, ist *well-begot* = gut oder glücklich erzeugt, entgegengestellt. 20) scil. *fair fall to the bones* = gut ergehe es den Gebeinen. — *fall* ist abgekürzt aus *befall*, wie bei Sh. öfter *fair befall* in diesem Sinne vorkommt. 21) *trick* = individueller Zug, charakteristische Eigenheit. So in All 's well that ends well (A. 1, Sc. 1) *every line and trick of his sweet favour.* — Wie die Cambridge Edd. notiren, ist *trick* in der Wappensprache so viel wie *copy.* 22) *to affect* = zur Schau tragen, sich äusserlich Etwas aneignen. — *him* geht auf *Cordelion.* 23) Diese Zeile enthält die Antwort auf die Frage des Königs, indem der Bastard statt seines Bruders das Wort nimmt. — Dann vergleicht er, auf Robert's mageres Gesicht deutend, dieses halbe Gesicht — *half that face* steht im Gegensatz zu *all my land* — mit einer Silbermünze, die das Bild nur im Profil zeigt. — Solche *half-faced groats* kamen erst unter Heinrich VII. in England vor, während man vorher die Königsköpfe *en face*, also ganz, auf den Münzen darstellte. — Für *half that face* lesen die meisten Hgg. mit Theobald *that half face*, und verbinden auch wohl den ersten Vers mit den beiden folgenden zu einem Satze. 24) Der König ergriff die günstige Gelegenheit, dass mein Vater

Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me; and took it on his death,[25]
That this, my mother's son, was none of his;
An if[26] he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.[27]
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.
K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him;
And if she did play false, the fault was hers,
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
Had of your father claim'd this son for his?
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world;
In sooth, he might: then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him, nor your father,
Being none of his, refuse him. This concludes:[28]
My mother's son did get your father's heir;
Your father's heir must have your father's land.
Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force
To dispossess that child which is not his?
Bast. Of no more force to dispossess me, Sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.
Eli. Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulconbridge,
And, like thy brother, to[29] enjoy thy land,
Or the reputed son of Cordelion,
Lord of thy presence,[30] and no land beside?
Bast. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, Sir Robert his,[31] like him;
And if my legs were two such riding-rods,
My arms such eel-skins stuff'd, my face so thin,
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,
Lest men should say, »Look, where three-farthings goes;«[32]
And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,[33]
('Would I might never stir from off this place)
I 'd give it every foot to have this face:
I would not be[34] Sir Nob in any case.
Eli. I like thee well. Wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a soldier, and now bound to France.
Bast. Brother, take you my land, I 'll take my chance.
Your face hath got five hundred pounds a year,
Yet sell your face for five pence, and 't is dear. —
Madam, I 'll follow you unto the death.
Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.
Bast. Our country manners give our betters way.[35]
K. John. What is thy name?
Bast. Philip, my liege; so is my name begun;
Philip, good old Sir Robert's wife's eldest son.
K. John. From henceforth bear his name whose form thou bearest:
Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more great;[36]
Arise Sir Richard, and Plantagenet.
Bast. Brother by the mother's side, give me your hand:
My father gave me honour, yours gave land. —
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, Sir Robert was away!
Eli. The very spirit of Plantagenet!
I am thy grandam, Richard: call me so.
Bast. Madam, by chance, but not by truth; what though?[37]
Something about, a little from the right,
In at the window, or else o'er the hatch:

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abwesend war. 25) Staunton citirt zur Vergleichung Merry Wives of Windsor (A. 2, Sc. 2) *when Mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honour thou hadst it not* und Beaumont und Fletcher's The Lover's Progress: *Upon my death || I take it uncompelled that they were guilty.* — Demnach müsste *to take it* = *to take oath* stehen. 26) Das alterthümliche *an if* schreibt die Fol. hier *and if*, wie in einer folgenden Zeile dieser Scene: *Madam, and if my brother had my shape.* — Die Hgg., welche dort *an if* setzen, lesen hier *and, if* = und, wenn. Nur Hanmer hat *an if.* 27) *course of time* = der regelmässige Verlauf der Schwangerschaft und Niederkunft. So kommt *time* öfter vor, z. B. in Merchant of Venice (A. 1, Sc. 1) *Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time.* — Der alte K. John hat hier: *Sixe weeks before the account my father made.* Vgl. Einleitung pag. 573. 28) *This concludes* erklärt Johnson mit ausschliesslicher Beziehung auf das Vorhergehende als *This is a decisive argument.* Nach der Interpunctiön der Fol. ist es jedoch auch mit dem Folgenden zu verbinden = Dies ergiebt folgenden Schluss, dies lässt schliessen u. s. w. 29) *to* ist eingeschoben, weil auf *hadst thou rather* nicht unmittelbar der dazu gehörige Infinitiv folgt. Manche Hgg. construiren dagegen *hadst thou rather be like thy brother (in order) to enjoy thy land* 30) Als der Besitzer Deiner selbst, Deiner Person, wie Du Dich als der geachtete Sohn des Löwenherz darstellst, und als Besitzer keiner liegenden Gründe daneben. 31) *Sir Robert his* steht für *Sir Robert's shape:* wenn ich meines Bruders Gestalt, die des alten Sir Robert hätte, wie mein Bruder. — Sh. wendet sonst diese der familiären Sprache angehörige Umschreibung des Genitivs mit *his* nur bei Substantiven, die auf *s* auslauten, an; so *Mars his gauntlet* in Troilus and Cressida (A. 4, Sc. 5). 32) Anspielung auf die dünnen Silbermünzen, zum Werthe von drei Heller, mit dem Bildniss der Königin Elisabeth, an deren Ohr, nach der Mode der Zeit, eine Bandschleife in Gestalt einer Rose angebracht war Davon hiess die Münze selbst, mit der der Bastard das schmale Gesicht seines Bruders vergleicht, *three-farthings-rose.* 33) Zu *were* ist aus dem Vorhergehenden ein *I* zu suppliren: wenn ich zu seiner Gestalt noch all dies Land besässe, so würde ich jeden Quadratfuss dieses Landes dahingeben, um nur dies mein eigenes Gesicht zu bekommen. — Die parenthetische Zeile *'Would I might never etc.* dient zur Betheurung des Gesagten. 34) Die Fol. hat *It would not be*, was die zweite Folioausg. von 1632 verbessert. — *Nob* ist das hier verächtlich gebrauchte Diminutiv von *Robert.* 35) Der Bastard, obwohl auf dem Lande erzogen, hat doch Lebensart genug gelernt, um Vornehmeren den Vortritt zu lassen, also hier scherzhaft: die Königin eher sterben zu lassen, als er selbst stirbt. — Wie hier *country manners* = ländliche, bäuerische Manieren, so kommt in Hamlet (A. 3, Sc. 2) *country matters* vor. 36) *arise* setzt Steevens, um den Vers zu reguliren, für *rise* der alten Ausgg. — Als Ritter soll der bisher *Philip* Genannte *Sir Richard Plantagenet* heissen, also als Angehöriger der königlichen Familie der Plantagenets anerkannt werden. 37) Was macht es doch, dass Ihr nur von ungefähr, nicht rechtmässig meine Grossmutter seid? — Dieses *by chance* wird in den folgenden Versen humoristisch umschrieben, mit Bezugnahme auf die Heimlichkeit seiner Erzeugung. — *in at the window* und *o'er the hatch* sind sprichwörtliche Bezeichnungen für

Who dares not stir by day, must walk by night,
And have is have, however men do catch.
Near or far off, well won is still well shot,
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.
K. John. Go, Faulconbridge: now hast thou thy desire;
A landless knight makes thee a landed squire.[38] —
Come, Madam, and come, Richard: we must speed
For France, for France, for it is more than need.
Bast. Brother, adieu: good fortune come to thee,
For thou wast got i' the way of honesty.[39] —
[Exeunt all but Bastard.
A foot of honour better than I was,
But many a many foot[40] of land the worse.
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady.
»Good den, Sir Richard.«[41] — »God-a-mercy, fellow;«
And if his name be George, I 'll call him Peter;
For new-made honour doth forget men's names:
'T is too respective, and too sociable,
For your conversion.[42] Now your traveller,
He and his toothpick at my worship's mess;[43]
And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,
Why then I suck my teeth, and catechise
My picked man of countries:[44] — »My dear Sir,«
Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin,
»I shall beseech you« — that is question now;
And then comes answer like an absey-book:[45]
»O Sir,« says answer, »at your best command;
At your employment; at your service, Sir:«
»No, Sir,« says question, »I, sweet Sir, at yours:«
And so, ere answer knows what question would,
Saving in dialogue of compliment,[46]
And talking of the Alps, and Apennines,
The Pyrenean,[47] and the river Po,
It draws toward supper in conclusion so.
But this is worshipful society,
And fits the mounting spirit, like myself;
For he is but a bastard to the time,[48]
That doth not smack of observation;
(And so am I, whether I smack, or no;)
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement,
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:
Which,[49] though I will not practise to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising. —
But who comes in such haste, in riding-robes?
What woman-post is this? hath she no husband,
That will take pains to blow a horn before her?[50]

Enter Lady Faulconbridge *and* James Gurney.

O me! it is my mother. — How now, good lady?
What brings you here to court so hastily?
Lady F. Where is that slave, thy brother? where is he,
That holds in chase mine honour up and down?
Bast. My brother Robert? old Sir Robert's son?
Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man?[51]
Is it Sir Robert's son, that you seek so?
Lady F. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unreverent boy,
Sir Robert's son: why scorn'st thou at Sir Robert?
He is Sir Robert's son, and so art thou.
Bast. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave awhile?
Gur. Good leave, good Philip.
Bast. Philip! sparrow![52] James,
There 's toys abroad:[53] anon I 'll tell thee more. —
[Exit Gurney.

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uneheliche Kinder. 38) Der begüterte Junker Robert *(squire)* wird hier dem im Range höheren, unbegüterten Ritter Philipp oder Richard gegenüber gestellt. 39) Nach dem Sprichwort *Bastards are born lucky* muss dem rechtmässig erzeugten Robert das ihm nicht angeborne Glück erst ausdrücklich angewünscht werden. 40) Wortspiel zwischen *foot* = Schritt, Tritt, und = Quadratfuss. 41) Seitdem er zum Ritter geschlagen ist und als solcher mit *Sir Richard* angeredet wird, kann er jedes gewöhnliche Bauernmädchen zur Lady machen, indem er sie heirathet. — *Joan* = Hanne, gebraucht Sh. auch sonst = Bauernmädchen; so in Love's Labour's Lost (A. 3, Sc. 1) *Some men must love my lady, and some Joan.* 42) Den Namen eines Geringeren im Gedächtniss zu behalten, ist für die mit dem Bastard vorgegangene Verwandlung zu rücksichtsvoll und zu leutselig. — *'t is too respective* bezieht sich in poetischer Licenz auf *forget men's names*, als ob dafür *not remember men's names* stünde. — *your conversion* = eine Umwandlung, wie sie mit Euch, d. h. mit irgend Jemandem, vorgeht. In demselben allgemeinern Sinne steht gleich darauf *your traveller* = so ein weitgereister Mann, wie er Euch vorkommt. 43) Der Zahnstocher charakterisirt auch bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen die Affectation ausländischer Manieren. So in Beaumont und Fletcher's Drama The Honest Man's Fortune: *You have travell'd like a fiddler to make faces || And brought home nothing but a case of toothpicks.* — Unter *my worship* = meine ritterliche Würde, versteht der Bastard sich selbst als den Wirth eines solchen feinen Reisenden. 44) Meinen auserlesenen Ländermann, der in vielen Ländern gewesen ist. — Dagegen wollte Steevens *of countries* mit *catechise* verbinden. — *picked* = gesucht, geziert, kommt auch in Love's Labour's Lost (A. 5, Sc. 1) vor. 45) So die Fol. — Die meisten Hgg. machen im Widerspruch mit dem Verse *ABC-book* daraus. — Es ist der aus Fragen und Antworten bestehende Katechismus gemeint, der so heisst, weil er zugleich zum Lesenlernen diente. 46) Bloss in einem Zwiegespräch, das ganz aus Complimenten besteht. — *and talking* ist dem *in dialogue* coordinirt. 47) scil. *the Pyrenean mountains.* — Sh. gebraucht das Adjectiv als Substantiv. 48) Den sieht die Gegenwart, die Mitwelt, nur für einen Bastard, für einen Unebenbürtigen an, der keinen Beischmack von Weltsitte *(observation)* hat. — *smack* verbesserte Theobald das *smoak* der Fol. 49) *which*, das den ganzen Satz zusammenfasst, gehört sowohl zu *practise* = üben, hinterlistig üben, als auch zu *learn*. 50) Anspielung auf das Horn des Hahnreis und das Posthorn, das der reitende Eilbote *(post)* bläst oder vor sich her blasen lässt. — *woman-post* = weiblicher Eilbote. 51) Den schmächtigen, unansehnlichen Bruder nennt er hier ironisch Colbrand, den dänischen Riesen, welchen der englische Recke Guy von Warwick in einem Zweikampfe erlegte. Auf diese Beiden spielen die englischen Balladen häufig an, und Sh. stellt sie auch an einer anderen Stelle als sprichwörtliche Repräsentanten gewaltiger Körperkraft zusammen, in K. Henry VIII. (A. 5, Sc. 3) *I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand, || To mow them down before me.* 52) Gurney, mit der Standeserhöhung des Bastards noch unbekannt, redet ihn noch vertraulich mit seinem alten Namen an, und erhält dafür die Zurechtweisung: Philipp heisst der Sperling, nicht ich. — *Philip* oder *Phip* ist eine gewöhnliche ältere Bezeichnung des Sperlings. 53) Es sind seltsame Dinge in der

Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's son:
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
Upon Good-Friday, and ne'er broke his fast.[54]
Sir Robert could do well: marry, to confess,[55]
Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it:
We know his handiwork. — Therefore, good mother,
To whom am I beholding[56] for these limbs?
Sir Robert never holp to make this leg.

Lady F. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,
That for thine own gain shouldst defend mine honour?
What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

Bast. Knight, knight, good mother, — Basilisco-like.[57]
What! I am dubb'd; I have it on my shoulder.
But, mother, I am not Sir Robert's son;
I have disclaim'd Sir Robert, and my land;
Legitimation,[58] name, and all is gone.
Then, good my mother, let me know my father:
Some proper man, I hope; who was it, mother?

Lady F. Hast thou denied thyself a Faulconbridge?

Bast. As faithfully as I deny the devil.[59]

Lady F. King Richard Cordelion was thy father.
By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd
To make room for him in my husband's bed. —
Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge! —
Thou art the issue of my dear offence,[60]
Which was so strongly urg'd, past my defence.

Bast. Now, by this light, were I to get again,[61]
Madam, I would not wish a better father.
Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly:
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,
Subjected tribute[62] to commanding love,
Against whose fury and unmatched force
The awless lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.[63]
He that perforce robs lions of their hearts,
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father!
Who lives and dares but say thou didst not well
When I was got, I 'll send his soul to hell.
Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin;
And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin:
Who says it was, he lies: I say, 't was not. *[Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.[1]

France. Before the Walls of Angiers.

Enter, on one side, the Duke of Austria, *and Forces; on the other,* Philip, *King of France, and Forces;* Lewis, Constance, Arthur, *and Attendants.*

Lew. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.[2] —
Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,[3]
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
By this brave duke came early to his grave:
And, for amends to his posterity,
At our importance[4] hither is he come,
To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf,
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John.
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arth. God shall forgive you Cordelion's death,
The rather, that you give his offspring[5] life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of war.
I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
But with a heart full of unstained love:
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

Lew. A noble boy! Who would not do thee right?

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
As seal to this indenture of my love,
That to my home I will no more return,
Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,[6]
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
And coops from other lands her islanders,
Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark,[7] still secure
And confident from foreign purposes,[8]

Luft. Damit meint er seine eigenen letzten Erlebnisse. 54) Er hätte kein Fleisch gegessen, und also nicht die Fasten gebrochen, wenn er seinen Antheil an mir am Charfreitag verzehrt hätte. 55) *to confess* = um ein Bekenntniss abzulegen, die Wahrheit zu gestehen. — In der folgenden Zeile lässt die Fol. *he*, auf dem, wie auf *me*, der Nachdruck liegt, zufällig aus. Pope supplirte es. 56) *beholding* = verpflichtet. Die Hgg. setzen für dieses Sh.'sche Wort meistens das synonyme *beholden*. 57) Dem *knave* = Bube, und = Knappe, stellt der Bastard sich als *knight* = Ritter, gegenüber: Ich bin ein Ritter, so gut wie Basilisco. — *Basilisco* ist ein Renommist in dem alten Drama Soliman and Perseda, der ebenfalls sich *knight* nennt, von dem Clown des Stückes jedoch als *knave* bezeichnet wird. 58) *legitimation* = Ebenbürtigkeit, rechtmässige Geburt. 59) *to deny* ist im Munde der Mutter = verleugnen, im Munde des Sohnes = absagen Einem, sich von Einem lossagen. 60) *thou art* verbessert die vierte Folioausg. das *that art* der ersten — eine Emendation, welcher vielleicht Staunton's sinnreiche Conjectur vorzuziehen ist: *Heaven lay not my transgression to thy charge,* || *That art the issue of my dear offence.* 61) Wäre ich noch einmal zu erzeugen. 62) *subjected tribute* ist Apposition zu *heart*, so dass das folgende Relativpronomen *whose* sich wieder auf *his dispose* = die Verfügung Desjenigen, bezieht. 63) Der Löwe konnte nicht verwehren, dass König Richard ihm das Herz aus dem Leibe riss. — Sh. kannte die Sage von dem Zweikampfe König Richard's mit dem Löwen aus einer altenglischen Ballade. — *awless* = furchtlos.

1) Die in der Angabe von Acten und Scenen sehr ungenaue Fol. beginnt hier eine zweite Scene des ersten Actes und schliesst dieselbe erst mit dem durch die späteren Hgg. so bezeichneten Schlusse des zweiten Actes. 2) *Austria* ist der Herzog von Oesterreich, den die Hgg. als *Archduke* bezeichnen. Sh. kennt ihn nur als *Duke*. — Dyce theilt, einer Conjectur Theobald's folgend, diese Rede dem König Philipp zu. 3) Vgl. A. I, Sc. 1, Anm. 63. — Sh. identificirt hier, dem alten K. John folgend, den Herzog von Oesterreich mit dem Vicomte von Limoges, in dessen Bekämpfung Richard Löwenherz bei der Belagerung von Chaluz seinen Tod fand. 4) *importance* = Anliegen, dringendes Gesuch. So gebraucht Sh. das adjectivische *important* = dringend, angelegentlich bittend. 5) Mit *his offspring* meint Arthur nicht sich selbst, sondern die Nachkommen oder die Familie Richard's collectiv gefasst, wie das folgende *their right* zeigt. 6) Es sind die Kreidefelsen Englands, welche der französischen

Even till that utmost corner of the west
Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.
Const. O! take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength,
To make a more requital [9] to your love.
Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs that lift their swords
In such a just and charitable war.
K. Phi. Well then, to work. Our cannon shall be bent
Against the brows of this resisting town.
Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
To cull the plots of best advantages. [10]
We 'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,
But we will make it subject to this boy.
Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood.
My lord Chatillon may from England [11] bring
That right in peace, which here we urge in war;
And then we shall repent each drop of blood,
That hot rash haste so indirectly [12] shed.

Enter Chatillon.

K. Phi. A wonder, lady! — lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger, Chatillon, is arriv'd. —
What England says, say briefly, gentle lord;
We coldly pause for thee: Chatillon, speak.
Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,
And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms. The adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have stay'd, [13] have given him time
To land his legions all as soon as I.
His marches are expedient [14] to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother-queen,
An Até, stirring him to blood and strife;
With her her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain;
With them a bastard of the king's deceas'd: [15]
And all the unsettled humours [16] of the land,
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens,
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs. [17]
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have waft [18] o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scath [19] in Christendom.
[Drums heard within.
The interruption of their churlish drums
Cuts off more circumstance: [20] they are at hand,
To parley, or to fight; therefore, prepare.
K. Phi. How much unlook'd for is this expedition!
Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence,
For courage mounteth with occasion:
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

Enter King John, Elinor, Blanch, *the Bastard,* Pembroke, *and Forces.*

K. John. Peace be to France, if France in peace permit
Our just and lineal entrance to our own;
If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven,
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beat [21] his peace to heaven.
K. Phi. Peace be to England, if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace.
England we love; and, for that England's sake,
With burden of our armour here we sweat:
This toil of ours should be a work of thine;
But thou from loving England art so far,
That thou hast under-wrought [22] his lawful king,
Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Outfaced infant state, [23] and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face:
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his!
This little abstract doth contain that large [24]
Which died in Geffrey, and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.

Küste gleichsam ihr Angesicht zukehren, gemeint. 7) So heisst England in K. Richard II. (A. 2, Sc. 1) *This precious stone set in the silver sea,* || *Which serves it in the office of a wall.* 8) *secure and confident* ist, nach dem Sh.'schen Gebrauch der Copula *and,* so viel wie *confidently secure.* 9) *more* ist hier schwerlich mit Steevens = *greater* zu fassen, sondern als Compositum mit *requital* zu verbinden = eine Vergeltung, die den geleisteten Liebesdienst übertrifft. So in Venus and Adonis: *Her best is better'd with a more delight.* 10) Die ersten Männer der Kriegskunde sollen die günstigsten Angriffspläne auswählen. 11) *England* ist hier und im Folgenden = König von England. 12) *indirectly* = ungerecht, ungerechtfertigt. 13) Chatillon hat in England so lange warten müssen, bis die conträren Winde ihm die Ueberfahrt gestatteten. 14) *expedient* = fördersam, rasch. So gebraucht Sh. auch das Substantiv *expedience* = Förderung, Eile, in K. Richard II. (A. 2, Sc. 1) *three thousand men of war* || *Are making hither with all due expedience.* 15) Im alten K. John stand *Next them a bastard of the king's deceased.* — Die doppelte Bezeichnung des Genitivs ist also in diesem Falle nicht Sh. allein eigenthümlich. — Zwei Zeilen vorher hat die Fol. *an Ace,* was Rowe in *an Até* verbesserte. 16) *humours* = Launen, Stimmungen, steht hier für die mit solchen Launen Behafteten. 17) Für den Ertrag ihres ererbten Besitzes haben sie sich stolz zum Feldzug ausgerüstet. So in K. Henry VIII. (A. 1, Sc. 1) *many* || *Have broke their backs with laying manors on them.* 18) *waft* = *wafted,* Particip von *to waft,* wie Sh. von den auf *t* auslautenden Verben sie mehrfach bildet. 19) *scath* = Schaden, Verderben. Sh. hat dies veraltete Substantiv noch an drei andern Stellen: K. Henry VI. Second Part (A. 2, Sc. 4), K. Richard III. (A. 1, Sc. 3) und Titus Andronicus (A. 5, Sc. 1). 20) *circumstance* = Weitschweifigkeit, ausführlicher Bericht. — Im alten K. John steht an dieser Stelle: *More circumstance the season intercepts.* 21) Das *beats* der Fol. hat Hanmer mit Recht in *beat* verbessert; das Relativum bezieht sich auf *their:* den stolzen Uebermuth Derjenigen u. s. w. 22) Particip von *to under-work* = untergraben. 23) *infant state* ist der dem Kinde Arthur gebührende Königsrang, dem Johann Trotz geboten hat. — Ebenso bezeichnet *maiden virtue of the crown* die jugendliche Unschuld der Krone, die Arthur tragen sollte. 24) Zu *large* ist ein entsprechendes Substantiv aus *abstract* zu suppliren: das grosse Urbild zu dem kleinen Abbild. — Ebenso entspricht zwei Zeilen weiter *brief* dem *huge volume:* der kurze

That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son; England was Geffrey's right,
And this[25] is Geffrey's. In the name of God,
How comes it then, that thou art call'd a king,
When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest?
K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission, France,
To draw my answer from thy articles?[26]
K. Phi. From that supernal judge, that stirs good thoughts
In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right.[27]
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy:
Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,
And by whose help I mean to chastise[28] it.
K. John. Alack! thou dost usurp authority.
K. Phi. Excuse: it is to beat usurping down.
Eli. Who is it, thou dost call usurper, France?
Const. Let me make answer: — thy usurping son.
Eli. Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king,
That thou may'st be a queen, and check the world!
Const. My bed was ever to thy son as true,
As thine was to thy husband, and this boy
Liker in feature to his father Geffrey,
Than thou and John, in manners being as like
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
My boy a bastard! By my soul, I think,
His father never was so true-begot:
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.[29]
Eli. There 's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.
Const. There 's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.
Aust. Peace!
Bast. Hear the crier.[30]
Aust. What the devil art thou?
Bast. One that will play the devil, Sir, with you,
An 'a may catch your hide[31] and you alone.
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard.
I 'll smoke your skin-coat,[32] an I catch you right.
Sirrah, look to 't; i' faith, I will, i' faith.
Blanch. O! well did he become that lion's robe,
That did disrobe the lion of that robe.
Bast. It lies as sightly on the back of him,
As great Alcides' shows upon an ass.[33] —
But, ass, I 'll take that burden from your back,
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.
Aust. What cracker is this same, that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath? —
King, — Lewis, determine what we shall do straight.[34]
Lew. Women and fools, break off your conference. —
King John, this is the very sum of all:
England, and Ireland, Anjou,[35] Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee.
Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?
K. John. My life as soon: I do defy thee, France. —
Arthur of Bretagne,[36] yield thee to my hand,
And, out of my dear love, I 'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win.
Submit thee, boy.
Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.
Const. Do, child, go to it[37] grandam, child;
Give grandam kingdom, and it grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:
There 's a good grandam.
Arth. Good my mother, peace!
I would that I were low laid in my grave:
I am not worth this coil that 's made for me.
Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.
Const. Now shame upon you, whe'r she does, or no![38]
His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee:
Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be brib'd
To do him justice, and revenge on you.

Auszug dem ganzen, grossen Buche. 25) *this* ist hinweisend auf den daneben stehenden Arthur. — Die Fol. verbindet *in the name of God* mit dem Vorhergehenden. 26) Von wem hast Du die Vollmacht, vermöge der von Dir articulirten Rechtsansprüche eine Antwort aus mir herauszubringen? — Hanmer las *to thy articles.* 27) *to look* hängt von *strong authority* ab: die Brust Jemandes, der mächtig und befugt ist, die Verletzungen und Befleckungen des Rechts zu untersuchen. — *breast* in der vorigen Zeile verbessert die zweite Folioausg. das *beast* der ersten. 28) *to chastise* betont Sh. auf der ersten Sylbe. 29) Anspielung auf die Untreue, welche sich Eleonore gegen ihren ersten Gemahl, König Ludwig VII. von Frankreich, hatte zu Schulden kommen lassen. — In der vorhergehenden Rede der Eleonore will Staunton eine Anspielung auf das Schachspiel finden. 30) Als öffentlichen Ausrufer verhöhnt der Bastard den Herzog von Oesterreich, weil er wie ein solcher *Peace!* = Still! ruft. 31) *your hide* ist die Löwenhaut, die der Herzog als eine dem Richard Löwenherz abgenommene Beute trägt. Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1, Anm. 63. — Das Sprichwort, worauf die folgende Zeile zielt, lautet in der Sammlung des Erasmus, die Sh. kannte: *Mortuo leoni et lepores insultant.* — Sh. entlehnte die Worte beinahe genau aus Kyd's Spanish Tragedy: *So hares may pull dead lions by the beard.* 32) *to smoke* = ausräuchern, hier von einem Pelzrock zur Vertilgung der Motten. — So will der Bastard den Herzog selbst aus der Löwenhaut heraustreiben. 33) Die von König Richard getragene Löwenhaut nimmt sich auf dem Rücken des Herzogs so stattlich aus, wie die Löwenhaut des Hercules auf dem Rücken des Esels. — *Alcides' shows* verbesserte Theobald das *Alcides shooes* der Fol. Sh. dachte wohl dabei an die Fabel vom Esel in der Löwenhaut. 34) So die Fol., nur dass zwischen *King* und *Lewis* das Comma fehlt. — Der Herzog bricht das Gezänk mit dem Bastard ab, indem er den König von Frankreich und dessen Sohn zu rascher Entscheidung auffordert. — Malone fasste das *King* als Bezeichnung des Redenden und legte so den Vers *Lewis, determine etc.* dem König Philipp *(K. Phil.)* bei. Die Fol. bezeichnet den Letzteren jedoch fast überall mit *Fra.* oder *Fran.*, d. h. *France;* nur in den drei ersten Reden dieser Scene vor Johann's Auftreten wird er als *King* bezeichnet; und *Lewis* wird an allen anderen Stellen nur einsylbig gebraucht. — Staunton liest mit Theobald den obigen Vers folgendermassen: *King Philip, determine what we shall do straight* und theilt die Antwort nicht dem Dauphin, sondern dessen Vater zu. 35) So verbessert Theobald das *Angiers* der Fol. 36) *Britaine* in der Fol., wie auch im alten K. John. 37) Constanze ahmt hier und im Folgenden ironisch die unvollkommene Sprache der Kinder nach. — Staunton hält dagegen *it* in dieser Rede, ohne solche Bezugnahme, für die ältere Form von *its*, die auch sonst bei Sh. vorkommt. 38) *she* scil. *his*

Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!
Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth!
Call not me slanderer: thou, and thine, usurp
The dominations, royalties, and rights
Of this oppressed boy. This is thy eldest son's son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee:
Thy sins are visited in this poor child;
The canon of the law is laid on him,[39]
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.
K. John. Bedlam, have done.
Const. I have but this to say,[40] —
That he is not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue, plagu'd for her,
And with her plague, her sin; his injury
Her injury, the beadle to her sin,
All punish'd in the person of this child,
And all for her. A plague upon her!
Eli. Thou unadvised[41] scold, I can produce
A will, that bars the title of thy son.
Const. Ay, who doubts that? a will![42] a wicked will;
A woman's will; a canker'd grandam's will!
K. Phi. Peace, lady! pause, or be more temperate.
It ill beseems this presence, to cry aim[43]
To these ill-tuned repetitions. —
Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of Angiers: let us hear them speak,
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

Trumpets sound. Enter Citizens upon the walls.[44]

Cit. Who is it, that hath warn'd us to the walls?
K. Phi. 'T is France, for England.
K. John. England, for itself.
You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects, —
K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle, —
K. John. For our advantage,[45] therefore, hear us first. —
These flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement:
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath,
And ready mounted are they to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:
All preparation for a bloody siege
And merciless proceeding by these French,
Confront[46] your city's eyes, your winking gates;
And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones,
That as a waist do girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordnance[47]
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been dishabited,[48] and wide havoc made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
But, on the sight of us, your lawful king,
Who painfully, with much expedient march,
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd cheeks,
Behold, the French amaz'd vouchsafe a parle;
And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,
To make a faithless error in your ears:[49]
Which trust accordingly,[50] kind citizens,
And let us in, your king, whose labour'd spirits,
Forwearied[51] in this action of swift speed,
Crave harbourage within your city walls.
K. Phi. When I have said, make answer to us both.
Lo! in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys.
For this down-trodden equity, we tread[52]
In warlike march these greens before your town,
Being no further enemy to you,
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,
In the relief of this oppressed child,
Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
To pay that duty which you truly owe,
To him that owes[53] it, namely, this young prince;

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mother: Ich mag ihn beschämen oder nicht, die Scham oder Schmach deshalb komme über Euch! 39) Eine Anspielung auf die alttestamentliche Satzung, dass die Sünden der Eltern an den Kindern bis in's vierte Glied heimgesucht werden. 40) Constanze's folgende Worte knüpfen unmittelbar an *sin-conceiving womb* an, nur dass mit einem Sh.'schen kühnen Uebergang von der Eleonore nicht mehr in der zweiten Person, sondern in der dritten gesprochen wird: Arthur wird nicht bloss wegen der Sünde seiner Grossmutter gestraft, sondern diese Sünde und die Sünderin selbst sind die Geissel, das Strafwerkzeug an dem nicht unmittelbar von Eleonore abstammenden Arthur *(on this removed issue)*, der an ihrer Statt und mit ihrer Geissel, nämlich ihrer Sünde, gestraft wird; so dass das ihm geschehende Unrecht *(his injury)* das Unrecht ist, welches von ihr, die gleichsam so zum Büttel ihrer eigenen Sünde wird, ausgeht. — *the beadle* muss sich auf das in *her injury* steckende *she* beziehen, worauf *all punish'd* Apposition zu *injury* und *beadle* ist. — Staunton interpungirt und liest diese schwierige Stelle in den fünf letzten Versen so: *On this removed issue; — plagued for her,* || *And with her plagued; her sin, his injury* || *Her injury the beadle to her sin;* || *All punish'd in the person of this child,* || *And all for her. A plague upon her!* 41) *unadvised* ist nach dem Sh.'schen Gebrauche negativer Adjective = der sich nicht rathen, nicht mit sich sprechen lässt. 42) *will* = Testament, und = Gelüst, Trieb. 43) *to cry aim*, eigentlich = rufen: Ziele! schiess los! nach einem vom Schiessplatz entlehnten Bilde, ist dann allgemein = durch Zuruf ermuntern, beistimmen. 44) Die Fol. hat *Enter a Citizen etc.*, weil nur ein Bürger das Wort führt. 45) Johann setzt, Philipp's Unterbrechung nicht beachtend, die oben begonnene Rede fort. 46) *confront* ist Rowe's Emendation für *comfort* in der Fol. Capell setzte dafür *confronts*. — Die sich schliessenden Thore erhalten, als Augen der Stadt gefasst, das Epitheton *winking*. 47) *their ordnance* = das Geschütz der Franzosen. *ordnance* ist dreisylbig, wie die Fol. denn auch *ordinance* liest. 48) *to dishabit* = aus der gewohnten Lage bringen, ein von Sh., wie es scheint, in diesem Sinne gebildetes Wort. Carew, ein Zeitgenosse, spricht in dem Survey of Cornwall von *dishabited towns* = entvölkerte Städte. 49) Die Worte der Franzosen sollen in Euren Ohren eine Verirrung zur Untreue anstiften, sie sollen, indem Ihr sie hört, Euch zum Abfall verleiten. 50) Traut ihnen demgemäss, d. h. misstraut ihnen. 51) *forwearied* = abgemattet, eine Verstärkung des einfachen *wearied*. 52) Wortspiel zwischen *tread* und *down-trodden*. 53) *to owe* = schulden, und = in Anspruch

And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aspect,[54] have all offence seal'd up.
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven;
And with a blessed and unvex'd retire,
With unhack'd swords, and helmets all unbruis'd,
We will bear home that lusty blood again,
Which here we came to spout against your town,
And leave your children, wives, and you, in peace.
But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
'T is not the roundure[55] of your old-fac'd walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war,
Though all these English, and their discipline,
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it,[56]
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
And stalk in blood to our possession?

Cit. In brief, we are the king of England's subjects:
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.

Cit. That can we not; but he that proves the king,[57]
To him will we prove loyal: till that time
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove the king?
And if not that, I bring you witnesses,
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed, —

Bast. Bastards, and else.

K. John. To verify our title with their lives.

K. Phi. As many, and as well-born bloods as those, —

Bast. Some bastards too.

K. Phi. Stand in his face to contradict his claim.

Cit. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We for the worthiest hold the right from both.

K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all those souls,
That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

K. Phi. Amen, Amen. — Mount, chevaliers! to arms!

Bast. Saint George, that swing'd the dragon, and e'er since
Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,[58]
Teach us some fence! — *[To* Austria.*]* Sirrah, were I at home,
At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,
I would set an oxhead[59] to your lion's hide,
And make a monster of you.

Aust. Peace! no more.

Bast. O! tremble, for you hear the lion roar.

K. John. Up higher to the plain; where we 'll set forth
In best appointment all our regiments.

Bast. Speed then, to take advantage of the field.

K. Phi. It shall be so; — *[to* Lewis*]* and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand. — God, and our right!

[Exeunt.[60]

SCENE II.

The Same.

Alarums and excursions; then a retreat. Enter a French Herald, with trumpets, to the gates.

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, duke of Bretagne, in,
Who by the hand of France this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground;
Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,
Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth;[1]
And victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French,
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne England's king, and yours.

Enter an English Herald, with trumpets.

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells:
King John, your king and England's, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day.[2]
Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood.[3]
There stuck no plume in any English crest,
That is removed by a staff of France;
Our colours do return in those same hands,
That did display them when we first march'd forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Dy'd in the dying slaughter of their foes.[4]
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

Cit.[5] Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,
From first to last, the onset and retire
Of both your armies; whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured:[6]
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd blows;
Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted power:
Both are alike; and both alike we like.[7]

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nehmen als rechtmässigen Besitz. 54) *aspect* wird bei Sh. stets auf der zweiten Sylbe betont. 55) *roundure* = das Rund, der Kreis. In den Sonnets (21) hat Sh. das eben so seltene *rondure* in demselben Sinne. — Die Fol. liest *rounder*. 56) Vor *which* ist das nach einer Sh.'schen Licenz ausgelassene *in* zu suppliren aus *in that behalf*. 57) Derjenige, der sich als den König erweist. 58) Anspielung auf die englischen Wirthshausschilder, die den St. Georg darstellen, wie er zu Pferde den Drachen bekämpft. 59) Er wollte ihm Hörner aufsetzen und ihn so zu einem Wunderthier machen. 60) In Uebereinstimmung mit der Fol. setzen einige neuere Hgg. im Folgenden diese erste Scene noch fort.

1) Die Erde ist entfärbt, missfarbig, von dem vergossenen Blute, wie sie selbst ebenvorher deshalb *bleeding ground* hiess. 2) Johann ist Sieger dieses heissen, bösen Schlachttages geblieben. 3) So in Macbeth (A. 2, Sc. 3) *here lay Duncan,* || *His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood.* 4) Wortspiel zwischen *to dye* = färben, und *to die* = sterben. 5) Die Fol. legt diese Rede und die folgenden des Bürgers von Angers dem Hubert in den Mund, wahrscheinlich weil auf dem Sh.'schen Theater derselbe Schauspieler beide Rollen übernahm. — Im alten K. John spricht der *Citizen*, dem die Worte offenbar auch zukommen. 6) Die gleiche Stellung oder Stärke beider Heere können auch die besten Augen nicht bekritteln. Den Bürgern von Angers scheint während des Kampfes, dem sie zusahen, Gewinn und Verlust auf beiden Seiten gleich vertheilt gewesen zu sein. 7) Wortspiel zwischen *alike* und

One must prove greatest: while they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither, yet for both.

Enter, at one side, King John, *with his power,* Elinor, Blanch, *and the Bastard; at the other, King* Philip, Lewis, Austria, *and forces.*[8]

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?
Say, shall the current of our right roam on?
Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'erswell
With course disturb'd even thy confining shores,
Unless thou let his silver water keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean.

K. Phi. England, thou hast not sav'd one drop of blood,
In this hot trial, more than we of France;
Rather, lost more: and by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
We 'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear,
Or add a royal number to the dead,[9]
Gracing the scroll,[10] that tells of this war's loss,
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Bast. Ha! majesty, how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!
O! now doth death line his dead chaps with steel;
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;
And now he feasts, mousing[11] the flesh of men,
In undetermin'd differences of kings. —
Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?
Cry, havoc, kings! back to the stained field,
You equal-potents,[12] fiery-kindled spirits!
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death!

K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?

K. Phi. Speak, citizens, for England; who 's your king?

Cit. The king of England, when we know the king.

K. Phi. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.

K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear possession of our person here,
Lord of our presence,[13] Angiers, and of you.

Cit. A greater power than we denies all this;
And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates,
Kings, of our fear;[14] until our fears, resolv'd,
Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

Bast. By heaven, these scroyles[15] of Angiers flout you, kings,
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious[16] scenes and acts of death.
Your royal presences be rul'd by me:
Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,[17]
Be friends awhile, and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town.
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon charged to the mouths,
Till their soul-fearing[18] clamours have brawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:
I 'd play incessantly upon these jades,
Even till unfenced desolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, dissever your united strengths,
And part your mingled colours once again;
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point;[19]
Then, in a moment, Fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy minion,
To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?[20]
Smacks it not something of the policy?

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,
I like it well. — France, shall we knit our powers,
And lay this Angiers even with the ground,
Then, after, fight who shall be king of it?

Bast. An if thou hast the mettle of a king,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peevish[21] town,
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these saucy walls;
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
Why, then defy each other, and, pell-mell,
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven, or hell.[22]

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like. 8) Die einfachere Bühnenweisung der Fol. lautet *Enter the two Kings with their powers, at several doors.* — In der zweiten Zeile lesen viele Hgg. mit der Folioausg. von 1632 *run* statt *roam.* 9) Zu den bereits Gefallenen soll noch eine Königsnummer kommen; die Todten sollen unter sich noch einen König zählen. 10) *scroll* ist das Verzeichniss der in der Schlacht Gebliebenen; so in K. Henry V. (A. 4, Sc. 8) *Where is the number of our English dead?* 11) *to mouse* = zerreissen, zerfetzen, von Raubvögeln gebraucht. 12) *equal-potent* = gleichmächtig, ist gewiss als Compositum zu fassen, obwohl die Hgg., der Fol. folgend, die Worte trennen. 13) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1, Anm. 30. — Die folgende Antwort des Bürgers ertheilt die Fol. irrthümlich dem König von Frankreich zu. 14) So die Fol., nur dass sie hinter *gates* ein Colon, hinter *kings* kein Comma setzt. *kings* ist Vocativ, die häufig wiederkehrende Anrede an beide Könige, welche eingeschoben ist in das zusammengehörige *our strong-barr'd gates of our fear*, d. h. *our gates strong-barred of our fear* = unsere von oder vermöge unserer Furcht stark verrammelten Thore. — Die meisten Hgg. lesen mit Tyrwhitt *king'd of our fears.* — Vielleicht ist auch in der Fol. *fear* aus Verwechslung mit dem gleich darauf folgenden *fears* an die Stelle eines andern Wortes getreten, und Sh. schrieb vielleicht *kings of ourselves.* — Wie im Text steht, liest auch Staunton, fasst aber *kings* als Apposition zu *strong-barr'd gates.* 15) *scroyle*, eigentlich Skrophel, wird hier als Schimpfwort auf Personen ebenso angewandt, wie bei Sh. anderswo *scab* = Lump. — *scroyle*, das bei Sh. sonst nicht vorkommt, hat Ben Jonson in seinem Every Man in his Humour in demselben Sinne. 16) *industrious* = mit Eifer betrieben, geflissentlich. 17) *mutine* = Meuterer, Aufrührer. — Sh. hat dasselbe seltene Substantiv in Hamlet (A. 5. Sc. 2). — Die Meuterer in dem von Titus belagerten Jerusalem vereinigten sich, obwohl in drei Parteien einander befehdend, doch zu einem gemeinschaftlichen Ausfalle gegen die römischen Belagerer. 18) *soul-fearing* = die Seele erschreckend, von *to fear* = in Furcht oder Schrecken versetzen. 19) *point* = Schwert- oder Lanzenspitze, wie in Macbeth (A. 1, Sc. 2) *Point against point, rebellious arm 'gainst arm.* 20) *states* = Regierende, Staatenlenker. 21) *peevish* = unlenksam, widerwillig, in Sh.'s Sprachgebrauch. 22) So dass wir fallen und so in den Himmel oder in die Hölle kommen. So in Macbeth (A. 2, Sc. 1) *it is a knell,* || *That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.*

K. Phi. Let it be so. — Say, where will you assault?
K. John. We from the west will send destruction
Into this city's bosom.
Aust. I from the north.
K. Phi. Our thunder from the south
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.
Bast. [Aside.] O prudent discipline! From north to south,
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth·
I 'll stir them to it. — Come, away, away!
Cit. Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe awhile to stay,
And I shall show you peace, and fair-fac'd league;
Win you this city without stroke, or wound;
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field.
Persever[23] not, but hear me, mighty kings.
K. John. Speak on, with favour: we are bent to hear.
Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the lady Blanch,
Is niece[24] to England. Look upon the years
Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid.
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous love[25] should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady Blanch?
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete:
If not complete of,[26] say, he is not she;
And she again wants nothing, to name want,[27]
If want it be not, that she is not he:
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such as she;[28] —
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
O! two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in;
And two such shores to two such streams made one,
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
To these two princes, if you marry them.
This union shall do more than battery can
To our fast-closed gates; for, at this match,
With swifter spleen[29] than powder can enforce,
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance; but, without this match,
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion: no, not death himself
In mortal fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this city.
Bast. Here 's a stay,[30]
That shakes the rotten carcase of old death
Out of his rags! Here 's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and seas
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs.
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?
He speaks plain cannon, fire, and smoke, and bounce;
He gives the bastinado with his tongue;
Our ears are cudgell'd: not a word of his,
But buffets better than a fist of France.
'Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words,
Since I first call'd my brother's father, dad.
Eli. Son, list to this conjunction, make this match.
Give with our niece a dowry large enough;
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
Thy now unsur'd assurance[31] to the crown,
That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
I see a yielding in the looks of France;
Mark, how they whisper: urge them, while their soul
Are capable of this ambition,
Lest zeal, now melted, by the windy breath
Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,[32]
Cool and congeal again to what it was.
Cit. Why answer not the double majesties
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?
K. Phi. Speak England first, that hath been forward first
To speak unto this city: what say you?
K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son
Can in this book of beauty read, I love,
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:
For Anjou,[33] and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,
And all that we upon this side the sea
(Except this city now by us besieg'd)

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23) *to persever*, mit betonter zweiter Sylbe, ist das Sh.'sche Wort für das moderne *to persevere*. — Zu der vorigen Rede des Bastards hat Capell das *Aside* hinzugefügt. 24) *neere* in der Fol., was leicht aus *neece* verdruckt werden konnte. — Die meisten Hgg. lesen *near; niece* ist eine Emendation von Singer. — Der alte K. John hat an der entsprechenden Stelle: *let him take to wife* || *The beauteous daughter of the king of Spain,* || *Niece to King John, the lovely Lady Blanch.* 25) Dem *lusty love* = sinnliche Liebe, wird *zealous love* = ernste, von frommem Eifer getragene Liebe, entgegengestellt. — So kommt *zealous contemplation* in K. Richard III. (A. 3, Sc. 7) vor, und vielleicht ist *zealous kiss* in A. 2, Sc. 1 in demselben Sinne zu fassen. 26) *of* ist hier zur Ergänzung statt des vorhergehenden *in* hinzugefügt, da sich sowohl *complete of* wie *complete in* = vollkommen in oder an Etwas, sagen lässt. — Die meisten Hgg. lesen mit Hanmer *If not complete, O say, etc.* — Der Sinn ist: Wenn der Dauphin nicht daran, d. h. an den genannten Eigenschaften, vollkommen ist, so nehmt an, dass er nicht sie ist, dass er also zu grösserer Vollkommenheit der Vereinigung mit der Lady Blanch bedarf. 27) Ihr fehlt nichts, was man als Mangel namhaft machen könnte, wenn es nicht ein Mangel ist, dass sie nicht er ist. 28) Durch eine Solche wie sie ist. — Die meisten Hgg. lesen mit Thirlby *such a she.* 29) *spleen* = stürmischer Eifer, Befeuerung, hat Sh. in diesem Sinne auch sonst; z. B. in K. Richard III. (A. 5, Sc. 3) *Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons.* 30) *stay*, eigentlich = Hemmniss, Unterbrechung, wird hier = Unterbrecher, gebraucht, insofern der Bürger von Angers mit seinen Vorschlägen den eben gefassten Beschlüssen der Könige entgegentritt. — Sieben Zeilen weiter hat die Fol. kein Comma zwischen *cannon* und *fire*. Manche Hgg. lesen daher *cannon-fire* als Compositum. 31) So wird *sure* und *assurance* verbunden in Macbeth (A. 4, Sc. 1) *I 'll make assurance double sure.* 32) *remorse* = Erbarmen, Zartgefühl. — Die Königin versteht darunter den Einfluss, den Constanzens und Arthur's Bitten zur Kräftigung des Eifers bei König Philipp wiedergewinnen möchten, nachdem dieser Eifer für den Augenblick geschwächt, zerschmolzen ist. — *by the windy breath* ist nicht mit *melted*, sondern mit dem folgenden *cool and congeal* zu verbinden. 33) Auch hier hat die Fol. *Angiers*, wofür Theobald *Anjou* setzte. —

Find liable to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed, and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions,
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princess of the world.

K. Phi. What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's face.

Lew. I do, my lord; and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye,
Which, being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a sun,[34] and makes your son a shadow.
I do protest, I never lov'd myself,
Till now infixed I beheld myself,
Drawn in the flattering table[35] of her eye.

[Whispers with Blanch.

Bast. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye,
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow,
And quarter'd in her heart, he doth espy
Himself love's traitor: this is pity now,
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there should be,
In such a love, so vile a lout as he.

Blanch. My uncle's will in this respect is mine.
If he see aught in you, that makes him like,
That anything[36] he sees, which moves his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my will;
Or if you will, to speak more properly,
I will enforce it easily to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I see in you is worthy love,
Than this, — that nothing do I see in you,
Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your judge,
That I can find should merit any hate.

K. John. What say these young ones? What say you, my niece?

Blanch. That she is bound in honour still to do
What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

K. John. Speak then, prince Dauphin: can you love this lady?

Lew. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love;
For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. John. Then do I give Volquessen,[37] Touraine, Maine,
Poictiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,
With her to thee; and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin. —
Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. Phi. It likes us well. — Young princes, close your hands.

Aust. And your lips too; for I am well assur'd,
That I did so, when I was first assur'd.[38]

K. Phi. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made;
For at Saint Mary's chapel presently
The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd. —
Is not the lady Constance in this troop?[39]
I know, she is not; for this match, made up,
Her presence would have interrupted much.
Where is she and her son? tell me, who knows.

Lew. She is sad and passionate[40] at your highness' tent.

K. Phi. And, by my faith, this league, that we have made,
Will give her sadness very little cure. —
Brother of England, how may we content
This widow lady? In her right we came,
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,
To our own vantage.

K. John. We will heal up all;
For we 'll create young Arthur duke of Bretagne,
And earl of Richmond, and this rich fair town
We make him lord of. — Call the lady Constance:
Some speedy messenger bid her repair
To our solemnity.[41] — I trust, we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,
Yet in some measure satisfy her so,
That we shall stop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlook'd-for unprepared pomp.

[Exeunt all but the Bastard. — The Citizens retire from the walls.

Bast. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part;[42]
And France, whose armour conscience buckled on,
Whom zeal[43] and charity brought to the field,
As God's own soldier, rounded[44] in the ear

Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 1, Anm. 35. 34) Vielleicht ist ein Wortspiel zwischen *sun* und *son* beabsichtigt, das auch sonst bei Sh. vorkommt. 35) *table* ist die Tafel, auf die ein Gemälde aufgetragen wird. — Der Dauphin findet sein Bild in dem Auge der Lady Blanch; der Bastard führt dann diesen Vergleich ironisch weiter aus, und fasst *to draw* = zeichnen, *to hang* = hängen, *to quarter* = einquartieren, zugleich doppelsinnig, indem er die Strafe des Hängens, zur Richtstätte Schleifens und Viertheilens auf den Dauphin als Hochverräther *(love's traitor)* bezieht. — Im alten K. John spricht der Bastard seine Liebe zur Lady Blanch und seine Verachtung gegen den Dauphin noch deutlicher aus. — Die Bühnenweisung *Whispers etc.* ist aus der Fol. 36) Mit *that anything* = dieses Etwas, was es auch sein mag, beginnt der Nachsatz: *I can translate that anything to my will.* — Den Ausdruck *translate* steigert sie dann mit *enforce.* 37) Im alten K. John sagt der französische König *Then I demand Volquessan, Touraine, Maine,* || *Poictiers and Anjou, these five provinces,* und der englische König fügt, indem er dies bewilligt, noch unaufgefordert *And thirty thousand marks of stipend coin* hinzu. 38) *assured,* doppelsinnig = sicher, gewiss, und = verlobt. In letzterem, ungewöhnlicherem Sinne steht das Wort in Comedy of Errors (A. 3, Sc. 2) *call'd me Dromio; swore, I was assured to her.* 39) Im alten K. John ist Constanze mit ihrem Sohn bei dieser Scene zugegen. 40) *passionate* ist, wer seinem schmerzlichen Affecte *(passion)* sich hingiebt und demselben in Wort und Geberden Luft macht. So in Sh.'s True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, der ersten Bearbeitung des Third Part of K. Henry VI.: *Tell me, good Madam,* || *Why is your grace so passionate of late?* — In demselben Sinne ist auch der Titel der Sh.'schen Gedichtsammlung Passionate Pilgrim zu fassen. 41) *solemnity* ist die Hochzeitfeier des Dauphins und der Lady Blanch, die in Angers begangen werden soll. Dieselbe bezeichnet er nachher mit *unprepared pomp.* 42) Wortspiel zwischen *part* = Theil eines Ganzen, und *to depart with* = Etwas fahren lassen, sich von Etwas trennen. 43) *zeal* = religiöser Eifer, Frömmigkeit. — Vgl. Anm. 25 dieser Scene. 44) *to round in the ear* = Jemandem in's Ohr raunen, wird, wie *to whisper,* mit

With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil,
That broker that still breaks the pate of faith,[45]
That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids, —
Who[46] having no external thing to lose
But the word maid, cheats the poor maid of that; —
That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling commodity,[47]
Commodity, the bias of the world;
The world, who of itself is peised well,
Made to run even, upon even ground,
Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,[48]
From all direction, purpose, course, intent:
And this same bias, this commodity,
This bawd, this broker,[49] this all-changing word,
Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,[50]
From a resolv'd and honourable war,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace. —
And why rail I on this commodity?
But for because[51] he hath not woo'd me yet.
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels[52] would salute my palm;
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say, there is no sin but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say, there is no vice but beggary.
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee![53] *[Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The Same. The French King's Tent.

Enter Constance, Arthur, *and* Salisbury.[1]

Const. Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace!
False blood to false blood join'd! gone to be friends!
Shall Lewis have Blanch, and Blanch those provinces?
It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard;
Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again:
It cannot be; thou dost but say, 't is so.
I trust, I may not trust[2] thee, for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
I have a king's oath to the contrary.
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frighting me;
For I am sick, and capable of[3] fears;
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears;
And though thou now confess thou didst but jest,
With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,[4]
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be these sad signs[5] confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.
Sal. As true as, I believe, you think them[6] false,
That give you cause to prove my saying true.
Const. O! if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;
And let belief and life encounter so,
As doth the fury of two desperate men,
Which in the very meeting fall, and die. —
Lewis marry Blanch! O boy! then where art thou?
France friend with England, what becomes of me?[7] —
Fellow, be gone; I cannot brook thy sight:
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.
Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But spoke the harm that is by others done?
Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is,
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.
Arth. I do beseech you, Madam, be content.

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dem Accusativ der Person construirt: jener selbige Vorsatzänderer, jener schlaue Teufel, der vom Bastard humoristisch personificirte *commodity* = Eigennutz, hat den König von Frankreich heimlich beschwatzt. — *rounded* ist Particip und Apposition zu *France*. 45) Scherzhafte Erweiterung des einfachen *break faith*, gleichsam: der Treue den Schädel spalten. 46) Die Construction ist anakoluthisch, da sich *who* zunächst auf *maids* bezieht, und dann mit einem bei Sh. nicht seltenen Wechsel zu *cheats* zu ergänzen ist, in Bezug auf *that daily break-vow etc.* 47) Der Vortheil oder Eigennutz weiss die Leute zu kitzeln, sie angenehm aufzuregen. — *bias of the world* heisst er, weil er der Welt eine verkehrte Richtung giebt, sie aus ihrem natürlichen Gleichgewichte bringt. — Im Folgenden wird die Welt mit einer rollenden Kugel verglichen. — *to peise* = im Gleichgewicht halten. 48) Dass die Welt abfällt von aller Unparteilichkeit, allem Gleichgewicht. 49) *broker* ist in Sh.'s Sprache dem *bawd* synonym, = Kuppler. — *word* = Losung, Parole. 50) Hat ihn der Unterstützung Arthur's, zu der er fest entschlossen war, abspenstig gemacht. — *own* = selbständig, ihm eigenthümlich. — Für *aid* schlug M. Mason *aim* vor. 51) Da *for* auch allein = *because* gebraucht wird, so steht eins von beiden hier überflüssig. — In der folgenden Zeile tritt *that* an die Stelle von *because*: Nicht weil ich stark genug bin, meine Hand fest zuzumachen, wenn u. s. w. — Endlich folgt *for* = weil, noch einmal allein: *But for my hand etc.* 52) *angel* = Engel, und = eine Goldmünze zum Werthe von zehn Schillingen, die genauer bezeichnet wird in Merchant of Venice (A. 2, Sc. 7) *they have in England || A coin, that bears the figure of an angel || Stamped in gold.* — Dasselbe Wortspiel kehrt in A. 3, Sc. 3 wieder. 53) Die Fol. schliesst hier den ersten Act. — Die neuere Eintheilung rührt von Theobald her.

1) Salisbury ist von König Johann an die Constanze mit der Nachricht von der Verlobung des Dauphins abgesandt und hat seinen Auftrag eben ausgerichtet. 2) *to trust* = gewiss sein, und = Jemandem trauen. — Ein ähnliches Wortspiel kehrt gleich nachher wieder: *believe me, I do not believe thee.* 3) *capable of* = empfänglich für Etwas. — Wie hier in vier auf einander folgenden Versen das Wort *fears* urgirt und deshalb am Schlusse jeder Zeile wiederholt wird, so das Wort *ring* in Merchant of Venice (A. 5, Sc. 1) *If you did know to whom I gave the ring etc.* 4) Nach Rowe's Interpunction, welche *truce* mit *with my vex'd spirits* verbindet, wie in Beaumont und Fletcher's The Coxcomb vorkommt: *Take truce awhile with these immoderate mournings.*

Const. If thou, that bidd'st me be content, wert grim,
Ugly, and slanderous to thy mother's womb, [8]
Full of unpleasing blots and sightless [9] stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious, [10]
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content;
For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy,
Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great:
Of Nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose. But Fortune, O!
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee:
She adulterates [11] hourly with thine uncle John;
And with her golden hand [12] hath pluck'd on France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs. [13]
France is a bawd to Fortune, and king John;
That strumpet Fortune, that usurping John! —
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?
Envenom him with words, [14] or get thee gone,
And leave those woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to underbear.

Sal. Pardon me, Madam,
I may not go without you to the kings.

Const. Thou may'st, thou shalt: I will not go with thee.
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud,
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stoop. [15]
To me, and to the state of my great grief,
Let kings assemble; for my grief 's so great,
That no supporter but the huge firm earth [16]
Can hold it up: here I and sorrows sit;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.
[Seats herself on the ground.

Enter King John, *King* Philip, Lewis, Blanch, Elinor, *Bastard,* Austria, *and Attendants.*

K. Phi. 'Tis true, fair daughter; [17] and this blessed day
Ever in France shall be kept festival:
To solemnize this day, the glorious sun
Stays in his course, and plays the alchymist, [18]
Turning, with splendour of his precious eye,
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold:
The yearly course, that brings this day about,
Shall never see it but a holiday.

Const. [Rising.] A wicked day, and not a holy day! [19]
What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters should be set,
Among the high tides, [20] in the calendar?
Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week;
This day of shame, oppression, perjury:
Or if it must stand still, let wives with child
Pray, that their burdens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously [21] be cross'd.
But on this day let seamen fear no wrack; [22]
No bargains break, that are not this day made;
This day all things begun come to ill end; [23]
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

K. Phi. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day.
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

Const. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit, [24]
Resembling majesty, which, being touch'd and tried,

— Viele Hgg. verbinden, wie die Fol., *jest with my vex'd spirits.* 5) *sad signs* = Merkmale von Trauer, sind die vorher erwähnten, von *shaking of thy head* bis zu *lamentable rheum* = wehklagendes Nass, d. h. Thränen. 6) *them* geht auf die jetzt verbündeten Fürsten, welche Constance für falsch und treulos hält, und welche ihr Veranlassung geben, die Wahrheit des von Salisbury Berichteten zu prüfen, näher zu ergründen. 7) Wenn der König von Frankreich mit dem englischen König befreundet ist, was wird dann aus mir? — So interpungiren, in Uebereinstimmung mit der Fol., auch die Cambridge Edd. Die meisten Hgg. setzen *France friend with England! what becomes of me?* 8) So dass Arthur's Aeusseres einen bösen Schein auf die Mutter, die ihn gebar, werfen müsste. 9) *sightless* = was sich nicht wohl anblicken lässt, was sich dem Anblick entzieht, hässlich. 10) *swart* = schwärzlich, geschwärzt, mit dem Nebenbegriffe des Widerlichen, Schmutzigen. — *prodigious* ist alles Abnorme, aus dem gewohnten Gleise Heraustretende und deshalb von übler Vorbedeutung, daher besonders = missgeboren. 11) Zu deutlicherer Bezeichnung des Verses schreibt die Fol. *Sh' adulterates.* 12) *golden hand* ist die mit Gold gefüllte Hand, womit sie den König von Frankreich hinreisst, so dass er die der angebornen Herrscherwürde Arthur's geziemende Ehrfurcht oder Rücksicht *(fair respect)* mit Füssen tritt und seine eigne Majestät dazu hergiebt, der Majestät Johann's und der Majestät der Fortuna kupplerische Dienste zu leisten. 13) *theirs* scil. *their majesties* erhält seine nähere Erklärung in den beiden nächsten Zeilen. 14) Sprich mit giftigen Worten von dem König von Frankreich, mit Worten, die wie Gift auf ihn wirken. 15) Der personificirt gedachte Gram ist übermüthig und unterwirft sich Diejenigen, die ihn innehaben; er drückt sie in seinem Uebermuth zu Boden, so dass sie also keinem anderen Gebote als dem seinigen Folge leisten können. — Damit motivirt Constanze ihre Weigerung, der Aufforderung der Könige zu gehorchen, die vielmehr zu ihr kommen sollen. — Viele Hgg. lesen mit Hanmer *stout* für *stoop.* 16) Im Einklang mit dieser Stelle fügten die späteren Hgg. die Bühnenweisung hinzu: *She throws herself on the ground;* passender ist dafür von Theobald gesetzt *Sits down on the floor.* — Mit dieser Rede der Constanze schliesst die Fol., offenbar verkehrt, den zweiten Act. Die richtigere Eintheilung rührt von Theobald her. Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 2, Anm. 53. 17) Philipp tritt auf im Gespräch mit Blanch. 18) Die Goldmacherkunst, an die Sh.'s Zeit allgemein glaubte, dient auch sonst zu Vergleichungen für die vergoldende Wirkung der Sonnenstrahlen; z. B. in Sh.'s Sonnets (33) *Full many a glorious morning — — | Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy.* 19) Das Wortspiel *holiday* = Festtag, und *holy day* = ein frommer, heiliger Tag, verwischen die meisten Hgg., indem sie zweimal *holiday* setzen. — Die Bühnenweisung *Rising* rührt von Theobald her. 20) *high tides* sind die hohen Kirchenfeste, die im Kalender mit goldenen Buchstaben verzeichnet stehen. 21) d. h. durch ein missgestaltetes, abnormes Kind, durch eine Missgeburt. — Vgl. Anm. 10 dieser Scene. 22) Ausser an diesem Tage, soll kein Schiffbruch gefürchtet werden, alle Schiffbrüche sollen auf diesen einen Tag fallen; ebenso alle Contractbrüche *(no bargains break).* 23) Die Construction ist: *all things that are begun this day shall come to ill end.* 24) *counterfeit* ist eine falsche Münze, die, obwohl das Bild der Majestät als Gepräge zeigend, sich doch bei der Prüfung *(touch'd)* und Untersuchung *(and tried)* als werthlos erweist.

Proves valueless. You are forsworn, forsworn;
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms[25] you strengthen it with yours:
The grappling vigour and rough frown of war
Is cold in amity and painted peace,[26]
And our oppression hath made up this league. —
Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd kings!
A widow cries; be husband to me, heavens!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day[27] in peace; but, ere sunset,
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings!
Hear me, O, hear me!

Aust. Lady Constance, peace!

Const. War! war! no peace![28] peace is to me a war.
O Limoges! O Austria![29] thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward;
Thou little-valiant,[30] great in villany!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou Fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship[31] is by
To teach thee safety! thou art perjur'd too,
And sooth'st up[32] greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool, to brag, and stamp, and swear,
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.[33]

Aust. O, that a man should speak those words to me!

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

K. John. We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.

Enter Pandulph.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven! —
To thee, king John, my holy errand is.
I, Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,
And from pope Innocent the legate here,
Do in his name religiously demand,
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
So wilfully dost spurn; and, force perforce,
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see?
This, in our 'foresaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly[34] name to interrogatories
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England
Add thus much more, — that no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll[35] in our dominions;
But as we under heaven are supreme head,
So, under him, that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand:
So tell the pope; all reverence set apart
To him, and his usurp'd authority.

K. Phi. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

K. John. Though you, and all the kings of Christendom,
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out,
And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself;[36]
Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,
This juggling witchcraft[37] with revenue cherish:
Yet I alone, alone[38] do me oppose
Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then, by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand curs'd, and excommunicate:[39]
And blessed shall he be that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic;
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized,[40] and worshipp'd as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.

Const. O! lawful let it be,
That I have room with Rome[41] to curse awhile.
Good father cardinal, cry thou amen
To my keen curses; for, without my wrong,
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

Pand. There 's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.

Const. And for mine too: when law can do no right,
Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong.
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here,
For he that holds his kingdom holds the law:

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25) Wortspiel zwischen *arms* = Waffen, und = Arme, Umarmung. 26) Der Friede ist ein falscher, nur äusserlich mit einer Schminke aufgetragener. — So wird hier der mit geschminkten Wangen gleissende Friede dem finstern Stirnrunzeln des Krieges entgegengestellt. 27) *day* emendirte Theobald das *days* der Fol. 28) *peace* als Interjection = still! als Substantiv = Friede. 29) Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 1, Anm. 3. — In dem alten K. John heisst es: *Limoges, the Austrich duke.* — *that bloody spoil* ist hinweisend auf das Löwenfell, das er trägt und dem Könige Richard im blutigen Kampfe abgenommen hatte. — Zu dieser Trophäe will die erbärmliche Rolle, die er jetzt spielt, wenig passen. 30) *little-valiant* ist als Compositum zu fassen. 31) Die Glücksgöttin wird hier als eine launische, wetterwendische Dame gedacht. 32) *to sooth up* = durch Schmeicheleien in den genörigen Zustand bringen. 33) Das Kalbsfell, sonst eine gewöhnliche Tracht der Hausnarren zu Sh.'s Zeit, soll in diesem Falle den Herzog von Oesterreich zugleich dem Gespötte und der Verachtung preisgeben. — *recreant limbs* sind eigentlich *limbs of a recreant* = die Glieder eines abtrünnigen Feiglings. 34) *earthly* verbesserte Pope das *earthy* der Fol., und in der folgenden Zeile änderte Theobald das *tast* der Fol. in *task* um. 35) *to tithe* ist das Besondere, = den Zehnten erheben, *to toll* das Allgemeinere, = Abgaben oder Steuern jeder Art auflegen. 36) Der Papst, indem er einen durch Bestechung zu gewinnenden Ablass verkauft, bringt sich durch diesen Verkauf um die Sündenverzeihung, deren er für sich selber bedarf. 37) *witchcraft* ist hier das Papstthum selbst, eigentlich eine Hexenkunst, die auf Blendwerk beruht. 38) Das erste *alone* gehört zu *I*, das zweite zu *me*. 39) Für *excommunicated*. — Sh. bildet die Participia der Verba auf *—ate* häufig so. 40) *to canonize* betont Sh. bald auf der ersten, bald auf der zweiten Sylbe. 41) Das Wortspiel zwischen *room* und *Rome* hat Sh. auch sonst; so in Julius Cæsar (A. 1, Sc. 2)

Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?
Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic,
And raise the power of France upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.
Eli. Look'st thou pale, France? do not let go thy hand.
Const. Look to that, devil, lest that France repent,
And, by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.[42]
Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.
Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.
Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs, —
Because —
Bast. Your breeches best may carry them.[43]
K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal?
Const. What should he say, but as the cardinal?
Lew. Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
Or the light loss of England for a friend:
Forego the easier.[44]
Blanch. That 's the curse of Rome.
Const. O Lewis, stand fast! the devil tempts thee here,
In likeness of a new-uptrimmed[45] bride.
Blanch. The lady Constance speaks not from her faith,
But from her need.
Const. O! if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,[46]
That need must needs[47] infer this principle,
That faith would live again by death of need;
O! then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.
K. John. The king is mov'd, and answers not to this.
Const. O! be remov'd[48] from him, and answer well.
Aust. Do so, king Philip: hang no more in doubt.
Bast. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet lout.
K. Phi. I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.
Pand. What canst thou say, but will perplex thee more,
If thou stand excommunicate, and curs'd?
K. Phi. Good reverend father, make my person yours,
And tell me how you would bestow yourself.[49]
This royal hand and mine are newly knit,
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Married in league, coupled and link'd together
With all religious strength of sacred vows;
The latest breath that gave the sound of words,
Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,
Between our kingdoms, and our royal selves;
And even before this truce, but new before,[50]
No longer than we well could wash our hands,
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,
Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and overstain'd
With slaughter's pencil; where revenge did paint
The fearful difference of incensed kings:
And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,
So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,[51]
Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regreet?[52]
Play fast and loose[53] with faith? so jest with heaven,
Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
As now again to snatch our palm from palm,
Unswear faith sworn, and on the marriage-bed
Of smiling peace to march[54] a bloody host,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity?[55] O! holy Sir,
My reverend father, let it not be so.
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
Some gentle order, and then we shall be bless'd
To do your pleasure, and continue friends.
Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,
Save what is opposite to England's love.
Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church,
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,
A mother's curse,[56] on her revolting son.
France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue
A chafed lion[57] by the mortal paw,
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.
K. Phi. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.
Pand. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith;
And, like a civil war, sett'st oath to oath,
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O! let thy vow,
First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd;
That is, to be the champion of our church.
What since thou swor'st is sworn against thyself,
And may not be performed by thyself:

Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough. 42) Der Teufel muss es verhüten, dass der König von Frankreich seine Hand abziehe von dem englischen Bündnisse, weil damit der Hölle die Seele verloren ginge, welche ihr durch den päpstlichen Bannfluch verfallen muss. 43) Der Bastard fasst *to pocket up* = einstecken, wörtlich = in die Tasche stecken, und knüpft *pocket* an *breeches* an. So kommt in dem alten Schauspiel King Leir vor: *Well, I have a pair of slops for the nonce* || *Will hold all your mocks.* 44) Der Verlust von Englands Freundschaft ist leichter zu ertragen, als der Erwerb *(purchase)* eines römischen Bannfluchs. 45) *new-uptrimmed* = frisch aufgeputzt, eben erst mit dem bräutlichen Schmucke angethan. So steht *to trim up* in Romeo and Juliet (A. 4, Sc. 4) *Go, waken Juliet; go, and trim her up.* — Die Fol. hat *new untrimmed*, wofür manche Hgg. mit Theobald *new and trimmed* lesen. 46) Die Noth der Constanze rührt eben von der Wortbrüchigkeit und Treulosigkeit her, deren Opfer sie hat werden müssen. 47) Wortspiel zwischen *need* und *needs*. 48) Gegensatz zwischen *moved* und *removed* = abermals bewegt, und = entfernt, abgebracht von Einem. 49) *to bestow one's self* = sich stellen, eine sichere, geschützte Stellung einnehmen. 50) *but new before* = nur eben vorher. — Der Satz bleibt, in Folge der eingeschobenen Zwischensätze, unvollendet, wie solche Anakoluthien bei Sh. häufig sind. 51) *strong in both* ist entweder Apposition zu *love*: Freundschaft, die in Beiden, Philipp und Johann, so stark ist; oder es bezieht sich *strong* auf *hands*, *both* auf *blood* und *love*. — Die letztere Deutung scheint die vorzüglichere zu sein. 52) *regreet*, eigentlich ein Gegengruss, ist dann = Austausch von Begrüssungen, oder auch einfach = Begrüssung. 53) *to play fast and loose* ist = ein Spiel treiben, das auf Sinnentäuschung beruht, indem der Getäuschte das, was er festzuhalten glaubt, in der That nicht festhält. — Eine Anspielung auf ein solches Spiel, das mit Bindfäden oder Bändern auf den Jahrmärkten gespielt wurde, kommt auch in Antony and Cleopatra (A. 4, Sc. 10) vor. 54) *to march* ist hier transitiv = marschiren lassen. 55) Das freundliche Aussehen ächter Herzlichkeit soll durch Hader und wilde Leidenschaft getrübt werden. 56) Der Fluch der Kirche erhält dadurch sein Gewicht, dass er der Fluch einer Mutter ist. 57) *chafed lion* ist eine Conjectur Theobald's, wie in K. Henry VIII. (A. 3, Sc. 2) *so looks the chafed lion* || *Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him.* — Andere versuchen

For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss,
Is not amiss when it is truly done:[58]
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then most done not doing it.
The better act of purposes mistook
Is, to mistake again: though indirect,[59]
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falsehood falsehood cures; as fire cools fire,
Within the scorched veins of one new-burn'd.[60]
It is religion that doth make vows kept;
But thou hast sworn against religion
By what thou swear'st, against the thing thou swear'st,[61]
And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth
Against an oath: the truth, thou art unsure
To swear, swears only not to be forsworn;[62]
Else, what a mockery should it be to swear!
But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;
And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.
Therefore, thy later vows, against thy first,
Is[63] in thyself rebellion to thyself;
And better conquest never canst thou make,
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against these giddy loose suggestions:[64]
Upon which better part our prayers come in,
If thou vouchsafe them; but, if not, then know,
The peril of our curses light on thee
So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off,
But in despair die under their black weight.
Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion!
Bast. Will 't not be?[65]
Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine?
Lew. Father, to arms!
Blanch. Upon thy wedding-day?
Against the blood that thou hast married?
What! shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men?
Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums,
Clamours of hell, be measures[66] to our pomp?
O husband, hear me! — ah, alack! how new
Is husband in my mouth! — even for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Against mine uncle.
Const. O! upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
Forethought by heaven!
Blanch. Now shall I see thy love. What motive may
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?
Const. That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,[67]
His honour. O! thine honour, Lewis, thine honour.
Lew. I muse,[68] your majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on.
Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.
K. Phi. Thou shalt not need. — England, I 'll fall from thee.
Const. O fair return of banish'd majesty![69]
Eli. O foul revolt of French inconstancy![70]
K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.
Bast. Old Time the clock-setter, that bald sexton Time,[71]
Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.
Blanch. The sun 's o'ercast with blood: fair day, adieu!
Which is the side that I must go withal?
I am with both: each army hath a hand;
And in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whirl asunder, and dismember me.
Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win;
Uncle, I needs must pray that thou may'st lose;
Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;
Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:
Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;
Assured loss, before the match be play'd.
Lew. Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.

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die Lesart der Fol., *cased lion*, zu retten, indem sie *cased = irritated by confinement* erklären. 58) Das, was Du Unrechtes zu thun geschworen hast, ist kein Unrecht mehr, wenn Du es auf rechtliche Weise — nämlich in entgegengesetzter Art — ausführst. — Dass der Legat diesen versteckten Sinn mit seinen anscheinend widersprechenden Worten verbindet, geht aus den folgenden Zeilen hervor. 59) *though indirect* geht auf das *to mistake again*: obwohl es unrecht ist, fehlzugreifen, so wird doch die frühere Ungerechtigkeit durch ein solches abermaliges Fehlgreifen gerecht. 60) Anspielung auf die Heilung von Brandwunden durch ein wundärztliches Brennen. 61) Zu *swear'st* ist aus dem Vorigen ein *by* zu ergänzen, wie Sh. häufig eine Präposition, die am Schlusse des relativen Satzes noch folgen sollte, weglässt, als sei sie schon vorangegangen. — Unter *against the thing by which thou swear'st* ist eben *religion* zu verstehen. 62) *to swear* ist = schwören, beschwören, und = schwören lassen, eidlich verpflichten. Der Sinn der Stelle ist also: die Wahrheit, von der Du nicht gewiss bist, dass Du sie als solche beschwörst, verpflichtet Dich eidlich nur so weit und insofern, dass Du keinen Meineid thust. — Malone las *swear only* und construirte demnach: *thou art unsure to swear the truth; swear* (Imperativ) *only not to be forsworn.* Damit würde aber der in den folgenden Versen fortgeführte Gedankengang unterbrochen. — Staunton schlägt folgende Lesung der schwierigen Stelle vor: *By that, thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st,* || *And mak'st an oath, the surety for thy truth,* || *Against an oath, the proof thou art unsure.* || *Who swears swears only not to be forsworn,* || *Else what a mockery should it be to swear!* 63) *is* bezieht sich nicht auf ein bestimmtes Wort, sondern auf das Ganze: *thy later vows against thy first.* Die späteren Gelübde (d. h. die dem König Johann geleisteten) gegen Deine früheren Gelübde (d. h. die der Kirche geleisteten) festzuhalten oder entgegenzustellen, das ist in Dir eine Empörung gegen Dich selbst. 64) *suggestion* = Einflüsterung, Versuchung. So gebraucht Sh. *to suggest = to tempt.* 65) *Will 't not be?* bezieht sich auf das Folgende, und ist ein Ausruf der Ungeduld. 66) *measures to our pomp* sind die feierlichen Töne und Melodien, nach denen der Hochzeitszug sich bewegt. — Im alten K. John steht *Drums shall be music to this wedding-day.* 67) Vielleicht wäre hier eine Bühnenweisung zu suppliren, nach welcher der Dauphin die knieende Lady Blanch vom Boden aufhebt. 68) *to muse* = Betrachtungen anstellen, sich wundern über Etwas. 69) Indem König Philipp das ihn beschimpfende englische Bündniss eingegangen war, hatte er gleichsam seine Herrscherwürde verbannt. 70) So sagt bei dem Abfall des Herzogs von Burgund die Pucelle in K. Henry VI. First Part (A. 3, Sc. 3) *Done like a Frenchman, turn, and turn again!* 71) Die Zeit wird hier humoristisch als ein alter Küster personificirt, der

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance together. — *[Exit Bastard.*

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;
A rage, whose heat hath this condition,
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood [72] and dearest-valu'd blood, of France.

K. Phi. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn
To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire.
Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy. —

K. John. No more than he that threats. — To arms let 's hie! *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Same. Plains near Angiers.

Alarums; excursions. Enter the Bastard, with Austria's *head.* [1]

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;
Some airy devil [2] hovers in the sky,
And pours down mischief. Austria's head, lie there,
While Philip breathes. [3]

Enter King John, Arthur, *and* Hubert.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy. — Philip, make up:
My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.

Bast. My lord, I rescu'd her;
Her highness is in safety, fear you not:
But on, my liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Same.

Alarums; excursions; retreat. Enter King John, Elinor, Arthur, *the Bastard,* Hubert, *and Lords.*

K. John. [To Elinor.*]* So shall it be; your grace shall stay behind,
So strongly guarded. [1] — *[To* Arthur.*]* Cousin, look not sad:
Thy grandam loves thee, and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

Arth. O! this will make my mother die with grief.

K. John. [To the Bastard.] Cousin, away for England: haste before;
And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; imprisoned angels [2]
Set at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now [3] be fed upon:
Use our commission in his utmost force. [4]

Bast. Bell, book, and candle,[5] shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver becks me to come on.
I leave your highness. — Grandam, I will pray
(If ever I remember to be holy) [6]
For your fair safety: so I kiss your hand.

Eli. Farewell, [7] gentle cousin.

K. John. Coz, farewell. *[Exit Bastard.*

Eli. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word. *[She takes* Arthur *aside.*

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much: within this wall of flesh
There is a soul, counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage [8] means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say, —
But I will fit it with some better tune. [9]
By heaven, Hubert, I am almost asham'd
To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet;
But thou shalt have: and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say, — but let it go:
The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds, [10]
To give me audience: — if the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,

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die Thurmuhr regulirt und die Glocke läutet. 72) Sidney Walker vermuthet sinnreich *the best* für *the blood.*

1) Im alten K. John fällt der Herzog von Oesterreich auf der Bühne: *Excursions. The Bastard pursues Austria and kills him.* 2) Die Teufel werden in den dämonologischen Schriften zu Sh.'s Zeit nach den Elementen unterschieden, in denen sie ihr Wesen treiben. So schüttet hier ein böser Luftgeist aus der Höhe das Unheil herab, das in der Schlacht vor sich geht. — Für *airy* wollte Theobald *fiery* lesen. 3) *to breathe* = Luft schöpfen, sich ausruhen von einer Anstrengung, hier von der Arbeit des Kampfes. — Mit *Philip* bezeichnet der Bastard sich selbst, wie ihn König Johann ebenfalls gleich nachher anredet, ohne zu beachten, dass der Bastard, seit er zum Ritter geschlagen war, Richard hiess. — Im alten K. John wird der Bastard durchgehends *Philip* genannt.

1) Die Königin soll mit starker Besatzung in Frankreich bleiben, während Johann nach England zurückkehren will. 2) Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 2, Anm. 52. — Malone änderte, um den Vers regelmässiger zu bilden, als er überall bei Sh. erscheint: *angels imprisoned || Set thou at liberty.* — Plausibler ist Sidney Walker's Umstellung: *Of hoarding abbots; set at liberty || Imprison'd angels: the fat ribs of peace etc.* 3) Für *now* wollte Warburton *war,* Hanmer *maw* lesen. Indess steht das Wort nicht so müssig, wie die Emendatoren meinen: die im Frieden fett gewordenen Rippen (d. h. die Güter der Geistlichen), die man bisher verschonte, müssen jetzt zur Nahrung dienen, da die Männer des Krieges hungrig sind. 4) Gebrauche die von uns ertheilte Vollmacht in ihrer ganzen Wirksamkeit, so weit sie reicht. 5) Anspielung auf die Excommunication der katholischen Kirche, wo bei der Verkündigung des Bannes die Glocke geläutet, eine Bibel emporgehalten und drei brennende Kerzen ausgelöscht wurden. 6) Wenn es mir jemals in den Sinn kommt, fromm zu sein. 7) Die meisten Hgg. setzen zur Vervollständigung des Verses *my gentle cousin.* 8) *advantage* = Ueberschuss. 9) *tune* liest die Fol. mit verständlichem Sinne. Was der König zu sagen hat, will er, ehe er es sagt, mit einer besseren Melodie ausstatten: er will erst eine bessere Tonweise dafür erfinden, um es dem Hubert besser beizubringen. — Die meisten Hgg. lesen mit Pope *time* für *tune.* 10) Der Tag ist zu vergnügungslustig und zu sehr mit buntem Tand *(gawds)* beschäftigt,

Sound on[11] into the drowsy race of night;
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy-thick,
(Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,[12]
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purposes;)
Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,[13]
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words:
Then, in despite of brooded-watchful day,[14] —
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts.
But, ah! I will not: — yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'st me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By heaven, I would do it.

K. John. Do not I know, thou wouldst?
Good Hubert! Hubert, — Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy. I 'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way;
And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me. Dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I 'll keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My lord.[15]

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough.
I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee;
Well, I 'll not say what I intend for thee:
Remember[16] — Madam, fare you well:
I 'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.[17]

Eli. My blessing go with thee!

K. John. For England, cousin: go.
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty. — On toward Calais, ho! *[Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Same. The French King's Tent.

Enter King Philip, Lewis, Pandulph, *and Attendants.*

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole armado[1] of connected[2] sail
Is scatter'd, and disjoin'd from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.

K. Phi. What can go well, when we have run so ill?[3]
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?
And bloody England into England[4] gone,
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?

Lew. What he hath won, that hath he fortified:
So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,[5]
Doth want example. Who hath read, or heard,
Of any kindred action[6] like to this?

K. Phi. Well could I bear that England had this praise,
So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter Constance.

Look, who comes here? a grave unto a soul;
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath.[7] —
I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.

Const. Lo now, now see the issue of your peace!

K. Phi. Patience, good lady: comfort, gentle Constance!

Const. No, I defy[8] all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death. — O amiable lovely death!
Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!

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als dass er den Reden Johann's Gehör leihen könnte. 11) *to sound on* bezeichnet das fortgesetzte Tönen der Mitternachtglocke bis zu zwölf Schlägen. So tönt die Glocke, gleichsam zur Beschleunigung, in den trägen, langsamen Verlauf *(drowsy race)* der Nacht hinein. Vielleicht wäre auch zu lesen *sound: On!* — Die meisten Hgg. setzen mit Theobald *one* für *on*, andere sogar *ear* für *race*. 12) Das Lachen ist hier personificirt als ein Einfaltspinsel gedacht, der in den Augen der Menschen sitzt und ihre Wangen zu albernem Spass verzerrt, — eine Aeusserung des Affects *(passion)*, die sich mit Johann's finstern Plänen nicht verträgt. 13) *conceit* ist eine Auffassung, die nicht durch die Sinnesorgane vermittelt zu werden braucht. 14) Der Tag liegt über ihnen so wachsam, wie ein Vogel über seiner Brut im Neste. Für *brooded-watchful*, das M. Mason mit Recht als Compositum auffasste, wollte Pope *broad-ey'd, watchful* lesen. Sollte überflüssiger Weise geändert werden, so läge Mitford's Conjectur *broad and watchful* jedenfalls näher, in dem Sinne, wie Sh. die Copula *and* häufig anwendet = *broadly watchful*. 15) Die Hgg. setzen hier ein Fragezeichen, die Fol. richtiger einen Punkt. 16) Johann unterdrückt, was er weiter sagen will: denke, was ich Dir auftrug. 17) Vgl. Anm. 1 dieser Scene.

1) *armado* ist eine Anspielung auf die Armada, die spanische Flotte, welche, gegen England ausgesandt, im Jahre 1588 zu Grunde ging. — In dem Pseudo-Sh.'schen Drama Edward III. kommt ebenso vor: *The proud armado of king Edward's ships.* 2) Die Fol. hat *convicted*, was die Hgg. = besiegt, erklären, eine Bedeutung, die kaum nachweislich ist, und, wenn auch, in den Zusammenhang hier wenig passen würde, da nicht von besiegten, sondern von durch Sturm zerstreuten Schiffen die Rede sein kann. Pope schlug *collected* vor; näher der ältern Lesart kommt jedoch *connected sail:* die zu einer Kriegsflotte verbundenen Schiffe, welche der Sturm aus dieser Bundesgenossenschaft zerstreut hat. — Damit vergleicht König Philipp seine jetzige Lage. — *connected* ist, wie die Cambridge Edd. angeben, auch eine Conjectur Malone's. 3) Wie *ill* dem *well*, ist *run* dem *go* gegenübergestellt. 4) *England* ist zuerst der König, dann das Land. — Johann ist nach England zurückgekehrt, allen vom König Philipp ihm entgegengesetzten Hindernissen zum Trotz. 5) Diese besonnene Ordnung ist um so auffallender, je mehr die Sache selbst, um die es sich handelte, zu wilder Hast fortriss. — So erklärt, bedarf *cause* nicht der Emendation *course*, welche Warburton vorschlug. 6) *kindred action* ist eine Schlacht oder Kriegsexpedition, die in ihrem Charakter der besprochenen verwandt, ähnlich ist. 7) Der Leib selbst wird hier als das Gefängniss aufgefasst, das den verkümmerten Lebenshauch, also das Leben, in sich festhält. 8) *to defy* = trotzen,

Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestable[9] bones,
And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows,[10]
And ring these fingers with thy household worms,
And stop this gap of breath[11] with fulsome dust,
And be a carrion monster like thyself:
Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smil'st,
And buss thee as thy wife! Misery's love,[12]
O, come to me!
K. Phi. O fair affliction,[13] peace!
Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry. —
O! that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth;
Then with a passion[14] would I shake the world,
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a modern invocation.
Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.
Const. Thou art unholy[15] to belie me so.
I am not mad: this hair I tear, is mine;
My name is Constance; I was Geffrey's wife;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost!
I am not mad: — I would to heaven, I were,
For then, 't is like I should forget myself:
O, if I could, what grief should I forget! —
Preach some philosophy[16] to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canoniz'd,[17] cardinal;
For, being not mad, but sensible[18] of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself:
If I were mad, I should forget my son,
Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he.
I am not mad: too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.
K. Phi. Bind up those tresses. O! what love[19] I note
In the fair multitude of those her hairs!
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends[20]
Do glue themselves in sociable grief;
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.
Const. To England, if you will.[21]
K. Phi. Bind up your hairs.
Const. Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds, and cried aloud,
»O, that these hands could so redeem my son,
As they have given these hairs their liberty!«
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner. —
And, father cardinal, I have heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven.
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,[22]
There was not such a gracious[23] creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit,
And so he 'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven,
I shall not know him: therefore, never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.
Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.[24]
Const. He talks to me, that never had a son.
K. Phi. You are as fond of grief as of your child.
Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form:
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.
Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do. —
I will not keep this form upon my head,[25]
When there is such disorder in my wit.

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nichts mit einer Sache zu thun haben wollen. 9) *detestable* betont Sh. auf der ersten Sylbe. 10) In die leeren Augenhöhlen des Todes will Constanze ihre eigenen Augäpfel drücken, so zärtlich will sie ihn umschliessen. 11) *gap of breath* ist der Mund, die Oeffnung, aus der der Athem hervordringt. 12) Der Tod wird hier personificirt als der Buhle der weiblich personificirten *misery*. — *to buss* hatte zu Sh.'s Zeit einen edleren Sinn als jetzt, und war völlig synonym mit *to kiss*. 13) Constanze wird angeredet als die verkörperte *affliction*. 14) *passion* ist jede äusserliche Darlegung eines leidenschaftlichen Affectes; damit wollte Constanze die Welt erschüttern, und den Tod, das grässliche Gerippe *(anatomy)*, vom Schlafe aufrütteln, weil er auf eine so gewöhnliche, alltägliche Beschwörung *(modern invocation)*, wie sie eine solche mit weiblich schwacher Stimme versucht hat, nicht achtet. — *modern* = herkömmlich, gewöhnlich, kommt oft bei Sh. vor. — Die Cambridge Edd. citiren die Vermuthung, dass in dieser Rede der Constanze der letzte Vers an Stelle des vorletzten habe treten sollen und nur aus Versehen beide in der Handschrift neben einander stehen geblieben seien. 15) *unholy* ist Steevens' Vermuthung; die meisten Hgg. lesen mit der Folioausg. von 1685 *not holy*, wofür die früheren Folioausgg. sinnlos *holy* hatten. 16) *philosophy* als vergebliche Trösterin im Leide kommt auch in Romeo and Juliet (A. 3, Sc. 3) vor: *hang up philosophy*. 17) Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 1, Anm. 40. 18) *sensible* = sinnbegabt, daher sowohl = vernünftig, im Gegensatz zu *mad*, als auch = empfänglich für Schmerz, in Verbindung mit *of grief*. 19) Die Liebe zeigt sich in dem treuen Zusammenhalten der einzelnen Haare, obgleich sie aufgelöst sind. 20) *friends* ist Rowe's Emendation für *fiends* der Fol. — Die Haare sind die gleichsam aus feinem Draht bestehenden Genossen, die, von einer darauf gefallenen Thräne, zusammenkleben in verbündetem Leidtragen, als Theilnehmer eines Schmerzes. 21) d. h. bringt mich nach England, wenn Ihr wollt. — Ihre Gedanken richten sich dahin, wo ihr Sohn gefangen ist, und in der Aufforderung, ihr Haar in Ordnung zu bringen, erkennt sie eine Aufforderung, sich zu einer Reise fertig zu halten. 22) *to suspire* = aufathmen, hier von dem ersten Athemzug eines neugebornen Kindes. 23) *gracious* ist mehr als = *graceful*, wie Steevens erklärt. Es bezeichnet die Ausstattung mit allen geistigen und leiblichen Vorzügen, die als Geschenk des Himmels *(grace)* verliehen werden können. 24) Ihr nehmt Euch des Schmerzes in einer zu gehässigen, ruchlosen Weise an. — Der Cardinal spricht als Geistlicher, und als solchem antwortet ihm Constanze. 25) Constanze will ihre Haare nicht in dieser hergebrachten Ordnung halten, da ihr Geist in solcher Verwirrung ist. Sie bezieht sich damit auf die Art, wie sie vorhin schon ihr Haar auseinander

O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure! *[Exit.*
K. Phi. I fear some outrage,[26] and I'll follow her. *[Exit.*
Lew. There's nothing in this world can make me joy:
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's[27] taste,
That it yields nought but shame and bitterness.
Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest: evils that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil.
What have you lost by losing of this day?[28]
Lew. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.
Pand. If you had won it, certainly, you had.
No, no: when Fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
'T is strange, to think how much king John hath lost
In this which he accounts so clearly won.
Are not you griev'd, that Arthur is his prisoner?
Lew. As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.
Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit;
For even the breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne; and therefore mark.
John hath seiz'd Arthur; and it cannot be,
That whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The misplac'd[29] John should entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest.
A sceptre, snatch'd with an unruly hand,[30]
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd;
And he that stands upon a slippery place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up:[31]
That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall;
So be it, for it cannot be but so.
Lew. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?
Pand. You, in the right of Lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.
Lew. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.
Pand. How green you are, and fresh in this old world!
John lays you plots;[32] the times conspire with you;
For he that steeps his safety in true blood,
Shall find but bloody safety, and untrue.
This act, so evilly borne,[33] shall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal,
That none so small advantage shall step forth
To check his reign, but they will cherish it:[34]
No natural exhalation in the sky,
No scope of nature,[35] no distemper'd day,
No common wind, no customed event,
But they will pluck away his natural cause,
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,
Abortives, presages, and tongues of heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.
Lew. May be, he will not touch young Arthur's life,
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.[36]
Pand. O! Sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone[37] already,
Even at that news he dies; and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change,[38]
And pick strong matter of revolt, and wrath,
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
Methinks, I see this hurly all on foot:
And, O! what better matter breeds for you,
Than I have nam'd! — The bastard Faulconbridge
Is now in England ransacking the church,
Offending charity: if but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call[39]
To train ten thousand English to their side;
Or as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,
Go with me to the king. 'T is wonderful,
What may be wrought out of their discontent,
Now that their souls are topful of offence.
For England, go; I will whet on the king.
Lew. Strong reasons make strong actions.[40] Let us go:
If you say, ay, the king will not say, no. *[Exeunt.*

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zerrte. Die Hgg. verstehen die Stelle und namentlich das Wort *this form* zu wörtlich, wenn sie die Bühnenweisung hinzufügen: *Tearing off her head-dress.* 26) d. h. eine Gewaltthat, die sie gegen sich selbst begehen könnte. 27) So emendirte Pope das *words* der Fol., und seine Conjectur wird sehr wahrscheinlich durch die vorhergehende erste Zeile in der Rede des Dauphins, sowie durch den Nachsatz: *That it yields nought etc. — word's*, wenn die alte Lesart beibehalten werden soll, muss sich auf *life* beziehen; indess würde Sh. sich schwerlich so seltsam ausgedrückt haben, oder er hätte doch mit deutlicherer Hinweisung *that sweet word's* gesagt. 28) *day* = Schlachttag, dann die Schlacht selbst; der Dauphin in seiner Antwort fasst *day* im gewöhnlichen Sinne. 29) *misplac'd* = der seinen Platz verkehrt, mit Unrecht, einnimmt. 30) *unruly* steht hier in ungewöhnlichem Sinne = nicht zur Herrschaft *(rule)* geeignet oder berechnet. — Diese Zeile erinnert an eine Stelle in Macbeth (A. 3, Sc. 1) *put a barren sceptre in my gripe,* || *Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand.* 31) Der thut nicht spröde gegen irgend eine noch so schlechte Stütze, die ihm einen Halt gewährt. 32) Der Nachdruck liegt auf *you:* Johann intriguirt für Euch, seine Anschläge fallen zu Eurem Vortheil aus. 33) Da der Druck der Fol. zwischen *born* und *borne* nicht genau unterscheidet, so kann es zweifelhaft sein, ob Sh. hier von einer schlimm geborenen, oder einer schlecht durchgeführten That sprechen will. Die meisten Hgg. entscheiden sich für erstere Annahme, indem sie *born* setzen; indess scheint die letztere doch die vorzüglichere. — *borne* lesen auch Dyce und Staunton. 34) Die missvergnügten Unterthanen Johann's werden jede noch so geringfügige Gelegenheit *(advantage)* willkommen heissen, die sich zur Beeinträchtigung seiner Herrschaft darbieten mag. 35) *scope of nature* = ein freies Schalten und Walten der Natur, wie es sich in Wind und Wetter ausspricht; also das ganz Gewöhnliche und Natürliche, dem nur das aufgeregte Volk ungewöhnliche Deutungen zum Nachtheile Johann's unterlegt. — Die meisten Hgg. lesen mit Pope *scape of nature* = Fehltritt der Natur, was zu dem Folgenden wenig passt. 36) *his prisonment* ist Arthur's Gefangenhaltung. 37) *gone* euphemistisch für: weggeräumt, aus dem Wege geschafft. 38) Die Erscheinung des Dauphins in England ist ein Wechsel, den sie, ohne ihn zu kennen, doch mit vollen Herzen begrüssen werden. 39) *call* ist der Ruf des Lockvogels, der, obwohl von Einem ausgehend, doch eine Menge Vögel herbeilockt. 40) *strong actions* verbessert die Folioausg. von 1632 das *strange actions* der Fol.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Northampton.[1] A Room in the Castle.

Enter HUBERT *and Two Attendants.*

Hub. Heat me these irons hot; and look thou stand
Within the arras:[2] when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground,[3] rush forth,
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair: be heedful. Hence, and watch.
1. Atten. I hope, your warrant will bear out the deed.[4]
Hub. Uncleanly scruples! fear not you: look to 't. —
[Exeunt Attendants.
Young lad, come forth; I have to say[5] with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.
Hub. Good morrow, little prince.
Arth. As little prince[6] (having so great a title
To be more prince) as may be. — You are sad.
Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.
Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks, nobody should be sad but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness.[7] By my christendom,[8]
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him.
Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son?
No, indeed, is 't not; and I would to heaven,
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.
Hub. [Aside.] If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch.
Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day.
In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
That I might sit all night, and watch with you:
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.
Hub. [Aside.] His words do take possession of my bosom. —
Read here, young Arthur. *[Showing a paper.*
[Aside.] How now, foolish rheum![9]
Turning dispiteous torture out of door!
I must be brief, lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears. —
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?
Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect.[10]
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?
Hub. Young boy, I must.
Arth. And will you?
Hub. And I will.
Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me,)
And I did never ask it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head,
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,[11]
Saying, »What lack you?« and, »Where lies your grief?«
Or, »What good love may I perform for you?«
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick-service[12] had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning: do, an if you will.
If heaven be pleas'd that you will use me ill,
Why, then you must. — Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,[13]
So much as frown on you?
Hub. I have sworn to do it,
And with hot irons must I burn them out.
Arth. Ah! none but in this iron age would do it.
The iron of itself, though heat[14] red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench this[15] fiery indignation
Even in the matter of mine innocence;[16]
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,[17]

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1) Auch diese nähere Bestimmung der Localität rührt von den Hggn. her. Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1, Anm. 2. — Die Fol. hat *Enter Hubert and Executioners.* — Hubert ertheilt die erste Weisung seiner Rede an den Einen, die zweite: *look thou stand etc.* an den Andern. 2) *arras* ist die gewirkte Tapete, die so aufgehängt wurde, dass zwischen ihr und der Wand ein Zwischenraum blieb, der auf dem Sh.'schen Theater häufig den Lauschern zum Versteckplatz dient. So in Hamlet (A. 3, Sc. 3) *Behind the arras I 'll convey myself.* 3) *bosom of the ground*, eigentlich was den Grund in sich birgt, die Decke oder Oberfläche des Bodens. So in K. Richard II. (A. 3, Sc. 2) *Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.* 4) Im alten K. John sagt Hubert selbst *my masters, I have shewed you what warrant I have for this attempt.* — Vgl. Einleitung pag. 576. 5) *to say* = sprechen. 6) *little* versteht Hubert adjectivisch von der Jugend und Kleinheit Arthur's, Arthur selbst adverbial von dem geringen Ansehen, das er als Prinz besitzt. 7) Aus Affectation melancholisch auszusehen, kommt auch bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen als charakteristisch für vornehme Herren vor. So in Lyly's Midas: *melancholy is the crest of courtiers, and now every base companion etc. says he is melancholy.* 8) *christendom* ist die Qualität eines Christen, wie sie durch die Taufe gewonnen wird. 9) Das thörichte Nass der Augen verjagt die mitleidlose Tortur, welche Hubert auszuüben im Begriffe steht. 10) Der hässliche Sinn oder Inhalt des Papiers wird der schönen Handschrift gegenübergestellt. 11) Wie die Minuten, die in ihrer steten Aufeinanderfolge immer wachsam sind, die Stunde hinhalten, so hielt Arthur immer wieder und von Neuem die Zeit hin, die dem kranken Hubert so schwer verstrich. — Vielleicht construirte Sh. aber *minutes watchful to the hour.* 12) *sick-service* = Krankendienst, ist ein Compositum, wie *sick-bed* u. a. 13) Dieselbe Wendung, mit derselben Sh.'schen Häufung der Negation, kehrt A. 5, Sc. 7 wieder: *This England never did, nor never shall,* || *Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror.* 14) *heat*, ein veraltetes Particip von *to heat*, kommt auch bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen noch vor; so in Webster's Northward Hoe: *he 's heat to the proof.* 15) *this* weist auf das vorhergehende *heat red-hot* hin; die Hgg. ändern zum Theil *his.* 16) scil. *my tears.* Arthur's Thränen sind das Erzeugniss seiner Unschuld und Harmlosigkeit. 17) Das Eisen würde sich nachher in Rost verzehren, gleichsam aus Reue, dass es Feuer enthielt, um

But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
An if an angel should have come to me,
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believ'd him; no tongue but Hubert's.[18]
Hub. Come forth. *[Stamps.*[19]

Re-enter Attendants, with cords, irons, etc.

Do as I bid you do.
Arth. O! save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out,
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.
Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.
Arth. Alas! what need you be so boisterous-rough?
I will not struggle; I will stand stone-still.
For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound.
Nay, hear me, Hubert: drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angerly.
Thrust but these men away, and I 'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.
Hub. Go, stand within: let me alone with him.
1. Atten. I am best pleas'd to be from[20] such a deed.
[Exeunt Attendants.
Arth. Alas! I then have chid away my friend:
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart. —
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.
Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.
Arth. Is there no remedy?
Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.
Arth. O heaven! — that there were but a moth[21] in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.
Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.
Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:[22]
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert:
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes. O! spare mine eyes;
Though to no use, but still to look on you.
Lo! by my troth, the instrument[23] is cold,
And would not harm me.
Hub. I can heat it, boy.
Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be us'd[24]
In undeserv'd extremes:[25] see else yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal;[26]
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.
Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.
Arth. An if[27] you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes;
And like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre[28] him on.
All things that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.[29]
Hub. Well, see to live;[30] I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron[31] to burn them out.
Arth. O! now you look like Hubert: all this while
You were disguised.
Hub. Peace! no more. Adieu.
Your uncle must not know but you are dead:
I 'll fill these dogged spies[32] with false reports.
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.
Arth. O heaven! — I thank you, Hubert.
Hub. Silence! no more. Go closely[33] in with me;
Much danger do I undergo for thee. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Same. A Room of State in the Palace.

Enter King JOHN, *crowned;* PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, *and other Lords. The King takes his state.*[1]

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again[2] crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.
Pem. This once again, but that your highness pleas'd,
Was once superfluous: you were crown'd before,

Arthur's Augen Schaden zu thun. 18) scil. *I would have believed no tongue but Hubert's.* Steevens dagegen setzte einen Gedankenstrich hinter *Hubert's*, als ob ein neuer Satz in Arthur's Rede durch Hubert unterbrochen würde. 19) Diese Bühnenweisung sowie die folgende fehlt in der Fol., wo vorher auch der Weggang der *Executioners* nicht bezeichnet wird. 20) *from* = fern von, weg von. 21) *moth* ist Sh.'s Wort für *mote* = Atom, Splitter. Die Hgg. setzen stillschweigend *mote* dafür, das sich doch nicht bloss in der Orthographie, sondern auch in der Aussprache davon unterscheidet. 22) Um für zwei gefährdete Augen das Wort zu führen, wären zwei Zungen nicht zu viel, geschweige denn meine einzelne Zunge. 23) d. h. das vorher glühend gemachte Eisen. 24) *to be us'd* ist mit *grief* zu verbinden, und die eingeschobene Parenthese *being create etc.* gehört zu *fire.* 25) *undeserved extremes* erklärt Johnson mit *acts of cruelty, which I have not deserved.* — Indess bezieht sich *undeserved* wohl genauer auf das mit menschlichen Empfindungen hier ausgestattete *fire:* Gewaltthaten, zu denen verwandt zu werden *(to be used)* das Feuer, das zu erfreulichern Zwecken geschaffen ist, nicht verdient hat. 26) Dafür wollte Grey lesen *There is no malice burning in this coal.* — Indess ist *burning coal* = eine zum Brennen bestimmte Kohle. 27) Das *and if* der Fol. behalten die Hgg. hier bei. Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1, Anm. 26. — Auch Staunton setzt *an if.* 28) *to tarre* = zerren, hetzen. — Sh. gebraucht das Wort auch sonst vom Hetzen der Hunde. 29) Eisen und Feuer werden hier als belebte Wesen gedacht: Geschöpfe, die vorzugsweise und bekanntermassen zu unbarmherzigen Dienstleistungen vorhanden sind. 30) Sieh, damit Du lebest, insofern das Leben erst durch das Gesicht ein wirkliches Leben ist. — Steevens erklärt: *continue to enjoy the means of life;* und Malone: *live, and live with the means of seeing.* 31) *iron* ist im Verlauf dieser Scene abwechselnd ein- und zweisylbig. 32) Die ingrimmigen Späher sind die vorher entlassenen *Executioners.* 33) *closely* = heimlich, still.

And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off,
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land
With any long'd-for change, or better state.
Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard[3] a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue[4]
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven[5] to garnish,
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.
Pem. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new-told,[6]
And in the last repeating troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.
Sal. In this, the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured;
And, like a shifted wind unto[7] a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,
Startles and frights consideration,
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd[8] robe.
Pem. When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness;
And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse:
As patches, set upon a little breach,
Discredit more in hiding of the fault,[9]
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.
Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,
We breath'd our counsel: but it pleas'd your highness
To overbear it, and we are all well pleas'd;
Since all and every part of what we would,
Doth make a stand at what your highness will.[10]
K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possess'd you with, and think them strong;
And more, more strong, when lesser is my fear,[11]
I shall indue you with: meantime, but ask
What you would have reform'd that is not well;
And well shall you perceive, how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

Pem. Then I, as one that am the tongue of these,
To sound[12] the purposes of all their hearts,
Both for myself and them, but, chief of all,
Your safety, for the which myself and them[13]
Bend their best studies, heartily request
The enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument:[14]
If what in rest you have, in right you hold,
Why then your fears, which, as they say, attend
The steps of wrong, should move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise?[15]
That the time's[16] enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit,
That you have bid us ask his liberty;
Which for our goods we do no further ask,
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal, he have his liberty.

Enter HUBERT.

K. John. Let it be so: I do commit his youth
To your direction. — Hubert, what news with you?
[HUBERT *whispers the King.*[17]
Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed:
He show'd his warrant[18] to a friend of mine.
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye: that close aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much troubled breast;
And I do fearfully believe 't is done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.
Sal. The colour of the king doth come and go,
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set.[19]
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.
Pem. And when it breaks,[20] I fear, will issue thence
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.
K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand. —
Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead:
He tells us, Arthur is deceas'd to-night.

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1) Dass der König seinen Thronsessel *(state)* einnimmt, findet sich nicht in der alten Bühnenweisung, und ist von den Hggn. hinzugefügt, Johann's ersten Worten gemäss. 2) Den Druckfehler *against* in der Fol. verbessert die dritte Folioausg. vom Jahre 1665. 3) *to guard* = verbrämen, mit einem Besatz verzieren. — Johann's Würde und Besitz *(title)* waren schon vorher reich genug, als dass sie noch eines nachträglichen Aufputzes bedurft hätten. 4) Eine andere Farbe, als die schon vorhandenen, also eine neu hinzukommende Farbe. — So in Romeo and Juliet (A. 1, Sc. 4) *Then he dreams of another benefice.* 5) d. h. die Sonne. 6) So sagte der Dauphin A. 3, Sc. 4: *Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale*, nur dass hier der Vergleich weiter ausgeführt wird. 7) *unto* hat hier in allgemeinerer Construction *a sail* als das Object nach sich, zu dem das Verbum *makes to fetch about* aus dem Folgenden zu suppliren ist: wie ein umgeschlagener Wind dem Schiff, so giebt diese neue Krönung dem Lauf der Gedanken eine andere Richtung. 8) Der Artikel *a* trennt das zusammengehörige *new-fashioned.* — So in Tempest (A. 4, Sc. 1) *so rare a wonder'd father.* 9) *fault* ist sowohl körperliches wie geistiges Gebrechen. 10) Der Gegensatz ist zwischen *would* und *will*: das, was wir wollten, geräth in Stillstand vor dem, was Eure Hoheit will. 11) *when* ist eine Emendation Tyrwhitt's für *then* der Fol. 12) *to sound* geht auf *tongue*: die Zunge, welche die Meinung der Herzen Aller laut werden lässt. 13) *them* für *they*, wie Sh. die Personalpronomina, des grösseren Nachdrucks wegen, oft vertauscht. 14) *argument* = das Thema der allgemeinen Besprechung, wird in den folgenden Zeilen auseinander gesetzt, daher steht *this* hinweisend: Wenn Ihr rechtmässig besitzt, was Ihr unangefochten besitzt, warum sollten denn Eure Besorgnisse, die sonst nur, wie man sagt, in Folge von begangenem Unrecht entstehen, Euch veranlassen u. s. w. — Der grösseren Deutlichkeit wegen stellt Theobald um: *Why should your fears — — then move you to mew up etc.* 15) *exercise* ist jede Uebung und Lehre, in der die Jugend erzogen wird, geistige wie leibliche. 16) *the time* = die jetzige Zeit, die Regierung Johann's. 17) Die Bühnenweisung ist modern. 18) Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 1, Anm. 4. 19) Der Mordanschlag des Königs und sein Gewissen werden zweien einander gegenübergestellten Schlachtreihen verglichen, zwischen denen die wechselnde Farbe seines Angesichts hin- und hergeht, wie Herolde. — Weil eigentlich zwei Farben, bald blass, bald

Sal. Indeed, we fear'd his sickness was past cure.
Pem. Indeed, we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child himself felt he was sick.
This must be answer'd, either here, or hence.[21]
K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?
Think you I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?
Sal. It is apparent foul play; and 't is shame,
That greatness should so grossly offer it.
So thrive it in your game! and so farewell.
Pem. Stay yet, Lord Salisbury; I 'll go with thée,
And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood which ow'd the breadth of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold. Bad world the while!
This must not be thus borne: this will break out
To all our sorrows,[22] and ere long, I doubt.
[Exeunt Lords.
K. John. They burn in indignation. I repent:
There is no sure foundation set on blood,
No certain life achiev'd by others' death.

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast. Where is that blood,
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm:
Pour down thy weather. — How goes all in France?
Mess. From France to England.[23] — Never such a power,
For any foreign preparation,
Was levied in the body of a land.
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them;[24]
For, when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings comes[25] that they are all arriv'd.
K. John. O! where hath our intelligence[26] been drunk?
Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care,
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?
Mess. My liege, her ear
Is stopp'd with dust: the first of April, died
Your noble mother; and, as I hear, my lord,
The lady Constance in a frenzy died
Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue
I idly[27] heard; if true, or false, I know not.
K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion![28]
O! make a league with me, till I have pleas'd
My discontented peers. — What! mother dead!
How wildly then walks my estate in France![29] —
Under whose conduct came those powers of France,
That thou for truth giv'st out are landed here?
Mess. Under the Dauphin.

Enter the Bastard, and Peter *of Pomfret.*

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings. — Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.
Bast. But, if you be afeard to hear the worst,
Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.
K. John. Bear with me, cousin, for I was amaz'd[30]
Under the tide; but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.
Bast. How I have sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express.
But as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied,[31]
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams,
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear.[32]
And here 's a prophet, that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels;
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,[33]
Your highness should deliver up your crown.
K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?
Peter. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.
K. John. Hubert, away with him: imprison him;
And on that day at noon, whereon, he says,
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.
Deliver him to safety,[34] and return,
For I must use thee. *[Exit* Hubert, *with* Peter.*]* —
O my gentle cousin,
Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?
Bast. The French, my lord; men's mouths are full of it:
Besides, I met Lord Bigot, and Lord Salisbury,
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, whom[35] they say is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.
K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies.[36]

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roth, kommen und gehen, so steht *heralds* im Plural, obwohl *colour* im Singular vorherging. 20) Das Bild ist von einem aufbrechenden Geschwür entlehnt. 21) Von Arthur's Tode muss Rechenschaft gegeben werden, entweder hienieden, oder fern von hier, d. h. jenseits. 22) Zu unser Aller Leidwesen. 23) scil. *all in France goes from France to England:* die Franzosen kommen in Masse herüber. 24) Die Eile, mit der Johann vorher (vgl. A. 2, Sc. 1) nach Frankreich zog, ist ein Muster, eine Vorschrift für die Franzosen gewesen, und sie haben davon gleiche Eile gelernt. 25) *tidings* ist bei Sh. oft, wie hier, ein Singular, daher hat die Fol. *comes*, wofür die späteren Folioausgg., mit dem Sh.'schen Sprachgebrauch weniger bekannt, *come* lesen. 26) *our intelligence* collectiv = unsere Kundschafter. — In dem folgenden Verse wollte Sidney Walker *ear* (*eare* in alter Schreibweise) für *care* lesen. 27) *idly* gehört dem Sinne nach zu *from rumour's tongue*, nicht zu *heard*. 28) *occasion* ist das Zusammentreffen von Umständen, und wird hier personificirt wie eine furchtbare Schicksalsgöttin gedacht. 29) Johann's Regiment in Frankreich geht in der Irre, aus aller Bahn heraus, vermöge des Ablebens seiner Mutter, die dort Reichsverweserin war. 30) *amazed* = betäubt, der Fassung beraubt. — *tide* ist die Fluth böser Nachrichten, die ihn überstürzt. 31) *strangely fantasied* = mit seltsamen Einbildungen erfüllt. 32) So in Macbeth (A. 4, Sc. 2) *when we hold rumour || From what we fear, yet know not what we fear.* 33) Das umschreibt der alte K. John: *ere Ascension-day || Have brought the sun unto his usual height.* 34) *to safety* = in sichern Gewahrsam. 35) *whom* hat die Fol., nach Sh.'scher Construction mit *they say* verbunden: Arthur, von dem sie sagen, dass er u. s. w. — Die Hgg. emendiren mit Pope *who*, und fassen *they say* als Zwischensatz. 36) *companies* steht im Plural, weil von der Gesellschaft Mehrerer die Rede ist = *into the company of them.*

I have a way to win their loves again:
Bring them before me.
Bast. I will seek them out.
K. John. Nay, but make haste; the better foot before.
O! let me have no subject enemies,
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion.
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels,
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.
Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed. *[Exit.*
K. John. Spoke like a spriteful noble gentleman. —
Go after him; for he, perhaps, shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers,
And be thou he.
Mess. With all my heart, my liege. *[Exit.*
K. John. My mother dead!

Re-enter HUBERT.

Hub. My lord, they say five moons were seen tonight: [37]
Four fixed; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wondrous motion.
K. John. Five moons?
Hub. Old men, and beldams, in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously.
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths;
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist,
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action, [38]
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers (which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet), [39]
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embatteled [40] and rank'd in Kent.
Another lean unwash'd artificer [41]
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.
K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.
Hub. No had, [42] my lord! why, did you not provoke me?
K. John. It is the curse of kings, to be attended
By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life, [43]
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law, [44] to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour than advis'd respect. [45]
Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.
K. John. O! when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation.
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes deeds ill done! [46] Hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, [47] and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind;
But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
Apt, liable, to be employ'd in danger, [48]
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince. [49]
Hub. My lord, —
K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,
When I spake darkly what I purposed,
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
As bid [50] me tell my tale in express words,
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:
But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sin;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And consequently thy rude hand to act [51]
The deed which both our tongues held vile to name.
Out of my sight, and never see me more!
My nobles leave me, and my state is brav'd,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:

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37) In dem alten K. John erscheinen die fünf Monde sichtbar auf der Bühne, und der Prophet deutet die vier feststehenden auf Spanien, Dänemark, Deutschland und Frankreich, welche das römische Joch sich gefallen lassen; der fünfte Mond, der die übrigen umkreist, ist England, das sich von dem Papste lossagt. 38) *fearful action* ist eine Geberde, die Furcht verräth oder Furcht einflösst. So in dieser Scene vorher: *A fearful eye thou hast.* 39) Er hatte in der Eile den Pantoffel des rechten Fusses auf den linken, den des linken auf den rechten Fuss geworfen. 40) *embatteled and ranked* ist als ein Begriff zu fassen = in Schlachtreihen aufgestellt. 41) *artificer* ist ein vornehmer Ausdruck, den Hubert hier wie humoristisch von einem simpeln Handwerksmann gebraucht. 42) *no had*, wofür viele Hgg. Pope's Emendation *had none* setzen, ist richtig, wie Dyce diese und ähnliche elliptische Archaismen aus ältern Schriftstellern nachweist. Wie *no had* kommt *no did, no does* bei Fragen und Ausrufen der Verwunderung, die an eine angezweifelte Behauptung des Interlocutors anknüpfen, häufig vor. 43) *bloody* ist in Sh.'scher kühner Verbindung zu *house of life* gefügt, da es eigentlich adverbial mit *break* verbunden werden sollte. Vgl. Anm. 27 dieser Scene. — Dasselbe Bild findet sich in Macbeth (A. 2, Sc. 3) *murder hath broke ope || The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence || The life o' the building.* 44) Aus dem blossen Augenzudrücken des Machthabers deutet man ein Gesetz. 45) Die Majestät wird eben dadurch gefährlich, dass sie oft mehr aus Laune, als aus bedachtsamer Ueberlegung finster die Stirn runzelt und dann verkehrt verstanden wird. 46) Knight stellt dafür um: *makes ill deeds done;* indess lässt sich *ill done* mit *deeds* sehr wohl verbinden: Der Anblick von Mitteln, Uebelthaten zu verrichten, bewirkt oft übel verrichtete Thaten. 47) *to quote* eigentlich = die Summe von Jemandem ziehen, daher = Jemanden beurtheilen oder beobachten. 48) Geneigt und geeignet, in lebensgefährlichen Dingen gebraucht zu werden. 49) Der Gegensatz ist zwischen *king* und *prince.* 50) Elliptisch für *as to bid*, abhängig von *eye of doubt.* — Malone las dafür *and bid.* 51) *to act* hängt von *let* ab und steht statt des einfachen *act*, weil das Verbum nicht unmittelbar auf *let* folgt. 52) Der König spricht

Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,[52]
Hostility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience and my cousin's death.
Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
I 'll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive: this hand of mine
Is yet a maiden[53] and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murderous thought;
And you have slander'd nature in my form,
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind,
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.
K. John. Doth Arthur live? O! haste thee to the peers,
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience.
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood[54]
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
O! answer not; but to my closet bring
The angry lords, with all expedient haste.
I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Same. Before the Castle.

Enter Arthur, *on the walls.*

Arth. The wall is high; and yet will I leap down. —
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not! —
There 's few, or none, do know me; if they did,
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.
I am afraid; and yet I 'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I 'll find a thousand shifts to get away:
As good to die and go, as die and stay. *[Leaps down.*
O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones. —
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones!
[Dies.

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury, *and* Bigot.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him[1] at Saint Edmund's Bury:
It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.
Pem. Who brought that letter from the cardinal?
Sal. The count Melun, a noble lord of France;
Whose private with me,[2] of the Dauphin's love,
Is much more general than these lines import.
Big. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.
Sal. Or rather then set forward: for 't will be
Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er[3] we meet.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. Once more to-day well met, distemper'd[4] lords.
The king by me requests your presence straight.
Sal. The king hath dispossess'd himself of us.
We will not line his thin bestained cloak[5]
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks.
Return, and tell him so: we know the worst.
Bast. Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best.
Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.[6]
Bast. But there is little reason in your grief:
Therefore, 't were reason you had manners now.
Pem. Sir, Sir, impatience hath his privilege.
Bast. 'T is true; to hurt his master, no man else.[7]
Sal. This is the prison. — *[Seeing* Arthur.*]* What is he lies here?
Pem. O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.[8]
Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.
Big. Or when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.
Sal. Sir Richard, what think you?[9] Have you beheld,
Or have you read, or heard? or could you think?
Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see? could thought, without this object,
Form such another? This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,

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hier von den Kämpfen, die er in sich selbst zu bestehen hat. — Die Person, das Individuum wird mit einem in Aufruhr begriffenen Staate auch in Julius Cæsar (A. 2, Sc. 1) verglichen: *the state of a man,* || *Like to a little kingdom, suffers then* || *The nature of an insurrection.* 53) scil. *a maiden hand.* 54) *imaginary eyes of blood* sind Augen, die in ihrer Einbildung voll Blut sind, die Blut zu sehen glauben; es sind also Johann's, nicht Hubert's Augen gemeint.

1) d. h. den Dauphin, der durch den Grafen Melun und den Cardinal Pandulph Unterhandlungen mit den englischen Lords angeknüpft hatte. 2) *private* ist = Privatverhandlung. Was ihm der Graf Melun privatim über die freundliche Gesinnung des Dauphins mitgetheilt hat, geht viel weiter, als was der Brief enthält. — In ähnlichem Sinne substantivisch gebraucht auch Ben Jonson das Wort *private* in seinem Catiline: *Nor must I be unmindful of my private,* || *For which I 've call'd my brother and the tribunes.* 3) *or e'er* ist = *before ever,* wofür in der ältern Sprache auch *or* allein gebraucht wird. So in dem Pseudo-Sh.'schen Drama Arden of Feversham: *He shall be murder'd or the guests come in.* 4) *distempered* ist mehr als = verstimmt, insofern es sich nicht auf die blosse Laune, sondern auf das ganze krankhaft afficirte, geistige oder körperliche Befinden bezieht. — *once more met* geht auf die früheren Worte des Bastards (A. 4, Sc. 2) *Besides, I met Lord Bigot, and Lord Salisbury etc.* 5) Johann's gefährdetes Ansehen wird einem abgetragenen, schmutzigen Mantel verglichen, den die Pairs mit ihrer reinen Würde nicht dicker oder stattlicher machen wollen. — Dem *line* ist das *thin,* dem *bestained* das *pure* gegenübergestellt. 6) *grief* = *grievance,* wie oft bei Sh. — Die Pairs reden, was ihre Beschwerden, nicht was die herkömmliche Höflichkeit ihnen eingiebt. — Daran knüpft sich das Wortspiel zwischen *to reason* = reden, und *reason* = Vernunft. 7) *no man* verbessert die zweite Folioausg. von 1632 das *no mans* der ersten Fol. 8) Deshalb liegt der Leichnam unbeerdigt da. 9) Auf *you* liegt der Nachdruck, weil der Bastard bisher seine Meinung noch nicht ausgesprochen, wie die Uebrigen. — *have you beheld* ist die Emendation der späteren Folioausgg.; die beiden ersten lesen *you have beheld.* 10) In Verbindung mit *crest* =

Of murder's arms:[10] this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savagery, the vildest[11] stroke,
That ever wall-ey'd wrath,[12] or staring rage,
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.
Pem. All murders past do stand excus'd in this:
And this, so sole and so unmatchable,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet unbegotten sin of times,[13]
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Exampled by this heinous spectacle.
Bast. It is a damned and a bloody work;
The graceless action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.
Sal. If that it be the work of any hand? —
We had a kind of light what would ensue:
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;
The practice, and the purpose, of the king:
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to his breathless excellence[14]
The incense of a vow, a holy vow,
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
Till I have set a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worship of revenge.[15]
Pem., Big. Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you.
Arthur doth live: the king hath sent for you.
Sal. O! he is bold, and blushes not at death. —
Avaunt, thou hateful villain! get thee gone.
Hub. I am no villain.
Sal. Must I rob the law?[16]
[Drawing his sword.
Bast. Your sword is bright, Sir: put it up again.[17]
Sal. Not till I sheathe it in a murderer's skin.[18]
Hub. Stand back, Lord Salisbury, stand back, I say:
By heaven, I think, my sword 's as sharp as yours.
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;[19]
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.
Big. Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave a nobleman?
Hub. Not for my life; but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.
Sal. Thou art a murderer.
Hub. Do not prove me so;
Yet, I am none.[20] Whose tongue soe'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.
Pem. Cut him to pieces.
Bast. Keep the peace, I say.
Sal. Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.
Bast. Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury:
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I 'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime,
Or I 'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,[21]
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.
Big. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge?
Second a villain, and a murderer?
Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.
Big. Who kill'd this prince?
Hub. 'T is not an hour since I left him well:
I honour'd him, I lov'd him; and will weep
My date of life out for his sweet life's loss.
Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villany is not without such rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse[22] and innocency.
Away, with me, all you whose souls abhor
The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house,
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.
Big. Away, toward Bury:[23] to the Dauphin there!
Pem. There, tell the king, he may inquire us out.
[Exeunt Lords.
Bast. Here 's a good world! — Knew you of this fair work?
Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.
Hub. Do but hear me, Sir.
Bast. Ha! I 'll tell thee what;
Thou art damn'd as black — nay, nothing is so black:
Thou art more deep damn'd than prince Lucifer:
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell,
As thou shalt be,[24] if thou didst kill this child.
Hub. Upon my soul, —
Bast. If thou didst but consent

Wappenhelm, ist *arms* = Wappen. 11) Nach der Orthographie der Fol. bilden *wildest* und *vildest* eine Assonanz, die in der modernen Orthographie *vilest* verloren geht. 12) Die Blindheit des Zorns wird näher dadurch bezeichnet, dass ihm ein *wall-eye*, ein Glasauge, eine Krankheit der Pferde, zugeschrieben wird. In Marston's Insatiate Countess steht so *wall-ey'd jealousy*. — *remorse* = Zartgefühl, Mitleid. 13) *sin* steht als Collectiv im Singular, und das hinzugefügte Epitheton *yet unbegotten* bestimmt näher *times* = die auf einander folgenden zukünftigen Zeiten. 14) *his* geht auf *ruin of sweet life* = die des Lebenshauchs beraubte Herrlichkeit dieses Ueberbleibsels von holdem Leben. — *to breathe* = einhauchen, und = äussern, ist ein Wortspiel mit *breathless*. 15) Salisbury will seine Hand verherrlichen, indem er ihr die Würde zuwendet, Arthur's Tod zu rächen. — Nach M. Mason's weniger plausibler Erklärung ist *this hand* die Hand Arthur's, welche Salisbury, an der Leiche niederknieend, ergreift, während er sein Gelübde spricht. — Farmer, der den Sinn der Stelle missverstand, schlug *head* für *hand* vor. — Dyce citirt sehr passend dazu aus Chapman's Odyssey: *Hast thou not decreed || That Ithacus should come and give this deed || The glory of revenge on these and theirs?* 16) Indem er das Schwert gegen Hubert zieht, beraubt er das Gesetz, dem das Leben Hubert's als eines vermeintlichen Mörders verfallen ist. 17) So in Othello (A. 1, Sc. 2) *Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.* 18) Anspielung auf die ledernen Degenscheiden. 19) Die Gefährdung, welche für Euch in meiner getrosten, gerechten Gegenwehr liegt. 20) Noch bin ich kein Mörder; macht mich zu keinem, indem Ihr mich zwingt, mich gegen Euch zu blutiger Wehr zu setzen. 21) *toasting-iron* = ein Eisen, um Käse darauf zu rösten, nennt er höhnisch Salisbury's Schwert. 22) Vgl. Anm. 12 dieser Scene. 23) scil. *Saint Edmund's Bury*. Vgl. Anm. 1 dieser Scene. 24) Steevens erinnert sich, ein zur Zeit Heinrich's VIII. gedrucktes Buch gelesen zu haben, worin es heisst, dass die Hässlichkeit der Verdammten in der Hölle sich nach den Graden ihrer Schuld richte.

To this most cruel act, do but despair;[25]
And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread,
That ever spider twisted from her womb,
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be a beam
To hang thee on; or wouldst thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.
I do suspect thee very grievously.
Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath,
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me.
I left him well.
Bast. Go, bear him in thine arms. —
I am amaz'd,[26] methinks, and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world. —
How easy dost thou take all England up!
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm
Is fled to heaven; and England now is left
To tug and scamble, and to part by the teeth
The unowed interest of proud-swelling state.[27]
Now for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:
Now powers from home, and discontents at home,[28]
Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits,
As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast,
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.[29]
Now happy he whose cloak and ceinter[30] can
Hold out this tempest. — Bear away that child,
And follow me with speed: I 'll to the king.
A thousand businesses are brief[31] in hand,
And heaven itself doth frown upon the land. *[Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

The Same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King John, Pandulph *with the crown, and Attendants.*

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory.
Pand. [Giving John *the crown.]* Take again
From this my hand, as holding of the pope,
Your sovereign greatness and authority.
K. John. Now keep your holy word: go meet the French;
And from his holiness use all your power[1]
To stop their marches, 'fore we are inflam'd.[2]
Our discontented counties[3] do revolt,
Our people quarrel with obedience,
Swearing allegiance, and the love of soul,
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.
This inundation of mistemper'd humour
Rests by you only to be qualified.
Then pause not; for the present time 's so sick,
That present medicine must be minister'd,
Or overthrow incurable ensues.
Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
Upon your stubborn usage of the pope;
But since you are a gentle convertite,[4]
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
And make fair weather in your blustering land.
On this Ascension-day, remember well,[5]
Upon your oath of service to the pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms. *[Exit.*
K. John. Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet
Say, that before Ascension-day at noon
My crown I should give off? Even so I have.
I did suppose it should be on constraint;
But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out
But Dover castle: London hath receiv'd,
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers.
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy;
And wild amazement hurries up and down[6]
The little number of your doubtful friends.
K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive?
Bast. They found him dead, and cast into the streets:
An empty casket, where the jewel of life
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.
K. John. That villain Hubert told me he did live.
Bast. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Let not the world see fear, and sad[7] distrust,

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25) Er denkt dabei an Judas Ischarioth, der in der Verzweiflung sich erhängte. 26) Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 2, Anm. 30. 27) Nach Arthur's Tode bleibt für England nichts übrig, als um den nunmehr herrenlosen Besitz seiner stolzen Herrschaft sich zu raufen und zu zerren, und denselben dabei mit den Zähnen zu zerreissen. — Das Bild ist hier ebenso von bissigen Hunden entlehnt, wie in den folgenden Zeilen, wo der Krieg selbst als solch ein grimmiger Hund personificirt wird. 28) Die auswärtigen Truppen und die einheimischen Missvergnügten begegnen sich in derselben Richtung. 29) Die Majestät, die ihrem rechtmässigen Besitzer Arthur entrissen ist. — Weniger gut erklärt Johnson *wrested pomp* mit *greatness obtained by violence.* 30) Die Fol. hat *center*, aus dem französischen *ceinture*, wie Chaucer *seint* in demselben Sinne = Gürtel, Umgürtung, hat. Die Hgg. setzen dafür seit Pope das aus dem Latein gebildete *cincture.* 31) *brief* ist = räumlich und zeitlich in eine kleine Spanne zusammengedrängt.

1) Alle Vollmacht und Autorität, die Ihr von Seiner Heiligkeit, von dem Papste empfangen habt. 2) Unter *we* versteht Johann sich selbst und sein Land: ehe Alles in Feuer steht. 3) *counties* = Grafen. Sonst bezeichnet Sh. nur ausländische Grafen mit diesem Namen, und nennt die englischen immer *earls.* — Dass aber *counties* hier nicht, wie einige Hgg. wollen, die gewöhnliche Bedeutung = Grafschaften, haben kann, geht sowohl aus dem Epitheton wie aus dem Gegensatz zu *our people* hervor. 4) *convertite* ist nicht = Convertit, sondern = ein innerlich Bekehrter, ein reuiger Sünder. 5) *remember well* = prägt es Euch wohl ein, bezieht sich auf das Folgende, nicht auf das Vorhergehende. 6) *up and down* ist Präposition, und *to hurry* intransitives Verbum. — Staunton vermuthet *harries* für *hurries.* 7) *sad* ist nach dem Sh.'schen wechselnden Gebrauche der Adjective nicht bloss

Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;[8]
Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit[9] of resolution.
Away! and glister like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field:[10]
Show boldness, and aspiring confidence.
What, shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
O! let it not be said. — Forage,[11] and run
To meet displeasure further from the doors,
And grapple with him,[12] ere he come so nigh.

K. John. The legate of the pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers
Led by the Dauphin.

Bast. O inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,[13]
Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,
A cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,[14]
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:
Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your peace;
Or if he do, let it at least be said,
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present time.

Bast. Away then, with good courage; yet, I know,
Our party may well meet a prouder foe.[15] *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Plain near Saint Edmund's Bury.

Enter in arms, Lewis, Salisbury, Melun, Pembroke, Bigot, *and Soldiers.*

Lew. My lord Melun, let this[1] be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance.
Return the precedent to these lords again;
That, having our fair order written down,
Both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal, and[2] unurg'd faith,
To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince,
I am not glad that such a sore of time
Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,[3]
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound
By making many. O! it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker;[4] O! and there,
Where honourable rescue, and defence,
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury.
But such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong. —
And is 't not pity, O my grieved friends,
That we, the sons and children of this isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this;
Wherein we step after a stranger march[5]
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies' ranks, (I must withdraw, and weep
Upon the spot of this enforced cause,)[6]
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here?
What, here? — O nation, that thou couldst remove!
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,[7]
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
And grapple[8] thee unto a pagan shore,
Where these two christian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to[9] spend it so unneighbourly!

Lew. A noble temper dost thou show in this;
And great affections wrestling in thy bosom
Do make an earthquake of nobility.
O! what a noble combat hast thou fought,
Between compulsion, and a brave respect![10]
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,

= traurig, niedergeschlagen, sondern auch = traurig machend, niederschlagend. 8) Seid dem Feuer des Feindes gegenüber selbst ein Feuer. 9) *spirit* ist bei Sh. gewöhnlich einsylbig. 10) *to become* = schmücken, sich einem Dinge anpassen. — Der Kriegsgott glänzt in seiner Rüstung, wenn er dem Schlachtfeld sich stellen will. 11) *to forage* = Streifzüge machen. 12) *him* geht auf das personificirte *displeasure*. 13) Da wir den Fuss auf unser eignes Land setzen, auf unsern eignen Grund und Boden. 14) So in Macbeth (A. 1, Sc. 2) *Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky*. 15) Unsere Partei ist noch *(yet)* stark genug, um auch einem stolzeren Feinde, als der Dauphin es ist, entgegenzutreten.

1) *this* ist der mit den englischen Lords abgeschlossene Vertrag, der nach dem ersten Entwurf *(precedent)* abgeschrieben werden soll. — In der folgenden Zeile ist *remembrance* viersylbig = *rememberance*, wie in Macbeth (A. 3, Sc. 2) *Let your remembrance apply to Banquo*. 2) Die Fol. wiederholt nach *and* noch den Artikel *an*, wahrscheinlich durch ein Versehen des Druckers. 3) *contemn'd revolt* ist ein Abfall, der allgemein verabscheut wird. 4) So in Coriolanus (A. 4, Sc. 4) *'t is I that made thy widows*. 5) Wo wir im Gefolge eines fremden Kriegszuges auf dem lieben Boden dieser Insel einherschreiten. — *stranger* = fremd, ist bei Sh. häufig; so A. 5, Sc. 1: *stranger blood*. — Nach der Interpunction der Fol., welche hinter *stranger* ein Comma setzt, wäre *stranger* Substantiv und *march* Verbum. 6) Ich muss bei Seite gehen und weinen über den Flecken, den ich durch diese erzwungene Parteiergreifung an meiner Ehre erleide. 7) *to clip about* = rings umschliessen, von allen Seiten umfassen. 8) *grapple* emendirte Pope das *cripple* der Fol. — Wenn der Meergott so die Insel England an ein heidnisches Gestade festmachte, so würden die beiden christlichen Heere, die Engländer und die Franzosen, sich zum Kampfe gegen die Ungläubigen vereinigen, wie in den Kreuzzügen geschah. 9) *to* fügt Sh. öfter anakoluthisch ein, wo der einfache Infinitiv von dem Verbum, das ihn regiert, getrennt steht. So bezieht sich *to spend* auf *might*. Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 2, Anm. 51. — Steevens nimmt dagegen ein Compositum *to-spend* an, das sich nicht weiter belegen lässt. 10) *compulsion* ist der Drang der Umstände, der die Lords zu dem französischen

That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks.
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm:
Commend these waters to those baby eyes,
That never saw the giant world [11] enrag'd,
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
Into the purse of rich prosperity,
As Lewis himself: — so, nobles, shall you all,
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

Enter Pandulph, *attended.*

And even there, methinks, an angel spake: [12]
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven,
And on our actions set the name of right
With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble prince of France!
The next is this: — King John hath reconcil'd
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,
That so stood out [13] against the holy church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome.
Therefore, thy threat'ning colours now wind up,
And tame the savage spirit of wild war,
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in show.

Lew. Your grace shall pardon me; I will not back:
I am too high-born to be propertied, [14]
To be a secondary at control,
Or useful serving-man, and instrument,
To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
Between this chastis'd kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now 't is far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this land, [15]
Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart;
And come ye now to tell me, John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back,
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,
What men provided, what munition sent,
To underprop this action? Is 't not I
That undergo this charge? [16] who else but I,
And such as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this business, and maintain this war?
Have I not heard these islanders shout out,
Vive le roy! as I have bank'd [17] their towns?
Have I not here the best cards for the game,
To win this easy match play'd for a crown?
And shall I now give o'er the yielded set? [18]
No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.

Pand. You look but on the outside of this work.

Lew. Outside or inside, I will not return
Till my attempt so much be glorified,
As to my ample hope was promised
Before I drew this gallant head of war, [19]
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
To outlook conquest, [20] and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and of death. —
[Trumpet sounds.
What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter the Bastard, attended.

Bast. According to the fair play of the world,
Let me have audience: I am sent to speak. —
My holy lord of Milan, from the king
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporize [21] with my entreaties:
He flatly says, he 'll not lay down his arms.

Bast. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
The youth says well. — Now, hear our English king;
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
He is prepar'd; and reason too, [22] he should:
This apish and unmannerly approach,

Bündnisse veranlasste, und *brave respect* ist die adlige, ritterliche Erwägung ihrer Ehre, die solch einem Bündnisse entgegen war. — Das *thou* in der vorigen Zeile ergänzt erst die vierte Folioausg. vom Jahre 1685. 11) *baby eyes* und *giant world* werden einander entgegengestellt. Sh. dachte bei letzterem etwa an Titanenkämpfe, in denen sich das Spiel des Glücks ganz anders *(other)* zeigt, als bei festlichen Versammlungen und deren Lustbarkeiten. 12) Der Dauphin meint, die Worte, die er eben gesprochen, habe ein Engel ihm eingegeben, da sie durch die Dazwischenkunft des Cardinals die Bestätigung des Himmels erhalten würden. 13) Dem *stood out* ist das *come in* gegenübergestellt, dem feindlichen Heraustreten die versöhnliche Einkehr in sich selbst. 14) *to property* = zu einem Besitzthum machen, als eine Sache in Jemandes Besitz behandeln. 15) Ihr machtet mich mit dem Rechtsanspruch bekannt, den ich an dieses Land zu machen hätte. — So construirt Sh. *interest* auch in K. Henry IV. First Part (A. 3, Sc. *He hath more worthy interest to the state,* || *Than thou the shadow of succession.* 16) *charge* ist hier der Aufwand zur Kriegführung an Geld und Menschen. 17) *to bank*, das Steevens mit *to sail along the bank of the river* erklärt, ist in Verbindung mit *their towns* wohl eher = anlegen, landen an den Uferstädten. Im alten K. John heisst es: *And from the hollow holes of Thamesis* || *Echo apace replied. Vive le roi!* — Eine andere Erklärung von *to bank* schlägt Staunton vor: einstecken, gewinnen, wie vom Gewinn beim Kartenspiel. Auf das Kartenspiel weisen deutlicher die folgenden Verse hin. 18) *yielded set* ist das Spiel, das schon so gut wie gewonnen ist. 19) Ehe ich diese tapfere Kriegsmacht zusammenzog. — In diesem Sinne gebraucht Sh. *to draw* auch sonst. So A. 4, Sc. 2: *That such an army could be drawn in France.* 20) Trotziger zu blicken als der Sieg selbst; dem Siege selbst trotzig in's Angesicht zu schauen. 21) *to temporize with* = Rücksicht nehmen auf Etwas. 22) So die Folioausg. von 1632. Die erste Fol. hat *to.* — *reason* steht

This harness'd masque, and unadvised revel,
This unhair'd [23] sauciness, and boyish troops,
The king doth smile at, and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
That hand, which had the strength, even at your door,
To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch; [24]
To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells; [25]
To crouch in litter of your stable planks;
To lie like pawns lock'd up in chests and trunks;
To hug with swine; to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons; and to thrill, and shake,
Even at the crying of your nation's crow, [26]
Thinking this voice an armed Englishman:
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
No! Know, the gallant monarch is in arms,
And like an eagle o'er his aery towers, [27]
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest. —
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Neroes, [28] ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame:
For your own ladies, and pale-visag'd maids,
Like Amazons, come tripping after drums;
Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,
Their neelds [29] to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lew. There end thy brave, [30] and turn thy face in peace;
We grant thou canst outscold us: fare thee well;
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabbler.

Pand. Give me leave to speak.

Bast. No, I will speak.

Lew. We will attend to neither. —
Strike up the drums! and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest, and our being here. [31]

Bast. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;
And so shall you, being beaten. Do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;
Sound but another, and another shall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at hand
(Not trusting to this halting [32] legate here,
Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need)
Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits
A bare-ribb'd death, [33] whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Lew. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

Bast. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

The Same. A Field of Battle.

Alarums. Enter King John *and* Hubert.

K. John. How goes the day [1] with us? O! tell me, Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear. How fares your majesty?

K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me so long,
Lies heavy on me: O! my heart is sick.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,
Desires your majesty to leave the field,
And send him word by me which way you go.

K. John. Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey there.

Mess. Be of good comfort; for the great supply, [2]
That was expected by the Dauphin here,
Are wrack'd three nights ago on Goodwin sands. [3]
This news was brought to Richard [4] but even now.
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

K. John. Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.
Set on toward Swinstead; to my litter straight:
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint.

[Exeunt.

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allein für sich = *it is reason.* 23) So verbesserte Theobald das *un-heard* der Fol. — *unhair'd*, d. h. ohne Haare auf dem Kinn und auf der Lippe, wie in Macbeth (A. 5, Sc. 2) *unrough youths*, erhält seine Erklärung durch das folgende *boyish troops.* — *hair* und *haired* findet sich in Drucken der Zeit oft als *hear* und *heard.* 24) Nachdem König Johann sie an ihrer eignen Thür, d. h. in Frankreich, durchgepeitscht, sprangen sie, ohne die Thür zu öffnen, in aller Eile über die untere Halbthür *(hatch)* in's Haus zurück, statt sich zur Wehr zu setzen. — *to take* = Etwas im Sprunge nehmen, über Etwas wegsetzen. 25) *concealed wells* = zugedeckte Brunnen, darin sie sich verstecken konnten. 26) Der Bastard spricht mit einem Wortspiel von *crow* = Krähe, und = Gekrähe eines Hahns, verächtlich statt von dem gallischen Hahn, von der Krähe, als dem französischen Wahrzeichen. 27) Wie ein Adler in der Luft schwebt er über seinem Horst. — *to tower* = in die Luft steigen, ist der technische Ausdruck von Raubvögeln und Jagdfalken; ebenso *to souse* = auf Etwas niederschiessen, hier mit dem Accusativ construirt. 28) Eine Anspielung auf Nero als Muttermörder hat Sh. auch in Hamlet (A. 3, Sc. 2) *let not ever || The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom.* 29) Die Fol. hat *needl's*, das sich schwerlich in einer Sylbe aussprechen lässt. — *neeld* ist eine zu Sh.'s Zeit gebräuchliche Form. — In der vorigen Zeile liest Dyce *chang'd* für *change.* 30) *brave* = Prahlerei, Trotzrede. 31) *here* gehört zu *interest* wie zu *being:* das Anrecht, das wir hier haben, und unser Sein hier, d. h. in England. 32) *halting* ist nicht im wörtlichen Sinne zu nehmen, sondern im übertragenen, = schwankend, nicht geradeaus gehend. 33) Er führt als Abzeichen und Symbol vorn an der Stirn oder an seinem Helm ein Todtengerippe mit sich.

1) Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 2, Anm. 2. 2) *supply* = Verstärkung an Mannschaft, die aus Frankreich erwartet wurde, hat als Collectivum sowohl den Singular, wie den Plural nach sich; so hier *was* und *are.* 3) Von diesen an der englischen Küste gelegenen Sandbänken spricht Sh. ausführlicher in Merchant of Venice (A. 3, Sc. 1) *a ship of rich lading wrack'd on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place: a very dangerous flat, and fatal etc.* — Auch der alte K. John erwähnt sie an der entsprechenden Stelle. 4) scil. *Sir Richard Faulconbridge.*

SCENE IV.

The Same. Another Part of the Same.

Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, *and Others.*

Sal. I did not think the king so stor'd with friends.
Pem. Up once again; put spirit in the French:
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.
Sal. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.
Pem. They say, king John, sore sick, hath left the field.

Enter MELUN *wounded, and led by Soldiers.*

Mel. Lead me to the revolts of England here.
Sal. When we were happy, we had other names.
Pem. It is the count Melun.
Sal. Wounded to death.
Mel. Fly, noble English; you are bought and sold;[1]
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,[2]
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out king John, and fall before his feet;
For if the French be lords of this loud day,
He means[3] to recompense the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads. Thus hath he sworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar at Saint Edmund's Bury;
Even on that altar, where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.
Sal. May this be possible? may this be true?
Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?[4]
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
Why should I then be false, since it is true
That I must die here, and live hence by truth?[5]
I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the east:
But even this night, whose black contagious breath
Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire,
Paying the fine of rated treachery[6]
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert, with your king;[7]
The love of him, — and this respect besides,
For that my grandsire was an Englishman,[8] —
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof,[9] I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the field;
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my soul
With contemplation and devout desires.
Sal. We do believe thee, — and beshrew my soul,
But I do love the favour[10] and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damned flight;[11]
And, like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankness[12] and irregular course,
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd,
And calmly run on in obedience,
Even to our ocean, to our great king John. —
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence,
For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Right[13] in thine eye. — Away, my friends! New flight;
And happy newness, that intends old right.[14]
[Exeunt, leading off MELUN.

SCENE V.

The Same. The French Camp.

Enter LEWIS *and his Train.*

Lew. The sun of heaven, methought, was loath to set,
But stay'd, and made the western welkin blush,
When the English measur'd[1] backward their own ground,
In faint retire. O! bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needless shot,
After such bloody toil, we bid good night,
And wound our tattering colours clearly up,[2]
Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

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1) *bought and sold* = verrathen und verkauft. So in K. Henry VI. First Part (A. 4, Sc. 4) *from bought and sold Lord Talbot.* 2) Die Verbindung von *unthread* und *eye* lässt vermuthen, dass Sh. bei *eye* an ein Nadelöhr dachte: macht Euch los von dem engen Gange finsterer Empörung. — *rude* ist dem Sinne nach mit *rebellion* zu verbinden. — *to unthread* ist das Gegentheil von *to thread*, das Sh. = sich in Etwas einlassen, durch Etwas durchgehen, gebraucht, in Coriolanus (A. 3. Sc. 1) *they would not thread the gates*, und in K. Lear (A. 2, Sc. 1) *threading dark-ey'd night.* — Vielleicht ist *rude eye of rebellion* auch nur = das finstere Aussehen der Empörung. — Theobald wollte *Untread the rude way of rebellion* lesen. 3) *he means* geht auf den Dauphin, für den in der vorigen Zeile die Franzosen im Allgemeinen genannt sind. — Für *lords* in der vorigen Zeile vermuthen die Cambridge Edd. *lord*, ohne jedoch den Text zu ändern. 4) Wie ein Wachsbild, an's Feuer gehalten, sich auflöst und seine Gestalt verliert. — Sh. dachte an solche sympathetische Wachsbilder, durch deren Auflösung man nach dem Aberglauben der Zeit zugleich das Leben der Personen, die sie darstellten, hinschwinden lassen konnte. 5) Jenseits kann er nur durch Wahrheit zu leben hoffen. — Der Gegensatz zwischen *here* und *hence* = diesseits und jenseits, ist Sh. sehr geläufig. Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 2, Anm. 21. 6) Sie werden den bedungenen, abgeschätzten Verrath mit der Busse ihres Lebens zu büssen haben. — *treacherous* ist = wie es Verräthern gebührt. 7) Einem gewissen Hubert, der bei Eurem König ist. 8) Der Vers ist aus dem alten K. John entlehnt. 9) *in lieu whereof* = dafür, zur Erstattung dessen. 10) *favour* in Verbindung mit *form* ist = Miene, Aussehen. 11) *flight* ist die Flucht aus dem Dienste des angestammten Herrn, und als solche sündhaft *(damned)*. 12) *rank* gebraucht Sh. auch sonst von hochgehendem Wasser, in Venus and Adonis: *Rain added to a river that is rank.* 13) *right* ist adverbial = geradezu, unmittelbar. So in K. Henry VI. Second Part (A. 3, Sc. 2) *Came he right now to sing a raven's note* = gerade jetzt, eben jetzt. 14) Wie früher den König Johann, wollen sie jetzt den Dauphin im Stich lassen, und diese neue Flucht ist eine glückliche Neuerung, da sie das alte Recht bezweckt.

1) *measur'd* verbesserte Pope das *measure* der Fol. 2) *tattering*, nach der Orthographie der Fol. *tottering*, von *to tatter* = in Fetzen zerreissen, zerfetzt sein. — *clearly* bezeichnet die unbefleckte, ruhmvolle Art, wie

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my prince, the Dauphin?
Lew. Here. — What news?
Mess. The count Melun is slain; the English lords,
By his persuasion, are again fall'n off;
And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,
Are cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin sands.[3]
Lew. Ah, foul shrewd news! — Beshrew thy very heart!
I did not think to be so sad to-night,
As this hath made me. — Who was he that said,
King John did fly an hour or two before
The stumbling[4] night did part our weary powers?
Mess. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.
Lew. Well; keep good quarter[5] and good care to-night:
The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

An open Place in the neighbourhood of Swinstead Abbey.

Enter the Bastard and HUBERT, *severally.*

Hub. Who 's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.
Bast. A friend. — What art thou?
Hub. Of the part of England.
Bast. Whither dost thou go?
Hub. What 's that to thee? why may not I demand
Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?
Bast. Hubert, I think.
Hub. Thou hast a perfect[1] thought:
I will, upon all hazards, well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well.
Who art thou?
Bast. Who thou wilt: and, if thou please,
Thou may'st befriend me so much as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets.[2]
Hub. Unkind remembrance![3] thou, and endless night,
Have done me shame: — brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent breaking from thy tongue
Should scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.
Bast. Come, come; sans compliment,[4] what news abroad?
Hub. Why, here walk I, in the black brow of night,
To find you out.
Bast. Brief then; and what 's the news?
Hub. O! my sweet Sir, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.
Bast. Show me the very wound of this ill news:
I am no woman; I 'll not swoond[5] at it.
Hub. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk:
I left him almost speechless, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil, that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure[6] known of this.
Bast. How did he take it? who did taste[7] to him?
Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out:[8] the king
Yet speaks, and, peradventure, may recover.
Bast. Whom didst thou leave to tend his majesty?
Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are all come back,
And brought prince Henry in their company;
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his majesty.
Bast. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power![9]
I 'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Passing these flats,[10] are taken by the tide;
These Lincoln washes have devoured them:
Myself, well mounted, hardly have escap'd.
Away, before! conduct me to the king;
I doubt,[11] he will be dead or e'er I come. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The Orchard of Swinstead Abbey.

Enter Prince HENRY, SALISBURY, *and* BIGOT.

P. Hen. It is too late: the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly;[1] and his pure brain[2]
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house)
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pem. His highness yet doth speak; and holds belief,
That being brought into the open air,

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sie die zerfetzten Fahnen auf dem Schlachtfeld aufrollten. 3) Vgl. A. 5, Sc. 3, Anm. 3. 4) Die Nacht selbst wird als die ungeschickt hereintappende Störerin bezeichnet. So in Romeo and Juliet (A. 2, Sc. 2) *What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in night,* || *So stumblest on my counsel?* 5) Hütet Eure Posten.

1) *perfect* = seiner Sache gewiss, sicher. — *thought* bezieht sich auf das vorhergehende *think.* 2) Humoristische Anspielung auf die Abstammung des Bastards: Ich komme gewissermassen von den Plantagenets her. 3) Hubert beklagt sein schwaches Gedächtniss, das, unfreundlich, ihn seinen alten Bekannten nicht hat erkennen lassen. — *endless night,* wofür die meisten Hgg. mit Theobald *eyeless night* lesen, ist nicht so sehr die lange Nacht, sondern bezeichnet, wie unser »unendlich« und wie *eternal* bei Sh. in Julius Cæsar (A. 1, Sc. 2) und in Othello (A. 4, Sc. 2) in allgemeinerem Sinne: die tiefe, dunkle, grenzenlose Nacht. 4) *sans* = *without*, wendet Sh. sowohl in ernstem, wie in komischem Sinne an. 5) *to swoond* oder *swound* ist das Sh.'sche Wort für das moderne *to swoon.* 6) *at leisure* = mit Musse, zu gelegener Zeit, ist der Gegensatz zu *sudden time* = der plötzliche Drang des Augenblicks. 7) *to taste to* = Einem vorkosten. Im alten K. John, wo das hier nur Berichtete auf der Scene dargestellt wird, sagt Johann zu dem Mönche, der ihm zum Willkomm den Becher credenzt: *Begin, monk, and report hereafter, thou wast taster to a king.* 8) d. h. in Folge des genossenen Gifts. 9) Führe uns nicht in Versuchung, indem Du uns mehr tragen lässest, als wir vermögen. 10) *these flats* sind die gleich nachher genannten *Lincoln washes* = die flachen und morastigen Küsten von Lincolnshire, welche zur Fluthzeit tief unter Wasser stehen. 11) *to doubt* = besorgen, fürchten.

1) *corruptibly* = ansteckend, mit Ansteckung. — Die Adjective auf *—ible* haben bei Sh. öfter die Bedeutung der jetzigen Adjective auf *—ive.* So steht in Lucrece *plausibly* für *plausively.* 2) *pure brain* = das Gehirn, das sonst klar ist. — *idle comments* = faselnde, irre Deutungen oder Bemerkungen, die vom Gehirn gebildet

It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.
P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here. —
Doth he still rage? [*Exit* Bigot.
Pem. He is more patient
Than when you left him: even now he sung.
P. Hen. O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes
In their continuance will not feel themselves.
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them, invisible;[3] and his siege is now
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies,
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves. 'T is strange that death should sing.
I am the cygnet[4] to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,
And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.
Sal. Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born
To set a form upon that indigest,[5]
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

Re-enter Bigot *and Attendants, who bring in King* John *in a chair.*[6]

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment, and against this fire
Do I shrink up.
P. Hen. How fares your majesty?
K. John. Poison'd, — ill fare; — dead, forsook, cast off:
And none of you will bid the winter come,
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom; nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold. — I do not ask you much:
I beg cold comfort;[7] and you are so strait,[8]
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.
P. Hen. O, that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you!
K. John. The salt in them is hot.
Within me is a hell; and there the poison
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprievable-condemned[9] blood.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. O! I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spleen of speed[10] to see your majesty.
K. John. O cousin! thou art come to set mine eye:
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd;
And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should sail,
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered,
And then all this thou seest is but a clod,
And module[11] of confounded royalty.
Bast. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward,
Where heaven he knows how we shall answer him:
For, in a night, the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage[12] did remove,
Were in the washes,[13] all unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood. [*The King dies.*
Sal. You breathe these dead news[14] in as dead an ear. —
My liege! my lord! — But now a king, now thus.
P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay?
Bast. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind,
To do the office for thee of revenge,
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still. —
Now, now, you stars,[15] that move in your right spheres,
Where be your powers? Show now your mended faiths,
And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction, and perpetual shame,
Out of the weak door of our fainting land.
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought:
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.
Sal. It seems you know not then so much as we.
The cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin,
And brings from him such offers of our peace,
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.
Bast. He will the rather do it, when he sees
Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.
Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath despatch'd
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the cardinal:
With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,

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werden. 3) *invisible* bezieht sich, vielleicht adverbial (vgl. unten Anm. 9 dieser Scene), auf *death:* Der Tod selbst wird unsichtbar, indem er sich von den äussern Theilen, an denen er bisher zehrte, auf die innern zurückzieht und den Geist angreift. Auf diesen letzten Halt, den Geist, dringen dann die Massen seltsamer Phantasieen ein, und vernichten einander in diesem Gedränge. — Für *mind*, Rowe's Emendation, hat die Fol. *wind*. 4) So verbesserte Rowe das sinnlose *Symet* der Fol. 5) *indigest* = wirre Masse, kommt als Substantiv kaum anderswo vor; als Adjectiv = wüst, formlos, hat Sh. das Wort in den Sonnets (114) und in K. Henry VI. Third Part (A. 5, Sc. 6). In dem Gedicht Ghost of K. Richard III. kommt ebenfalls *chaos indigest* vor. 6) Die alte Bühnenweisung ist einfach: *John brought in.* 7) *cold comfort* ist = kalter, nicht erwärmender Trost, und zugleich = Erquickung, welche die Kälte dem fieberheissen Könige gewähren würde. 8) *strait* = engherzig, eng von Gesinnung. 9) Das Adjectiv ist ein Compositum. — Sh. gebraucht die adjectivische Form auf *—ble* öfter im Sinne der adverbialen auf *—bly*. So in Winter's Tale (A. 3, Sc. 2) *damnable ingrateful.* 10) *spleen of speed* = Hitze der Eile. Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 2, Anm. 29. 11) *module* = *model*, die Form, in der einst die jetzt vernichtete Majestät gebildet lag. — Malone fasst es dagegen = Abbild. 12) Da sich eine günstige Gelegenheit darbot. 13) Vgl. A. 5, Sc. 6, Anm. 10. — Die folgende Bühnenweisung rührt von Rowe her. 14) *dead news* = Todtennachricht, Nachricht von Todesfällen, steht im Gegensatz zu *dead ear* = ein todtes Ohr. 15) Die zu ihrer Lehnspflicht zurückgekehrten Barone sind Sterne, die in ihrer rechten Bahn kreisen. 16) Sidney Walker vermuthet, dass *princes* hier aus Versehen für ein anderes Wort aus dem *prince* in der vorigen Zeile in den Text gerathen sei. — Die

If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.
Bast. Let it be so. — And you, my noble prince,
With other princes [16] that may best be spar'd,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.
P. Hen. At Worcester must his body be interr'd;
For so he will'd it.
Bast. Thither shall it then.
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land:
To whom, with all submission, on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly.
Sal. And the like tender of our love we make, [17]
To rest without a spot for evermore.
P. Hen. I have a kind soul, that would give you [18] thanks,
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.
Bast. O! let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs. [19] —
This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true. [20]
[Exeunt.

Cambridge Edd. möchten eher jenes *prince* anzweifeln. 17) Es fehlt hier eine Bühnenweisung, dass die Lords dem jungen Könige knieend ihre Huldigung darbringen. 18) *you* ist von Rowe eingeschoben. — Die Cambridge Edd. vermuthen *that would fain give thanks.* 19) Die Zeit hat früher schon so vielen Gram vorschussweise von uns verlangt, dass wir ihr jetzt nur das nothdürftigste Wehe als ihre Gebühr entrichten wollen. 20) So steht im alten K. John: *Let England live but true within itself,* || *And all the world can never wrong her state.*

KING RICHARD II.

Einleitung.

Die erste Ausgabe von Shakspere's King Richard II. erschien im Jahre 1597 unter folgendem Titel: The Tragedie of King Richard the second. As it hath beene publikely acted by the right Honourable the Lorde Chamberlaine his Seruants. London. Printed by Valentine Simmes for Andrew Wise and are to be sold at his shop in Paules church yard at the signe of the Angel, 1597. — Der Verleger hatte am 29. August des genannten Jahres das Buch in die Stationers' Register eintragen lassen. — Diese älteste Quartausgabe (Q. A.) zeichnet sich vor den übrigen, denen sie zu Grunde liegt, durch grössere Correctheit aus. — Erst die zweite Ausgabe (Q. B.) vom Jahre 1598 fügt auf dem Titelblatte dem Namen der Shakspere'schen Schauspielergesellschaft auch den Namen des Verfassers hinzu: By William Shakespeare. — Die folgenden beiden Quartos, vom Jahre 1608 und 1615 (Q. C. und Q. D.), bringen auf dem Titel die Notiz: With new additions of the Parliament Scene and the deposing of King Richard, und enthalten wirklich im vierten Act etwa anderthalb hundert auf Richard's Absetzung bezügliche Zeilen, welche zur Beeinträchtigung des innern Zusammenhangs wie des ganzen Dramas in den beiden ersten Quartos fehlen; ohne Zweifel, weil auch auf der Bühne diese Scene, obwohl nothwendig vom Dichter zugleich mit den übrigen geschrieben, nicht aufgeführt werden durfte, so lange die Königin Elisabeth regierte. — In die Gesammtausgabe der Shakspere'schen Dramen in Folio (1623) ist dies Schauspiel aus der vierten Quarto übergegangen, mit einigen Kürzungen im Hinblick auf die Bühnendarstellung und mit Benutzung handschriftlicher Verbesserungen, die sich jedoch, wie auch die Varianten der verschiedenen Quartos, nur auf einzelne Wörter erstrecken. Die Folio, in welcher The life and death of King Richard the Second als zweites Drama in der Reihe der Histories steht, verzeichnet zuerst die Angabe der Acte und Scenen, die in den Quartausgaben fehlt.

Eine nähere chronologische Notiz als die Erscheinung der ersten Ausgabe im Jahre 1597 liegt nicht vor, doch machen innere Gründe es wahrscheinlich, dass King Richard II. nicht sehr lange vor dem Drucke geschrieben und aufgeführt war, vielleicht in unmittelbarem Anschluss an King John, mit dem es in Styl und Vers nahe verwandt ist. Jedenfalls gehört es der mittleren Periode unseres Dichters an, welche den mit diesem Drama eröffneten, mit King Henry V. sich abschliessenden, zweiten Cyklus der historischen Schauspiele Shakspere's in sich begreift. Dass der Plan zu diesem ganzen Cyklus, in seinen allgemeinen Umrissen wenigstens, dem Verfasser schon vorschwebte, als er King Richard II. entwarf, ergiebt sich theils aus einzelnen Stellen (z. B. A. 5, Sc. 3), die nur im Zusammenhange mit den folgenden Dramen ihr rechtes Licht erhalten, theils auch daraus, dass, im Widerspruch mit dem Titel des Dramas in der Folio, nicht das Leben Richard's II., sondern nur sein Sturz und Tod und die Thronbesteigung seines Nachfolgers den eigentlichen Stoff des Schauspiels bildet. Demgemäss hat Shakspere in seiner namhaftesten Quelle, Holinshed's History of England, mit Uebergehung der früheren nur die Darstellung der beiden letzten Regierungsjahre Richard's mit Hinzuziehung des ersten Regierungsjahrs Heinrich's IV. benutzt. In welcher Weise der Dichter seinem Chronisten gefolgt ist, werden einige Auszüge mit Hinweisung auf die entsprechenden Acte und Scenen am besten darthun.

Zu A. 1, Sc. 1. Die gegenseitigen Beschuldigungen Bolingbroke's und Norfolk's berichtet Holinshed so: *It so fell out that in this parliament holden at Shrewsbury, Henry duke of Hereford accused Thomas Mowbray duke of Norfolk of certain words which he should utter in talk had betwixt them, as they rode together lately before betwixt London and Brainford, sounding highly to the king's dishonour. And for further proof thereof he presented a supplication to the king, wherein he appealed the duke of Norfolk, in field of battle, for a traitor false and disloyal to the king: which done, the duke of Norfolk took upon him to answer it, declaring that whatsoever the duke of Hereford had said against him other than well, he lied falsely like an untrue knight as he was. And when the king asked the duke of Hereford what he said to it, he taking his hood off his head, said: „My sovereign lord, even as the supplication which I took you importeth, right so I say for truth that Thomas Mowbray is a traitor, false and disloyal to your royal majesty, your crown and to all the states of your realm.“ — Then the duke of Hereford being asked what he said to this, he answered: „Right dear lord, with your favour that I make answer unto your cousin here, I say, your reverence saved, that Henry of Lancaster duke of Hereford like a false and disloyal traitor as he is, doth lie in that he hath or shall say of me otherwise than well.“* — Die einzelnen Beschuldigungen Bolingbroke's werden dann bei einer ferner anberaumten Zusammenkunft in Windsor durch den Mund eines Ritters so angegeben: *„Likewise the duke of Hereford saith, and I say for him that Thomas Mowbray duke of Norfolk hath received eight thousand nobles to pay the soldiers that keep your town of Calais.*

which he hath not done as he ought; and further more the said duke of Norfolk hath been the occasion of all the treason that hath been contrived in your realm for the space of eighteen years; and by his false suggestions and malicious counsel he hath caused to die and to be murdered your right dear uncle, the duke of Glocester, son to King Edward."

Zu A. 1, Sc. 3. Der Zweikampf bei Coventry, dessen Unterbrechung durch den König, und die von ihm verhängte Verbannung der beiden Gegner hat Holinshed wie Shakspere: *The duke of Aumerle, that day, being high constable of England, and the duke of Surrey, marshal, placed themselves between them, well armed and appointed; and when they saw their time, they first entered into the lists with a great company of men apparelled in silk sendall, embroidered with silver, both richly and curiously, every man having a tipped staff to keep the field in order. About the hour of prime came to the barriers of the lists, the duke of Hereford, mounted on a white courser barded with green and blue velvet, embroidered sumptuously with swans and antelopes of goldsmith's work, armed at all points. The constable and marshal came to the barriers, demanding of him what he was, he answered: „I am Henry of Lancaster duke of Hereford, which am come hither to do mine endeavour against Thomas Mowbray duke of Norfolk, as a traitor untrue to God, the king, his realm, and me.*" *Then, incontinently, he swore upon the holy evangelists, that his quarrel was true and just, and upon that point he required to enter the lists. Then he put by his sword, which before he held naked in his hand, and, putting down his visor, made a cross on his horse, and with spear in hand entered into the lists, and descended from his horse, and set him down in a chair of green velvet, at the one end of the lists, and there reposed himself, abiding the coming of his adversary.*

Soon after him, entered into the field with great triumph, King Richard, accompanied with all the peers of the realm, and in his company was the Earl of St. Paul, which was come out of France in post to see this challenge performed. The king had there above ten thousand men in armour, least some fray or tumult might rise amongst his nobles, by quarrelling or partaking. When the king was set in his seat, which was richly hanged and adorned, a king-at-arms made open proclamation, prohibiting all men, in the name of the king, and of the high constable and marshal, to enterprise or attempt to approach, or touch any part of the lists upon pain of death, except such as were appointed to order or marshal the field. The proclamation ended, another herald cried: „Behold here Henry of Lancaster duke of Hereford appellant, which is entered into the lists royal to do his devoir against Thomas Mowbray duke of Norfolk defendant, upon pain to be found false and recreant."

The duke of Norfolk hovered on horseback at the entrance of the lists, his horse being barded with crimson velvet, embroidered richly with lions of silver and mulberry trees; and when he had made his oath before the constable and marshal that his quarrel was just and true, he entered the field manfully, saying aloud: „God aid him that hath the right," *and then he departed from his horse, and sate him down in his chair, which was of crimson velvet, curtained about with white and red damask. The lord marshal viewed their spears, to see that they were of equal length, and delivered the one spear himself to the duke of Hereford, and sent the other unto the duke of Norfolk by a knight. Then the herald proclaimed that the traverses and chairs of the champions should be removed, commanding them on the king's behalf to mount on horseback, and address themselves to the battle and combat.*

The duke of Hereford was quickly horsed, and closed his beaver, and cast his spear into the rest, and when the trumpet sounded, set forward courageously towards his enemy, six or seven paces. The duke of Norfolk was not fully set forward, when the king cast down his warder, and the heralds cried, „Ho, ho!" *Then the king caused their spears to be taken from them, and commanded them to repair again to their chairs, where they remained two long hours, while the king and his council deliberately consulted what order was best to be had in so weighty a cause. Finally after they had devised and fully determined that should be done therein, the heralds cried silence; and Sir John Bushy, the king's secretary, read the sentence and determination of the king and his council, in a long roll, the effect whereof was, that Henry duke of Hereford should within fifteen days depart out of the realm, and not to return before the term of ten years were expired, except by the king he should be repealed again, and this upon pain of death; and that Thomas Mowbray duke of Norfolk, because he had sown sedition in the realm by his words, should likewise avoid the realm, and never to return again into England nor approach the borders or confines thereof, upon pain of death.*

Zu A. 2, Sc. 1. Die Scene an Gaunt's Sterbebett ist Shakspere's freie Schöpfung. Dagegen sind die folgenden Gewaltthätigkeiten Richard's, die Beeinträchtigung des verbannten Bolingbroke u. s. w., aus Holinshed entlehnt, der so erzählt: *The death of this duke gave occasion of encreasing more hatred in the people of this realm toward the king, for he seized into his hands all the goods that belonged to him, and also received all the rents and revenues of his lands, which ought to have descended unto the duke of Hereford, by lawful inheritance, in revoking his letters patents, which he had granted to him before, by virtue whereof he might make his attornies general to sue livery for him, of any manner of inheritances or possessions that might from thenceforth fall unto him, and that his homage might be respited with making reasonable fine: whereby it was evident that the king meant his utter undoing. This hard dealing was much misliked of the nobility and cried out against of the meaner sort; but namely the duke of York was therewith sore moved, who before this time had borne things with so patient a mind as he could, though the same touched him very near, as the death of his brother, the duke of Glocester, the banishment of his nephew, the said duke of Hereford, and other more injuries in great number, which for the slippery youth of the king, he passed over for the time and did forget as well as he might.*

Zu A. 2, Sc. 4. Von der in Wales durch Salisbury zusammengebrachten Truppenmacht sagt der Chronist: *But when they missed the king, there was about spread amongst them that the king was surely dead.*

which wrought such an impression and evil disposition in the minds of the Welshmen and others that for any persuasion which the earl of Salisbury might use, they would not go forth with him till they saw the king; only they were contented to stay fourteen days to see if he should come or not; but when he came not, they would no longer abide, but scaled and departed away.

Zu A. 3, Sc. 3. Dem Schlusse dieser Scene entspricht bei Holinshed Folgendes: *Forthwith as the duke got sight of the king, he shewed a reverend duty, as became him, in bowing his knee; and, coming forward, did so likewise the second and third time, till the king took him by the hand, and lift him up, saying, „Dear cousin, ye are welcome.“ The duke, humbly thanking him, said, „My sovereign lord and king, the cause of my coming at this present, is (your honor saved) to have again restitution of my person, my lands, and heritage, through your favourable license.“ The king hereunto answered, „Dear cousin, I am ready to accomplish your will, so that ye may enjoy all that is yours, without exceptoin.“*

Zu A. 4, Sc. 1. Bagot's und Fitzwater's Anklagen gegen Aumerle hat Holinshed an einer spätern Stelle in der Regierungsgeschichte von Heinrich IV. Folgende Bruchstücke sind u. A. von Shakspere ziemlich genau benutzt worden: *There was also contained in the said bill that Bagot had heard the duke of Aumerle say that he had rather than twenty thousand pounds, that the duke of Hereford were dead, not for any fear he had of him, but for the trouble and mischief that he was like to procure within the realm. — — The lord Fitzwater herewith rose up and said to the king, that where the duke of Aumerle excuseth himself of the duke of Glocester's death, „I say,“ quoth he, „that he was the very cause of his death;“ and so he appealed him of treason, offering by throwing down his hood as a gage to prove it with his body. There were twenty other lords also that threw down their hoods, as pledges to prove the like matter against the duke of Aumerle. — — The duke of Surrey stood also up against the lord Fitzwater, avouching etc. etc.* — Auch das energische Auftreten des Bischofs von Carlisle berichtet der Chronist erst in der Geschichte von Heinrich IV.: *Whereupon the bishop of Carlisle, a man both learned, wise and stout of stomach, boldly shewed forth his opinion concerning that demand; affirming that there was none amongst them worthy or meet to give judgment upon so noble a prince as King Richard was, whom they had taken for their sovereign and liege lord by the space of two and twenty years and more. „And, I assure you,“ said he, „there is not so rank a traitor, nor so errant a thief, nor so cruel a murtherer, but he shall be brought before the justice to hear his judgment; and will ye proceed to the judgment of an anointed king, hearing neither his answer nor excuse? I say that the duke of Lancaster whom ye call king, hath more trespassed to King Richard and his realm, than King Richard hath done either to him or us.“*

Zu A. 5, Sc. 2 und 3. Die Verschwörung, welche unter der Leitung des Abts von Westminster gegen Heinrich IV. zu Stande kam, berichtet Holinshed in ähnlicher Art: *At length by the advice of the earl of Huntington it was devised that they should take upon them a solemn justs to be entertained between him and twenty on his part, and the earl of Salisbury and twenty with him at Oxford, to the which triumph King Henry should be desired, and when he should be most busily marking the martial pastime, he suddenly should be slain and destroyed. — — Hereupon was an indenture sextipartite made, sealed with their seals, and signed with their hands, in the which each stood bound to other to do their whole endeavour for the accomplishing their purposed exploit. Moreover, they sware upon the holy evangelists to be true each to other, even to the hour and point of death. — —* Die Entdeckung des Complots durch die Unvorsichtigkeit Aumerle's erzählt der Chronist ebenso wie Shakspere: *This earl of Rutland departing from Westminster to see his father the duke of York, as he sat at dinner, had his counterpane of his indenture of the confederacy in his bosom. The father espying it, would needs see what it was, and though the son humbly denied to show it, the father being more earnest to see it, by force took it out of his bosom; and perceiving the contents thereof, in a great rage, caused his horses to be saddled out of hand, and spitefully reproving his son of treason — he incontinently mounted on horseback to ride towards Windsor to the king, to declare unto him the malicious intent of his complices. The earl of Rutland seeing in what danger he stood, took his horse and rode another way to Windsor in post, so that he got thither before his father, and when he was alighted at the castle gate, he caused the gates to be shut, saying that he must needs deliver the keys to the king. When he came before the king's presence, he kneeled down on his knees, beseeching him of mercy and forgiveness, and, declaring the whole matter unto him in order as everything had passed, obtained pardon. Therewith came his father, and, being let in, delivered the indenture which he had taken from his son, unto the king, who thereby perceiving his son's words to be true, changed his purpose for his going to Oxenford, and despatched messengers forth to signify unto the earl of Northumberland his high constable, and to the earl of Westmoreland his high marshal and to other his assured friends of all the doubtful danger and perilous jeopardy.*

Zu A. 5, Sc. 4 und 5. Nachdem Holinshed zwei verschiedene Versionen, wie sie über den Tod Richard's im Volke umliefen, gegeben hat, giebt er die dritte Version, welcher Shakspere gefolgt ist, so: *One writer which seemeth to have great knowledge of King Richard's doings, saith that King Henry sitting on a day at his table, sore sighing, said: „Have I no faithful friend which will deliver me of him whose life will be my death, and whose death will be the preservation of my life?“ This saying was much noted of them which were present, and especially of one called Sir Pearce of Exton. This knight incontinently departed from the court, with eight strong persons in his company, and came to Pomfret, commanding the esquire that was accustomed to sew and take the assay before King Richard, to do so no more, saying: „Let him eat now, for he shall not long eat.“ King Richard sat down to dinner without courtesy or assay, whereupon, much marvelling at the sudden change, he demanded of the esquire, why he did not do his duty: „Sir,“ said he, „I am otherwise commanded by Sir Pearce of Exton, which is newly come from King Henry.“ When King Richard heard that word, he took the carving knife to his hand, and stroke the esquire on the*

head, saying: „The devil take Henry of Lancaster and thee together!“ And with that word, Sir Pearce entered the chamber, well armed, with eight tall men likewise armed, every of them having a bill in his hand. King Richard perceiving this, put the table from him, and stepping to the foremost man, wrung the bill out of his hands, and so valiantly defended himself, that he slew four of those that thus came to assail him. Sir Pearce being half dismayed with it, lept into the chair where King Richard was wont to sit, while the other four persons fought with him, and chased him about the chamber. And in conclusion, as King Richard traversed his ground, from one side of the chamber to another, and coming by the chair where Sir Pearce stood, he was felled with a stroke of a pollax which Sir Pearce gave him upon the head, and therewith rid him out of life, without giving him respite once to call to God for mercy of his past offences. It is said that Sir Pearce of Exton, after he had slain him, wept right bitterly, as one stricken with a guilty conscience, for murdering him whom he had so long obeyed as king.

Neben der durchgängig zu Grunde gelegten Chronik von Holinshed soll, nach einer Vermuthung von Ch. Knight, Shakspere auch ein episches Gedicht über die Civil Wars von Samuel Daniel in der Entlehnung einzelner Phrasen benutzt haben. Die Aehnlichkeit zwischen beiden Werken ist nicht sehr auffallend, und da überdies der Theil des Daniel'schen Gedichts, welcher die Schicksale Richard's behandelt, im Jahre 1595 erschien, so bleibt wenigstens die Möglichkeit einer Priorität des Shakspere'schen Dramas bestehen.

Eben so zweifelhaft erscheint es, ob zwei andre dramatische Behandlungen dieser Geschichte, von denen aus jener Zeit Notizen überliefert sind, dem Drama unseres Dichters vorangingen oder nachfolgten. — Als die von Essex gegen die Königin Elisabeth angezettelte Empörung zum Ausbruch kommen sollte, liess, im Februar 1601, um die Gemüther darauf vorzubereiten, dessen Parteigänger Sir Gilly Merrick von den Schauspielern die Entthronung und Ermordung Richard's II. aufführen. Lord Bacon sagt darüber in Merrick's Process Folgendes: *The afternoon before the rebellion, Merrick, with a great company of others, that afterwards were all in the action, had procured to be played before them the play of deposing King Richard the Second; — when it was told him by one of the players, that the play was old and they should have loss in playing it, because few would come to it, there was forty shillings extraordinary given to play, and so thereupon played it was.* Und in dem Processe gegen Merrick, wie ihn die State Trials haben, heisst es: *The story of Henry IV. being set forth in a play, and in that play there being set forth the killing of the king upon a stage; the Friday before, Sir Gilly Merrick and some others of the earl's train having an humour to see a play they must needs have the play of Henry IV. The players told them that was stale; they should get nothing by playing that; but no play else would serve: and Sir Gilly Merrick gives forty shillings to Phillips the player to play this, besides whatsoever he could get.* — Damit stimmt überein, dass Camden in seinen Annals das betreffende Schauspiel *exoletam tragœdiam de tragica abdicatione regis Ricardi Secundi* nennt. Alle diese Bezeichnungen passen wenig auf Shakspere's Richard II., dessen fortdauernde Popularität durch vier auf einander folgende Quartausgaben bezeugt wird, dessen Aufführung zur Zeit der Elisabeth schon im Jahre 1597 mit Auslassung der Anstoss erregenden Absetzungsscene stattgefunden hatte. Wenn *Phillips the player* in dem Berichte der State Trials auch auf *Augustine Philips*, einen der Theilhaber des Shakspere'schen Theaters, sich deuten lässt, so bleibt es doch unausgemacht, ob wirklich die Shakspere'sche Schauspielertruppe und keine andre es gewesen, mit welcher Sir Gilly Merrick den bedenklichen Handel eingegangen war. Die politische Vorsicht, mit welcher dieselbe Gesellschaft des Blackfriarstheaters gerade die verfängliche Scene vorher bei der Darstellung weggelassen, spricht eher gegen als für die Vermuthung. — Dass dagegen die Shakspere'sche Truppe zehn Jahre nachher neben dem Shakspere'schen Richard II. noch ein anderes Drama desselben Titels von unbekanntem Verfasser aufgeführt hat, ergiebt sich aus dem in den Einleitungen zu The Winter's Tale, Macbeth und Cymbeline citirten Tagebuche des Dr. Simon Forman. Es heisst darin unter der Ueberschrift: *in Richard II., at the Globe 1611, the 30 of April Thursday* folgendermassen:

Remember therein how Jack Straw, by his overmuch boldness, not being politic nor suspecting anything, was suddenly, at Smithfield bars, stabbed by Walworth, the Mayor of London, and so he and his whole army was overthrown. Therefore, in such case, or the like, never admit any party without a bar between, for a man cannot be too wise, nor keep himself too safe.

Also remember how the Duke of Glocester, the Earl of Arundel, Oxford, and others, crossing the king in his humour about the Duke of Erland (Ireland) and Bushy, were glad to fly and raise a host of men; and being in his castle, how the Duke of Erland came by night to betray him, with three hundred men; but, having privy warning thereof, kept his gates fast, and would not suffer the enemy to enter, which went back again with a fly in his car, and after was slain by the Earl of Arundel in the battle.

Remember, also, when the Duke (i. e. of Glocester) and Arundel came to London with their army, King Richard came forth to them and met them, and gave them fair words, and promised them pardon, and that all should be well, if they would discharge their army: upon whose promises and fair speeches they did it; and after, the king bid them all to a banquet, and so betrayed them and cut off their heads, etc., because they had not his pardon under his hand and seal before, but his word.

Remember therein also, how the Duke of Lancaster privily contrived all villany to set them all together by the ears, and to make the nobility to envy the king, and mislike him and his government; by which means he made his own son king, which was Henry Bolingbroke.

Remember, also, how the Duke of Lancaster asked a wise man whether himself should ever be king, and he told him no, but his son should be a king: and when he had told him, he hanged him up for his labour, because he should not bruit abroad, or speak thereof to others. This was a policy in the commonwealth's opinion, but I say it was a villain's part, and a Judas' kiss to hang the man for telling him the truth. Beware, by this example, of noblemen and their fair words, and say little to them, lest they do the like to thee for thy good will.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.[1]

KING RICHARD THE SECOND.
EDMUND OF LANGLEY, Duke of York.
JOHN OF GAUNT, Duke of Lancaster.
HENRY BOLINGBROKE, Duke of Hereford.
DUKE OF AUMERLE, Son to the Duke of York.
THOMAS MOWBRAY, Duke of Norfolk.
DUKE OF SURREY.
EARL OF SALISBURY.
EARL BERKLEY.
BUSHY, } Creatures to King Richard.
BAGOT, }
GREEN, }
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.
HENRY PERCY, his Son.
LORD ROSS.
LORD WILLOUGHBY.
LORD FITZWATER.
Bishop of Carlisle.
Abbot of Westminster.
Lord Marshal, and another Lord.
SIR PIERCE OF EXTON.
SIR STEPHEN SCROOP.
Captain of a Band of Welshmen.

QUEEN TO KING RICHARD.
DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.
DUCHESS OF YORK.
Lady attending on the Queen.

Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Gardeners, Keeper, Messenger, Groom, and other Attendants.

SCENE, dispersedly in England and Wales.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King RICHARD, *attended;* JOHN OF GAUNT, *and other Nobles, with him.*

K. Rich. Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd[2] Lancaster,
Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,[3]
Brought hither Henry Hereford[4] thy bold son,
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,[5]
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?
Gaunt. I have, my liege.
K. Rich. Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him,
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice,[6]
Or worthily, as a good subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in him?
Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that argument,
On some apparent danger seen in him,
Aim'd at your highness, — no inveterate malice.
K. Rich. Then call them to our presence: face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
The accuser, and the accused, freely speak. —
[Exeunt some Attendants.
High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.[7]

Re-enter Attendants, with BOLINGBROKE *and* NORFOLK.

Boling. Many years of happy days befall
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!
Nor. Each day still better other's happiness;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!
K. Rich. We thank you both: yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cause you come;[8]
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason. —
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?
Boling. First, (heaven be the record to my speech!)
In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tendering the precious safety of my prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely presence. —
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak,
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.[9]
Thou art a traitor, and a miscreant;
Too good[10] to be so, and too bad to live;

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1) Das Personenverzeichniss rührt von Rowe her und ist von den spätern Hggn. nur wenig modificirt worden. 2) *time-honoured* = altehrwürdig, eigentlich wegen seiner langen Lebenszeit geehrt. So hat Sh. ein ähnliches Compositum mit *time* A. 1, Sc. 3: *time-bewasted* = mit der Lebenszeit verschwendet. 3) *oath and band* = eidliche Verpflichtung. — *band* und *bond* sind bei Sh. synonym. 4) *Hereford* ist bei Sh. zweisylbig, wie denn auch Qs. und Fol. bald *Herford*, bald *Hereford* schreiben. 5) *appeal* ist durch einen relativen Zwischensatz von dem dazu gehörigen *Against etc.* getrennt, = die jüngst tumultuarisch vorgebrachte Klage gegen den Herzog von Norfolk. 6) *ancient malice* geht auf Henry Hereford, = auf Grund eines alten Hasses, den er gegen Norfolk hegt. 7) Collier citirt aus einem Notizenbuche der Zeit diesen Vers so: *Deaf as the sea in rage, hasty as fire.* 8) *you come on* erklärt Boswell; indess ist genauer *by* zu suppliren, wie Sh. die Wiederholung derselben Präposition auch sonst unterlässt, wenn sie einmal kurz vorhergegangen ist; so hier *by the cause by which you come.* 9) d. h. wenn ich im Zweikampfe falle. — *my divine soul* = mein verklärter Geist. 10) Vermöge

Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,[11]
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat,
And wish, (so please my sovereign) ere I move,
What my tongue speaks, my right-drawn[12] sword may prove.

Nor. Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal.
'T is not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain:
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this.
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
As to be hush'd, and nought at all to say.
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me
From giving reins and spurs[13] to my free speech;
Which else would post, until it had return'd
These terms of treason doubled[14] down his throat.
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I[15] spit at him;
Call him a slanderous coward, and a villain:
Which to maintain I would allow him odds,
And meet him, were I tied to run afoot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable,[16]
Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.
Meantime, let this defend my loyalty: —
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
Disclaiming here the kindred of the king;[17]
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except:
If guilty dread have left thee so much strength,
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop.
By that, and all the rites of knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.[18]

Nor. I take it up; and by that sword I swear,
Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,
I 'll answer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial:
And, when I mount,[19] alive may I not light,
If I be traitor, or unjustly fight!

K. Rich. What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge?
It must be great, that can inherit[20] us
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Boling. Look, what I said,[21] my life shall prove it true: —
That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles,[22]
In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd[23] employments,
Like a false traitor, and injurious villain.
Besides, I say, and will in battle prove,
Or here, or elsewhere, to the furthest verge
That ever was survey'd by English eye,
That all the treasons, for these eighteen years
Complotted and contrived in this land,
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring.
Further I say, and further will maintain
Upon his bad life to make all this good,[24]
That he did plot the duke of Gloster's death,[25]
Suggest[26] his soon-believing adversaries,
And, consequently, like a traitor coward,
Sluic'd out his innocent soul through streams of blood:
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me for justice and rough chastisement;
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution soars![27]
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?

Nor. O! let my sovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this slander of his blood,[28]
How God, and good men, hate so foul a liar.

K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears:
Were he my brother, nay, our kingdom's[29] heir,
As he is but my father's brother's son,
Now by my sceptre's awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul.

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seiner Herkunft und seines Adels ist er zum Verräther zu gut. 11) *note* = Kundthuung; von Sh. wird das Wort in verschiedenem Sinne für das jetzige *notice* gebraucht. 12) *right-drawn* erklärt Johnson mit *drawn on a right or just cause.* — Vielleicht soll es aber = stracks gezogen, sein. 13) *to give reins* = die Zügel schiessen lassen; *to give spurs* = anspornen. 14) Die Fol. hat *doubly* für das *doubled* der Qs. 15) *I* fehlt in den Qs. 16) *inhabitable* = unbewohnbar. In diesem Sinne kommt das Wort auch bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen vor, z. B. in Ben Jonson's Catiline: *And pour'd on some inhabitable place.* — Dass es aber schon damals auch = bewohnbar, stand, erhellt u. A. daraus, dass Sh. selbst in Tempest (A. 2, Sc. 1) *uninhabitable* = unbewohnbar, hat. 17) So Q. A.; die andern Qs. und die Fol. lesen allgemeiner *of a king.* — Drei Zeilen weiter hat die Fol. *hath* für das *have* der Qs. 18) Was Du an schlimmeren Beschimpfungen, als ich sie gegen Dich ausgesprochen, Dir nur ausdenken kannst. — *worse* steht nur in Q. A. Dafür setzt Q. C. *spoke, or what thou canst devise;* und die Fol. *spoken, or thou canst devise.* 19) Wenn ich mein Ross besteige für den Zweikampf, möge ich nicht lebendig wieder absteigen. 20) *to inherit* mit dem Accusativ der Person und *of* = Jemanden in Besitz von Etwas setzen, Jemanden einer Sache theilhaft machen. — Auch in anderm Sinne gebraucht Sh. *to inherit* = *to possess.* 21) So Qs. und Fol., mit Ausnahme von Q. A., welche *speak* hat. — *said* geht auf die Beschuldigungen, die er schon früher vorgebracht. Dem entspricht dann später das Präsens *besides, I say:* was er ausserdem jetzt vorbringt. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 615. 22) *noble* = Rosenobel, eine Goldmünze, zum Werthe von ungefähr 6 Schillingen. 23) *lewd employments* = nichtsnutzige Verwendungen. 24) Die Construction ist *make good upon his bad life*, was zugleich eine Antithese zwischen *bad* und *good* bildet. — Zwei Zeilen vorher hat nur Q. A. *fetch*, die übrigen Qs. und Fol. *fetch'd.* 25) Thomas Woodstock, Oheim Richard's II., jüngster Sohn Edward's III. 26) *to suggest* = anstiften, verleiten. 27) Die männliche Entschlossenheit Bolingbroke's ist gleichsam ein in die Luft steigender Jagdfalke. 28) Bolingbroke selbst ist eine Schmach für das königliche Geblüt, dem er entstammt. 29) So die Fol. — Die Qs. *my kingdom's.* — Zwei Zeilen weiter lassen die Qs. *my* vor *sceptre's* aus. 30) Norfolk schickt ihm die Lüge durch die Kehle, aus der sie gekommen war, in das Herz zurück, das sie ersonnen hat; er straft ihn auf

He is our subject, Mowbray; so art thou:
Free speech and fearless I to thee allow.
Nor. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest.[30]
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais,[31]
Disburs'd I duly to his highness' soldiers:
The other part reserv'd I by consent;
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt,
Upon remainder of a dear account,
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen.
Now swallow down that lie. — For Gloster's death,
I slew him not; but to mine own disgrace
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.[32] —
For you, my noble lord of Lancaster,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul;
But, ere I last receiv'd the sacrament,
I did confess it, and exactly begg'd
Your grace's pardon, and, I hope, I had it.
This is my fault: as for the rest appeal'd,
It issues from the rancour of a villain,
A recreant and most degenerate traitor;
Which in myself I boldly will defend,
And interchangeably hurl down my gage
Upon this overweening traitor's foot,
To prove myself a loyal gentleman
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom.
In haste[33] whereof, most heartily I pray
Your highness to assign our trial day.
K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen,[34] be rul'd by me.
Let 's purge this choler without letting blood.
This we prescribe, though no physician;
Deep malice makes too deep incision:
Forget, forgive; conclude, and be agreed.
Our doctors say, this is no month to bleed.[35] —
Good uncle, let this end where it begun;
We 'll calm the duke of Norfolk, you your son.
Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my age. —
Throw down, my son, the duke of Norfolk's gage.
K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.
Gaunt. When, Harry, when?[36]
Obedience bids, I should not bid again.
K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down, we bid; there is no boot.[37]
Nor. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot.
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame:
The one my duty owes; but my fair name,
Despite of death that lives upon my grave,[38]
To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here;
Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear;
The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood
Which breath'd this poison.[39]
K. Rich. Rage must be withstood.
Give me his gage: — lions make leopards tame.[40]
Nor. Yea, but not change his spots: take but my shame,
And I resign my gage. My dear, dear lord,
The purest treasure mortal times[41] afford
Is spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest[42]
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
Mine honour is my life; both grow in one:
Take honour from me, and my life is done.
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try;
In that I live, and for that will I die.
K. Rich. Cousin, throw down your gage: do you begin.
Boling. O! God defend my soul from such deep sin![43]
Shall I seem crest-fall'n in my father's sight?
Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height[44]
Before this outdar'd dastard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong,
Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear
The slavish motive of recanting fear,[45]
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,[46]
Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face.
[Exit Gaunt.
K. Rich. We were not born to sue, but to command:
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,

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die am meisten energische Art Lügen. 31) *receipt* geht auf die vorher erwähnten *eight thousand nobles*, die Summe, welche Mowbray erhalten, um sie als Sold an die englische Besatzung in Calais zu vertheilen. — In der folgenden Zeile hat nur Q. A. *duly*, das in den späteren Ausgg. fehlt. 32) Die Pflicht, den Tod seines Bruders zu rächen. 33) *haste* = Beschleunigung, wie *to haste* bei Sh. oft = beschleunigen, beeilen, ist. 34) So die Fol. mit Recht, da der König beide Gegner anredet, wie aus dem folgenden *conclude, and be agreed* erhellt. — Die Qs. lesen *gentleman*. 35) In den alten Almanachen wurden bestimmte Jahreszeiten als geeignet für Aderlässe, eine Cur, der sich auch Gesunde periodisch unterzogen, angegeben. — Die Fol. liest *no time* für *no month*. 36) Ein Ausruf der Ungeduld = nun? wird's bald? So in Julius Cæsar (A. 2, Sc. 1) *when, Lucius, when?* — In Qs. und Fol. steht *obedience bids* zweimal hinter einander. — M. Mason wollte lesen *when || Obedience bids etc.* 37) d. h. es frommt nichts, zu zögern; es hilft Dir nichts. 38) *despite of death* = trotz des Todes, gehört zu *lives*. — *that* ist das auf *name* bezügliche Relativpronomen. 39) Das Herzblut Dessen, der diese giftige Verläumdung aussprach. 40) Anspielung auf den goldnen Leoparden, den die Norfolks im Wappen führten. — Dass Norfolk trotz des pluralischen *leopards* in seiner Antwort *his spots* sagt, ist Sh.'sche Licenz. 41) *mortal times* = das irdische Leben, das Leben der Sterblichen. 42) Der sorgsame Verschluss in einem zehnfach verriegelten Kasten deutet auf die Kostbarkeit des Juwels hin. 43) So die Qs. — Die Fol. hat *foul* für *deep*, und *heaven* für *God*. — Letztere Emendation stammt aus dem Theatermanuscript, da nach einem Statute Jacob's I. aller Missbrauch des göttlichen Namens auf der Bühne verpönt war. Dieselbe Substitution von *heaven* in der Fol. für *God* in den Qs. kehrt im Verlauf des Dramas so oft wieder, dass es genügt, hier ein für alle Male darauf hinzuweisen. — In der vorhergehenden Zeile haben die Qs. *throw up* für *throw down* der Fol. 44) *my height* = meine Grösse, die hohe Stellung, die ich kraft meiner Abstammung einnehme. — Für *beggar-fear* = bettelhafte Furcht, die Lesart der Q. A. und der Fol., haben die andern Qs *beggar face*. 45) Seine Zunge würde, wenn er sich zum Widerrufe entschlösse, das niedrige Organ seiner Furcht sein. — In diesem Sinne steht *motive* auch in All 's well that ends well (A. 4, Sc. 4) *As it hath fated her to be my motive, || And helper to a husband*. 46) *in his high disgrace* bezieht sich auf *it;* das folgende *where shame etc.* hängt von *Mowbray's face* ab.

At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day.
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate.
Since we cannot atone you, we shall see[47]
Justice design the victor's chivalry. —
Lord marshal, command our officers-at-arms[48]
Be ready to direct these home-alarms. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Same. A Room in the Duke of Lancaster's Palace.

Enter Gaunt *and Duchess of* Gloster.

Gaunt. Alas! the part I had in Gloster's blood[1]
Doth more solicit me than your exclaims,
To stir against the butchers of his life.
But since correction lieth in those hands,
Which made the fault[2] that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;
Who, when they see[3] the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.
Duch. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven phials of his sacred blood,
Or seven fair branches springing from one root:
Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,
Some of those branches by the Destinies cut;
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloster, —
One phial full of Edward's sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most royal root, —
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;
Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all vaded,[4]
By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe.
Ah! Gaunt, his blood was thine: that bed, that womb,
That mettle, that self mould,[5] that fashion'd thee,
Made him a man; and though thou liv'st, and breath'st,
Yet art thou slain in him. Thou dost consent[6]
In some large measure to thy father's death,
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model[7] of thy father's life.
Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is despair:[8]
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee.
That which in mean men we entitle patience,
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.
What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,
The best way is to venge my Gloster's death.
Gaunt. God's is the quarrel; for God's substitute,[9]
His deputy anointed in his sight,
Hath caus'd his death; the which, if wrongfully,
Let heaven revenge, for I may never lift
An angry arm against his minister.
Duch. Where then, alas! may I complain myself?[10]
Gaunt. To God, the widow's[11] champion and defence.
Duch. Why then, I will. — Farewell, old Gaunt.
Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold
Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight.
O! sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast.
Or, if misfortune miss the first career,[12]
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,
That they may break his foaming courser's back,
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford.
Farewell, old Gaunt: thy sometimes brother's wife
With her companion grief must end her life.
Gaunt. Sister, farewell: I must to Coventry.
As much good stay with thee, as go with me![13]
Duch. Yet one word more. — Grief boundeth where it falls,
Not with the empty hollowness, but weight:
I take my leave before I have begun,
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.
Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.
Lo! this is all: — nay, yet depart not so;
Though this be all, do not so quickly go;
I shall remember more. Bid him — O! what? —
With all good speed at Plashy visit me.
Alack! and what shall good old York there see,
But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls,[14]

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47) Q. A. liest *we shall see*, die übrigen Qs. und die Fol. *you shall see.* — *to design* = bezeichnen, kundthun. 48) *officers-at-arms* sind die zur Ordnung des Zweikampfes bestellten Herolde. — *marshal* ist vielleicht dreisylbig = *marishal* zu lesen.

1) Mein Antheil an Gloster's Blut, meine Blutsverwandtschaft mit ihm. — Die Qs. haben *Woodstock's blood.* Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1, Anm. 25. 2) Gaunt deutet auf die Betheiligung Richard's an dem Morde des Herzogs von Gloster hin. 3) *they* bezieht sich auf das collectiv gefasste *heaven* = die himmlischen Mächte. — Die meisten Hgg. ändern willkürlich *he sees.* — *hours* ist hier zweisylbig. 4) So die Fol. von *to vade* = verschwinden, hinschwinden, ein auch bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen vorkommendes Wort, z. B. in Spenser's Ruins of Rome, als Reim auf *fade: Her power, disperst through all the world, did vade,* || *To shew that all in the end to nought shall fade.* — Die meisten Hgg. lesen mit den Qs. *faded.* — Nach Sh.'s Licenz bezieht sich diese Zeile und die folgende auf die zweitvorhergehende *One flourishing branch etc.*, und die dazwischenstehende *Is crack'd etc.* auf die Zeile *One phial full etc.* 5) *self mould* ist nicht, wie die Hgg. nach dem Vorgange der Fol. thun, als Compositum zu schreiben, sondern *self* ist adjectivisch = *same*, also *that self mould* = ebendieselbe Form. So in Cymbeline (A. 1, Sc. 7) *that self exhibition which your own coffers yield.* 6) *to consent* bezeichnet bei Sh. häufig kein bloss passives, sondern mitwirkendes Einstimmen in Etwas. So in Othello (A. 5, Sc. 2) *Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?* 7) *model* = Abbild, Repräsentant. So in K. Henry VIII. (A. 4, Sc. 2) *The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter.* 8) *despair* ist hier = Muthlosigkeit, feige Entsagung. 9) Die Fol. hat beide Male *heaven's* in dieser Zeile. Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1, Anm. 43. — *God's substitute* ist König Richard. S. oben Anm. 2. — Ebenso in Gaunt's nächster Rede hat die Fol. *to heaven.* 10) *to complain one's self* als reflexives Verbum kommt bei älteren Schriftstellern häufig vor. — *alas!* fehlt in Q. A. 11) Das *widowes* der alten Ausgg. ist vielleicht *widows'* zu lesen. 12) Wenn das Missgeschick den Mowbray bei dem ersten Anlauf im Zweikampf verfehlt, ihn nicht trifft. 13) So viel Gutes bleibe bei Dir, wie mit mir fortgehe. 14) Wände, die nicht mit Tapeten behängt sind. — Solche gewirkte Tapeten waren nicht dauernd an den Wänden befestigt, sondern wurden lose an Haken aufgehängt, so oft die Zimmer benutzt werden sollten. 15) *offices* sind die Räume für die Dienerschaft, für

Unpeopled offices,[15] untrodden stones?
And what hear[16] there for welcome, but my groans?
Therefore commend me; let him not come there,
To seek out sorrow that dwells every where.[17]
Desolate, desolate will I hence, and die:
The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Open Space near Coventry.

Lists set out, and a throne. Heralds etc. attending. Enter the Lord Marshal[1] *and* Aumerle.

Mar. My lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?
Aum. Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in.
Mar. The duke of Norfolk, sprightfully and bold,
Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.
Aum. Why then, the champions are prepar'd, and stay
For nothing but his majesty's approach.

Flourish. Enter King Richard, *who takes his seat on his throne;* Gaunt, Bushy, Bagot, Green, *and Others, who take their places. A trumpet is sounded, and answered by another trumpet within. Then enter* Norfolk, *in armour, preceded by a Herald.*

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms:
Ask him his name, and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.[2]
Mar. In God's name, and the king's, say who thou art,
And why thou com'st thus knightly clad in arms,
Against what man thou com'st, and what thy quarrel.
Speak truly, on thy knighthood, and thine oath;
As so defend thee heaven and thy valour!
Nor. My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk:
Who hither come engaged by my oath,
(Which God defend a knight should violate!)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth
To God, my king, and his[3] succeeding issue,
Against the duke of Hereford that appeals me;
And, by the grace of God and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God, my king, and me:
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

Trumpet sounds. Enter Bolingbroke, *in armour,*[4] *preceded by a Herald.*

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither
Thus plated in habiliments of war;
And formally, according to our law,
Depose[5] him in the justice of his cause.
Mar. What is thy name, and wherefore com'st thou hither,
Before king Richard in his royal lists?
Against whom comest thou? and what 's thy quarrel?
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven!
Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Am I; who ready here do stand in arms,
To prove by God's grace, and my body's valour,
In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,
That he 's a traitor, foul and dangerous,
To God of heaven, king Richard, and to me:
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!
Mar. On pain of death no person be so bold,
Or daring-hardy, as to touch the lists,
Except the marshal, and such officers[6]
Appointed to direct these fair designs.
Boling. Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand,
And bow my knee before his majesty:
For Mowbray and myself are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage.
Then let us take a ceremonious leave,
And loving farewell of our several friends.
Mar. The appellant in all duty greets your highness,
And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave.
K. Rich. We will descend, and fold him in our arms.
Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,[7]
So be thy fortune in this royal fight.
Farewell, my blood; which if to-day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.[8]
Boling. O! let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's spear.
As confident as is the falcon's flight
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight. —
My loving lord, I take my leave of you;
Of you, my noble cousin, Lord Aumerle; —
Not sick, although I have to do with death,
But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.

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die Aufbewahrung der Lebensmittel und Getränke, sowie für die Zurichtung der Speisen, insofern das nicht in der Küche geschah. 16) Q. A. hat *cheere*. Indess ist die Lesart der übrigen Qs. und der Fol. *hear* vorzuziehen, wegen des von Sh. offenbar beabsichtigten Gegensatzes zu dem vorhergehenden *see:* scil. *what shall old York hear there.* 17) Da die Trauer überall wohnt, braucht York sie nicht in Plashy, dem Wittwensitze der Herzogin, aufzusuchen. — Whalley wollte interpungiren *To seek out sorrow: — that dwells every where.*

1) Es war der Herzog von Surrey, der bei dieser Gelegenheit das eigentlich dem Herzog von Norfolk zustehende Amt eines Lord Marschall von England versah. — Vgl. Einleitung pag. 616. 2) Lasst ihn der Ordnung gemäss über die Gerechtigkeit seiner Sache beeidigen. — In des Marschalls folgender Rede hat Q. A. *and what thy quarrel*, die übrigen Qs. und die Fol. *and what 's thy quarrel.* 3) So die Fol. — Die von den meisten Hggn. adoptirte Lesart der Qs. *my succeeding issue* kann nach der Construction des Satzes kaum den hineingedeuteten Sinn geben, dass Norfolk seine Ehre für seine Nachkommen bewahren müsse. Vielmehr ist *succeeding issue* als Drittes mit *God* und *my king* coordinirt, da Norfolk seine Treue nicht nur dem jetzigen Könige, sondern auch dessen Nachkommen und Nachfolgern auf dem Throne schuldet. — Auch Dyce und Staunton lesen mit der Fol. *and his succeeding issue.* 4) Die Qs. haben *appellant* vor *in armour*, und vorher beim Auftreten Norfolk's *defendant;* Beides nach Holinshed's Chronik, welche übrigens erst den Bolingbroke und nach ihm Norfolk in die Schranken treten lässt. 5) *to depose* = aussagen lassen, vernehmen. Vgl. Anm. 2 dieser Scene. — In den beiden vorhergehenden Zeilen hat die Fol. irrthümlich *placed* für *plated*, und *formerly* für *formally*. 6) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1, Anm. 48. 7) So die Qs.; die Fol. hat *just*. 8) So die spätern Qs. und die Fol. — Q. A. und B. haben *revenge the dead.* 9) Wie bei einem englischen Gastmahl die süssen Leckereien als Nachtisch zuletzt auf der Tafel erscheinen, so spart Bolingbroke sich den süssesten Abschied, den von seinem Vater, bis zuletzt auf, —

Lo! as at English feasts,[9] so I regreet
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet:
O thou, the earthly author of my blood, —
Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers,
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,[10]
And furbish[11] new the name of John of Gaunt,
Even in the lusty haviour of his son.

Gaunt. God in thy good cause make thee prosperous!
Be swift like lightning in the execution;
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,[12]
Fall like amazing[13] thunder on the casque
Of thy adverse[14] pernicious enemy:
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.

Boling. Mine innocence,[15] and Saint George to thrive!

Nor. However God, or fortune, cast my lot,
There lives or dies, true to king Richard's throne,
A loyal, just, and upright gentleman.
Never did captive with a freer heart
Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,
More[16] than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine adversary. —
Most mighty liege, and my companion peers,
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years.
As gentle and as jocund, as to jest,[17]
Go I to fight. Truth hath a quiet breast.

K. Rich. Farewell, my lord: securely I espy
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye. —
Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Receive thy lance; and God defend the right![18]

Boling. Strong as a tower in hope, I cry, amen.

Mar. *[To an Officer.]* Go bear this lance to Thomas, duke of Norfolk.

1. *Her.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
To prove the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
A traitor to his God, his king, and him;
And dares him to set forward to the fight.

2. *Her.* Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself, and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his sovereign, and to him, disloyal;
Courageously, and with a free desire,
Attending but the signal to begin.

Mar. Sound, trumpets; and set forward, combatants.
[A charge sounded.
Stay, the king hath thrown his warder down.[19]

K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets and their spears,
And both return back to their chairs again. —
Withdraw with us; and let the trumpets sound,
While we return these dukes what we decree. —
[A long flourish.
Draw near,
And list, what with our council we have done.
For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd
With that dear blood which it hath fostered;
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours' swords;[20]
And for we think the eagle-winged pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, set on you[21]
To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;
Which so rous'd up with boisterous untun'd drums,
With harsh resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,
And make us wade even in our kindred's blood:
Therefore, we banish you our territories: —
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life,[22]
Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regreet our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Boling. Your will be done. This must my comfort be:
That sun that warms you here shall shine on me;
And those his golden beams, to you here lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:

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to regreet ist nicht bloss = wiederbegrüssen, sondern = begrüssen. 10) Dein Segen möge meine Lanzenspitze so stählen, dass sie in Mowbray eindringe, als ob er statt eines Harnisches nur einen Rock von Wachs, nachgiebig und weich wie Wachs, trüge. 11) So die Qs. — Das *furnish* der Fol. ist wohl nur ein Druckfehler, obwohl *to furnish* = ausrüsten, ausstatten, gebraucht wird. — Das Bild ist von frisch geputzten Waffen oder Metallplatten mit dem Namen Gaunt's entlehnt. 12) *redoubled* ist viersylbig = *redoubeled* zu lesen. — Dieselbe Zusammenstellung in Macbeth (A. 1, Sc. 2) *doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe.* 13) *to amaze* = betäuben, ist in der ältern Sprache häufig ein energischerer Ausdruck als jetzt. 14) *adverse* hat bei Sh. den Ton bald auf der ersten, bald auf der letzten Sylbe. — Die Fol. liest *amaz'd* für *adverse.* 15) So Qs. und Fol., von Capell, dem die meisten Hgg. folgen, dem Verse zu lieb in *innocency* emendirt. 16) *more* ist eine Wiederholung des comparativischen *freer*, das doppelsinnig = frei, als Gegensatz zu *captive*, und = bereitwillig, in Verbindung mit *heart*, steht. — So in Coriolanus (A. 4, Sc. 5) *more dances my rapt heart.* Hier begrüsst die Seele gleichsam vor Freude tanzend den Zweikampf, als ob es ein Festmahl wäre. 17) *jest* ist jedes Possenspiel, jede Belustigung, namentlich in dramatischer Gestalt oder als Maskerade, wie sie bei Hofe von den Rittern aufgeführt wurden. An letztere scheint Norfolk zu denken. 18) So Q. A. — Die übrigen Qs. und die Fol. lesen *thy right*, weniger gut, da der Marschall vor der Entscheidung des Zweikampfes sich nicht über das Recht und Unrecht der Kämpfer aussprechen kann. 19) Der König wirft den Feldherrnstab in die Schranken zwischen die beiden Gegner, um den Kampf aufzuhalten. So hat Daniel in seinen Civil Wars: *When, lo, the king suddenly chang'd his mind, Casts down his warder, and so stays them there.* 20) So die Fol.; die Qs. *sword.* — Die folgenden fünf Verse fehlen in der Fol. Vielleicht waren sie im Bühnenmanuscript gestrichen, da sie den ohnehin langen Vordersatz in der Rede des Königs übermässig ausdehnen. Man beachtete dabei nicht, dass der Relativsatz *Which so rous'd up etc.* sich nur auf *gentle sleep* beziehen lässt. 21) Von Pope willkürlich verändert: *set you on.* 22) So die Qs.; die Fol.

The sly slow hours[23] shall not determinate
The dateless limit of thy dear exile.[24]
The hopeless word of — never to return,
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.[25]
Nor. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,
And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth.
A dearer merit,[26] not so deep a maim
As to be cast forth in the common air,
Have I deserved at your highness' hands.
The language I have learn'd these forty years,
My native English, now I must forego;
And now my tongue's use is to me no more
Than an unstringed viol, or a harp;
Or like a cunning instrument[27] cas'd up,
Or, being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you have engaol'd my tongue,
Doubly portcullis'd, with my teeth and lips;[28]
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
Is made my gaoler to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,[29]
Too far in years to be a pupil now;
What is thy sentence then[30] but speechless death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?
K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate:[31]
After our sentence plaining comes too late.
Nor. Then thus I turn me from my country's light,
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night. *[Retiring.*
K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with thee.
Lay on our royal sword[32] your banish'd hands;
Swear by the duty that ye owe to God,
(Our part therein[33] we banish with yourselves)
To keep the oath that we administer: —
You never shall (so help you truth and God!)
Embrace each other's love in banishment;
Nor never[34] look upon each other's face;
Nor never write regreet,[35] nor reconcile
This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate;
Nor never by advised purpose meet,
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.
Boling. I swear.
Nor. And I, to keep all this.
Boling. Norfolk, so far, as to mine enemy;[36]
By this time, had the king permitted us,
One of our souls had wander'd in the air,
Banish'd[37] this frail sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land:
Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly the realm;
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burden of a guilty soul.
Nor. No, Bolingbroke; if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven banish'd, as from hence.
But what thou art, God, thou, and I do know;
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.[38] —
Farewell, my liege. — Now no way can I stray:
Save back to England, all the world 's my way.[39] *[Exit.*
K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy grieved heart: thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banish'd years
Pluck'd four away. — *[To* Bolingbroke.*]* Six frozen winters spent,
Return with welcome home from banishment.
Boling. How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging winters and four wanton springs
End in a word: such is the breath of kings.
Gaunt. I thank my liege, that in regard of me
He shortens four years of my son's exile;
But little vantage shall I reap thereby:
For, ere the six years that he hath to spend,
Can change their moons, and bring their times about,
My oil-dried lamp, and time-bewasted light,
Shall be extinct with age and endless night;

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hat *pain of death.* 23) Die Stunden, wie sie heimlich und verstohlen dahinschleichen. — Einige Hgg. drucken als Compositum *sly-slow.* In Chapman's Homer steht *and those sly hours,* || *That still surprise at length.* — Für *sly slow* der übrigen alten Ausgg, entlehnt Pope aus der zweiten Folioausg. *fly-slow,* was auch Staunton adoptirt. 24) *dear exile* ist eine Verbannung, die dem Verbannten nahe geht. — *exile* betont Sh. auf der ersten wie auf der zweiten Sylbe. 25) So Qs. und Fol. Vgl. Anm. 22. 26) *merit* = Lohn. — *maim* = empfindliche Kränkung, Schaden, der Jemandem zugefügt wird. 27) *a cunning instrument* ist, wie in Cymbeline (A. 4, Sc. 2) *ingenious instrument,* = ein sinnreich zusammengesetztes musikalisches Instrument. — Dass Sh. an ein clavierähnliches Instrument denkt, ergiebt sich aus dem folgenden *touch* = Taste. 28) Die Zähne und die Lippen bilden gleichsam ein doppeltes Fallgitter vor der Zunge, die in fremdem Lande, unter Leuten fremder Sprache sich nicht hervorwagt. 29) Wie ein Kind von der Amme zuerst die Sprache lernt. 30) *then* fehlt in den Qs. 31) *compassionate,* von dem substantivischen *compassion* = Rührung, Mitleid, gebraucht Sh. hier in ungewöhnlichem Sinne = rührend, auf Rührung oder Mitleid berechnet. Es frommt Dir nichts, sagt der König, so kläglich Dich zu geberden. — Theobald vermuthet *to become passionate.* 32) Der Griff des Schwertes bildet ein Kreuz, auf das sie schwören, wie in Hamlet (A. 1, Sc. 5) die Freunde auf Hamlet's Schwert. 33) scil. *our part in your duty:* Richard verlangt für sich keine Pflichtergebenheit mehr von den Verbannten. 34) Die Fol. hat hier wie in der folgenden und in der vierten Zeile *nor ever.* — Doch ist die Häufung der Negationen in Sh.'s Manier. 35) Die gewöhnliche Interpunction *write, regreet* fasst *regreet* als Verbum, also: Ihr sollt nie (einander) schreiben noch begrüssen. Einfacher ist es, *regreet* = gegenseitige Begrüssung, von *write* abhängen zu lassen. So in K. John (A. 3, Sc. 1) *Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regreet.* — Die Fol. liest *or reconcile.* 36) Diese Ellipse, die vielleicht zu erklären ist: so weit hatte ich mit Dir als Feind zu thun, würde durch irgend eine als Bühnenweisung hinzutretende Pantomime Bolingbroke's deutlicher werden, wie denn Hanmer *In salutation* als solche hinzufügt. — Für *far,* in der alten Orthographie *farre,* lesen die Qs. und Fol. *fare,* was Tollet und Collier mit sehr gezwungener Deutung beibehalten. Schon die zweite Folioausg. von 1632 hat *farre.* — Staunton erklärt den elliptischen Satz: *So far as I am now permitted to address an enemy.* 37) *banish'd* ist Apposition zu *one of our souls:* verbannt aus diesem gebrechlichen Grabe unseres Fleisches. — *sepulchre,* das sonst bei Sh. die gewöhnliche Betonung hat, ist hier auf der zweiten Sylbe accentuirt, was häufiger bei dem verbalen *to sepulchre* der Fall ist. 38) scil. *what thou art:* der König wird es nur zu bald schmerzlich empfinden, was Du bist. 39) Ich kann in keiner Richtung, die ich einschlage, irre gehen, da mein Weg allenthalben hinweist, nur nicht nach England zurück.

My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.
K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.
Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that thou canst give:
Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow;
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;[40]
Thy word is current with him for my death;
But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.
K. Rich. Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave.[41]
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lower?
Gaunt. Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.
You urg'd me as a judge; but I had rather,
You would have bid me argue like a father.[42]
O! had it been a stranger, not my child,
To smooth his fault I should have been more mild.
A partial slander[43] sought I to avoid,
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.
Alas! I look'd when some of you should say,
I was too strict, to make mine own away;
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,
Against my will, to do myself this wrong.
K. Rich. Cousin, farewell; — and, uncle, bid him so;[44]
Six years we banish him, and he shall go.
[Flourish. Exeunt King Richard *and Train.*
Aum. Cousin, farewell: what presence must not know,
From where you do remain, let paper show.
Mar. My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride,
As far as land will let me, by your side.
Gaunt. O! to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?
Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office should be prodigal
To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.
Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.
Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.
Gaunt. What is six winters? they are quickly gone.
Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.
Gaunt. Call it a travel, that thou tak'st for pleasure.
Boling. My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.
Gaunt. The sullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home-return.[45]
Boling. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make
Will but remember me, what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.
Must I not serve a long apprenticehood
To foreign passages, and in the end,
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else
But that I was a journeyman[46] to grief?
Gaunt. All places that the eye of heaven visits,
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not, the king did banish thee,
But thou the king. Woe doth the heavier sit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not the king exil'd thee; or suppose,
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st.
Suppose the singing birds musicians,
The grass whereon thou tread'st the presence strew'd,[47]
The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more
Than a delightful measure,[48] or a dance;
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.
Boling. O! who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow
By thinking on fantastic[49] summer's heat?
O! no: the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,
Than when it bites,[50] but lanceth not the sore.
Gaunt. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way.
Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.
Boling. Then, England's ground, farewell; sweet soil, adieu:
My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!
Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,
Though banish'd, yet a true-born Englishman.
[Exeunt.[51]

SCENE IV.

The Same. A Room in the King's Castle.

Enter King Richard, Bagot, *and* Green, *at one door;* Aumerle *at another.*

K. Rich. We did observe.[1] — Cousin Aumerle,
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?

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40) *his pilgrimage*, wie in der nächsten Zeile *him*, geht auf *time*. — Drei Zeilen vorher hat die Fol. *sudden sorrow*. 41) In der reiflichen Erwägung über die Verbannung Deines Sohnes gab Deine Zunge auch ihr Votum mit ab; Du stimmtest seiner Verbannung Deinerseits bei. 42) Die Fol. lässt die folgenden vier Zeilen aus. 43) *partial slander* = die üble Nachrede, dass ich parteiisch sei; eine Verbindung, wie *steril curse* in Julius Cæsar (A. 1, Sc. 2) und *naked frailties* in Macbeth (A. 2, Sc. 3). 44) scil. *bid him farewell.* 45) Die Heimkehr wird gegen die Zeit der Verbannung so glänzend abstechen, wie ein Juwel gegen die Einfassung, welche es trägt. — Die folgenden sechsundzwanzig Zeilen bis zum Schlusse der nächsten Rede Gaunt's fehlen in der Fol., wahrscheinlich weil sie bei der Aufführung weggelassen wurden. 46) *journeyman* ist hier zweideutig = Tagelöhner, und = Reisender, von *journey* = Reise. 47) Sieh den Rasen, den Du trittst, für ein mit Binsen bestreutes Prunkgemach *(presence)* an. — Auf die Sitte, solche Gemächer mit Binsen zu bestreuen, spielt Sh. auch sonst an; z. B. in Romeo and Juliet (A. 1, Sc. 4) *let wantons, light of heart,* || *Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels.* 48) *measure* = ein feierlicher Tanz und die Musik dazu. 49) *fantastic* heisst der Sommer hier, weil er kein wirklicher ist, sondern nur in der Einbildung besteht. — Für diese Rede und die vorhergehende Gaunt's entlehnte, wie es scheint, Sh. Einzelnes aus Lyly's 1579 erschienenem Euphues, in welchem ein Verbannter ähnliche Trostgründe empfängt und zurückweist. 50) *he bites* in Q. A., als ob es sich auf *sorrow* bezöge, während

Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,
But to the next highway,[2] and there I left him.
K. Rich. And, say, what store of parting tears were shed?
Aum. 'Faith, none for me;[3] except the north-east wind,
Which then blew bitterly against our faces,
Awak'd the sleeping rheum, and so by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.
K. Rich. What said our cousin, when you parted with him?
Aum. Farewell:
And, for my heart disdained that my tongue
Should so profane the word, that[4] taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such grief,
That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.
Marry, would the word »farewell« have lengthen'd hours,
And added years to his short banishment,
He should have had a volume of farewells;
But, since it would not, he had none of me.
K. Rich. He is our cousin, cousin; but 't is doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
Ourself, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green.[5]
Observ'd his courtship to the common people,
How he did seem to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courtesy;
What reverence he did throw away on slaves,
Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft[6] of smiles,
And patient underbearing of his fortune,
As 't were to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;
A brace of draymen bid — God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,[7]
With — »Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends;« —
As were our England in reversion his,
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.
Green. Well, he is gone; and with him go these thoughts.
Now for the rebels, which stand out[8] in Ireland; —
Expedient manage must be made, my liege,
Ere further leisure yield them further means,
For their advantage, and your highness' loss.
K. Rich. We will ourself in person to this war.
And, for our coffers with too great a court
And liberal largess are grown somewhat light,
We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm,[9]
The revenue whereof shall furnish us
For our affairs in hand. If that come short,
Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters;
Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,[10]
And send them after to supply our wants;
For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter Bushy.

Bushy, what news?
Bushy. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick,[11] my lord,
Suddenly taken, and hath sent post-haste,
To entreat your majesty to visit him.
K. Rich. Where lies he?
Bushy. At Ely-house.
K. Rich. Now put it, God, in his physician's mind,
To help him to his grave immediately!
The lining of his coffers shall make coats
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars. —
Come, gentlemen, let 's all go visit him:
Pray God, we may make haste, and come too late!
[Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

London. An Apartment in Ely-House.

Gaunt *on a couch; the Duke of* York *and Others standing by him.*[1]

Gaunt. Will the king come, that I may breathe my last
In wholesome counsel to his unstaid youth?
York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath;
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.
Gaunt. O! but they say, the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony.[2]
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain,
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain
He that no more must say is listen'd more,

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es doch auf *tooth* geht. 51) Johnson wollte hier den ersten Act schliessen; indess haben die Hgg. die alte Sceneneintheilung der Fol. beibehalten.

1) Diese Worte sind an Bagot und Green gerichtet, die den König darauf aufmerksam gemacht, wie Bolingbroke beim Abschiede noch nach Popularität gehascht habe. 2) Wortspiel zwischen *high* = hochmüthig, und *highway*, das die alten Ausgg. *high way* schreiben. 3) Keine Thräne, was mich betrifft. — In den folgenden Zeilen hat die Fol. *grew* für *blew*, *face* für *faces*, und *sleepy* für *sleeping*. 4) *that* beginnt den Nachsatz und resümirt in sich den ganzen Vordersatz: weil mein Herz verschmähte, dass meine Zunge so das Wort »Lebewohl!« missbrauchen sollte, so lehrte dieses Verschmähen mich die List u. s. w. 5) So liest eine spätere Q. von 1634. Die Fol. hat *Whether our kinsman come to see his friends,* || *Ourself and Bushy: here Bagot and Green.* Die früheren Qs. haben bloss *Ourself and Bushy.* 6) Wortspiel zwischen *craft* und *craftsmen.* — Ein ähnliches Wortspiel findet sich in Coriolanus (A. 4, Sc. 6) *You and your crafts; you have crafted fair.* — Die Fol. hat verkehrt *craft of soules.* 7) Er machte zum Dank für ihren Segenswunsch ihnen einen Knix, eine Begrüssung, die zu Sh.'s Zeit nicht bloss auf die Frauen beschränkt war. 8) Die im Felde stehen. — *expedient manage* = rasche Rüstung. 9) Er versteht darunter die Verpachtung der königlichen Einkünfte und Privilegien gegen baare Summen. 10) Reiche Leute sollen eingeschätzt werden auf grosse Geldsummen, die sie zu entrichten haben. 11) *very sick* in der Fol. — *Bushy, what news?* fehlt in den Qs., die dafür als Bühnenweisung setzen: *Enter Bushy with news.* — Zum Schluss dieser Scene steht in den Qs. *Amen* als zu Richard's letzter Rede gehörig. Staunton setzt dafür: All. *Amen*, als ob alle Anwesende damit des Königs letzte Worte bekräftigten. — Die Fol. lässt *Amen* aus, wahrscheinlich auf Veranlassung der Theatercensur.

1) *Enter Gaunt, sicke with Yorke* ist die Bühnenweisung der Fol. 2) *deep harmony* = ernste, feierliche Musik, im Basston gehalten. 3) Die Sonne ist bei ihrem Untergange, die Musik beim Finale zuletzt am

Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose;
More are men's ends mark'd than their lives before.
The setting sun, and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,[3]
Writ in remembrance more than things long past.
Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

York. No; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds,
As praises of his state:[4] then there are fond
Lascivious metres,[5] to whose venom sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen:
Report of fashions in proud Italy,
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after in base imitation.[6]
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,
So it be new, there 's no respect how vile,[7]
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.[8]
Direct not him whose way himself will choose:[9]
'T is breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

Gaunt. Methinks, I am a prophet new inspir'd,
And thus, expiring, do foretell of him.
His rash fierce blaze of riot[10] cannot last,
For violent fires soon burn out themselves;
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;
He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder:
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,[11]
This fortress, built by nature for herself,
Against infection,[12] and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,[13]
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier[14] lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed,[15] and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home
(For christian service[16] and true chivalry),
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom,[17] blessed Mary's son:
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leas'd out, I die pronouncing it,
Like to a tenement, or pelting farm.[18]
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds:[19]
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
Ah! would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death!

Enter King Richard *and* Queen; Aumerle, Bushy, Green, Bagot, Ross, *and* Willoughby.

York. The king is come: deal mildly with his youth;
For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage[20] the more.
Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?
K. Rich. What comfort, man? how is 't with aged Gaunt?
Gaunt. O, how that name befits my composition!

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süssesten, wie der letzte Nachgeschmack von Süssigkeiten. — Knight liest nach M. Mason's Vorgange: *(As the last taste of sweets is sweetest,) last,* und bezieht also *last* als Verbum auf die Subjecte *sun* und *music.* Damit geht indess der von Sh. beabsichtigte Gegensatz verloren. 4) Mit andern Schmeicheltönen, wie mit Lobeserhebungen seiner Herrlichkeit. 5) *then* knüpft an das Vorige an: dann sind da leichtsinnige, üppige Verse, auf deren Giftlaut u. s. w. — Für *fond* steht in den spätern Qs. und in der Fol. *found*, was die Hgg. beibehalten, so seltsam *found* auch ausgedrückt wäre. Die Emendation *fond* wird unterstützt durch die Lesart der Q. A.: *As praises of whose taste the wise are found*, wo *found* offenbar *fond* sein soll. So lesen auch die Cambridge Edd., und Lettsom vermuthet *th' unwise* für *the wise*, was jedenfalls dem Sinne besser entspräche. 6) Die Nachahmung italienischer Moden verspottet Sh. als eine Thorheit seiner Landsleute auch in Merchant of Venice (A. 1, Sc. 2), wo es von *Faulconbridge, the young baron of England* u. A. heisst: *he bought his doublet in Italy.* 7) Wenn es nur neu ist, einerlei wie schlecht es sein mag. — Der Vers bildet eine parenthetisch eingeschobene Apposition zu *vanity.* 8) Wo das Gelüst sich empört gegen die Erwägung der Vernunft. — *will* und *wit* sind gewöhnliche Gegensätze bei Sh. 9) Weise Den nicht zurecht, der seinen Weg selbst sich erwählen will. — *whose* steht für *who his*, und ist möglicherweise daraus zusammengezogen. 10) Das jähe, heftige Aufflackern seiner Ausgelassenheit. 11) *demi-paradise* = eine Art von Paradies, ein anderes oder zweites Paradies. Die Composita mit *demi* haben bei Sh. oft die Bedeutung: derselben Eigenschaft mit einem Andern theilhaft. So *the demi-Atlas of this earth* in Antony and Cleopatra (A. 1, Sc. 5). 12) *infection* ist hier nicht = Pest, für sich allein, sondern, nach dem Sh.'schen Gebrauche der Copula *and*, in Verbindung mit *the hand of war* aufzufassen: das pestartige Verderben, das durch den Krieg herbeigeführt wird. — So erklärt, wird die von manchen Hggn. adoptirte Lesart Farmer's *infestion*, ein sonst nirgendwo für *infestation* gebrauchtes Wort, überflüssig. — Die Cambridge Edd. bemerken, dass dieser ganze Passus *This royal throne — — stubborn Jewry* in der Gedichtsammlung England's Parnassus (1600) als von Drayton verfasst citirt wird. Für *infection* steht daselbst *infestion.* 13) Gleichsam ein in Silber gefasster Edelstein. 14) *less happier* für *less happy*, wie Sh. *more happier* für *more happy* sagt. 15) Gefürchtet vermöge des Geschlechts, dem sie entstammen, berühmt wegen ihrer Geburt. — *breed* ist das Collective, das den *royal kings* gemeinsam ist, *birth* das Individuelle, das jedem Einzelnen zukommt. — Die Fol. liest *for their birth.* 16) *For christian service etc.* hängt nicht von *renowned*, sondern von *deeds* ab = Thaten, die sie im christlichen Ritterdienst vollbrachten, so weit von Haus, wie das heilige Grab in dem verstockten Judäa. Die Anspielung geht auf die Kreuzzüge, an denen die englischen Könige Theil nahmen. 17) *ransom* ist hier der Erlöser selbst. 18) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 4, Anm. 9. — *pelting* = kleinlich, geringfügig, mit verächtlichem Nebensinne. 19) *inky blots etc.* bezeichnet verächtlich die schriftlichen Verträge, mittelst deren der König sein Reich verpfändet und in Pacht gegeben hatte. 20) *to rage* steht hier zuerst als transitives Verbum

Old Gaunt,[21] indeed: and gaunt in being old.
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;
And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt?
For sleeping England long time have I watch'd;
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt.
The pleasure that some fathers feed upon
Is my strict fast, I mean my children's looks;
And therein fasting hast thou made me gaunt.
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely[22] with their names?

Gaunt. No; misery makes sport to mock itself.
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

K. Rich. Should dying men flatter with those[23] that live?

Gaunt. No, no; men living flatter those that die.

K. Rich. Thou, now a-dying, say'st, thou flatter'st me.

Gaunt. O! no; thou diest, though I the sicker be.

K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.

Gaunt. Now, He that made me knows I see thee ill;
Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.[24]
Thy death-bed is no lesser than thy land,
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick:
And thou, too careless patient as thou art,
Committ'st thy anointed body to the cure
Of those physicians that first wounded thee.
A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;
And yet, incaged[25] in so small a verge,
The waste is no whit lesser than thy land,
O! had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye,
Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,
Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,
Which art possess'd[26] now to depose thyself.
Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,
It were a shame to let this land by lease;
But, for thy world, enjoying but this land,
Is it not more than shame to shame it so?
Landlord of England art thou now, not king:
Thy state of law is bondslave to the law,[27]
And —

K. Rich. And thou a lunatic lean-witted fool,[28]
Presuming on an ague's privilege,
Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood
With fury from his native residence.
Now, by my seat's right royal majesty,
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
This tongue, that runs so roundly[29] in thy head,
Should run thy head from thy unreverent shoulders.

Gaunt. O! spare me not, my brother Edward's son,
For that I was his father Edward's son.
That blood already, like the pelican,[30]
Hast thou tapp'd out, and drunkenly carous'd.
My brother Gloster, plain well-meaning soul,
(Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls!)
May be a precedent and witness good,
That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood.
Join with the present sickness that I have,
And thy unkindness be like crooked age,[31]
To crop at once a too-long withered flower.
Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee:
These words hereafter thy tormentors be! —
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:
Love they to live,[32] that love and honour have.

[Exit, borne out by his Attendants.

K. Rich. And let them die, that age and sullens have;
For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

York. I do beseech your majesty, impute his words
To wayward sickliness and age in him:
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
As Harry, duke of Hereford,[33] were he here.

K. Rich. Right, you say true: as Hereford's love, so his;
As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your majesty.

= in Wuth versetzen, reizen, dann als intransitives = wüthen, toben. 21) Das Wortspiel zwischen *Gaunt*, dem Beinamen des Herzogs von Lancaster von seinem Geburtsorte Gent, und *gaunt* = hager, dürr, hat Sh. auch in K. Henry IV. Second Part (A. 3, Sc. 2) wo Falstaff von dem hagern Friedensrichter sagt: *I saw it, and told John of Gaunt, he beat his own name.* 22) *nicely* = spitzfindig. 23) Die Fol. lässt *with* aus. — *to flatter with* = den Schmeichler bei Jemandem spielen. 24) Das *to see* fand Steevens, wohl dem Verse zu lieb, überflüssig, so unentbehrlich es auch ist, = ich bin krank in mir selbst anzusehen, und darin krank, dass ich Dich krank sehe. — In der folgenden Zeile hat Q. A. *thy land* für *the land* der übrigen alten Ausgg. 25) So die Fol.; die Qs. haben *inraged.* 26) *possessed* ist zuerst = in Besitz des Thrones gesetzt, und dann = besessen, verrückt: der Du jetzt so wahnsinnig bist, Dich selbst zu entthronen, indem Du Dein Land verpachtest. 27) Indem Richard seine königlichen Attribute für Geld ausgeliehen hat, steht er nicht mehr als König über Alle da, sondern wie ein gewöhnlicher Grundbesitzer; und der Rang und Besitz, der ihm gesetzlich zukam, ist jetzt den Gesetzen des Pachtverhältnisses unterworfen, wie jeder andere nicht königliche Besitz. — Die Fol. liest *art thou, and not king.* 28) So die Fol. — Richard muss das *thou*, das sich auf Gaunt beziehen soll, natürlich selbst aussprechen, während nach der von den Hggn. vorgezogenen Lesart der Qs. Gaunt *And thou* sagt, und Richard darauf einfallend: *A lunatic etc.* die von Gaunt gegen ihn gerichteten Beschuldigungen ergänzt, also sich selbst für *a lunatic etc.* erklärt. 29) *roundly* = gerade heraus, ohne Umstände. — *to run* ist erst intransitiv = laufen, rasch gehen, dann transitiv = mit Gewalt oder Eile abreissen, abjagen. 30) Der Vergleich mit dem Pelikan, der sein eignes Blut hergiebt, ist hier so zu verstehen, dass Richard das Blut seines Geschlechts, also nur im weitern Sinne sein eigenes Blut, anzapft. — So auch in K. Lear (A. 3, Sc. 4) *'t was this flesh begot those pelican daughters.* 31) Wie das gebeugte Greisenalter den alten Gaunt wegrafft, so möge die Härte des Königs dasselbe thun. — *crooked age*, von der gekrümmten Haltung des Alters, ist ein gewöhnliches Epitheton; so in dem Pseudo-Sh.'schen Locrine: *Now yield to death, o'erlaid by crooked age.* 32) Mögen Diejenigen Freude am Leben finden, gern leben, die Liebe und Ehre geniessen. 33) In York's Munde ist *Harry, duke of Hereford* Accusativ: der alte Gaunt liebt Euch nicht weniger als seinen Sohn; Richard fasst es als Nominativ: er liebt mich so sehr, wie sein Sohn mich

K. Rich. What says he?
North. Nay,[34] nothing; all is said.
His tongue is now a stringless instrument;
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.
York. Be York the next that must be bankrupt so!
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.
K. Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he:
His time is spent; our pilgrimage must be.[35]
So much for that. — Now for our Irish wars.
We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns,
Which live like venom, where no venom else,
But only they, hath privilege to live.[36]
And for these great affairs do ask some charge,
Towards our assistance we do seize to us
The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.
York. How long shall I be patient? Ah! how long
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?
Not Gloster's death, nor Hereford's banishment,
Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,[37]
Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
About his marriage,[38] nor my own disgrace,
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.
I am the last of noble Edward's sons,
Of whom thy father, prince of Wales, was first;
In war was never lion rag'd more fierce,
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman.
His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours;[39]
But when he frown'd, it was against the French,
And not against his friends:[40] his noble hand
Did win what he did spend, and spent not that
Which his triumphant father's hand had won:
His hands were guilty of no kindred blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
O Richard! York is too far gone with grief,
Or else he never would compare between.
K. Rich. Why, uncle, what 's the matter?
York. O my liege,
Pardon me, if you please; if not, I, pleas'd
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands,
The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford?
Is not Gaunt dead, and doth not Hereford live?
Was not Gaunt just, and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deserving son?
Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time
His charters and his customary rights;
Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day;[41]
Be not thyself; for how art thou a king,
But by fair sequence and succession?
Now, afore God, (God forbid, I say true!)
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
Call in the letters-patents that he hath
By his attorneys-general to sue
His livery,[42] and deny[43] his offer'd homage,
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,
And prick my tender patience to those thoughts,
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.
K. Rich. Think what you will: we seize into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.
York. I 'll not be by the while. My liege, farewell:
What will ensue hereof, there 's none can tell;
But by bad courses may be understood,
That their events can never fall out good. *[Exit.*
K. Rich. Go, Bushy, to the earl of Wiltshire straight:
Bid him repair to us to Ely-house,
To see this business. To-morrow next
We will for Ireland; and 't is time, I trow:
And we create, in absence of ourself,
Our uncle York lord governor of England,
For he is just, and always lov'd us well. —
Come on, our queen: to-morrow must we part;
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.
[Flourish. Exeunt King, Queen, Bushy, Aumerle, Green, *and* Bagot.
North. Well, lords, the duke of Lancaster is dead.
Ross. And living too; for now his son is duke.
Willo. Barely in title, not in revenue.[44]
North. Richly in both, if justice had her right.
Ross. My heart is great;[45] but it must break with silence,
Ere 't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue.
North. Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er speak more,
That speaks thy words again to do thee harm!
Willo. Tends that thou 'dst speak to the duke of Hereford?
If it be so, out with it boldly, man;
Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.
Ross. No good at all that I can do for him,
Unless you call it good to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

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liebt, also gar nicht. 34) *nay* fehlt in den späteren Qs. und ist auch im Text vielleicht entbehrlich. 35) *our pilgrimage is yet to come*, erklärt M. Mason. Vielleicht ist eher *spent* zu *must be* zu suppliren. 36) Anspielung auf die Sage, dass St. Patrick Irland von allem giftigen Gewürm befreit habe. Als das einzige Gewürm des Landes betrachtet der König die aufrührerischen irischen Vagabunden und Bauern, die Kerns, die ähnlich wie hier auch anderswo charakterisirt werden. So in K. Henry VI. Second Part (A. 3, Sc. 1) *the uncivil kerns of Ireland* und *like a shag-hair'd crafty kern.* 37) Das Unrecht, das England insgeheim und still von Seiten Richard's erträgt. — Vgl. Einleitung pag. 616. 38) Der verbannte Bolingbroke hätte in Frankreich die Tochter des Herzogs von Berry, Oheims des französischen Königs, zur Gattin bekommen, wenn König Richard es nicht zu verhindern gewusst. 39) Als er ausgerüstet war mit der Zahl Deiner Stunden, als er so viele Stunden zählte, wie Du jetzt. — Die Qs. haben *with a number.* 40) Wortspiel zwischen dem ähnlich klingenden *friends* und *French.* 41) Dem Bolingbroke sein väterliches Erbtheil entziehen zu wollen, ist eben so unnatürlich, als wolle man auf den heutigen Tag nicht den morgigen folgen lassen. — *his* in der vorhergehenden Zeile bezieht sich auf *time:* die Privilegien und Rechte, die der Zeit angehören. 42) *livery* ist der lehnsrechtliche Ausdruck für den Anspruch, den ein majorenner Erbe auf die Uebertragung der bis dahin im Namen des Königs verwalteten Lehnsgüter des Erblassers an ihn selbst erhob. Dafür leistete er dann den Huldigungseid, den der König entgegennehmen musste. 43) scil. *if you do wrongfully deny.* 44) So die Fol.; die Qs. *revenues.* 45) *great* = voll, wie *great with*

North. Now, afore God, 't is shame such wrongs are borne
In him, a royal prince, and many more
Of noble blood in this declining land.
The king is not himself, but basely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform,
Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,
That will the king severely prosecute
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.
Ross. The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,
And quite [46] lost their hearts: the nobles hath he fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.
Willo. And daily new exactions are devis'd;
As blanks, [47] benevolences, and I wot not what:
But what, o' God's name, doth become of this?
North. Wars hath [48] not wasted it, for warr'd he hath not,
But basely yielded upon compromise
That which his ancestors [49] achiev'd with blows.
More hath he spent in peace than they in wars.
Ross. The earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.
Willo. The king 's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.
North. Reproach and dissolution hangeth over him.
Ross. He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burdenous taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.
North. His noble kinsman: most degenerate king!
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing, [50]
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm;
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
And yet we strike [51] not, but securely perish.
Ross. We see the very wrack that we must suffer;
And unavoided [52] is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wrack.
North. Not so: even through the hollow eyes of death,
I spy life peering; but I dare not say
How near the tidings of our comfort is.
Willo. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.
Ross. Be confident to speak, Northumberland:
We three are but thyself; and, speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts: therefore, be bold.
North. Then thus: — I have from Port le Blanc, a bay
In Brittany, receiv'd intelligence,
That Harry duke of Hereford, Rainold Lord Cobham, [53]
That late broke from the duke of Exeter,
His brother, archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Ramston,
Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton, and Francis Quoint, [54]
All these well furnish'd by the duke of Bretagne,
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience, [55]
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore.
Perhaps they had ere this, [56] but that they stay
The first departing of the king for Ireland.
If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
Imp [57] out our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,
Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt, [58]
And make high majesty look like itself,
Away with me in post to Ravenspurg;
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay and be secret, [59] and myself will go.
Ross. To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them that fear.
Willo. Hold out my horse, [60] and I will first be there.
[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The Same. An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Queen, Bushy, *and* Bagot.

Bushy. Madam, your majesty is too much sad:
You promis'd, when you parted with the king,
To lay aside life-harming [1] heaviness,
And entertain a cheerful disposition.
Queen. To please the king, I did; [2] to please myself,
I cannot do it; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,

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child etc. 46) Pope strich das *quite*, das nach seiner Annahme aus der folgenden Zeile sich hierher verirrt. Die Wiederholung derselben Phrase ist wesentlicher, als die Regelmässigkeit des Verses. 47) *blanks* sind weisse Blätter, unter welche die Geistlichen, Edelleute und Gemeinden ihr Siegel setzen mussten und sich so zur Zahlung der nachträglich darüber eingezeichneten Steuern verpflichteten. — *benevolences* sind die ausserordentlichen Geldbewilligungen, die unter diesem Namen vom Parlamente erzwungen wurden. 48) So Qs. und Fol. nach dem Sh.'schen Gebrauche des collectiven *wars* als Singular = Heerwesen, Kriegsführung. Auch Staunton liest so; die meisten Hgg. setzen stillschweigend *have* dafür. 49) So die Fol.; die Qs. haben vor *ancestors* das müssige Epitheton *noble*. 50) *to sing* gebraucht Sh. auch sonst von dem leiseren Sausen, mit welchem ein Sturm sich ankündigt; so in Merry Wives of Windsor (A. 3, Sc. 2) *a man may hear this shower sing in the wind.* 51) *to strike* scil. *the sails* = die Segel streichen. — *securely perish* = wir gehen zu Grunde, ohne uns in unserer Zuversicht stören zu lassen. 52) *unavoided* = unvermeidlich. In diesem Sinne gebraucht Sh. die mit *un-* zusammengesetzten Participia häufig. 53) Malone fügt hierauf folgende Zeile ein: *The son of Richard, earl of Arundel,* wofür Ritson, in engerem Anschlusse an Holinshed's Chronik, vorschlug: *The son and heir of the late earl of Arundel.* Eine Vergleichung des Sh.'schen Textes mit seiner chronistischen Quelle macht es allerdings sehr wahrscheinlich, dass hier eine Zeile in den Qs. wie in der Fol. zufällig ausfiel, wenn nicht etwa der Dichter den Holinshed so unaufmerksam gelesen, dass er den Lord Cobham mit dem aus des Herzogs von Exeter Gewahrsam entkommenen Thomas Arundel verwechselt und einen andern Thomas Arundel, den Erzbischof von Canterbury, zu einem Bruder Cobham's gemacht haben sollte. 54) Die Qs. nennen ihn *Coines.* Die Fol. hat den Namen wie bei Holinshed. 55) *expedience* ist Sh.'s Wort für das jetzige *expedition,* in dessen verschiedenen Bedeutungen, hier = Eilfertigkeit. 56) scil. *touched it:* Vielleicht wären sie bereits gelandet, wenn sie nicht erst die Abreise des Königs nach Irland abwarteten. 57) *to imp* oder *to imp out* ist der technische Ausdruck für die künstliche Wiederherstellung des Gefieders bei einem Jagdfalken, wenn dasselbe beschädigt oder zerstört war. 58) *gilt* ist nicht bloss = Vergoldung, sondern = jedes bearbeitete, zur Verzierung dienende Gold. 59) d. h. verrathet meine Absicht nicht, wenn Ihr hier zurückbleiben wollt. 60) Wenn mein Ross nur den Ritt aushält, will ich zuerst dort sein.

Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard. Yet, again, methinks,
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming towards me; and my inward soul
With nothing trembles: at something[3] it grieves
More than with parting from my lord the king.
Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which show like grief itself, but are not so.
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects;
Like perspectives,[4] which, rightly gaz'd upon,
Show nothing but confusion; ey'd awry,
Distinguish form: so your sweet majesty,
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Finds shapes of grief more than himself to wail;
Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,
More than your lord's departure weep not: more 's not seen;
Or if it be, 't is with false sorrow's eye,
Which for things true weeps things imaginary.
Queen. It may be so; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me, it is otherwise: howe'er it be,
I cannot but be sad, so heavy sad,
As — though, in thinking, on no thought I think[5] —
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.
Bushy. 'T is nothing but conceit,[6] my gracious lady.
Queen. 'T is nothing less: conceit is still deriv'd
From some forefather grief; mine is not so,
For nothing hath begot my something grief;
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve:[7]
'T is in reversion that I do possess;[8]
But what it is, that is not yet known; what
I cannot name: 't is nameless woe, I wot.

Enter Green.

Green. God save your majesty! — and well met, gentlemen. —
I hope, the king is not yet shipp'd for Ireland.
Queen. Why hop'st thou so? 't is better hope he is,
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope:
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipp'd?
Green. That he, our hope, might have retir'd[9] his power,
And driven into despair an enemy's hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land.
The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd
At Ravenspurg.
Queen. Now God in heaven forbid!
Green. Ah! Madam, 't is too true: and that is worse,
The lord Northumberland, his son, young[10] Henry Percy,
The lords of Ross, Beaumond, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.
Bushy. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland
And the rest of the revolted faction traitors?[11]
Green. We have: whereupon the earl of Worcester
Hath broke his staff,[12] resign'd his stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him
To Bolingbroke.
Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife to my woe,
And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir:[13]
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy,[14]
And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.
Bushy. Despair not, Madam.
Queen. Who shall hinder me?
I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope: he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper-back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

Enter York.

Green. Here comes the duke of York.
Queen. With signs of war about his aged neck.[15]
O! full of careful business are his looks. —
Uncle, for God's sake, speak comfortable words.
York. Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts:[16]
Comfort 's in heaven; and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses, care, and grief.
Your husband, he is gone to save far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose at home:

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1) So die beiden ersten Qs. — Aus dem Druckfehler der spätern Qs. *half-harming* machte die Fol. *self-harming*. 2) Genau genommen bezieht sich *I did* auf *promis'd*, und das folgende *I cannot do it* auf *lay aside etc.* 3) *something* ist das unbestimmte Etwas, das die Königin noch mehr bekümmert, als der Abschied von ihrem Gemahle. 4) *perspective*, mit betonter erster Sylbe, ist bei Sh. sowohl das Glas, durch das man blickt, als auch das erblickte Bild, Beides mit dem Nebensinn einer optischen Täuschung, die dem Beschauer von verschiedenen Seiten Verschiedenes zeigt. So ist das Auge des Schmerzes, mit dem die Königin den Abschied von ihrem Gemahl anblickt, solch ein optischer Betrug, der ihr den einen wirklichen Schmerz in täuschend vervielfältigter Gestalt zeigt, da sie den Gegenstand verkehrt betrachtet. 5) Johnson verbessert das *on thinking* der alten Ausgg. in *in thinking*: obgleich ich beim Denken an keinen bestimmten Gedanken denke. — Diesen unbestimmten Grnnd ihrer Schwermuth nennt sie dann *heavy nothing* = ein schwermüthiges Nichts. 6) *conceit* = Einbildung, Grille. 7) Mein Schmerz, der doch ein Etwas ist, ist entweder von einem Nichts erzeugt, oder das Nichts, das mich traurig stimmt, hat doch ein Etwas in sich. — *the nothing that I grieve* ist Subject, wozu *something* das Object bildet. 8) Der Schmerz, von dem die Königin nur ein Vorgefühl hat, ist ein Besitzthum, auf das sie nur eine Anwartschaft hat, ohne dass sie es schon angetreten hätte. 9) *to retire* = zurückziehen, zurückrufen, hier von den nach Irland bestimmten Truppen. 10) So die Qs.; die Fol. *his young son.* 11) So die Fol. — Q. A. und B. haben *and all the rest;* Q. C. und D. lassen *all* aus und setzen *revolting* für *revolted.* 12) d. h. den weissen Stab, den er als Oberhofmeister des königlichen Palastes trug, mit dessen Zerbrechung er andeutete, dass er sein Amt niederlegte. — Für *broken* der Q. A. haben die übrigen Qs. und die Fol. *broke.* 13) Ihr Schmerz war bisher ein Embryo, den sie als unbekanntes Etwas mit sich herumtrug; jetzt ist sie unter dem Beistande Green's, der die Hiobspost bringt, davon entbunden, und das zur Welt gebrachte Unglückskind heisst Bolingbroke. — *heir* = Sohn, gebraucht Sh. auch sonst; so wenn er in der Widmung an den Grafen Southampton sein Gedicht Venus and Adonis als *the first heir of my invention* bezeichnet. 14) *prodigy* ist das Ungeheure, das zuerst in böser Ahnung in ihrer Seele lag und jetzt geboren ist. 15) York hat seinen Halspanzer angelegt. 16) Diese Zeile fehlt in der Fol. 17) Die

Here am I left to underprop his land,
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself.
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made;
Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, your son was gone before I came.
York. He was? — Why, so. — Go all which way it will! —
The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side. —
Sirrah, get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloster;[17]
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound.
Hold; take my ring.
Serv. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship:
To-day, as I came by, I called there;[18]
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.
York. What is 't, knave?
Serv. An hour before I came, the duchess died.
York. God for his mercy! what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woful land at once!
I know not what to do: — I would to God,
(So my untruth had not provok'd him to it)[19]
The king had cut off my head with my brother's. —
What! are there no posts despatch'd for Ireland?[20] —
How shall we do for money for these wars? —
Come, sister, — cousin, I would say: pray, pardon me. —
[To the Servant.] Go, fellow, get thee home; provide some carts,
And bring away the armour that is there. —
[Exit Servant.
Gentlemen, will you go[21] muster men? If I know
How, or which way, to order these affairs,
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,
Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen:
The one is my sovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend; the other again
Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd,
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.[22]
Well, somewhat we must do. — Come, cousin,
I 'll dispose of you. — Gentlemen, go muster up your men,
And meet me presently at Berkley castle.[23]
I should to Plashy too,
But time will not permit. — All is uneven,
And every thing is left at six and seven.[24]
[Exeunt York *and* Queen.

Bushy. The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland.[25]
But none returns. For us to levy power,
Proportionable to the enemy,
Is all unpossible.
Green. Besides, our nearness to the king in love
Is near the hate of those love not the king.
Bagot. And that 's the wavering commons; for their love
Lies in their purses, and whoso empties them,
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.
Bushy. Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd.
Bagot. If judgment lie in them, then so do we,[26]
Because we ever have been near the king.
Green. Well, I 'll for refuge straight to Bristol castle;
The earl of Wiltshire is already there.
Bushy. Thither will I with you; for little office
Will the hateful commons perform for us,
Except like curs to tear us all to pieces. —
Will you go along with us?
Bagot. No; I will to Ireland to his majesty.
Farewell: if heart's presages be not vain,
We three here part, that ne'er shall meet again.
Bushy. That 's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.
Green. Alas, poor duke! the task he undertakes
Is numbering sands, and drinking oceans dry:
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.
Farewell at once; for once, for all, and ever.
Bushy. Well, we may meet again.
Bagot. I fear me, never.[27] *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Wilds in Glostershire.

Enter Bolingbroke *and* Northumberland, *with Forces.*

Boling. How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now?
North. Believe me, noble lord,
I am a stranger here in Glostershire.
These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome;
And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.[1]
But, I bethink me, what a weary way
From Ravenspurg to Cotswold will be found
In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company;
Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd

Wittwe seines Bruders Gloster, deren Wittwensitz Plashy in der Grafschaft Essex war. Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 2 am Schluss. 18) So Q. A.; die übrigen Qs. und die Fol. *To-day I came by and call'd there.* 19) Wenn der König es nur nicht als Strafe für eine etwaige Treulosigkeit meinerseits gethan hätte. — Er denkt an seinen Bruder Gloster, der jedoch nicht enthauptet, sondern in Calais zwischen zwei Betten erstickt wurde. Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 2, Anm. 2. 20) Um dem König diese Nachrichten zu überbringen. — So Q. A.; die übrigen Qs. *two posts.* Die Fol. lässt *no* aus. — *Ireland* ist dreisylbig gebraucht. 21) In der Fol. fehlt *go.* 22) *to right* = Jemandem sein Recht verschaffen, steht im Gegensatz zu *to wrong* = kränken. 23) So die Fol. — In den Qs., welche die Eigennamen häufig in abgekürzter Gestalt geben, steht nur *Berkley.* 24) In Unordnung und Verwirrung. Diese noch jetzt familiäre Redeweise kennen auch schon Sh.'s Zeitgenossen. So sagt Bacon vom Papst Sixtus V.: *a fierce thundering friar that would set all at six and seven, or at six and five, if you allude to his name.* 25) So die Fol.; die Qs. haben *for Ireland.* — Am Schluss dieser Rede haben die Qs. *unpossible* für *impossible* der Fol. 26) scil. *then we are condemn'd.* Wenn das Haus der Gemeinen das Urtheil zu sprechen hat, so sind wir so gut wie verurtheilt. — In Bushy's nächster Rede stellt Pope um: *The hateful commons will perform for us.* 27) So vertheilen die Qs. die letzten Zeilen unter die Redenden. Die Fol. giebt die anderthalb *Farewell at once — — meet again* dem Bushy.

1) *delectable* betont Sh. auf der ersten Sylbe. — In der vorigen Zeile hat die Fol. *our fair discourse*, und zwei Zeilen vorher haben Qs. und Fol. *drawes* und *makes*, was die Cambridge Edd. als Sh.'schen Sprachgebrauch, nicht als Druckfehler fassen. 2) Nach Sh.'s Behandlungsweise der Copula *and*, = *the tedious process*

The tediousness and process[2] of my travel:
But theirs[3] is sweeten'd with the hope to have
The present benefit which I possess;
And hope to joy[4] is little less in joy
Than hope enjoy'd: by this the weary lords
Shall make their way seem short, as mine hath done
By sight of what I have, your noble company.
Boling. Of much less value is my company,
Than your good words. But who comes here?

Enter Harry Percy.

North. It is my son, young Harry Percy,
Sent from my brother Worcester,[5] whencesoever. —
Harry, how fares your uncle?
Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd his health of you.
North. Why, is he not with the queen?
Percy. No, my good lord: he hath forsook the court,
Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd
The honsehold of the king.
North. What was his reason?
He was not so resolv'd, when last we spake together.
Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor.
But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurg,
To offer service to the duke of Hereford,
And sent me over by Berkley, to discover
What power the duke of York had levied there;
Then with direction[6] to repair to Ravenspurg.
North. Have you forgot the duke of Hereford, boy?
Percy. No, my good lord; for that is not forgot
Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.
North. Then learn to know him now: this is the duke.
Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my service,
Such as it is, being tender,[7] raw, and young,
Which elder days shall ripen, and confirm
To more approved service and desert.
Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be sure,
I count myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul remembering my good friends;
And as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompense:
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.
North. How far is it to Berkley? and what stir
Keeps good old York there, with his men of war?
Percy. There stands the castle, by yond tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard;
And in it are the lords of York, Berkley, and Seymour;
None else of name and noble estimate.

Enter Ross *and* Willoughby.

North. Here come the lords of Ross and Willoughby,
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.
Boling. Welcome, my lords. I wot, your love pursues[8]
A banish'd traitor: all my treasury
Is yet but unfelt thanks,[9] which, more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labour's recompense.
Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.
Willo. And far surmounts our labour to attain it.
Boling. Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor;
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?

Enter Berkley.

North. It is my lord of Berkley, as I guess.
Berk. My lord of Hereford, my message is to you.
Boling. My lord, my answer is to Lancaster,[10]
And I am come to seek that name in England;
And I must find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say.
Berk. Mistake me not, my lord: 't is not my meaning
To raze one title of your honour out.
To you, my lord, I come, (what lord you will,)[11]
From the most gracious regent[12] of this land,
The duke of York, to know what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time,[13]
And fright our native peace with self-borne arms.[14]

Enter York, *attended.*

Boling. I shall not need transport my words by you:
Here comes his grace in person. — My noble uncle!
[Kneels.
York. Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duty is deceivable[15] and false.
Boling. My gracious uncle —
York. Tut, tut!
Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle:[16]
I am no traitor's uncle; and that word »grace«,
In an ungracious mouth, is but profane.
Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs
Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground?
But then more why,[17] — why have they dar'd to march
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,
And ostentation of despised arms?[18]

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oder *the tediousness of the process.* 3) scil. *their travel:* der Marsch der Grafen Ross und Willoughby, die auf dem Wege zu Bolingbroke begriffen sind. 4) *to joy* = sich freuen, Freude empfinden; also hier: Hoffnung auf künftige Freude ist im Genuss wenig geringer, als verwirklichte Hoffnung. 5) Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 2, Anm. 12. 6) So die Fol.; die Qs. haben *directions.* 7) Das Wortspiel zwischen den verschiedenen Bedeutungen von *tender* kehrt auch sonst bei Sh. wieder; z. B. in Cymbeline (A. 3, Sc. 4) *Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with || A look untender?* 8) *to pursue* steht hier zweideutig = verfolgen, in feindlichem Sinne, und = nachfolgen, in freundlichem. 9) Dank, der sich noch nicht fühlbar macht. Darin besteht bis jetzt Bolingbroke's ganzer Schatz, wie er den Dank mit blossen Worten *the exchequer of the poor* nennt. 10) Malone erklärt: *your message is to the duke of Lancaster.* Vielleicht ist der Satz aber ohne Beziehung auf *my message etc.*, lediglich in Beziehung auf die Anrede *my lord of Hereford* so zu fassen: ich antworte nur auf den Namen Lancaster. 11) Wovon Ihr nun Lord heissen möget. 12) So Q. A. — Die andern Qs. und die Fol. haben *glorious* für *gracious* und lassen *regent* aus. 13) *absent time* = Zeit der Abwesenheit, d. h. des Königs. Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 3, Anm. 43. 14) Mit Waffen, die Ihr von selbst, aus eigenem Antriebe tragt. — Die meisten Hgg. lesen dafür *self-born arms* = selbsterzeugte Waffen. 15) *deceivable* = zur Täuschung geeignet, Alles was täuschen kann, also nicht ganz = *deceitful.* So in Twelfth-Night (A. 4, Sc. 4) *There 's something in 't that is deceivable.* 16) So in Romeo and Juliet (A. 3, Sc. 4) *Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds.* — Die Fol. lässt *no uncle* aus. 17) Aber dann noch mehr Warum, noch mehr Fragen. — So Q. A.; die übrigen Qs. und die Fol. *but more then why?* 18) *despised arms* sind Waffen, die Abscheu verdienen, weil Landsleute sie tragen im Bürgerkriege. —

Com'st thou because the anointed king is hence?
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
Were I but now the lord [19] of such hot youth,
As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself;
Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
From forth the ranks of many thousand French,
O! then, how quickly should this arm of mine,
Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault!

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault:
On what condition stands it, and wherein? [20]

York. Even in condition of the worst degree;
In gross rebellion, and detested treason:
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms against thy sovereign.

Boling. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford;
But as I come, I come for Lancaster.
And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace,
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent [21] eye:
You are my father, for, methinks, in you
I see old Gaunt alive: O! then, my father,
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
A wandering vagabond, my rights and royalties
Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away
To upstart unthrifts? Wherefore was I born? [22]
If that my cousin king be king of England,
It must be granted I am duke of Lancaster.
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman;
Had you first [23] died, and he been thus trod down,
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
To rouse his wrongs, and chase them to the bay. [24]
I am denied to sue my livery here, [25]
And yet my letters-patents give me leave:
My father's goods are all distrain'd and sold;
And these, and all, are all amiss employ'd.
What would you have me do? I am a subject,
And challenge law. Attorneys are denied me,
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free descent. [26]

North. The noble duke hath been too much abused.

Ross. It stands your grace upon, [27] to do him right.

Willo. Base men by his endowments are made great.

York. My lords of England, let me tell you this:
I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him right;
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
Be his own carver, [28] and cut out his way, [29]
To find out right with wrong, — it may not be;
And you, that do abet him in this kind,
Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

North. The noble duke hath sworn, his coming s
But for his own; and for the right of that,
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid;
And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that oath!

York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms:
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak, and all ill left;
But if I could, by Him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king;
But, since I cannot, be it known to you,
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well;
Unless you please to enter in the castle,
And there repose you for this night.

Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept.
But we must win your grace to go with us
To Bristol castle; which, they say, is held
By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have sworn to weed and pluck away.

York. It may be, I will go with you; — but yet I 'll pause,
For I am loath to break our country's laws.
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are:
Things past redress are now with me past care. [30]

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

A Camp in Wales.

Enter SALISBURY *and a Captain.*

Cap. My lord of Salisbury, we have stay'd ten days,
And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the king;
Therefore, we will disperse ourselves: farewell.

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman:
The king reposeth all his confidence in thee.

Cap. 'T is thought the king is dead: we will not stay.
The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd, [1]
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,
And lean-look'd [2] prophets whisper fearful change.
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,
The one, in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other to enjoy by rage and war.
These signs forerun the death or fall [3] of kings.
Farewell: our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assur'd Richard, their king, is dead. *[Exit.*

Das Epitheton steht ganz allgemein und ist nicht, wie die Hgg. thun, mit *pale-fac'd villages* zu verbinden. 19) Die Qs. haben *lord* ohne *the*, was zuerst die Fol. supplirte. 20) *wherein* ist = *in what condition:* auf welches Verhältniss gründet sich mein Fehler, und in welchem besteht er? 21) *indifferent* = unparteiisch, der keinen Unterschied macht. 22) Für welchen erblichen Rang wurde ich geboren? 23) d. h. vor Eurem Bruder Gaunt, zuerst von den Beiden. 24) Das Bild ist von der Hetzjagd entlehnt: die ihm zugefügten Kränkungen verfolgen und zu Tode hetzen, so dass sie also aufhören. — M. Mason's Erklärung, dass *his wrongs = the persons who wrong him* seien, erscheint doch zu gesucht. 25) Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 1, Anm. 42. 26) Die Erbschaft, die mir von selbst nach meiner Abkunft zufällt. — Zwei Zeilen vorher lesen die Qs. *And I challenge law.* 27) Es steht Euch zu, es ist Eure Sache. 28) *his own carver* = der sich selber bei Tisch vorlegt. So in demselben übertragenen Sinne in Hamlet (A. 1, Sc. 3) *He may not, as unvalued persons do,* || *Carve for himself.* 29) So in Macbeth (A. 1, Sc. 2) *Like valour's minion carv'd out his passage.* 30) Dieselbe Sentenz lautet kürzer in Love's Labour's Lost (A. 5, Sc. 2) *past cure is still past care.*

1) Dieses Omen von böser Vorbedeutung, sowie manches weiterhin Angeführte fand Sh. bei Holinshed verzeichnet. 2) *lean-looked* = von magerem, kümmerlichem Aussehen. 3) *or fall* fehlt in den späteren Qs. und in der Fol. 4) Deinem Wohl zuwider. — Vgl. zu dieser Scene Einleitung pag. 616 u. 617.

Sal. Ah, Richard! with the eyes of heavy mind
I see thy glory, like a shooting star,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament.
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest.
Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes,
And crossly to thy good[4] all fortune goes. *[Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

BOLINGBROKE's Camp at Bristol.

Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, WILLOUGHBY, ROSS; BUSHY *and* GREEN, *prisoners.*

Boling. Bring forth these men. —
Bushy, and Green, I will not vex your souls —
Since presently your souls must part your bodies —
With too much urging your pernicious lives,
For 't were no charity; yet, to wash your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men,
I will unfold some causes of your deaths.
You have misled a prince, a royal king,
A happy[1] gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappied and disfigur'd clean:[2]
You have, in manner,[3] with your sinful hours,
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him,
Broke the possession of a royal bed,
And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
With tears, drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.
Myself, a prince by fortune of my birth,
Near to the king in blood, and near in love,
Till you did make him misinterpret me,
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,[4]
Eating the bitter bread of banishment;
Whilst you have fed upon my signories,
Dispark'd[5] my parks, and fell'd my forest woods,
From mine own windows torn my household coat,[6]
Raz'd out my impress, leaving me no sign, —
Save men's opinions, and my living blood, —
To show the world I am a gentleman.
This and much more, much more than twice all this,
Condemns you to the death.[7] — See them deliver'd over
To execution and the hand of death.
Bushy. More welcome is the stroke of death to me,
Than Bolingbroke to England. — Lords, farewell.[8]
Green. My comfort is, that heaven will take our souls,
And plague injustice with the pains of hell.
Boling. My lord Northumberland, see them despatch'd.
[Exeunt NORTHUMBERLAND *and Others, with* BUSHY *and* GREEN.
Uncle, you say the queen is at your house:
For God's sake, fairly let her be entreated;[9]
Tell her, I send to her my kind commends;
Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.
York. A gentleman of mine I have despatch'd
With letters of your love to her at large.[10]
Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle. — Come, lords, away,
To fight with Glendower and his complices:[11]
Awhile to work, and after holiday. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Coast of Wales. A Castle in view.

Flourish: drums and trumpets. Enter King RICHARD, *Bishop of* CARLISLE, AUMERLE, *and Soldiers.*

K. Rich. Barkloughly castle call they[1] this at hand?
Aum. Yea, my lord. How brooks your grace the air,
After your late tossing on the breaking seas?
K. Rich. Needs must I like it well: I weep for joy,
To stand upon my kingdom once again. —
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:
As a long-parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meeting,[2]
So, weeping, smiling,[3] greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense;
But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way,[4]
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,
Which with usurping steps do trample thee.
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies;
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,

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1) *happy* = begabt, ist mit *in blood etc.* zu verbinden, und hat als Gegensatz das von Sh. selbst, wie es scheint, gebildete *unhappied* = solcher Begabung beraubt. 2) *clean* = ganz und gar. 3) *in manner* = gleichsam, gewissermassen, bezieht sich auf das folgende *made a divorce.* 4) Dass aus Seufzern sich Wolken bilden, ist eine Anschauung, die bei Sh. öfter wiederkehrt; z. B. in Romeo and Juliet (A. 1, Sc. 1) *Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs.* 5) *to dispark*, ein gerichtlicher Ausdruck, = ein Gehege seines anerkannten Charakters entkleiden, indem man die Umzäunung niederbricht, die Bäume abhaut und das Wild darin vertilgt. 6) Der Wappenrock des Hauses Lancaster, der in den gemalten Fenstern angebracht war. Ebendaselbst war auch die Devise, das Motto *(impress)* Lancaster's zu lesen. 7) *to the death* = zu dem bestimmten Tode der Hinrichtung. 8) Die beiden letzten Worte fehlen in der Fol. 9) *to entreat* ist in der ältern Sprache = behandeln, und = verhandeln. 10) d. h. mit Briefen, die ausführlich von Eurer Freundschaft für sie sprechen. 11) Theobald wollte diese Zeile als eine Interpolation aus dem Texte streichen, weil der vorhergehende und der folgende Vers dann den gewohnten Schlussreim der Scene bilden würden, und weil Glendower erst nach Heinrich's Thronbesteigung sich empörte. — Indess steht die Zeile in Qs. und Fol.; und Sh. dachte bei *Glendower and his complices* an die Walliser, welche, mit Salisbury verbündet, dem König Richard beistanden (vgl. A. 2, Sc. 4). — In K. Henry IV. First Part (A. 5, Sc. 5) findet sich allerdings ein ähnlich lautender Vers: *To fight with Glendower and the earl of March.*

1) So Q. A.; die übrigen Qs. und die Fol. lesen *call you.* 2) *in meeting* deutet Malone von dem Wiedersehen der Mutter und des Kindes. Eher aber ist es auf *tears and smiles* zu beziehen = Thränen und Lächeln zugleich. So in K. Lear (A. 4, Sc. 3) *you have seen || Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears || Were like a better way.* 3) Vielleicht wäre *weeping-smiling*, als Compositum, zu lesen. 4) *their way* bezieht sich auf *thy sovereign's foe*, was als collectiver Begriff sowohl als Singular *(his ravenous sense)*, wie auch als Plural

Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder,
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies. —
Mock not my senseless conjuration,[5] lords:
This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.[6]

Bishop. Fear not, my lord: that power that made you king,
Hath power to keep you king, in spite of all.[7]
The means that heaven yields must be embrac'd,
And not neglected; else, if[8] heaven would,
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse,
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss;
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
Grows strong and great in substance, and in friends.[9]

K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou not,
That when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,[10]
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
In murders and in outrage bloody[11] here;
But when from under this terrestrial ball
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light[12] through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,
Whilst we were wandering with the antipodes,[13]
Shall see us rising in our throne, the east,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day,
But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from[14] an anointed king;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord.
For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd,
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,
Weak men[15] must fall, for heaven still guards the right.

Enter Salisbury.

Welcome, my lord. How far off lies your power?

Sal. Nor near, nor further off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak arm. Discomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.
One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth.
O! call back yesterday, bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men:
To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state;
For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,[16]
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my liege! why looks your grace so pale?

K. Rich. But now, the blood of twenty thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;
And till so much blood thither come again,
Have I not reason to look pale and dead?
All souls that will be safe, fly from my side;
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my liege! remember who you are.

K. Rich. I had forgot myself. Am I not king?
Awake, thou sluggard majesty![17] thou sleepest.
Is not the king's name forty thousand[18] names?
Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes
At thy great glory. — Look not to the ground,
Ye favourites of a king: are we not high?
High be our thoughts. I know, my uncle York
Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who comes here?

Enter Scroop.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my liege,
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him!

K. Rich. Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd:
The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.
Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 't was my care;
And what loss is it to be rid of care?
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
Greater he shall not be: if he serve God,
We 'll serve him too, and be his fellow so.
Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;
They break their faith to God, as well as us.
Cry woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay;
The worst is death, and death will have his day.[19]

Scroop. Glad am I, that your highness is so arm'd
To bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unseasonable stormy day,
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears;

(their way) gefasst werden kann. 5) *senseless conjuration* ist zugleich eine sinnlose Beschwörung, und eine Beschwörung, die sich an etwas nicht mit Sinnen Begabtes, wie die Erde, richtet. — Der zweite Sinn ergiebt sich aus der folgenden Zeile: *This earth shall have a feeling etc.* 6) So Q. A. und B.; die spätern Qs. und die Fol. haben *rebellious arms.* 7) Die folgenden vier Zeilen fehlen in der Fol., obwohl sie, wie Aumerle's nächste Worte zeigen, unentbehrlich sind. 8) *if* ergänzte Pope, der zuerst unter den Hggn. das in der Fol. Ausgelassene aus den Qs. wieder in den Text setzte. — Pope setzte auch *heaven yields* für *heavens yield* der Qs. 9) So die Fol.; die Qs. haben *in power.* 10) *the lower world* ist die tiefer liegende Welt der Antipoden. — *and lights* emendirt Johnson das *that lights* der Qs. und Fol. 11) So die spätern Qs. und die Fol. Nur Q. A. hat *bouldy*, was sowohl aus *bloudy*, wie *bloody* oft geschrieben wird, als aus *boldly*, Dyce's Lesart, verdruckt sein kann. Indess verdient *bloody* in Verbindung mit *murders* und *outrage* den Vorzug. 12) So die Qs.; die Fol. hat *lightning.* 13) Diese Zeile fehlt in der Fol. — Vgl. Anm. 10 dieser Scene. 14) *off from* in den Qs. 15) d. h. wenn die Engel für mich fechten, so müssen die von Bolingbroke gegen mich Angeworbenen, da sie schwache Menschen sind, fallen. 16) Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 4. 17) So die Fol. in besserem Einklange mit *awake* und *sleepest*, als das *coward majesty* der Qs. 18) Die Fol. hat *forty thousand*, wie Sh. auch sonst diese Zahl als eine unbestimmte grosse gebraucht; so in Hamlet (A. 5, Sc. 1) *forty thousand brothers;* in Othello (A. 3, Sc. 3) *forty thousand lives.* — Die Qs. lesen *twenty thousand*, vielleicht in Beziehung auf die 20,000 geflohenen Walliser. 19) Künde mir immerhin Weh, Zerstörung, Sturz u. s. w. mit lauter Stimme an; sie sind alle nicht so schlimm wie der Tod, der

So high above his limits swells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
With hard bright steel, and hearts harder than steel.
White-beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps
Against thy majesty; and boys, with women's voices,
Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints [20]
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown;
Thy very beadsmen [21] learn to bend their bows
Of double-fatal [22] yew against thy state;
Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills
Against thy seat: both young and old rebel,
And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well thou tell'st a tale so ill.
Where is the earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Bushy? where is Green?
That they have let the dangerous enemy
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.
I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

Scroop. Peace [23] have they made with him, indeed, my lord.

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!
Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart!
Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas!
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
Upon their spotted souls for this offence! [24]

Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate.
Again uncurse their souls; [25] their peace is made
With heads and not with hands: those whom you curse,
Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound, [26]
And lie full low, grav'd [27] in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is Bushy, Green, and the earl of Wiltshire, dead?

Scroop. Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.

Aum. Where is the duke, my father, with his power?

K. Rich. No matter where. Of comfort no man speak:
Let 's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make dust our paper, [28] and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let 's choose executors, and talk of wills:
And yet not so, — for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies [29] to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own but death,
And that small model [30] of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings: —
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd, [31]
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd,
All murder'd: — for within the hollow crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps death his court, and there the antick [32] sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit, [33]
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable; and, humour'd thus, [34]
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and — farewell king!
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence: throw away respect,
Tradition, [35] form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live with bread like you, feel want,
Taste grief, need friends. Subjected thus, [36]
How can you say to me, I am a king?

Bishop. My lord, wise men ne'er wail their present woes, [37]

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doch unvermeidlich ist. 20) *female joints* sind die weiblich zarten Gelenke. — Staunton's Interpunction, nach dem Vorgange der Fol., verbindet *against thy crown* mit dem Folgenden, ebenso *against thy state* und *against thy seat.* 21) *beadsman* ist, der vom Könige ein regelmässiges Almosen erhält und darum für ihn beten muss. So in Two Gentlemen of Verona (A. 1, Sc. 1) *For I will be thy beadsman, Valentine.* 22) Doppelt verderblich war der Eibenbaum, einmal insofern seine Blätter für giftig galten, und dann weil das Holz vorzugsweise zur Anfertigung von Bogen zum Schiessen verwandt wurde. 23) In demselben Doppelsinne lautet in Macbeth (A. 4, Sc. 3) auf die Frage Macduff's *The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?* die Antwort *No; they were well at peace, when I did leave them.* 24) *offence* fehlt in den Qs., und in der vorigen Zeile fehlt *make war.* 25) Nehmt den Fluch zurück, den Ihr eben auf ihre Seelen geschleudert. — Solche Zusammensetzungen des negativen *un-* wie mit *to curse* bildet Sh. viele, z. B. *to unshout* in Coriolanus (A. 5, Sc. 4). 26) So die Qs.; die Fol. hat *hand* für *wound.* 27) *to grave* = begraben, von dem substantivischen *grave* = Grab. 28) Das Papier, das wir gebrauchen, um die Grabschrift darauf zu schreiben. 29) Unsere Leiber, die abgesetzt, ihrer königlichen Würde entkleidet sind. — Der König identificirt seine Anhänger mit sich selbst in diesen, wie in den folgenden Worten. 30) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 2, Anm. 7. — Hier muss *small model*, eigentlich = Abbild im Kleinen, allgemeiner gefasst = Stück, Probe von Etwas, sein. Ein Stück von der ganzen Erde, welches dieselbe im Kleinen darstellt, dient für unsere Gebeine wie ein sie einhüllender Thon, eine Mischung verschiedener Erdarten. — In diesem Sinne und nicht in dem von Pastetenteig, wie Johnson wollte, ist *paste*, das die Copula *and* mit *cover* zu einem Begriffe verbindet, zu fassen. 31) Von den Geistern Derer, welche sie entthront, abgesetzt haben. — Mit ähnlicher Vermengung des Abgeschiedenen und des Geistes hat Sh. in K. Henry VI. Second Part (A. 3, Sc. 2) *Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost, || Of ashy semblance etc.* 32) *antick* = Possenreisser, Lustigmacher, ist Derselbe, der eben vorher *death* hiess: der Tod heisst so, weil er mit dem König seinen Spott treibt. So in K. Henry VI. First Part (A. 4, Sc. 7) *Thou antick death, which laugh'st us here to scorn.* 33) scil. *self-conceit and vain conceit.* — So behandelt Sh. *self* auch sonst wie ein vom Substantiv zu trennendes Epitheton; in Macbeth (A. 3, Sc. 4) *my strange and self abuse.* 34) Die Construction ist ungenau, da *humour'd* sich auf den König bezieht: nachdem man ihn so hat gewähren lassen; *comes* dagegen hängt von *death* ab. 35) *tradition* ist das überlieferte Herkommen, das Hochachtung vor Königen gebietet; *ceremonious duty* die Pflichtergebenheit, die sich in Aeusserlichkeiten bethätigt. 36) Da ich auf solche Art unterthan bin, wie könnt Ihr von mir sagen, dass ich ein König sei? — *say to* = in Betreff von Einem Etwas sagen. 37) So die Fol. mit der offenbar beabsichtigten Antithese zu dem folgenden Verse, *present* zu *presently, woes* zu *ways, wail* zu *wail.* — Die meisten Hgg. lesen

But presently prevent the ways to wail.
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,
And so your follies fight against yourself.[38]
Fear, and be slain; no worse can come to fight:
And fight and die is death destroying death;[39]
Where fearing dying[40] pays death servile breath.
Aum. My father hath a power, inquire of him,
And learn to make a body of a limb.
K. Rich. Thou chid'st me well.[41] — Proud Bolingbroke, I come
To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
This ague-fit of fear is over-blown:
An easy task it is to win our own. —
Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?
Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.
Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the sky-
The state and inclination of the day;
So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.
I play the torturer, by small and small,
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken.
Your uncle York is join'd[42] with Bolingbroke,
And all your northern castles yielded up,
And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Upon his party.
K. Rich. Thou hast said enough. —
Beshrew thee, cousin,[43] which didst lead me forth
Of that sweet way I was in to despair!
What say you now? what comfort have we now?
By heaven, I 'll hate him everlastingly
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go to Flint castle: there I 'll pine away;
A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe[44] obey.
That power[45] I have, discharge; and let them go
To ear the land that hath some hope to grow,[46]
For I have none. — Let no man speak again
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.
Aum. My liege, one word.
K. Rich. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Discharge my followers: let them hence away,[47]
From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day.
[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Wales. A Plain before Flint Castle.

Enter, with drum and colours, Bolingbroke *and Forces;* York, Northumberland, *and Others.*

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn,
The Welshmen are dispers'd, and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed
With some few private friends upon this coast.
North. The news is very fair and good, my lord:
Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.
York. It would beseem the lord Northumberland,
To say, king Richard: — alack, the heavy day,
When such a sacred king should hide his head!
North. Your grace mistakes;[1] only to be brief,[2]
Left I his title out.
York. The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you,[3] to shorten you,
For taking so the head,[4] your whole head's length.
Boling. Mistake not, uncle, further than you should.
York. Take not, good cousin, further than you should,
Lest you mistake: the heavens are o'er your head.[5]
Boling. I know it, uncle; and oppose not myself
Against their will. — But who comes here?

Enter Percy.

Welcome, Harry. What, will not this castle yield?
Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Against thy entrance.
Boling. Royally?
Why, it contains no king?
Percy. Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a king: king Richard lies
Within the limits of yond lime and stone,[6]
And with him are the lord Aumerle, Lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop; besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence, who, I cannot learn.
North. O! belike it is the bishop of Carlisle.
Boling. *[To* Northumberland.*]* Noble lord,
Go to the rude ribs[7] of that ancient castle:
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle
Into his ruin'd ears,

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dafür mit den Qs. *My lord, wise men ne'er sit and wail their woes.* 38) Dieser Vers fehlt in der Fol. — In der nächsten Zeile bezieht sich *no worse* auf *be slain.* 39) *death* ist zuerst als Subject individuell der Tod des Einzelnen, also hier des Königs, dann als Object der Tod allgemein und abstract. 40) *fearing dying* ist entweder = ein furchtsames Sterben, oder = eine Furcht vor dem Sterben, je nachdem *dying* als Subject oder Object gefasst wird. Letztere Auffassung scheint die plausiblere. 41) Richard antwortet dem Bischof von Carlisle, nicht dem Aumerle. — Die Qs. lesen *chidst*, die Fol. *chid'st.* 42) *is join'd*, die Lesart aller alten Ausgg., wird von manchen Hggn. willkürlich in *hath join'd* verändert. — Am Schluss dieser Rede hat die Fol. *faction* für *party.* 43) Die Hgg. fügen hier die Bühnenweisung *to Aumerle* hinzu. — Sh. oder Richard hatte ausser Acht gelassen, dass nicht Aumerle, sondern der Bischof seiner Verzweiflung in den Weg getreten war. 44) Indem das Leid sich den König zum Sklaven macht, nimmt es selbst königlichen Rang ein. 45) *power* ist hier die Truppenmacht, die dem König noch zu Gebot steht. 46) Das Land zu beackern, das einige Aussicht auf gedeihlichen Ertrag giebt. — Vielleicht sollte aber *have* für *hath* stehen und sich auf *them* beziehen: lasst Diejenigen das Land bebauen, die Aussicht haben, zu gedeihen oder eine Ernte zu erzielen. 47) So Qs. und Fol. — Die meisten Hgg. interpungiren dafür *let them hence. — Away etc.*

1) So Qs. und Fol. — Zur Vervollständigung des Verses fügte Rowe *me* hinzu, doch kommt *to mistake* = sich irren, missverstehen, noch öfter in dieser Scene vor. Vielleicht wäre hier *mistaketh* zu lesen. 2) *brief* = kurz, und = kurz angebunden, summarisch im Verfahren. 3) *with you* fehlt in den Qs. 4) *to take the head* doppelsinnig = seinem Kopfe folgen, und = den Kopf Jemandes nehmen. — Eben so doppelsinnig ist im Folgenden *to mistake* = verkehrt deuten, und = mit Unrecht Etwas nehmen. 5) So die Fol. passender, als das *our heads* der Q. A. und B., da Bolingbroke's Haupt von der Rache des Himmels bedroht wird, wenn er sich an Richard vergreift. 6) *lime and stone* ist Collectiv und als ein durch die Copula *and* verbundener Begriff zu fassen = der aus

And thus deliver. Henry Bolingbroke
On both his knees doth kiss king Richard's hand,
And sends allegiance, and true faith of heart,
To his most royal person; hither come [8]
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power,
Provided that my banishment repeal'd,
And lands restor'd again, be freely granted. [9]
If not, I 'll use the advantage of my power,
And lay the summer's dust [10] with showers of blood,
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen:
The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke
It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh green lap of fair king Richard's land, [11]
My stooping duty tenderly shall show.
Go, signify as much, while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain. [12]
Let 's march without the noise of threat'ning drum,
That from the castle's tatter'd [13] battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.
Methinks, king Richard and myself should meet
With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thundering shock [14]
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
Be he the fire, I 'll be the yielding water:
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
My waters; on the earth, and not on him. —
March on, and mark king Richard how he looks.

A parley sounded, and answered by a trumpet within. Flourish. Enter on the walls King RICHARD, *the Bishop of* CARLISLE, AUMERLE, SCROOP, *and* SALISBURY.

Boling. See, see, king Richard doth himself appear,
As doth the blushing discontented sun
From out the fiery portal of the east,
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory, and to stain the track
Of his bright passage to the occident. [15]
York. Yet looks he like a king: behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty. Alack, alack, for woe,
That any harm should stain so fair a show!
K. Rich. [*To* NORTHUMBERLAND.] We are amaz'd; and thus long have we stood
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee, [16]
Because we thought ourself thy lawful king:
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful [17] duty to our presence?
If we be not, show us the hand of God
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship;
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.
And though you think that all, as you have done,
Have torn their souls by turning them from us,
And we are barren and bereft of friends,
Yet know, my master, God omnipotent,
Is mustering in his clouds on our behalf
Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,
That lift your vassal hands against my head,
And threat the glory of my precious crown.
Tell Bolingbroke, for yond, methinks, he stands,
That every stride he makes upon my land
Is dangerous treason: [18] he is come to ope
The purple testament of bleeding war; [19]
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns [20] of mothers' sons
Shall ill become the flower of England's face,
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pastures' [21] grass with faithful English blood.
North. The king of heaven forbid, our lord the king
Should so with civil and uncivil arms [22]
Be rush'd upon! Thy thrice-noble cousin,
Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand;
And by the honourable tomb he swears,
That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones,
And by the royalties of both your bloods,

Mörtel und Stein zusammengefügte Bau. 7) Dasselbe Bild, das die schützenden Mauern einer Festung den festen Rippen des menschlichen Körpers vergleicht, ist in K. John (A. 2, Sc. 2) *The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city.* — Der Tropus wird fortgeführt in dem folgenden *his ruin'd ears.* 8) Da *hither come* ein Particip ist, das als Apposition zu *Harry Bolingbroke* gehört, so hätte nach genauerer Construction nicht *my arms*, sondern *his arms* stehen müssen. Solcher Wechsel der Construction ist Sh. sehr geläufig und dient namentlich hier zu grösserer Deutlichkeit. 9) Vorausgesetzt, dass der Widerruf meiner Verbannung und die Wiedererstattung meiner Güter ohne Rückhalt gewährt werde. 10) So in K. Lear (A. 4, Sc. 6) *to use his eyes — — for laying autumn's dust.* 11) *fair* ist mit *land* zu verbinden. 12) Viele Hgg. fügen hier die Bühnenweisung ein: *Northumberland advances to the castle with a trumpet.* 13) Q. A. und B. haben *totter'd*, die spätern Qs. und die Fol. *tatter'd.* — Da Jenes nur die ältere Schreibart desselben Wortes ist, so ist hier unter *tatter'd battlements* dasselbe zu verstehen, was vorher *ruin'd ears* hiess = die verwitterten Mauerzinnen. 14) So Q. A. — Das *smoke* der übrigen Qs. und der Fol. ist vielleicht aus *stroke* verdruckt; doch ist die ältere Lesart vorzuziehen. — Mit *fire* ist der Blitz, mit *water* die Wolke hier gemeint. 15) Diese Rede, welche alle Qs. und Fol. dem Bolingbroke zuertheilen, legen die meisten Hgg. mit Warburton dem York bei; dass Letzterer aber einen Einwurf gegen Bolingbroke's Darstellung macht, zeigt das erste Wort seiner Rede: *Yet looks he etc.* 16) Wir haben bis jetzt schweigend da gestanden, indem wir beobachteten, ob Du nicht ehrfurchtsvoll das Knie vor uns beugen würdest. — Der König wendet sich an Northumberland, der an den Fuss der Mauer des Schlosses getreten ist, während Bolingbroke mit den Seinen sich in der Ferne, im Vordergrunde der Bühne hält. 17) *awful* = voll Ehrfurcht, wie ebenvorher *fearful.* — In der vorigen Zeile ist vielleicht das *and if* der ältern Ausgg. = *an if.* 18) *dangerous treason* ist ein Hochverrath, der ihn selbst gerichtlich gefährdet. 19) Aus dem von Blut purpurrothen Testament, das er öffnet, will Bolingbroke sehen, was der als Erblasser aufgefasste Krieg ihm vermacht hat; er will sehen, was der Bürgerkrieg ihm einbringt. — So in Kyd's Jeronimo, First Part: *Then I unclasp the purple leaves of war.* 20) *crown* ist zuerst = Königskrone, dann = Schädel. Zehntausend blutige Schädel von Engländern werden der Blume des Antlitzes von England, d. h. dem blumigen Boden Englands zur Unzier gereichen. 21) *pastures'*, wofür vielleicht *pasture's* zu lesen, ist Theobald's Emendation für *pastors* der Qs. und Fol. 22) Die Waffen des Bürgerkriegs *(civil arms)* sind zugleich grausam, hart *(uncivil).* 23) So lautet eine Betheuerung in All 's well

Currents that spring from one most gracious head,
And by the buried hand[23] of warlike Gaunt,
And by the worth and honour of himself,
Comprising all that may be sworn or said,
His coming hither hath no further scope,
Than for his lineal royalties,[24] and to beg
Enfranchisement[25] immediate on his knees:
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glittering arms he will commend[26] to rust,
His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
To faithful service of your majesty.
This swears he, as he is a prince, is just;[27]
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. Rich. Northumberland, say, — thus the king returns: —
His noble cousin is right welcome hither;
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction.
With all the gracious utterance thou hast,
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends. —
[NORTHUMBERLAND *retires to* BOLINGBROKE.
[To AUMERLE.*]* We do debase ourself, cousin, do we not,
To look so poorly, and to speak so fair?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die?

Aum. No, good my lord: let 's fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords.

K. Rich. O God! O God! that e'er this tongue of mine,
That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yond proud man, should take it off again
With words of sooth![28] O! that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name,
Or that I could forget what I have been,
Or not remember what I must be now!
Swell'st thou, proud heart? I 'll give thee scope to beat,
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. What must the king do now? Must he submit?
The king shall do it. Must he be depos'd?
The king shall be contented. Must he lose
The name of king? o' God's name, let it go:
I 'll give my jewels for a set of beads,[29]
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,
My gay apparel for an alms-man's gown,
My figur'd goblets[30] for a dish of wood,
My sceptre for a palmer's walking-staff,
My subjects for a pair of carved saints,
And my large kingdom for a little grave,[31]
A little little grave, an obscure grave;
Or I 'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade,[32] where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head;
For on my heart they tread, now whilst I live,
And, buried once, why not upon my head? —
Aumerle, thou weep'st; my tender-hearted cousin! —
We 'll make foul weather with despised tears;
Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer corn,[33]
And make a dearth in this revolting land.
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding tears?
As thus; — to drop them still upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
Within the earth; and, therein laid,[34] — »There lies
Two kinsmen, digg'd their graves with weeping eyes.«
Would not this ill do well? — Well, well, I see
I talk but idly, and you mock at me. —
Most mighty prince, my lord Northumberland.
What says king Bolingbroke? will his majesty
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?[35]
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says — ay.

North. My lord, in the base court he doth attend
To speak with you: may 't please you to come down?

K. Rich. Down, down, I come; like glistering Phaeton,
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.
[NORTHUMBERLAND *retires again to* BOLINGBROKE.
In the base court?[36] Base court, where kings grow base,
To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.
In the base court? Come down? Down, court! down, king!
For night-owls shriek, where mounting larks should sing.
[Exeunt from above.

Boling. What says his majesty?

North. Sorrow and grief of heart
Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man:
Yet he is come.

Enter King RICHARD, *and his Attendants, below.*

Boling. Stand all apart,
And show fair duty to his majesty. —
My gracious lord, — *[Kneeling.*

K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee,
To make the base earth proud with kissing it:
Me rather had,[37] my heart might feel your love,
Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.

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that ends well (A. 3, Sc. 6) *by the hand of a soldier.* — Warburton wollte lesen *by the warlike hand of buried Gaunt.* 24) *lineal royalties* sind die Ehren und Würden, die ihm nach seiner Abstammung aus königlichem Geblüte zukommen. 25) *enfranchisement* ist die Einsetzung in seine ererbten, ihm bisher vorenthaltenen Titel und Privilegien. 26) *to commend* = übermachen, anheimgeben. So in Macbeth (A. 3, Sc. 1) *And so I do commend you to their backs.* 27) Dies schwört er, so wahr er ein Prinz ist, verhält sich so. 28) *words of sooth* = Worte der Beschwichtigung, freundliche Worte. — Das substantivische *sooth* hat diese ungewöhnliche Bedeutung von dem verbalen *to soothe* = besänftigen, schmeicheln, entlehnt. 29) Der Rosenkranz, die Einsiedelei u. s. w. charakterisiren solchen *alms-man* oder *beadsman*, wie er vorher hiess (vgl. A. 3, Sc. 2, Anm. 21). 30) Becher von edlem Metall mit Figuren in erhabener Arbeit darauf. 31) Ein Grab, wie es der Eremit sich selbst bei Lebzeiten schon in der Nähe seiner Einsiedelei zu graben pflegte. 32) Irgend eine Strasse des alltäglichen Verkehrs. 33) *to lodge* = hinstrecken. So in Macbeth (A. 4, Sc. 1) *though bladed corn be lodg'd.* 34) Die folgenden Worte enthalten die Grabschrift, welche Richard sich ausdenkt. 35) d. h. bis Richard eines natürlichen Todes sterbe, ohne von Bolingbroke ermordet zu werden, wie der König argwöhnt. 36) Wortspiel zwischen *base court*, das französische *basse-cour*, und *base* = gemein, erniedrigt. 37) Mir wäre es lieber, für *I had rather*, wie *me likes* bei Sh. für *I like.* 38) Steevens fügte zur Verdeutlichung von *thus high* die Bühnenweisung *touching his own head* hinzu. — Vgl. zu dem Schluss dieser Scene Einleitung pag. 617. 39) So die Qs.; die Fol. hat *deserv'd* = wohl habt Ihr sie verdient. 40) Die Thränen beurkunden die Liebe Derer, die sie vergiessen, können aber nichts ändern.

Up, cousin, up: your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least,[38] although your knee be low.
Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.
K. Rich. Your own is yours; and I am yours, and all.
Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.
K. Rich. Well you deserve: [39] they well deserve to have,
That know the strong'st and surest way to get. —
Uncle, give me your hand: nay, dry your eyes;
Tears show their love, but want their remedies.[40] —
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have, I 'll give, and willing too;
For do we must what force will have us do. —
Set on towards London. — Cousin, is it so?
Boling. Yea, my good lord.
K. Rich. Then I must not say no.
[Flourish. Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Langley. The Duke of York's Garden.

Enter the Queen *and Two Ladies.*

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?
1. Lady. Madam, we 'll play at bowls.
Queen. 'T will make me think the world is full of rubs,[1]
And that my fortune runs against the bias.
1. Lady. Madam, we 'll dance.
Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight,[2]
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief:
Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.
1. Lady. Madam, we 'll tell tales.
Queen. Of sorrow, or of joy?[3]
1. Lady. Of either, Madam.
Queen. Of neither, girl;
For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow;
Or if of grief, being altogether had,[4]
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy;
For what I have, I need not to repeat,
And what I want, it boots not to complain.
1. Lady. Madam, I 'll sing.
Queen. 'T is well that thou hast cause;
But thou shouldst please me better, wouldst thou weep.
1. Lady. I could weep, Madam, would it do you good.
Queen. And I could sing,[5] would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.
But stay, here come the gardeners:
Let 's step into the shadow of these trees.
My wretchedness unto a row of pins,[6]
They 'll talk of state; for every one doth so
Against a change: woe is forerun with woe.
[Queen *and Ladies retire.*

Enter a Gardener and Two Servants.

Gard. Go, bind thou up yond dangling apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal[7] weight:
Give some supportance to the bending twigs. —
Go thou, and like an executioner
Cut off the heads of too-fast-growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:
All must be even in our government. —
You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.
1. Serv. Why should we, in the compass of a pale,
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,
Showing, as in a model, our firm estate,[8]
When our sea-walled[9] garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds, her fairest flowers chok'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots[10] disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?
Gard. Hold thy peace.
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring,
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf:
The weeds that his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,
That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,
Are pluck'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke;
I mean, the earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.
1. Serv. What! are they dead?
Gard. They are; and Bolingbroke
Hath seiz'd the wasteful king. — O! what pity is it,
That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land,

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1) *rub* = Anstoss, Schwierigkeit, Unebenheit des Bodens, ist zugleich ein technischer Ausdruck von der Kegelbahn. So in Fuller's Holy State: *a rub to an overthrown bowl proves an help by hindering it.* — Eben so doppelsinnig ist *bias*. 2) Wortspiel zwischen *measure* = Tanzmelodie, und = Mass. Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 3, Anm. 48. 3) So emendirte Rowe das *Of sorrow, or of grief?* der Qs. und Fol. Da aber die Königin nachher erst *joy*, dann *grief* nennt, so wäre vielleicht Capell's Emendation *Of joy, or grief?* vorzuziehen. 4) *being had* = in meinem Besitze befindlich, ist der Gegensatz zu *being wanting* = mir fehlend. 5) So Qs. und Fol. — Die Königin bezieht sich auf das Anerbieten der Hofdame, ihr Etwas vorzusingen, und meint, sie würde selbst singen können, — als Zeichen ihrer harmlosen Stimmung, — wenn sie in den Thränen nur erst eine Erleichterung zu finden vermöchte, ohne dass sie dabei Thränen von der Hofdame zu borgen nöthig haben würde. — Die meisten Hgg., welche diesen Sinn nicht verstanden, lesen mit Pope *and I could weep.* — Staunton, der im Text die alte Lesart beibehält, vermuthet, dass Sh. geschrieben haben möge: *And I could sing, would singing do me good.* 6) Sie will ihr Elend verwetten gegen eine Reihe von Nadeln, dass die Gärtner von Staatsangelegenheiten sprechen, wie Jeder das thut, wenn ein Wechsel herannaht. In solcher Zeit eilt die unbehagliche Stimmung des Einzelnen, wie ein Symptom, dem allgemeinen Leid voraus. 7) Bei *prodigal* wird immer an den *prodigal son* = den verlornen Sohn im Evangelium, gedacht. 8) Die Gärtner, indem sie den Garten in Ordnung halten, zeigen ihren beschränkten Staat, gleichsam im Abbilde, fest und wohlgegründet, im Gegensatz zu dem grossen Garten England, der voll Unkraut steht. — Für *estate* setzt die Folioausg. von 1632 *state.* 9) *sea-walled* = von der See umgeben, wie von einer Mauer. — Das Compositum fasst zusammen, was A. 2, Sc. 1 hiess: *in the silver sea,* || *Which serves it in the office of a wall.* 10) *knots* sind die Taxushecken, welche in symmetrischer Anordnung oder künstlicher Verschlingung als Gartenzier angelegt wurden. In Love's Labour's Lost (A. 1, Sc. 1) kommt *thy curious-knotted garden* vor. 11) Qs. und Fol. lesen, offenbar verstümmelt: *As we this garden at time of year* || *And wound the bark.* — Vielleicht ist statt des von den Hggn. eingeschobenen zweiten *we* ein Verbum

As we this garden! We at time of year
Do wound the bark,[11] the skin of our fruit-trees,
Lest, being over-proud in sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself:
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste
Their fruits of duty. Superfluous[12] branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste of idle hours[13] hath quite thrown down.

1. Serv. What! think you then, the king shall be depos'd?

Gard. Depress'd[14] he is already; and depos'd,
'T is doubt,[15] he will be. Letters came last night
To a dear friend of the good[16] duke of York's,
That tell black tidings.

Queen. O! I am press'd to death[17] through want of speaking. *[Coming forward.*
Thou, old Adam's likeness,[18] set to dress this garden,
How dares thy harsh-rude tongue sound this unpleasing news?
What Eve, what serpent hath suggested[19] thee
To make a second fall of cursed man?
Why dost thou say king Richard is depos'd?
Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how
Cam'st thou by these ill tidings? speak, thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, Madam: little joy have I,
To breathe these news, yet what I say is true.
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke; their fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities[20] that make him light;
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Besides himself, are all the English peers,
And with that odds he weighs king Richard down.
Post you to London, and you 'll find it so;
I speak no more than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,
Doth not thy embassage belong to me,
And am I last that knows it? O! thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast. — Come, ladies, go
To meet at London London's king in woe. —
What! was I born to this, that my sad look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke? —
Gardener, for telling me these news[21] of woe,
Pray God[22] the plants thou graft'st may never grow.
[Exeunt Queen *and Ladies.*

Gard. Poor queen! so that thy state might be no worse,
I would my skill were subject to thy curse. —
Here did she fall[23] a tear; here, in this place,
I 'll set a bank of rue,[24] sour herb of grace;
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen. *[Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

London. Westminster Hall.

The Lords spiritual on the right side of the throne; the Lords temporal on the left; the Commons below.

Enter Bolingbroke, Aumerle, Surrey, Northumberland, Percy, Fitzwater, *another Lord, the Bishop of* Carlisle, *the Abbot of* Westminster, *and Attendants.*
Officers behind, with Bagot.[1]

Boling. Call forth Bagot. —
Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind,
What thou dost know of noble Gloster's death,
Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd
The bloody office of his timeless[2] end.

Bagot. Then set before my face the lord Aumerle.

Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

Bagot. My lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue
Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.
In that dead time[3] when Gloster's death was plotted,
I heard you say, — »Is not my arm of length,
That reacheth from the restful English court
As far as Calais, to mine uncle's head?«
Amongst much other talk, that very time,
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand crowns,
Than Bolingbroke's return to England;
Adding withal, how blest this land would be
In this your cousin's death.

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wie *do* zufällig ausgefallen. Es liesse sich dann mit Beibehaltung des *and* der ältern Ausgg. lesen *As we this garden do at time of year || And wound the bark.* — In der folgenden Zeile haben die spätern Qs. und die Fol. *with sap etc.* 12) So Qs. und Fol. — Die meisten Hgg. lesen mit der Folioausg. von 1632 *All superfluous.* 13) So die Qs.; die Fol. hat *waste and idle hours.* 14) *depress'd* und *depos'd* sind wegen des Gleichklanges zusammengestellt. — In dem vorhergehenden Verse lassen Qs. und Fol. *then* aus, das Pope zuerst einfügte. 15) Es ist Besorgniss vorhanden. — Dafür hat die Fol. das gewöhnlichere *'t is doubted, he will be.* 16) *good* fehlt in der Fol. 17) Malone findet hier eine Anspielung auf die Tortur, die bei den hartnäckig schweigsamen Angeklagten angewandt wurde und die darin bestand, dass man ein schweres Gewicht ihnen auf den Magen legte. 18) So in K. Henry VI. Second Part (A. 4, Sc. 2) *Adam was a gardener.* 19) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1, Anm. 26. 20) *vanities* ist hier nicht als abstracter Begriff zu fassen, sondern = ein paar dem Könige treu gebliebene leichtfertige Gefährten, gleichsam personificirte Eitelkeiten. 21) So die Qs.; die Fol. *this news.* 22) So die Qs., scil. *I pray God.* — Die Fol. liest, vielleicht in Folge der Theatercensur: *I would.* 23) Das transitive *fall* = fallen lassen, das Q. A. hat, änderten die spätern Qs. und die Fol. in das gewöhnlichere *drop* um. 24) Wortspiel zwischen *rue* = Raute, die Pflanze, welche auch *herb of grace* hiess, und *rue* = Leid, Wehe. Das Wort kommt in diesem Sinne substantivisch in Braithwait's Shepherd Tales vor: *That bed which did all joys display || Became a bed of rue.* — Sh. erklärt das ungewöhnliche Wort mit *ruth: rue, even for ruth.*

1) Die ausführliche Bühnenweisung ist erst von den Hggn. mit Benutzung der Chroniken so gegeben; die Qs. haben höchst einfach: *Enter Bolingbroke, Aumerle and others,* und die Fol., etwas ausführlicher: *Enter as to the Parliament, Bolingbroke, Aumerle, Northumberland etc.* 2) *timeless* = unzeitig, wird von einem gewaltsamen, also den rechten Verlauf der Zeit nicht achtenden Tode gebraucht. 3) *dead time* = todtenstille, dunkle, unheimliche Zeit. — Hier werden *dead* und *death* zusammengestellt. — In der drittletzten Zeile dieser

Aum. Princes, and noble lords,
What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,[4]
On equal terms to give him chastisement?
Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd
With the attainder of his slanderous lips. —
There is my gage, the manual seal of death,
That marks thee out for hell: I say, thou liest,
And will maintain, what thou hast said, is false,
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.
Boling. Bagot, forbear: thou shalt not take it up.[5]
Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence, that hath mov'd me so.
Fitz. If that thy valour stand on sympathies,[6]
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine.
By that fair sun which shows me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,
That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death.
If thou deny'st it twenty times, thou liest;[7]
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,[8]
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.
Aum. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see that day.
Fitz. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.
Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.
Percy. Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true
In this appeal, as thou art all unjust;
And, that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee to the extremest point
Of mortal breathing. Seize it, if thou dar'st.
Aum. An if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandish more revengeful steel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!
Lord. I task the earth[9] to the like, forsworn Aumerle;
And spur thee on with full as many lies[10]
As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear
From sun to sun.[11] There is my honour's pawn:
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.
Aum. Who sets me else? by heaven, I 'll throw at all.[12]
I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.
Surrey. My lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.
Fitz. 'T is very true:[13] you were in presence then;
And you can witness with me, this is true.
Surrey. As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true.
Fitz. Surrey, thou liest.
Surrey. Dishonourable boy!
That lie shall lie[14] so heavy on my sword,
That it shall render vengeance and revenge,
Till thou, the lie-giver, and that lie, do lie
In earth as quiet as thy father's scull.
In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn:
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.
Fitz. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse!
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,[15]
And spit upon him, whilst I say, he lies,
And lies, and lies. There is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my strong correction.
As I intend to thrive in this new world,[16]
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal.
Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say,
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble duke at Calais.
Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a gage.
That Norfolk lies, here do I throw down this,[17]
If he may be repeal'd to try his honour.
Boling. These differences shall all rest under gage,
Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be,
And, though mine enemy, restor'd again
To all his lands and signories; when he 's return'd,
Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.
Bishop. That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.
Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ in glorious christian field,
Streaming[18] the ensign of the christian cross,
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens;

Rede will auch Sidney Walker *England* dreisylbig lesen. 4) *my fair stars* ist = Alles, was mir durch die Gunst der Gestirne bei der Geburt zu Theil geworden ist, also königliches Geblüt, Rang und Würde. So in Twelfth-Night (A. 2, Sc. 5) *in my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness.* — Diese Vorzüge der Geburt würde er entehren, wenn er sich dem Bagot gleichstellte, um ihn zu züchtigen. 5) d. h. den Handschuh, welchen Aumerle ihm zur Ausforderung vor die Füsse geworfen *(there is my gage).* — Vgl. Einleitung pag. 617. 6) *sympathies*, von Zweien gebraucht, also im Plural, wie die Fol. hat (nur dass sie *sympathize* für *sympathies* druckt), ist die aus gleicher Stellung und Lage hervorgehende Gleichheit des Fühlens und Denkens. — Fitzwater bezieht sich darauf, dass Aumerle sich scheute, mit einem Unebenbürtigen, wie Bagot, sich in einen Zweikampf einzulassen, und stellt sich dem Muthe Aumerle's als ebenbürtiger Gegner dar. — Die Qs. haben weniger gut *sympathy.* 7) Nach der Interpunction der Qs.: und wenn Du es auch zwanzig Mal ableugnest, so bleibt Deine Versicherung immer eine Lüge. — Die Fol. verbindet *twenty times* mit *thou liest.* 8) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1, Anm. 30. — Mit der Degenspitze will Fitzwater die Lüge Aumerle's dahin zurückstossen, wo sie gebildet war, d. h. in sein Herz. 9) Q. A. hat *taske*, die spätern Qs. *take.* Der Sinn beider Lesarten kann nur der sein, dass der Herausfordernde den Erdboden zu demselben Zwecke oder in demselben Sinne in Anspruch nimmt, wie Percy, Aumerle und Fitzwater, d. h. seinen Fehdehandschuh auf die Erde wirft. Eine andere Erklärung von *I task the earth* giebt Staunton: *I challenge the whole world.* — In der Fol. fehlt sowohl die Rede dieses ungenannten Lords, als auch Aumerle's Antwort darauf. 10) *lies* sind hier = Beschuldigungen der Lüge, Erklärungen, dass der Andere gelogen hat. 11) *from sun to sun* emendirte Capell die Lesart der Qs. *from sin to sin*, was Henley erklären wollte: *from one denial to another.* — Steevens deutete die Emendation: *from one day to another*, Malone aber, mit richtiger Bezugnahme auf die Gesetze des Zweikampfes: *from sunrise to sunset.* — In diesem Sinne kommt in Cymbeline (A. 3, Sc. 2) *'twixt sun and sun* vor. 12) *to set* und *to throw* sind Ausdrücke, die dem Würfelspiel entlehnt sind, und betreffen den Einsatz und den Wurf. 13) So die Qs.; die Fol. hat *my lord, 't is very true.* 14) Das Wortspiel zwischen *lie* = Lüge, und *to lie* = liegen, und = lügen, ist eins der gewöhnlichsten bei Sh. 15) In einer Wüste, wo Niemand mir beistehen könnte. So in Macbeth (A. 3, Sc. 4) *And dare me to the desert with thy sword.* 16) In dieser Welt, die ich erst jetzt betrete, die für mich eine neue ist. 17) Irgend einen Fehdehandschuh, den er von einem Andern geliehen, da er seinen eignen schon vorher hingeworfen hatte. 18) *to stream* = wehen lassen.

And, toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself[19]
To Italy, and there at Venice gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.
Boling. Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?
Bishop. As surely[20] as I live, my lord.
Boling. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom
Of good old Abraham![21] — Lords appellants,
Your differences shall all rest under gage,
Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter York, *attended.*

York. Great duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-pluck'd Richard, who with willing soul
Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields
To the possession of thy royal hand.
Ascend his throne, descending now from him,[22]
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth![23]
Boling. In God's name, I 'll ascend the regal throne.
Bishop. Marry, God forbid![24] —
Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best beseeming me to speak the truth.[25]
Would God, that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge[26]
Of noble Richard: then true nobless[27] would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his king?
And who sits here that is not Richard's subject?
Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them;
And shall the figure of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,[28]
And he himself not present? O! forfend[29] it, God,
That, in a christian climate, souls refin'd
Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed!
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stirr'd up by God thus boldly for his king.
My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king;
And if[30] you crown him, let me prophesy,
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act;
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound;[31]
Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Golgotha and dead men's sculls.
O! if you raise this house against this house,[32]
It will the wofullest division prove,
That ever fell upon this cursed earth.
Prevent it, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest child, child's children, cry against you — woe!
North. Well have you argu'd, Sir; and, for your pains,
Of capital treason we arrest you here.
My lord of Westminster, be it your charge
To keep him safely till his day of trial.[33] —
May it please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit?[34]
Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
He may surrender: so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.
York. I will be his conduct.[35] *[Exit.*
Boling. Lords, you that here are under our arrest,
Procure your sureties for your days of answer.[36] —
[To the Bishop.] Little are we beholding[37] to your love,
And little look'd for[38] at your helping hands.

Re-enter York, *with King* Richard, *and Officers bearing the crown, etc.*

K. Rich. Alack! why am I sent for to a king,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my limbs:[39]
Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember

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19) *to retire one's self* ist bei Sh. gewöhnlich, = *to retire*. Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 2, Anm. 9. 20) So Q A.; die spätern Qs. und die Fol. *as sure*. 21) So in K. Richard III. (A. 4, Sc. 3) *The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom.* 22) *to descend* = als Nachfolger abstammen, steht als Gegensatz zu *to ascend:* da Du jetzt Nachfolger Richard's bist, so besteige seinen Thron. 23) So die Fol.; die Qs. *And long live Henry, fourth of that name.* — Zur Rechtfertigung der Lesart der Qs. ist zu bemerken, dass *Henry* auch sonst bei Sh. dreisylbig zu lesen ist. 24) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1, Anm. 43. — Die Theatercensur, welche in der Fol. den Namen Gottes einem Statut Jacob's I. gemäss auszumerzen hatte, ist hier nicht sehr consequent verfahren, indem sie *in God's name* stehen liess, aber das darauf bezügliche *God forbid* in *heaven forbid* emendirte. 25) Da es mir doch am besten ziemt, die Wahrheit zu reden. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 617. 26) *upright judge* = gerechter Richter, aus der biblischen Sprache entlehnt. 27) *nobless* in Q. A., von den spätern Qs. und der Fol. als ein veraltetes Wort in das gewöhnlichere *nobleness* verändert. — *nobless* findet sich bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen öfter, namentlich in der Verbindung mit *true*. So in Chapman's Byron's Conspiracy: *True nobless, royalty and happiness*, und in Munday's Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington: *the true nobless of your worthy house.* — *to learn* = *to teach* ist Sh.'sch. 28) Durch das Wort von Unterthanen und niedriger Gestellten. 29) So die Qs.; die Fol. *forbid*. 30) Auch hier ist *and if* vielleicht = *an if*. — Die Fol. schliesst die vorhergehende Zeile mit einem Punctum. 31) *kin*, die vetterliche Verwandtschaft, und *kind*, die natürliche Blutsverwandtschaft, stellt Sh. auch zusammen in Hamlet (A. 1, Sc. 2) *A little more than kin, and less than kind.* 32) *this house* ist das englische Königshaus, gegen sich selbst in Empörung versetzt. — Für *raise* der Qs. hat die Fol. *rear*. 33) Das Folgende bis zum Weggange König Richard's fehlt in Q. A. und B. — Vgl. Einleitung pag. 615 u. 618. 34) d. h. das Gesuch des Hauses der Gemeinen, dass Bolingbroke den Thron besteigen möge. 35) *conduct* = Geleitsmann. So in Romeo and Juliet (A. 5, Sc. 3) *Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!* 36) Er wendet sich an Aumerle und die Uebrigen, die vorher gegen einander klagbar geworden waren und die nun Bürgschaft stellen sollen, dass sie am Tage der Entscheidung oder Verantwortung durch Zweikampf erscheinen werden. 37) Die meisten Hgg. setzen stillschweigend *beholden* dafür. 38) So die Fol. Bolingbroke sagt in Bezug auf die vom Bischof gesprochenen Worte: wir erwarteten im Voraus wenig von Eurer Hülfe. — Die Qs. haben *look*. 39) So die Qs.; die Fol. *bend my knee*. 40) *favours*

The favours[40] of these men: were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry, All hail! to me?
So Judas did to Christ: but he, in twelve,
Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.
God save the king! — Will no man say, amen?
Am I both priest and clerk?[41] well then, amen.
God save the king! although I be not he;
And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me. —
To do what service am I sent for hither?

York. To do that office, of thine own good will,
Which tired majesty did make thee offer,
The resignation of thy state and crown
To Harry Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. Give me the crown.[42] — Here, cousin, seize the crown;
Here, cousin,
On this side my hand, and on that side, thine.[43]
Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
That owes[44] two buckets filling one another;
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen, and full of water:
That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

Boling. I thought you had been willing to resign.

K. Rich. My crown, I am; but still my griefs are mine.
You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs: still am I king of those.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

K. Rich. Your cares set up do not pluck my cares down.
My care is loss of care, by old care done;[45]
Your care is gain of care, by new care won:
The cares I give, I have, though given away;
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.[46]

Boling. Are you contented to resign the crown?

K. Rich. Ay, no; — no, ay; — for I must nothing be;[47]
Therefore no no,[48] for I resign to thee.
Now mark me how I will undo myself: —
I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,[49]
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duty's rites:[50]
All pomp and majesty I do forswear;
My manors, rents, revenues, I forego;
My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny:
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbroke, that swear to thee![51]
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd,
And thou with all pleas'd,[52] that hast all achiev'd!
Long may'st thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit!
God save king Henry, unking'd Richard says,
And send him many years of sunshine days! —
What more remains?

North. *[Offering a paper.]* No more, but that you read
These accusations, and these grievous crimes,
Committed by your person, and your followers,
Against the state and profit of this land;
That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

K. Rich. Must I do so? and must I ravel out
My weav'd-up follies?[53] Gentle Northumberland,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not shame thee, in so fair a troop,
To read a lecture of them? If thou wouldst,[54]
There shouldst thou find one heinous article,
Containing the deposing of a king,
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven. —
Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me,[55]
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,
Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

= Mienen, Züge. Der Plural steht, weil von den Gesichtszügen Mehrerer die Rede ist. 41) Es ist Sache des Priesters, *God save the king!* zu sagen, und Sache des assistirenden Laien, der der Gemeinde die Responsen vorspricht, dazu das Amen zu rufen. Richard muss, in Ermangelung eines Andern, Beides in seiner Person vereinigen. 42) Diese Worte, sowie die folgenden *here, cousin* fehlen in den Qs. — Das *Here, cousin,* welches die folgende Zeile bildet, strich Malone vielleicht mit Recht, indem er annahm, dass dasselbe aus Versehen zweimal im Text der Fol. stehe: *Give me the crown. Here, cousin, seize the crown;* || *Here, cousin, on this side my hand, on that side thine.* — Für *Harry Bolingbroke* der Qs. in York's vorhergehender Rede hat die Fol. *Henry Bolingbroke.* 43) Die Fol. hat *thine,* die Qs. *yours.* — *and* findet sich nur in den Qs. 44) *to owe* = besitzen, zu eigen haben. 45) Richard spielt mit der doppelten Bedeutung von *my care* = das, was mir am Herzen liegt, wonach ich strebe, und = das, was mich quält: mir liegt daran *(my care is),* meine bisherigen Sorgen los zu werden, indem die alte Noth, die mit der Königswürde verknüpft ist, abgethan wird *(done);* Dir liegt daran, diese Sorgen Dir anzueignen, indem Du Dir die neue Sorge um die Krone gewinnst. 46) Obgleich sie der Krone folgen, also eigentlich auf Dich mit ihr übergehen sollten, so bleiben sie doch bei mir. 47) Durch meine Thronentsagung muss ich zu einem Nichts werden, mich vernichten. — Ebenso sagt er gleich darauf: *how I will undo myself.* 48) *no no* = kein Nein, ist die Interpunction der späteren Qs., derjenigen der Fol. *no, no* = nein, nein! vorzuziehen, weil der Sinn des Zusammenhangs verlangt, dass Richard, nach kurzem Schwanken zwischen Ja und Nein, die Frage, ob er der Krone entsagen wolle, bejaht, also das Nein zurücknimmt. 49) Das Salböl, mit dem er zum König gesalbt wurde. 50) So die Qs., wofür Collier *duties, rites* lesen wollte. *all duty's rites* sind die herkömmlichen Huldigungen der Pflichtergebenheit von Seiten seiner bisherigen Unterthanen. — Die Fol. hat *all duteous oaths.* 51) So die Qs.; die Fol. *are made to thee.* 52) Die Construction ist ungenau, da sich zu *thou* nicht leicht, wie zu dem vorhergehenden *make me,* ein *God* ergänzen lässt, wie der Sinn es doch erfordert. 53) *follies* in der Fol., *folly* in den Qs. 54) scil. *wouldst read a lecture of them* = wenn Du eine Aufzeichnung Deiner Vergehungen laut vorlesen wolltest, dann würdest Du darunter einen argen Punkt finden. 55) So die Fol. — In den Qs. fehlt *all* und *me.* Letzteres lassen auch manche Hgg. aus. 56) *a sort of traitors* = ein Haufe,

North. My lord, despatch: read o'er these articles.
K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see;
And yet salt water blinds them not so much,
But they can see a sort of traitors[56] here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest;
For I have given here my soul's consent,
To undeck the pompous body of a king;
Made glory base, and sovereignty[57] a slave,
Proud majesty a subject, state a peasant.
North. My lord, —
K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught[58] insulting man,
Nor no man's lord: I have no name, no title, —
No, not that name was given me at the font,[59] —
But 't is usurp'd. — Alack, the heavy day!
That I have worn so many winters out,
And know not now what name to call myself.
O! that I were a mockery king of snow,
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myself away in water-drops! —
Good king, — great king, — and yet not greatly good,
An if my word[60] be sterling yet in England,
Let it command a mirror hither straight,
That it may show me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.[61]
Boling. Go some of you, and fetch a looking-glass.
[Exit an Attendant.[62]
North. Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth come.
K. Rich. Fiend! thou torment'st me ere I come to hell.
Boling. Urge it no more, my lord Northumberland.
North. The commons will not then be satisfied.
K. Rich. They shall be satisfied: I 'll read enough,
When I do see the very book indeed,
Where all my sins are writ, and that 's — myself.

Re-enter Attendant, with a glass.

Give me that glass,[63] and therein will I read. —
No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds? — O flattering glass!
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me.[64] Was this face the face,
That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men?[65] Was this the face,
That like the sun did make beholders wink?
Was this the face, that fac'd[66] so many follies,
And was at last outfac'd by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face:[67]
As brittle as the glory is the face;
[Dashes the glass against the ground.
For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers. —
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.
Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd
The shadow of your face.
K. Rich. Say that again.
The shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let 's see: —
'T is very true, my grief lies all within; —
And these external manners of laments[68]
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul;[69]
There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I 'll beg one boon,
And then be gone and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?
Boling. Name it, fair cousin.
K. Rich. Fair cousin? I am[70] greater than a king;
For, when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but subjects; being now a subject,
I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.
Boling. Yet ask.
K. Rich. And shall I have it?
Boling. You shall.
K. Rich. Why then, give me leave to go.
Boling. Whither?
K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.
Boling. Go, some of you; convey him to the Tower.
K. Rich. O, good! Convey?[71] — Conveyers are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.
[Exeunt King Richard *and Guard.*[72]

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eine Bande von Verräthern. — In diesem verächtlichen Sinne kommt *sort* bei Sh. und seinen Zeitgenossen öfter vor. So in Sackville's Gorboduc: *the unarmed sort of skilless rebels*, und in K. Henry VI. Second Part (A. 2, Sc. 1) *A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent.* 57) So die Qs.; die Folioausgg. haben *a sovereignty.* 58) *haught* = stolz, übermüthig. — *insulting* gebraucht Sh. = triumphirend, ohne den Nebenbegriff des Kränkenden, Beleidigenden. So in K. Henry VI. First Part (A. 1, Sc. 2) *Now am I like that proud insulting ship,* || *Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.* 59) Den Namen Richard, der ihm am Taufbecken gegeben war, darf er nicht mehr führen, da er mit diesem Namen als König bezeichnet wurde. 60) So die Fol.; die Qs. haben *name* dafür. 61) Wie mein Gesicht aussieht, seit ihm die königliche Majestät, die es früher besass, abgeht. — *his* für *its*, wie gewöhnlich bei Sh. 62) In den alten Ausgg. fehlt diese Bühnenweisung; dagegen hat die Fol. nachher: *Enter one with a glass.* 63) Der Rest dieses Verses findet sich nur in der Fol., welche auch *that glass* für *the glass* der Qs. liest. 64) Die Qs. lassen den ersten Theil dieser Zeile aus und setzen *Was this the face.* 65) Auch die folgenden anderthalb Verse bringt die Fol. zuerst. 66) Wortspiel zwischen *face* = Angesicht, *to face* = einer Sache einen Anstrich geben, und *to outface* = aus der Fassung bringen, verwischen. 67) Vielleicht hatte Sh. hier *glass* geschrieben, das mit dem folgenden *face* verwechselt wurde. 68) So Qs. und Fol., von Capell in *lament* verändert. 69) Im Folgenden lassen die Qs. *there lies the substance* aus, ebenso *for thy great bounty,* und *Shall I obtain it?* 70) So die Fol.; die Qs. haben *Fair coz! why I am etc.* 71) *to convey* gebraucht Bolingbroke in gewöhnlichem, allgemeinem Sinne = fortschaffen, geleiten; Richard wendet das Wort an, wie es euphemistisch = stehlen, prellen, gebraucht wurde. So in Merry Wives of Windsor (A. 1, Sc. 3) *Convey, the wise it call. Steal? foh!* 72) Hier schliesst dasjenige Stück dieser Scene, das sich erst in der Q. C. findet. Vgl. Anm. 33 dieser Scene. — Der Schluss des Actes ist allen alten Ausgg. gemeinsam, nur dass er in Q. A. und B. an die dort unmittelbar vorhergehenden Worte Northumberland's *be it your charge* || *To keep him safely till his day of trial* sich in Bolingbroke's Antwort so anschliesst: *Let it be so, and lo! on Wednesday next* || *We*

Boling. On Wednesday next we solemnly set down
Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.
[Exeunt all but the Abbot, Bishop of CARLISLE, *and* AUMERLE.
Abbot. A woful pageant have we here beheld.
Bishop. The woe 's to come: the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.[73]
Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?
Abbot. My lord, before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament
To bury[74] mine intents, but also to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise.
I see your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears:
Come home with me to supper; I will lay
A plot, shall show us all a merry day. *[Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

London. A Street leading to the Tower.

Enter QUEEN *and Attendants.*

Queen. This way the king will come: this is the way
To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower,[1]
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke.
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true king's queen.

Enter King RICHARD *and Guards.*

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither: yet look up, behold,
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears. —
Ah! thou, the model[2] where old Troy did stand,
Thou map of honour,[3] thou king Richard's tomb,
And not king Richard, thou most beauteous inn,[4]
Why should hard-favour'd[5] grief be lodg'd in thee,
When triumph is become an ale-house guest?
K. Rich. Join not with grief,[6] fair woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden: learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream;
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shows us but this. I am sworn brother, sweet,
To grim necessity;[7] and he and I
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,
And cloister thee in some religious house:
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours[8] here have stricken down.
Queen. What! is my Richard both in shape and mind
Transform'd and weakened? Hath Bolingbroke
Depos'd thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'erpower'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly? kiss the rod,
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a lion, and a king of beasts?[9]
K. Rich. A king of beasts, indeed; if aught but beasts,
I had been still a happy king of men.
Good sometime queen,[10] prepare thee hence for France·
Think I am dead, and that even here thou tak'st,
As from my death-bed, my last living leave.
In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
Of woful ages, long ago betid;
And, ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,[11]
And send the hearers weeping to their beds:
For why the senseless brands will sympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And in compassion weep the fire out;
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,[12]
For the deposing of a rightful king.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, *attended.*

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is chang'd:
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower. —

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solemnly proclaim our coronation: || *Lords, be ready all.* 73) Eine prophetische Hinweisung auf die spätern Kriege der Yorks und Lancasters und deren traurige Folgen für England. 74) *to bury* = es so geheim halten, als ob es begraben wäre, oder = in Eurer Brust begraben.

1) *ill-erected* = zum Unglück erbaut. — Dass Julius Cæsar zuerst den Londoner Tower erbaut habe, kommt auch in K. Richard III. (A. 3, Sc. 1) vor, wo Buckingham auf die Frage *Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?* antwortet *He did, my gracious lord, begin that place,* || *Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.* 2) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 2, Anm. 7. — Die Königin vergleicht ihren seiner Würde beraubten Gemahl dem wüsten Platze, auf welchem ehemals das mächtige Troja stand. 3) *map* = Abbild; so ist Richard nur ein Bild seiner früheren Würde, nicht mehr diese Würde selbst. Sh. nennt in seiner Lucrece den Schlaf *the map of death.* 4) *inn*, in der älteren Sprache = Wohnung, Residenz. So in Spenser's Faerie Queene: *Phœbus with his fiery wain* | *Unto his inn began to draw apace.* — Hier steht *inn* = vornehme Wohnung, im Gegensatze zu *ale-house* = eine gemeine Kneipe. 5) *hard-favour'd* = von hässlichem, abstossendem Aeussern. 6) Verbinde Dich nicht mit dem Schmerze, der schon in mir haust; verstärke meinen Schmerz nicht noch durch den Deinigen, damit ich nicht plötzlich dem doppelten Gewicht unterliege. 7) Ich bin mit der erbarmungslosen Noth eine Verbrüderung auf Leben und Tod eingegangen. 8) Die Stunden, die wir in ungeistlicher, frivoler Weise verbrachten. — Für das *stricken* der Fol. haben die Qs. *thrown.* 9) So die spätern Qs. und die Fol. — Q. A. hat *the king of beasts.* — Den von der Königin bildlich in Bezug auf das vorhergehende *lion* gebrauchten Ausdruck fasst Richard in seiner Erwiederung wörtlich: Wären meine Unterthanen keine gefühllosen Thiere gewesen, so regierte ich noch. 10) *sometime* und *sometimes* ist oft adjectivisch = ehemalig. — So stand A. 1, Sc. 2: *thy sometimes brother's wife.* 11) *fall* ist die Lesart der Fol., *tale* die der Qs. — Malone, der erstere mit Recht für eine Sh.'sche Aenderung hält, citirt dazu K. Henry VIII. (A. 2, Sc. 1) *And when you would say something that is sad,* || *Speak how I fell.* 12) *mourn in ashes* und *coal-black* wird hier im wörtlichsten Sinne von der Asche und den Kohlen der auf dem Herde oder im Kamine erloschenen Feuerbrände gesagt. — So heisst es in K. John (A. 4, Sc. 1) von der Kohle: *The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,* || *And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.* — *for*

And, Madam, there is order ta'en for you:[13]
With all swift speed you must away to France.
K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder, wherewithal
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,
The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul sin gathering head
Shall break into corruption.[14] Thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all;[15]
He[16] shall think, that thou, which know'st the way
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
That fear to hate; and hate turns one, or both,[17]
To worthy danger and deserved death.
North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end.
Take leave, and part; for you must part forthwith.
K. Rich. Doubly divorc'd! — Bad men, ye violate
A two-fold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me,
And then betwixt me and my married wife. —
Let me unkiss[18] the oath 'twixt thee and me;
And yet not so, for with a kiss 't was made.
Part us, Northumberland: I towards the north,
Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime;
My wife[19] to France: from whence, set forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hallowmas,[20] or short'st of day.
Queen. And must we be divided? must we part?
K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.
Queen. Banish us both, and send the king with me.
North. That were some love, but little policy.[21]
Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.
K. Rich. So two, together weeping, make one woe.
Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;
Better far off, than near, be ne'er the near'.[22]
Go, count thy way with sighs, I mine with groans.
Queen. So longest way shall have the longest moans.
K. Rich. Twice for one step I 'll groan, the way being short,
And piece the way out with a heavy heart.
Come, come, in wooing sorrow let 's be brief,
Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.[23]
One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part:[24]
Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart. *[They kiss.*
Queen. Give me mine own again; 't were no good part,
To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart.
[They kiss again.
So, now I have mine own again, be gone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groan.
K. Rich. We make woe wanton[25] with this fond delay:
Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

London. A Room in the Duke of York's Palace.

Enter York *and the* Duchess.

Duch. My lord, you told me, you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the story off,
Of our two cousins coming into London.
York. Where did I leave?
Duch. At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude misgovern'd hands, from windows' tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on king Richard's head.
York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,
With slow but stately pace kept on his course,
While all tongues cried — »God save thee, Bolingbroke!«
You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage; and that all the walls
With painted imagery[1] had said at once, —
»Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!«
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespake them thus, — »I thank you, countrymen:«
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.
Duch. Alas, poor Richard! where rode[2] he the whilst?
York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd[3] actor leaves the stage,
Are idly[4] bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious;
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes

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why steht für *for which* oder für *because.* 13) Für Euch sind Anstalten getroffen. — So in Othello (A. 5, Sc. 2) *Honest Iago hath ta'en order for 't.* 14) Das Bild ist von einem Geschwür entlehnt, das erst den Eiterstoff sammelt und das dann aufbricht. 15) Da Du ihm zu dem Ganzen verhalfst. 16) Die meisten Hgg. fügen mit Rowe vor *he* zur Vervollständigung des Verses ein *and* ein. 17) *one, or both* bezieht sich auf *wicked friends:* der zwischen den ehemaligen Freunden ausgebrochene Hass bringt dem einen Freunde oder beiden die verdiente Gefährdung oder den verdienten Tod. — *worthy* steht nicht absolut, sondern = das, was sie durch ihr früheres Verfahren verdient haben. 18) *to unkiss* = durch einen Kuss widerrufen oder vertilgen. Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 2, Anm. 25. — Der Kuss gilt als eine Besiegelung des Traugelöbnisses. 19) So die Qs.; die Fol. *my queen.* 20) Der erste Tag des November, der Allerheiligentag, wird in seiner finstern, neblichten Gestalt dem hellen, duftigen Mai gegenübergestellt. 21) Diesen Vers ertheilen die Qs. dem Könige zu. 22) Das zweite *near'* ist der Comparativ = *nearer.* Dieselbe Form findet sich in Macbeth (A. 2, Sc. 3) *the near' in blood, the nearer bloody;* und in Barnaby Rich's Farewell to Military Profession: *much were I the near' my purpose.* — Der Sinn ist: Besser, weit weg zu sein, als nahe, ohne sich darum näher zu sein. — Staunton interpungirt *Better far off, than — near be, ne'er the near* und erklärt: *be near, but never the nigher. A proverbial saying, implying to come near the subject, but never achieve it.* 23) Wir wollen in der Brautwerbung um unsern Gram uns kurz fassen, da er doch lange genug dauert, wenn wir einmal mit ihm vermählt sind. 24) Zu *part* ist als Object aus dem vorhergehenden *our mouths* ein *us* zu ergänzen. 25) So A. 3, Sc. 3: *Or shall we play the wantons with our woes?*

1) Die Mauern der Häuser waren zum Empfang Bolingbroke's mit bunten Tapeten geschmückt, auf denen u. A. auch Sprüche verzeichnet standen. 2) So Q. A.; die übrigen Qs. und die Fol. haben *rides* für *rode.* 3) *well-grac'd* ist zugleich = wohlbeliebt, und = wohlbegabt. 4) *idly* = zerstreut, ohne bestimmte Absicht oder

Did scowl on[5] Richard: no man cried, God save him;
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head,
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,[6]
That had not God, for some strong purpose,[7] steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him.
But heaven hath a hand in these events,
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

Duch. Here comes my son Aumerle.

York. Aumerle that was;
But that is lost for being Richard's friend,
And, Madam, you must call him Rutland[8] now.
I am in parliament pledge for his truth
And lasting fealty to the new-made king.

Enter AUMERLE.

Duch. Welcome, my son. Who are the violets now,
That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?[9]

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not;
God knows, I had as lief be none, as one.

York. Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,
Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime.
What news from Oxford? hold those justs and triumphs?[10]

Aum. For aught I know, my lord, they do.

York. You will be there, I know.

Aum. If God prevent not, I purpose so.

York. What seal[11] is that, that hangs without thy bosom?
Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.

Aum. My lord, 't is nothing.

York. No matter then who sees it:
I will be satisfied, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech your grace to pardon me.
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

York. Which for some reasons, Sir, I mean to see.
I fear, I fear, —

Duch. What should you fear?
'T is nothing but some bond that he is enter'd into
For gay apparel 'gainst the triumph day.[12]

York. Bound to himself? what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool. —
Boy, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech you, pardon me: I may not show it.

York. I will be satisfied: let me see it, I say.
[Snatches it, and reads.[13]
Treason! foul treason! — Villain! traitor! slave!

Duch. What is the matter, my lord?

York. Ho! who is within there?

Enter a Servant.

Saddle my horse.
God for his mercy! what treachery is here!

Duch. Why, what is it, my lord?

York. Give me my boots, I say: saddle my horse. —
[Exit Servant.
Now, by mine honour, by my life, my troth,
I will appeach the villain.

Duch. What 's the matter?

York. Peace, foolish woman.

Duch. I will not peace. — What is the matter, Aumerle?

Aum. Good mother, be content: it is no more
Than my poor life must answer.

Duch. Thy life answer?

York. Bring me my boots: I will unto the king.

Re-enter Servant, with boots.

Duch. Strike him, Aumerle. — Poor boy, thou art amaz'd. —
Hence, villain! never more come in my sight. —
[Exit Servant.

York. Give me my boots, I say.

Duch. Why, York, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?
Have we more sons, or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming date drunk up with time,
And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,
And rob me of a happy mother's name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?

York. Thou fond, mad woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?
A dozen of them here[14] have ta'en the sacrament,
And interchangeably set down their hands,
To kill the king at Oxford.

Duch. He shall be none;
We 'll keep him here: then, what is that to him?

York. Away, fond woman! were he twenty times
My son, I would appeach him.

Duch. Hadst thou groan'd for him,
As I have done, thou wouldst be more pitiful.
But now I know thy mind: thou dost suspect,
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy son.
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind:
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like to me, nor any of my kin,
And yet I love him.

York. Make way, unruly woman! *[Exit.*

Anfmerksamkeit. 5) So die Fol.; die Qs. haben *on gentle Richard*, ein Beiwort, das drei Zeilen weiter besser an seiner Stelle ist: *gentle sorrow.* 6) *grief* bezieht sich auf *tears*, *patience* auf *smiles.* 7) *strong purpose* ist ein Zweck, bei dem es gilt, stark zu sein. 8) Als Anhänger Richard's war der Herzog von Aumerle seines Herzogsrangs beraubt und blieb nur Graf von Rutland. 9) d. h.: Wer ist unter der neuen Regierung Bolingbroke's emporgekommen? 10) Finden die Turniere und Festlichkeiten, von denen die Rede war, wirklich in Oxford statt? — Die Qs. haben *Do these justs and triumphs hold?* 11) Das Siegel hing an dem auf Pergament geschriebenen Vertrage, den die Verschworenen zur Ermordung Bolingbroke's während der Oxforder Festlichkeiten unter sich abgeschlossen hatten. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 617. — In der vorigen Zeile lesen die Hgg. ohne Autorität *prevent it not.* 12) Die Herzogin hält das Pergament, dessen Siegel ihrem Sohn aus dem Rock hängt, für eine Schuldverschreibung, die er eingegangen ist, um sich für den Tag der Lustbarkeiten in Oxford hübsch auszustaffiren. — In der Fol. fehlt *day.* — Einen solchen Schuldschein, erwiedert der Herzog, würde der Gläubiger, nicht der Schuldner bei sich tragen. 13) *He plucks it out of his bosom and reads it*, lautet die Bühnenweisung der Qs., *Snatches it* die der Fol. 14) *here*, mit Hinweisung auf das seinem Sohne abgenommene Schriftstück. 15) Jage so spornstreichs wie ein Eilbote.

Duch. After, Aumerle! Mount thee upon his horse:
Spur, post,[15] and get before him to the king,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.
I 'll not be long behind; though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as York:
And never will I rise up from the ground,
Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee. Away! be gone.
[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Windsor. A Room in the Castle.

Enter Bolingbroke *as king;* Percy, *and other Lords.*

Boling. Can no man tell me of my unthrifty son?
'T is full three months, since I did see him last.
If any plague hang over us, 't is he.
I would to God, my lords, he might be found.
Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
With unrestrained[1] loose companions,
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and rob our passengers;
Which[2] he, young wanton, and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour, to support
So dissolute a crew.
Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw the prince,
And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.
Boling. And what said the gallant?
Percy. His answer was, — he would unto the stews,
And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,[3]
And wear it as a favour; and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.
Boling. As dissolute, as desperate: yet through both[4]
I see some sparks of better hope,[5] which elder days
May happily bring forth. But who comes here?

Enter Aumerle.[6]

Aum. Where is the king?
Boling. What means our cousin, that he stares
And looks so wildly?
Aum. God save your grace. I do beseech your majesty,
To have some conference with your grace alone.
Boling. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone. — *[Exeunt* Percy *and Lords.*
What is the matter with our cousin now?
Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth, *[Kneels.*
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon, ere I rise, or speak.[7]
Boling. Intended, or committed, was this fault?
If on the first,[8] how heinous e'er it be,
To win thy after-love, I pardon thee.
Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.
Boling. Have thy desire. [Aumerle *locks the door.*[9]
York. [Within.] My liege, beware! look to thyself:
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.
Boling. Villain, I 'll make thee safe. *[Drawing.*
Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand: thou hast no cause to fear.
York. [Within.] Open the door, secure, fool-hardy king:
Shall I for love speak treason to thy face?[10]
Open the door, or I will break it open.
[Bolingbroke *opens the door.*

Enter York.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? speak;
Recover breath: tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.
York. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
The treason that my haste forbids me show.
Aum. Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise past:
I do repent me; read not my name there;
My heart is not confederate with my hand.[11]
York. 'T was, villain, ere thy hand did set it down. —
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king:
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence.
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.
Boling. O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy! —
O loyal father of a treacherous son!
Thou sheer,[12] immaculate, and silver fountain,
From whence this stream through muddy passages
Hath held[13] his current, and defil'd himself!
Thy overflow of good converts to bad;[14]
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing son.
York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd,
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,
Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies:
Thou kill'st me in his life; giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man 's put to death.
Duch. [Within.] What, ho! my liege! for God's sake, let me in.

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1) Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 1, Anm. 52. 2) Statt der Emendation Pope's *while* stellen Staunton und Dyce mit Recht das *which* der alten Ausgg. wieder her, wobei Dyce auf den häufigen ungrammatischen Gebrauch dieses Relativpronomen bei Sh. und seinen Zeitgenossen hinweist. — *wanton* ist substantivisch zu fassen, nicht, wie die meisten Hgg. interpungiren, als Adjectiv zu *boy: young, wanton, and effeminate boy.* — In der vorigen Zeile stellt die Fol. *rob* und *beat* irrthümlich um. 3) Beim Turnier trug der Ritter den Handschuh seiner Dame als ein Zeichen ihrer Huld *(as a favour)* am Helm. 4) Durch seine Ausgelassenheit, wie durch seine Dreistigkeit durchschimmernd. 5) So Q. A. und Fol. — Manche Hgg. lesen mit den übrigen Qs. *sparkles* und fügen mit Steevens ein *a* vor *better* ein. 6) *Enter Aumerle amazed* ist die Bühnenweisung der Qs.; in der Fol. bloss *Enter Aumerle.* 7) Obgleich sich zur Noth *unless a pardon* auch elliptisch verstehen lässt: wenn nicht eine Verzeihung erfolgt, so scheint es doch, als sei in Qs. und Fol. ein folgender Vers zufällig ausgefallen, der das fehlende Verbum und ein Wort wie *my fault* enthalten haben mag. Wenigstens liesse sich *this fault* in Bolingbroke's Antwort auf etwas Derartiges beziehen. 8) d. h. wenn wegen des ersteren, des beabsichtigten Vergehens, Du Verzeihung begehrst. 9) Diese Bühnenweisung ist modern; dafür haben die Qs. *The duke of York knocks at the door and crieth.* 10) Den König *fool-hardy* zu nennen, ist als eine Schmähung des königlichen Ansehens ein Hochverrath, den er aus Anhänglichkeit ihm in's Gesicht spricht. 11) *hand* = Handschrift, die Namensunterschrift unter dem Document. 12) *sheer* = rein, ungetrübt. — *a fountain sheer* kommt in Spenser's Faerie Queene wiederholt vor; Sh. hat das veraltete Epitheton nur einmal in Verbindung mit *ale* in Taming of the

Boling. What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes this eager cry?
Duch. A woman, and thine aunt, great king; 't is I.
Speak with me, pity me, open the door:
A beggar begs that never begg'd before.
Boling. Our scene is altered, from a serious thing,
And now chang'd to »The Beggar and the King«.[15] —
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in:
I know, she 's come to pray for your foul sin.
York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
More sins for this forgiveness prosper may.
This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rests sound;
This, let alone,[16] will all the rest confound.

Enter Duchess.

Duch. O king! believe not this hard-hearted man:
Love, loving not itself, none other can.
York. Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?[17]
Duch. Sweet York, be patient. Hear me, gentle liege. *[Kneels.*
Boling. Rise up, good aunt.
Duch. Not yet, I thee beseech:
For ever will I walk[18] upon my knees,
And never see day that the happy sees,
Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.
Aum. Unto my mother's prayers I bend my knee. *[Kneels.*
York. Against them both my true joints bended be. *[Kneels.*
Ill may'st thou thrive, if thou grant any grace![19]
Duch. Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face;
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast:
He prays but faintly, and would be denied;
We pray with heart, and soul, and all beside:
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;
Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;
Ours of true zeal and deep integrity.
Our prayers do out-pray[20] his; then let them have
That mercy which true prayers ought to have.
Boling. Good aunt, stand up.
Duch. Nay, do not say — stand up;
But, pardon[21] first, and afterwards, stand up.
An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon should be the first word of thy speech.
I never long'd to hear a word till now;
Say — pardon, king; let pity teach thee how:
The word is short, but not so short as sweet;
No word like pardon for kings' mouths so meet.
York. Speak it in French, king: say, *pardonnez-moi.*[22]
Duch. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy?
Ah! my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,
That sett'st the word itself against the word![23]
Speak, pardon, as 't is current in our land!
The chopping French[24] we do not understand.
Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there,
Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear,
That hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee pardon to rehearse.
Boling. Good aunt, stand up.
Duch. I do not sue to stand:
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.
Boling. I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.
Duch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!
Yet am I sick for fear: speak it again;
Twice saying pardon doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon strong.
Boling. With all my heart
I pardon him.
Duch. A god on earth thou art.
Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law,[25] and the abbot,
With all the rest of that consorted crew,
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.[26] —
Good uncle, help to order several powers
To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are:
They shall not live within this world, I swear;
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Uncle, farewell, — and cousin too,[27] adieu:
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.
Duch. Come, my old son: I pray God make thee new.
[Exeunt.

Shrew (Induction Sc. 2). 13) So die Qs.; die Fol. *hath had.* 14) Was Du an Güte zu viel hast, das verkehrt sich in Deinem Sohne zu Schlechtem. 15) Anspielungen auf die in Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry abgedruckte Ballade vom König Cophetua und der Bettlerin Penelophon hat Sh. in Romeo and Juliet (A. 2, Sc. 1), in K. Henry IV. Second Part (A. 5, Sc. 3) und in Love's Labour's Lost (A. 4, Sc. 1). — Die Annahme einiger Commentatoren, dass es ein altes Drama desselben Inhalts gegeben habe, ist eine bis jetzt durch keine Notiz gestützte Hypothese. 16) Dies eiternde Gelenk, wenn es in Ruhe gelassen wird, steckt die übrigen Glieder an und verdirbt sie. 17) Wenn sie ihrem Sohne jetzt das Leben erhält, so ist es, als ob sie ihn, den Hochverräther, zum zweiten Mal an ihren Brüsten grosszöge. 18) So die Qs., wo *to walk* allgemeiner = sich bewegen, steht. — Die Fol. hat *kneel upon my knees.* 19) Diese Zeile fehlt in der Fol. 20) *to out-pray* = an Innigkeit oder an Wirkung des Gebets übertreffen. — Für das *have* am Schluss dieser Zeile, das auf dasselbe Wort gereimt ist, schrieb Sh. vielleicht *crave.* 21) scil. *say, pardon.* 22) *pardonnez-moi,* zu Sh.'s Zeit eine Modephrase in England, eine höfliche Art der Verneinung oder der Ausrede, wird als solche bei Sh. auch in Romeo and Juliet (A. 2, Sc. 4) erwähnt. 23) Insofern das französische Wort einen andern Sinn hat, als das englische. 24) Die Franzosen, welche die Worte zerhacken, verschlucken, undeutlich aussprechen, verstehen wir nicht. — Knight erklärt dagegen: *the French, which changes the meaning of the words.* — Eine dritte Erklärung giebt Staunton: *we are ignorant how to chop or exchange French.* Er erinnert dabei, wie auch schon Malone that, an den akademischen Ausdruck *to chop logic* = disputiren. 25) Bolingbroke's Schwager, den er hier ironisch *trusty* nennt, war der Herzog von Exeter; der Abt war der Abt von Westminster. — In der Fol. fehlt das *and.* — In den beiden vorhergehenden Versen stellt Pope den von Sh. beabsichtigten Reim wieder her, indem er Bolingbroke sagen lässt: *With all my heart* || *I pardon him.* Die alten Ausgg. haben *I pardon him* || *With all my heart.* 26) Fast ebenso in K. Richard III. (A. 4, Sc. 1) *Death and destruction dog thee at thy heels.* 27) *too* ist, wie die Cambridge Edd. bemerken, zuerst in einer Quarto von 1634 hinter *cousin* eingeschoben.

SCENE IV.[1]

Enter Sir PIERCE OF EXTON *and a Servant.*

Exton. Didst thou not mark the king, what words he spake?
»Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?«
Was it not so?
Serv. Those were his very words.
Exton. »Have I no friend?« quoth he: he spake it twice,
And urg'd it twice together,[2] did he not?
Serv. He did.
Exton. And, speaking it, he wistly[3] look'd on me,
As who should say, — I would thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart,
Meaning the king at Pomfret. Come, let 's go:
I am the king's friend, and will rid[4] his foe. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Pomfret. The Dungeon of the Castle.

Enter King RICHARD.

K. Rich. I have been studying how I may compare[1]
This prison, where I live, unto the world:
And for because[2] the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it; yet I 'll hammer it out.
My brain I 'll prove the female to my soul;
My soul, the father: and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world,[3]
In humours like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better sort,
As thoughts of things divine, are intermix'd
With scruples, and do set the word itself
Against the word:[4]
As thus, — »Come, little ones;« and then again, —
»It is as hard to come, as for a camel
To thread the postern of a needle's[5] eye.«
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders: how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls;
And, for they[6] cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves,
That they[7] are not the first of fortune's slaves,
Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars,
Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame,[8]
That many have, and others must sit there:
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of such as have before endur'd the like.
Thus play I, in one person,[9] many people,
And none contented: sometimes am I king;
Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am: then, crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king;
Then am I king'd again; and, by and by,
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing. — But whate'er I am,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
With being nothing. — *[Music.]* Music do I hear?
Ha, ha! keep time. — How sour sweet music is,
When time is broke,[10] and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men's lives.
And here have I the daintiness of ear,
To check[11] time broke in a disorder'd string;
But, for the concord of my state and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me;
For now hath time made me his numbering clock:[12]
My thoughts are minutes, and with sighs they jar

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1) Die Fol. beginnt hier keine neue Scene. — Vgl. Einleitung pag. 617 u. 618. 2) *twice together* = zweimal nach einander. — In der vorhergehenden Rede haben die Qs. *these* für *those* der Fol. 3) *wistly* = aufmerksam, mit Bewusstsein. So die spätern Qs. und die Fol. für *wishtly* in Q. A. und B. — Viele Hgg. vertauschen das veraltete Wort mit dem synonymen *wistfully*, das sich in keiner alten Ausgabe findet. 4) *to rid* ist wohl nicht eigentlich = *to destroy*, wie Malone erklärt, sondern eher = wegschaffen, aus dem Wege bringen.

1) So Q. A.; die übrigen Qs. und die Fol. *how to compare.* 2) *for because* pleonastisch für *because* oder für *for* im Sinne von *because.* 3) *this little world* = diese kleine Welt, ist er selbst, — ein von Sh. häufig angewandter Tropus, — hier im Gegensatz zu *this world* = diese grosse Welt, die irdische Welt. — Knight citirt dazu eine Sh. bekannte Stelle aus Raleigh's History of the World: *Because in the little frame of man's body there is a representation of the universal and (by allusion) a kind of participation of all the parts there, therefore was man called microcosmos, or the little world.* 4) Dass unter *word* hier das Wort Gottes, das biblische Wort verstanden ist, ergiebt sich sowohl aus dem Folgenden, als auch aus der Variante der Fol.: *set the faith itself against the faith.* — Im andern Sinne stand A. 5, Sc. 3: *That sett'st the word itself against the word.* 5) Die Qs. haben *a small needle's.* 6) *for they cannot:* weil sie es nicht vermögen, sterben sie in ihrem Uebermuth, bezieht sich nicht auf *weak nails*, sondern auf *thoughts — — do plot.* 7) *they* geht, genau genommen, nicht auf *thoughts*, sondern auf Die, welche denken, dass sie nicht die Ersten sind, die das Glück bezwungen hat, und auch nicht die Letzten sein werden. 8) Einfältige Bettler, wenn sie wegen Vagabundirens in den Fussblock gesteckt werden, verstecken ihre Schmach hinter dem Gedanken, dass schon Viele ebendaselbst sassen und Andre nach ihnen da sitzen werden. — Zu *have* ist aus *sit* das Particip *sat* zu suppliren. — Drei Zeilen weiter haben die Qs. *misfortunes* für *misfortune* der Fol. 9) So Q. A.; die übrigen Qs. und die Fol. *in one prison.* — Sieben Zeilen weiter haben die Qs. *but whate'er I be.* 10) Wenn das Zeitmass, der Takt, verletzt wird. — *time* = Zeitmass, fasst Richard gleich nachher = Zeit, Lebenszeit und Mitwelt. 11) *to check* = controliren, zurechtsetzen, ist die Lesart der Qs.; die Fol. hat *to hear.* 12) In dem Folgenden malt Richard sich weiter aus, in welcher Art er die Uhr vorstelle, zu der ihn die Zeit gemacht habe. Seine Gedanken sind die Minuten, die in ihrem Verlaufe vermittelst der sie darstellenden Seufzer weiter tickend ihre Zeiteintheilung den Augen angeben. — *their watches*, doppelsinnig = Wachen, Nachtwachen, und = Stunden, hängt von *to jar on* = weiter ticken, ab, und steht im Gegensatz zu *outward watch*, als welche die Augen, gleichsam das äusserlich sichtbare Zifferblatt der Uhr, angesehen werden. Auf dieses Zifferblatt deutet der Finger, wie der Weiser an der Uhr, fortwährend hin, indem

Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward watch,
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
Now, Sir,[13] the sound,[14] that tells what hour it is,
Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,
Which is the bell: so sighs, and tears, and groans,
Show minutes, times, and hours;[15] but my time
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock.[16]
This music mads me: let it sound no more;
For though it hath holp madmen to their wits,
In me, it seems, it will make wise men mad.
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!
For 't is a sign of love, and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.[17]

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal prince!
K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer;[18]
The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.
What art thou? and how comest thou hither,
Where no man never comes, but that sad dog
That brings me food to make misfortune live?
Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,
When thou wert king; who, travelling towards York,
With much ado, at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometimes royal master's face.
O! how it yearn'd my heart, when I beheld
In London streets that coronation day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary!
That horse that thou so often hast bestrid,
That horse that I so carefully have dress'd!
K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?
Groom. So proudly, as if he disdain'd the ground.
K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble? would he not fall down
(Since pride must have a fall), and break the neck
Of that proud man that did usurp his back?
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Wast born[19] to bear? I was not made a horse;
And yet I bear a burden like an ass,
Spur-gall'd, and tir'd, by jauncing[20] Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper, with a dish.[21]

Keep. *[To the Groom.]* Fellow, give place: here is no longer stay.
K. Rich. If thou love me, 't is time thou wert away.
Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say. *[Exit.*
Keep. My lord, will 't please you to fall to?
K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.
Keep. My lord, I dare not: Sir Pierce of Exton, who lately came from the king, commands the contrary.
K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster, and thee!
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.
[Strikes the Keeper.[22]
Keep. Help, help, help!

Enter Sir Pierce of Exton, *and Servants, armed.*

K. Rich. How now! what means death in this rude assault?
Villain, thine own hand yields thy death's instrument.
[Snatching a weapon, and killing one.
Go thou, and fill another room in hell.
[He kills another: Exton *strikes him down.*
That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,
That staggers thus my person. — Exton, thy fierce hand
Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.
Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high,
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die. *[Dies.*
Exton. As full of valour as of royal blood:
Both have I spilt; O, would the deed were good!
For now the devil, that told me I did well,
Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.
This dead king to the living king I 'll bear. —
Take hence the rest,[23] and give them burial here.
[Exeunt.

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er die Thränen aus den Augen wischt. — *to jar* = ticken, kommt als intransitives Verbum in Kyd's Spanish Tragedy vor: *the minutes jarring, the clocks striking.* 13) Diese Anrede gebrauchen die Dramatiker der Zeit bisweilen auch in Monologen, wo der Redende sich selbst oder eine unbestimmte, eingebildete Person so bezeichnet. 14) *the sound* ist der jedesmalige Glockenschlag der Uhr, der, weil er aus einer andauernden Reihe besteht und sich periodisch wiederholt, hier als Collectiv den Plural: *are clamorous groans* nach sich hat. 15) Nach der vorhergehenden Darstellung bezieht sich *sighs* auf *minutes*, *hours* auf *groans*, während *tears* auf *times* geht, da die Thränen keinen bestimmten Zeitabschnitt anzeigen, sondern nur, wie sie fortwährend neu aus den Augen gewischt werden, den Fortgang der Zeit im Allgemeinen andeuten. — Die Fol. stellt um: *hours and times.* 16) *Jack o' the clock* ist die automatische Figur, die an Uhren äusserlich angebracht, mit einer Armbewegung oder mit einem Schlage den Glockenschlag, die Stunde anzeigt. 17) *brooch* = Spange, Agrafe, wird dann allgemein = Schmuck, gebraucht: Liebe zu dem abgesetzten König Richard ist ein auffallender, in dieser hasserfüllten Welt selten getragener Schmuck. 18) Anspielung auf die Münzen *royal* und *noble*. Die letztere entsprach am Werthe *ten groats*, die erstere galt *ten shillings*. — Ein ähnliches Wortspiel findet sich in K. Henry IV. First Part (A. 2, Sc. 4), wo auf das Wort der Wirthin: *there is a nobleman of the court at door, would speak with you*, die Antwort lautet: *give him as much as will make him a royal man.* — Hier ist der Sinn: wir Beide gelten nichts mehr. 19) Wortspiel zwischen *to bear* = gebären, und = tragen. Die erstere Bedeutung steckt in dem Particip, die zweite in dem Infinitiv. — Die vorige Rede des Groom lautet in der Fol.: *So proudly as if he had disdain'd the ground.* Da in der folgenden Zeile *so proud* resümirt wird, vermuthen Dyce und Staunton sehr plausibel, dass Sh. geschrieben *So proud as if he had disdain'd the ground.* 20) *to jaunce* ist entweder = *to jaunt*, oder, wie Staunton erklärt, ist *jauncing* = *hard-riding*. — Die Cambridge Edd. lesen *spurr'd, gall'd* mit den Qs. Die Fol. hat *spur-gall'd.* 21) So die Fol.; die Qs. haben *Enter one to Richard with meat.* 22) Diese Bühnenweisung ist modern. — Auch von den folgenden haben die alten Ausgg. nur *Exton strikes him down.* 23) d. h. die Leichen der beiden Diener, welche Richard erschlagen hatte.

SCENE VI.

Windsor. An Apartment in the Castle.

Flourish. Enter Bolingbroke *and* York, *with Lords and Attendants.*

Boling. Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear
Is, that the rebels have consum'd with fire
Our town of Cicester[1] in Glostershire;
But whether they be ta'en, or slain, we hear not.

Enter Northumberland.

Welcome, my lord. What is the news?
North. First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.
The next news is, — I have to London sent
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent.[2]
The manner of their taking may appear
At large discoursed in this paper here.
[Presenting a paper.
Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains,
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter Fitzwater.

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London
The heads of Brocas and Sir Bennet Seely,
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors,
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.
Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot;
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter Percy, *with the Bishop of* Carlisle.

Percy. The grand conspirator,[3] abbot of Westminster,
With clog of conscience and sour melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave;
But here is Carlisle living, to abide
Thy kingly doom, and sentence of his pride.
Boling. Carlisle, this is your doom: —
Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,
More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life;
So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife:
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

Enter Exton, *with Attendants bearing a coffin.*

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I present
Thy buried fear:[4] herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bordeaux, by me hither brought.
Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast wrought
A deed of slander,[5] with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head and all this famous land.
Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.
Boling. They love not poison that do poison need,
Nor do I thee: though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor princely favour:
With Cain go wander through the shades of night,[6]
And never show thy head by day nor light. —
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow:
Come, mourn with me for that I do lament,
And put on sullen black, incontinent.[7]
I 'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.
March sadly after; grace my mournings here,
In weeping after this untimely bier.[8] *[Exeunt*

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1) *Ciceter* in Qs. und Fol. 2) So die Fol. in Uebereinstimmung mit Holinshed's Chronik. — Die Qs. haben *Oxford, Salisbury, Blunt and Kent.* 3) *grand conspirator* = Hauptverschwörer. 4) In Bezug auf die von Exton (A. 5, Sc. 4) angeführten Worte Bolingbroke's: *Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?* 5) *slander* ist mit dem folgenden *Upon my head etc.* zu verbinden: eine That, die meinem Haupte u. s. w. Schmach bringt. — *slander* ist nur in Q. A.; die übrigen Qs. und die Fol. haben *slaughter* dafür. 6) Die Fol. hat *shade of night.* 7) *incontinent* = sogleich, ohne Frist; eine bei Sh. häufige Adverbialform. 8) Indem wir weinend hinter diesem unzeitigen Sarge hergehen. — Die Fol. hat *mourning.*

KING HENRY IV. — PART I.

Einleitung.

Die erste Quartausgabe (Q. A.) dieses historischen Schauspiels erschien im Jahre 1598 mit folgendem Titel: The History of Henry the Fourth; With the Battell at Shrewsburie, betweene the King and Lord Henry Percy, surnamed Henrie Hotspur of the North. With the humorous conceits of Sir John Falstalffe. At London, Printed by P. S. for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paules Churchyard, at the signe of the Angell. — Der genannte Verleger Wise hatte das Buch zu Anfang desselben Jahres 1598 in die Register der Buchhändler eintragen lassen und verlegte im folgenden Jahre 1599 eine zweite Quartausgabe (Q. B.), welche, obwohl nur ein incorrecter Abdruck der ersten, doch auf dem Titelblatt den Zusatz: Newly corrected by William Shake-speare trägt. In demselben Verhältnisse stehen zwei folgende Quartausgaben (Q. C. und Q. D.), die in den Jahren 1604 und 1608 im Verlage von Mathew Law, einem Compagnon des obengenannten Verlegers, erschienen. Aus einer Quarto von 1613 endlich ist das Drama in die Gesammtausgabe der Shakspere'schen Dramen in Folio (1623) übergegangen, unter der Bezeichnung: The First Part of Henry the Fourth, with the Life and Death of Henry Sirnamed Hot-Spurre. Es steht daselbst, in Acte und Scenen eingetheilt, als das dritte Stück in der Reihe der Histories, und wenn es auch stellenweise den Text der letztvorhergegangenen Quartausgabe verbessert, so nimmt es doch noch öfter die Fehler derselben mit in sich auf, so dass ein Zurückgehen auf die erste und correcteste Quartausgabe bei diesem Drama besonders nöthig ist, obwohl der Schwierigkeiten und Dunkelheiten im Ganzen wenige sind.

Wie lange vor der Veröffentlichung durch den Druck Shakspere's First Part of King Henry IV. geschrieben und auf die Bühne gebracht worden sei, lässt sich aus keiner überlieferten Notiz bestimmen. Francis Meres in seiner Palladis Tamia (1598) erwähnt unter den Dramen unseres Dichters »Henry the 4.«, ohne zwischen dem First Part und dem Second Part zu unterscheiden, als ein damals dem Publicum wohlbekanntes Schauspiel. Schwerlich wird es lange nach King Richard II. verfasst sein, mit welchem Drama es in so organischem Zusammenhange steht, dass Shakspere den Entwurf zu beiden Dramen, sowie zu den darauf folgenden Second Part of King Henry IV. und King Henry V., in allgemeinen Umrissen wenigstens gleichzeitig gemacht und dann in fortschreitender Reihenfolge ausgeführt haben muss. So war denn auch Holinshed's History of England Shakspere's vorzüglichste Quelle für den historischen Theil des First Part of King Henry IV., und zwar benutzte der Dichter besonders dasjenige, was der Chronist von der Regierung Heinrich's IV. aus den Jahren 1402 und 1403, von der Schlacht bei Holmedon (14. September 1402) bis zur Schlacht bei Shrewsbury (21. Juli 1403) aufgezeichnet und berichtet hat. Einige Auszüge aus der genannten Chronik werden die Art dieser Benutzung näher nachweisen.

Zu A. 1, Sc. 1. Dem Berichte Westmoreland's von den ungünstigen Nachrichten aus Wales liegt Folgendes bei Holinshed zu Grunde: *Owen Glendower, according to his accustomed manner, robbing and spoiling within the English borders, caused all the forces of the shire of Hereford to assemble together against them, under the conduct of Edmund Earl of March. But coming to try the matter by battle, whether by treason or otherwise, so it fortuned that the English power was discomfited, the earl taken prisoner, and above a thousand of his people slain in the place. The shameful villany used by the Welshwomen towards the dead carcasses, was such as honest ears would be ashamed to hear, and continent tongues to speak thereof.* — Von der Schlacht bei Holmedon erzählt Holinshed so: *Archembald Earl Douglas, sore displeased in his mind for his overthrow* [scil. *at Nesbit*] *procured a commission to invade England, and that to his cost. — — For at a place called Homildon, they were so fiercely assailed by the Englishmen under the leading of Lord Percy, surnamed Hotspur, and George Earl of March, that, with violence of the English shot, they were quite vanquished and put to flight, on the Rood day in harvest, with a great slaughter made by the Englishmen. — -- There were slain of men of estimation Sir John Swinton — — and three and twenty knights, besides ten thousand of the commons: and of prisoners among other were these, Mordake Earl of Fife, son to the Governor Archembald Earl Douglas, which in the fight lost one of his eyes, Thomas Earl of Murray, Robert Earl of Angus, and (as some writers have) the Earls of Athol and Menteith, with five other of meaner degrees.*

Zu A. 1, Sc. 3 bot der Chronist unserem Dichter folgendes Material: *Henry, Earl of Northumberland, with his brother Thomas, Earl of Worcester, and his son, the Lord Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur, which were to King Henry, in the beginning of his reign, both faithful friends, and earnest aiders, began now to envy his wealth and felicity; and especially they were grieved, because the king demanded of the*

earl and his son such Scottish prisoners as were taken at Homeldon and Nesbit: for of all the captives which were taken in the conflicts fought in those two places, there was delivered to the king's possession only Mordake, Earl of Fife, the Duke of Albany's son, though the king did divers and sundry times require deliverance of the residue, and that with great threatenings: wherewith the Percies being sore offended, for that they claimed them as their own proper prisoners, and their peculiar prizes, by the council of the Lord Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester, whose study was ever (as some write) to procure malice, and set things in a broil, came to the king unto Windsor (upon a purpose to prove him), and there required of him, that either by ransom or otherwise, he would cause to be delivered out of prison Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, their cousin german, whom (as they reported) Owen Glendower kept in filthy prison, shackled with irons, only for that he took his part, and was to him faithful and true.

The king began not a little to muse at this request, and not without cause; for indeed it touched him somewhat near, sith this Edmund was son to Roger Earl of March, son to the Lady Philip, daughter of Lionel Duke of Clarence, the third son of King Edward the Third, which Edmund at King Richard's going into Ireland, was proclaimed heir apparent to the crown and realm, whose aunt, called Eleanor, the Lord Henry Percy had married; and therefore King Henry could not well hear that any man should be earnest about the advancement of that lineage. The king, when he had studied on the matter, made answer, that the Earl of March was not taken prisoner for his cause, nor in his service, but willingly suffered himself to be taken, because he would not withstand the attempts of Owen Glendower and his complices, therefore he would neither ransom him, nor release him.

The Percies with this answer and fraudulent excuse were not a little fumed, insomuch that Henry Hotspur said openly: „Behold, the heir of the realm is robbed of his right, and yet the robber with his own will not redeem him.“ So in this fury the Percies departed, minding nothing more than to depose King Henry from the high type of his royalty, and to place in his seat their cousin Edmund, Earl of March, whom they did not only deliver out of captivity, but also (to the high displeasure of King Henry) entered in league with the foresaid Owen Glendower.

Zu A. 3, Sc. 1. Holinshed führt die oben citirte Stelle so fort: *Herewith they by their deputies in the house of the archdeacon of Bangor divided the realm amongst them, causing a tripartite indenture to be made and sealed with their seals, by the covenants whereof all England from Severn and Trent, south and eastward, was assigned to the Earl of March: all Wales and the lands beyond Severn westward, were appointed to Owen Glendower: and all the remnant from Trent northward to the Lord Percy. This was done, as some have said, through a foolish credit given to a vain prophesy, as though King Henry was the mold-warp, cursed of God's own mouth, and they three were the dragon, the lion and the wolf, which should divide this realm between them. Such is the deviation (saith Hall), and not divination of those blind and fantastical dreams of the Welsh prophesiers.* — Die von Shakspere zur Charakteristik Owen Glendower's benutzten Züge sind an verschiedenen Stellen bei Holinshed zerstreut. So heisst es u. A.: *This Owen Glendower was son to an esquire of Wales, named Griffith Vichan; he dwelled in the parish of Conway, within the county of Merioneth, in North Wales, in a place called Glendourwie, which is as much as to say in English, as the valley by the side of the water of Dee, by occasion of which he was surnamed Glendour Dew. He was first set to study the laws of the realm, and became an utter barrister, or an apprentice of the law, as they termed him, and served King Richard at Flint Castle, when he was taken by Henry Duke of Lancaster; though others write that he served this King Henry the Fourth before he came to attain the crown, in room of an esquire.* — Ferner an einer andern Stelle: *In the month of March (1402) appeared a blazing star, first between the east part of the firmament and the north, flashing forth fire and flames round about it, and lastly shooting forth firy beams towards the north, foreshowing (as was thought) the great effusion of blood that followed about the parts of Wales and Northumberland. In much about the same time, Owen Glendower, with his Welshmen, fought with the Lord Grey of Ruthin etc.* — Ebenso: *About mid August the king to chastise the presumptuous attempt of the Welshmen, went with a great power of men into Wales, to pursue the captain of the Welsh rebels, Owen Glendower; but in effect he lost his labour, for Owen conveyed himself out of the way into his known lurking-places, and, as was thought through art magic, he caused such foul weather of winds, tempests, rain, snow, and hail to be raised, for the annoyance of the king's army, that the king was constrained to return home etc.* — Endlich über die Wunderzeichen bei Glendower's Geburt: *Strange wonders happened, as men reported, at the nativity of this man, for the same night he was born all his father's horses in the stable were found to stand in blood up to their bellies.*

Zu A. 3, Sc. 2. Von der gegenseitigen Entfremdung, welche zwischen dem Könige und dem Prinzen herrschte, veranlasst theils durch die ausgelassene Lebensweise des Letzteren, theils durch übelwollende Zwischenträger, spricht Holinshed in Verbindung mit einem Versuche des Prinzen, diese Missverständnisse zu beseitigen. Am Schlusse der Unterredung zwischen Vater und Sohn heisst es: *Thus were the father and the son reconciled, betwixt whom the said pick-thanks had sown division, in so much that the son upon a vehement concert of unkindness sprung up in the father, was in the way to be worn out of favour which was the more likely to come to pass by their informations that privily charged him with riot and other uncivil demeanour unseemly for a prince; indeed he was youthfully given, grown to audacity, and had chosen him companions agreeable to his age, with whom he spent his time in such recreations, exercises, and delights, as he fancied.*

Zu A. 4 und A. 5. *King Henry, advertised of the proceedings of the Percies, forthwith gathered about him such power as he might make, and being earnestly called upon by the Scot, the Earl of March, to make haste and give battle to his enemies, before their power, by delaying of time, should still too much*

increase, he passed forward with such speed, that he was in sight of his enemies, lying in camp near to Shrewsbury, before they were in doubt of any such thing. — Die Beschwerden der Aufständischen sind in dem von Holinshed mitgetheilten Manifest enthalten. Ebenso findet sich in der Chronik der Bericht von neuen Friedensunterhandlungen zwischen beiden Parteien, von Worcester's falscher Darstellung der Absichten des Königs, und von der Schlacht selbst. Holinshed hat u. A.: *It was reported for a truth, that now when the king had condescended unto all that was reasonable at his hands to be required, and seemed to humble himself more than was meet for his estate, the Earl of Worcester, upon his return to his nephew, made relation clean contrary to that the king had said, in such sort that he set his nephew's heart more in displeasure towards the king than ever it was before, driving him by that means to fight, whether he would or not. Then suddenly blew the trumpets, the king's part crying St. George! upon them, the adversaries cried Esperance, Percy! and so the two armies furiously joined.* — Wenn der Zweikampf zwischen dem Prinzen und Percy auch eine Erfindung des Dichters ist, so hat er doch manches Andere von den Einzelnheiten der Schlacht aus Holinshed entlehnt. So u. A. Folgendes: *The prince that day holp his father like a lusty young gentleman, for although he was hurt in the face with an arrow, so that divers noble men that were about him would have conveyed him forth of the field, yet he would in no wise suffer them so to do, lest his departure from his men might haply have stricken some fear into their hearts; and so, without regard of his hurt, he continued with his men, and never ceased, either to fight where the battle was most hottest, or to encourage his men where it seemed most need. This battle lasted three long hours, with indifferent fortune on both parts, till at length the king, crying Saint George! victory! brake the array of his enemies, and did adventure so far that, as some write, the Earl Douglas strake him down, and at that instant slew Sir Walter Blunt, and three other apparelled in the king's suit and clothing, saying: „I marvel so many kings thus suddenly arise one in the neck of another.“ The king indeed was raised and did that day many a noble feat of arms, for as it is written, he slew that day with his own hands six and thirty persons of his enemies. The other on his part encouraged by his doings, fought valiantly and slew the Lord Percy, called Sir Henry Hotspur. To conclude, the king's enemies were vanquished and put to flight, in which flight, the Earl of Douglas, for haste, falling from the crag of an high mountain, brake one of his cullions and was taken, and, for his valiantness, of the king frankly and freely delivered.*

Die Geschichte Heinrich's IV. und seines Sohnes Heinrich's V. war schon lange, ehe Shakspere sie in den drei nach ihnen benannten Dramen behandelt hatte, auf die englische Bühne gebracht worden in einem Drama, betitelt: The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth. Von unbekanntem Verfasser und unbestimmtem Datum, aber jedenfalls vor 1588 geschrieben, da der Schauspieler Tarlton, der darin aufgetreten, in diesem Jahre starb, behauptete sich dieses schwache und rohe Machwerk auch neben den Shakspere'schen, denselben Stoff behandelnden Dramen, und wurde auch in verschiedenen Abdrücken, nachdem es 1594 in die Register der Buchhändler eingetragen war, wieder aufgelegt, im Jahre 1598 und in einer dritten Auflage zur Zeit Jacob's I., die freilich keine Jahreszahl angiebt, wohl aber auf dem Titelblatt die nur zur Täuschung des Publicums hinzugefügte Notiz: *As it was ac'ed by the King's Majesty's Servants* enthält. Die fortdauernde Popularität, deren sich dieses Drama erfreut haben muss, mag unsern Dichter veranlasst haben, dasselbe trotz seiner Werthlosigkeit insofern zu berücksichtigen, als er den Gedanken eines durch alle drei Dramen durchgeführten Gegensatzes zwischen dem historisch ernsten Theile und dem humoristischen daher entlehnte und den Prinzen Heinrich darstellte einerseits in seinem Verhältniss als Sohn, später als König und Eroberer in Frankreich, andrerseits in seinem Verkehr mit lockeren Gesellen, auf den die Holinshed'sche Chronik nur hindentete. So entsprechen etwa einigen Scenen des First Part of King Henry IV., wenn auch in unendlichem Abstande und in schwachen, kaum erkennbaren Zügen, einige Scenen der Famous Victories, welche die Beraubung der königlichen Einnehmer durch den Prinzen und seine Gesellen, das wüste Treiben und Kneipenleben des Prinzen und endlich die Verständigung mit seinem Vater vorführen. Wie wenig Shakspere freilich ausser den blossen Namen und Figuren aus diesem rohen und witzlosen dramatisirten Wuste entlehnen konnte, mag eine Probe, die erste Scene der Famous Victories, beurkunden:

Enter the young Prince, *Ned*, and *Tom*.

Henry the Fifth. Come away Ned and Tom.
Both. Here my lord.
Henry 5. Come away my lads.
Tell me sirs, how much gold have you got.
Ned. Faith my lord, I have got five hundred pound.
Henry 5. But tell me Tom, how much hast thou got?
Tom. Faith my lord, some foure hundred pound.
Henry 5. Foure hundred pounds, bravely spoken lads.
But tell me sirs, thinke you not that it was a villainous part of me to rob my fathers receyvers?
Ned. Why, no my lord, it was but a tricke of youth.
Henry 5. Faith Ned, thou sayest true.
But tell me sirs, where abouts are we?
Tom. My lord, we are now about a mile off London.
Henry 5. But sirs, I marvell that Sir John Oldcastle
Comes not away: sounds see where he comes.

Enters *Jockey*.

How now Jockey, what newes with thee?
Jockey. Faith my lord, such newes as passeth,
For the towne of Detfort is risen,
With hue and crie after your man,
Which parted from us the last night,
And has set upon, and hath robd a poore carrier.
Henry 5. Sownes, the villaine that was wont to spie
Out our booties.
Jockey. I my lord, even the very same.

Henry 5. Now base-minded rascall to rob a poore carrier,
Well it skils not, ile save the base villaines life:
I, I may: but tell me Jockey, whereabout be the receyvers.
Jockey. Faith my lord, they are hard by,
But the best is, we are a horse backe, and they be a foote,
So we may escape them.
Henry 5. Well, if the villaines come, let mee alone with them.
But tell me Jockey, how much gots thou from the knaves,
For I am sure I got something, for one of the villaines
So belamde me about the shoulders,
As I shall feele it this moneth.
Jockey. Faith my lord, I have got a hundred pound.
Henry 5. A hundred pound, now bravely spoken Jockey:
But come sirs, lay all your money before me,
Now by heaven here is a brave shew:
But as I am true gentleman, I will have the halfe
Of this spent to night, but sirs, take up your bags.
Here comes the Receyvers, let me alone.

Enters two Receyvers.

One. Alas good fellow, what shall we doe?
I dare never go home to the court, for I shall be hangde,
But here is the yong Prince, what shall we do?
Henry 5. How now you villaines, what are you?
One Receyver. Speake you to him.
Other. No I pray, speake you to him.
Henry 5. Why how now you rascals, why speake you not?
One. Forsooth we be, pray speake you to him.
Henry 5. Sowns, villaines speake, or ile cut off your heads.
Other. Forsooth he can tell the tale better then I.
One. Forsooth we be your fathers Receyvers.
Henry 5. Are you my fathers Receyvers.
Then I hope yee have brought me some money.
One. Money: alasse sir wee be robd.
Henry 5. Robd, how many were there of them?
One. Marry sir there were foure of them,
And one of them had Sir John Oldcastles bay Hobbey,
And your blacke nag.
Henry 5. Gogs wounds how like you this Jockey,
Blood you villaines: my father robd of his money abroad,
And we in our stables.
But tell me how many were there of them.
One Receyver. If it please you, there were foure of them,
And there was one about the bignesse of you:
But I am sure I so belamde him about the shoulders,
That he will feele it this moneth.
Henry 5. Gogs wounds you lambde them fairely,
So that they have carried away your money.
But come sirs what shall we doe with the villaines.
Both Receyvers. I beseech your grace be good to us.
Ned. I pray you my Lord forgive them this once.
Well stand up and get you gone,
And looke that you speake not a word of it,
For if there be, sownes ile hang you and all your kin. [Exit Pursevant.
Henry 5. Now sirs, how like you this;
Was not this bravely done:
For now the villaines dare not speake a word of it,
I have so feared them with words.
Now whether shall we go.
All. Why my lord, you know our old Hostesse at Feversham.
Henry 5. Our Hostesse at Feversham, bloud what shall we doe there, we have a thousand pound about us.
And we shall go to a petty Alehouse.
No, no: you know the old Taverne in Eastcheape,
There is good wine: besides there is a prety wench
That can talke well, for I delight as much in their tongues,
As any part about them.
All. We are ready to wayte upon your grace.
Henry 5. Gogs wounds wait, we will go altogether,
We are all fellowes, I tell you sirs, and the King my father were dead, wee would be all Kings,
Therefore come away.
Ned. Gogs wounds, bravely spoken Harry.

Enter *John Cobler, Robin Pewterer, Lawrence Costermonger.*

John Cobler. All is well here, all is well Masters.
Robin. How say you, neighbour John Cobler?
I think it best that my neighbour
Robin Pewterer went to Pudding-lane end,
And we will watch here a Billinsgate ward.
How say you neighbour Robin, how like you this?
Robin. Marry well neighbours:
I care not much if I go to Pudding-lane end.
But neighbours, and you heare any adoe about me,
Make haste: and if I heare any adoe about you,
I will come to you. [Exit *Robin.*
Lawrence. Neighbor what news heare you of the yong Prince?
John. Marry neighbour, I heare say, he is a toward young Prince,
For if he meet any by the high way,
He will not let to talke with him,
I dare not call him theefe, but sure he is one of these taking fellowes.
Lawrence. Indeed neighbour, I heare say hee is as lively
A young Prince as ever was.
John. I, and I heare say, if he use it long,
His father will cut him off from the crowne:
But neighbour say nothing of that.
Lawrence. No, no, neighbour I warrant you.
John. Neighbour, me thinkes you begin to sleepe,
If you will, we will sit downe,
For I thinke it is about midnight.
Lawrence. Marry content neighbour, let us sleepe.

Enter *Dericke* roving.

Dericke. Who, who there, who there? [Exit *Dericke.*

Enter *Robin.*

Robin. O neighbours, what meane you to sleepe,
And such adoe in the streetes?
Ambo. How now neighbour, whats the matter?

Enter *Dericke* againe.

Derieke. Who there, who there, who there?
Cobler. Why, what aylest thou? here is no horses.
Derieke. O alas man, I am robd, who there, who there?
Robin. Hold him neighbour Cobler.
Cobler. Why I see thou art a plaine elowne.
Derieke. Am I a clowne, sownes masters,
Do clownes goe in silke apparel.
I am sure all we gentlemen clownes in Kent seant goe so well:
Sounes you know clownes very well.
Heare you, are you Master Constable, and you be speake:
For I will not take it at his hands.
John. Faith I am not Master Constable,
But I am one of his bad officers, for he is not here.
Derieke. Is not master Constable here?
Well it is no matter, Ile have the law at his hands.
John. Nay I pray you do not take the law of us.
Derieke. You are one of his beastly offieers.
John. I am one of his bad offieers.
Derieke. Why then I charge thee looke to him.
Cobler. Nay but heare yee sir, you seeme to be an honest
Fellow, and we are poore men, and now tis night,
And we would be loath to have any thing adoo,
Therefore I pray thee put it up.
Derieke. First, thou sayest true, I am an honest fellow,
And a proper handsome fellow too,
And you seem to be poore men, therfore I care not greatly,
Nay I am quickly pacified,
But and you chance to spie the theefe,
I pray you lay hold on him.
Robin. Yes that we will, I warrant you.
Derieke. Tis a wonderfull thing to see how glad the knave is, now I have forgiven him.
John. Neighbours, doe yee looke about you,
How now, who's there?

Enter the theefe.

Theefe. Here is a good fellow. I pray you which is the way to the olde Taverne in Easteheape.
Dericke. Whoope hollo, now Gadshill, knowest thou mee?
Theefe. I know thee for an asse.
Dericke. And I know thee for a taking fellow,
Upon Gads hill in Kent.
A bots light upon you.
Theefe. The worson villaine would be knockt.
Derieke. Masters, villaine, and ye be men stand to him,
And take his weapon from him, let him not passe you.
John. My friend what make you abroad now?
It is too late to walke, now.
Theefe. It is not too late for true men to walke.
Lawrence. We know thee not to be a true man.
Theefe. Why what doe you meane to doe with me?
Sounes I am one of the Kings liege people.
Derieke. Heare you sir, are you one of the kings liege people?
Theefe. I marry am I sir, what say you to it?
Derieke. Marry sir, I say you are one of the Kings fileling people.
Cobler. Come, come, lets have him away.
Theefe. Why what have I done.
Robin. Thou hast robd a poore fellow;
And taken away his goods from him.
Theefe. I never saw him before.
Dericke. Maisters who comes here?

Enter the Vintners boy.

Boy. How now good man Cobler?
Cobler. How now Robin, what makes thou abroade
At this time of night?
Boy. Marrie I have bene at the Counter,
I can tell such newes as never you have hearde the like.
Cobler. What is that Robin, what is the matter?
Boy. Why this night about two houres agoe, there came the young Prince, and three or foure more of his companions, and called for wine good store, and then they sent for a noyse of musicians, and were very merry for the space of an houre, then whether their musicke liked them not, or whether they had drunke too much wine or no, I cannot tell, but our pots flew against the walls, and then they drewe their swords, and went into the street and fought, and some tooke one part, and some tooke another, but for the space of halfe an houre, there was such a bloody fray as passeth, and none could parte them untill such time as the Mayor and Sheriffe were sent for, and then at last, with much adoo, they tooke them, and so the young Prince was carried to the Counter, and then about one houre after, there came a messenger from the court in all haste, from the King, for my Lorde Mayor and the Sheriffe, but for what cause I know not.
Cobler. Here is newes indeed Robert.
Lawrenee. Marry Neighbour, this newes is strange indeede, I thinke it best Neighbour, to rid our hands of this fellow first.
Theefe. What meane you to doo with me?
Cobler. Wee meane to carry you to the prison, and there to remaine till the sessions day.
Theefe. Then I pray you let me go to the prison where my maister is.
Cobler. Nay, thou must goe to the countrey prison, to Newgate, therefore come away.
Theefe. I prethee be good to me honest fellow.
Dericke. I marry will I, ile be very charitable to thee,
For I wil never leave thee, til I see thee on the gallows.

Von den in den Famous Victories aufgeführten Gesellen des Prinzen entspricht Sir John Oldcastle, auch Jockey genannt, dem Shakspere'schen Sir John Falstaff, wenn auch nicht in der von unserm Dichter zuerst geschaffenen Charakteristik, so doch wahrscheinlich in der Erscheinung auf der Bühne, was denn eine zu Shakspere's Zeit häufig wiederkehrende Verwechslung oder Identification beider Figuren beim Publicum zur Folge hatte. Auf diesen Punkt wird weiterhin noch zurückzukommen sein, sowie sich noch ferner Gelegenheit darbieten wird, auf einige andere Scenen der Famous Victories hinzuweisen, an welche Shakspere gedacht als er den Second Part of King Henry IV. und King Henry V. schrieb.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.[1]

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.
HENRY, Prince of Wales, } Sons to the
PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, } King.
EARL OF WESTMORELAND.
SIR WALTER BLUNT.
THOMAS PERCY, Earl of Worcester.
HENRY PERCY, Earl of Northumberland.
HENRY PERCY, surnamed HOTSPUR, his Son.
EDMUND MORTIMER, Earl of March.
SCROOP, Archbishop of York.
ARCHIBALD, Earl of Douglas.
OWEN GLENDOWER.
SIR RICHARD VERNON.
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.
SIR MICHAEL, a Friend to the Archbishop of York.

POINS.
GADSHILL.
PETO.
BARDOLPH.

LADY PERCY, Wife to Hotspur, and Sister to Mortimer.
LADY MORTIMER, Daughter to Glendower, and Wife to Mortimer.
MISTRESS QUICKLY; Hostess of a Tavern in Eastcheap.

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

SCENE, England.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.

London. An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, WESTMORELAND, *Sir* WALTER BLUNT, *and Others.*

K. Hen. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted peace[2] to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in stronds[3] afar remote.
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;[4]
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowerets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,[5]
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual,[6] well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master.[7] Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
(Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
We are impressed and engag'd to fight,)
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy,[8]
Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' womb

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1) Ein Personenverzeichniss, das in den alten Ausgg. fehlt, fügte zuerst Rowe seiner Ausgabe (1709) bei. 2) Der Friede wird als ein aus seiner Ruhe gehetztes Wild betrachtet: Finden wir eine Zeit, wo der gehetzte Friede sich verschnaufen kann. 3) *stronds* = Strand, Gestade, bezeichnet hier Palästina, wohin Heinrich den Kreuzzug unternehmen will. — Sh. hat dasselbe veraltete Wort nur noch einmal in seinem eigentlichen Sinne in K. Henry IV. Second Part (A. 1, Sc. 1). 4) *entrance* ist hier collectiv zu fassen = jeder Eingang, jede Oeffnung oder Pore in dem Erdboden, geeignet das Blut einzusaugen. Zugleich wird *this soil*, d. h. England, weiblich personificirt und mit Lippen *(her lips)* ausgestattet, welche sie mit dem Blute ihrer Kinder färbt. Mit Sh.'scher Licenz ist die zweite Zeile so construirt, als ob in der ersten *this soil* und nicht *the thirsty entrance* Subject wäre. Dasselbe Bild hat Sh. deutlicher in K. Henry VI. Third Part (A. 2, Sc. 3) *Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk*, und in dem alten K. John fand er noch annähernder an seinen eigenen Ausdruck: *Is all the blood y-spilt on either part,* || *Closing the crannies of the thirsty earth,* || *Grown to a love-game and a bridal feast?* — Daher hat man auch hier *crannies* für *entrance* in den Text setzen wollen. Aber diese Conjectur, wie die übrigen: *entrails*, *entrants*, *Erinnys*, werden überflüssig durch eine richtige Auffassung des Sh.'schen Sinnes, der nach einer Stelle der Genesis (Cap. 4, V. 11) gebildet scheint: *And now art thou cursed from the earth, which hath opened her mouth to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand.* 5) *opposed eyes* sind die voll Hass und Trotz einander anblickenden Augen zweier feindlichen Heere, die doch aus einem Stamme waren und nur im Bürgerkriege sich entzweiten. — Wenn auch diese funkelnden Augen in ihren langen Reihen mit langhingestreckten Meteoren am Himmel verglichen werden, so bezieht sich doch der mit *which* beginnende Relativsatz und der darauf folgende mit *shall now* fortgeführte Satz mit einer Sh.'schen Ungenauigkeit der Construction auf ein in *opposed* steckendes Substantiv = feindliche Schlachtreihen. 6) *mutual* = mit einander einverstanden, in Beziehung zu einander. 7) *master* bezieht sich eigentlich nur auf *ill-sheathed knife*. Zu *edge of war* ist ein Wort wie Kriegführender hinzuzudenken. 8) Der parenthetische Zwischensatz verdeckt einigermassen die Kühnheit der Construction, welche *levy* mit *As far*

To chase these pagans, in those holy fields,
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
Which, fourteen hundred years ago,[9] were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter cross.
But this our purpose is a twelvemonth old,[10]
And bootless 't is to tell you, we will go:
Therefore[11] we meet not now. — Then, let me hear
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yesternight our council did decree,
In forwarding this dear expedience.[12]

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge set down
But yesternight;[13] when, all athwart, there came
A post from Wales loaden with heavy news;
Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
A thousand[14] of his people butchered;
Upon whose dead corse there was such misuse,
Such beastly, shameless transformation,
By those Welshwomen done, as may not be
Without much shame re-told or spoken of.

K. Hen. It seems then, that the tidings of this broil
Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

West. This match'd with other like,[15] my gracious lord;
For more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the north, and thus it did report:
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,[16]
Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
At Holmedon met,
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour,
As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood, the news was told;[17]
For he that brought them, in the very heat
And pride of their contention did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way.

K. Hen. Here is a dear and true-industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
Stain'd with the variation of each soil[18]
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours;
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.[19]
The earl of Douglas is discomfited;
Ten thousand bold Scots, two-and-twenty knights,
Balk'd[20] in their own blood, did Sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains: of prisoners, Hotspur took
Mordake the earl of Fife, and eldest son
To beaten Douglas,[21] and the earl of Athol,
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith.
And is not this an honourable spoil?
A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?

West. In faith,[22]
It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

K. Hen. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sin
In envy that my lord Northumberland
Should be the father of[23] so blest a son:
A son, who is the theme of honour's tongue;
Amongst a grove the very straightest plant;
Who is sweet Fortune's[24] minion, and her pride:
Whilst I, by looking[25] on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow

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as etc. in Verbindung setzt: Wir werden Truppen ausheben, um damit bis zum Grabe Christi zu ziehen. — Doch citirt Gifford aus Stephen Gosson's School of Abuse eine ähnliche Construction: *Scipio, before he levied his force to the walls of Carthage, gave his soldiers the print of the city on a cake to be devoured.* 9) Diese Scene ist in das Jahr 1402 zu setzen. 10) So die Fol.; die ersten Qs. lesen *now is twelve month old;* in den spätern Qs. fehlt *now.* — Den Vorsatz, in's heilige Land zu ziehen, hatte der König schon in K. Richard II. (A. 5, Sc. 6) ausgesprochen. 11) *therefore* bezieht sich auf *to tell you:* Um Euch zu sagen, dass wir die Absicht haben, einen Kreuzzug zu unternehmen, habe ich Euch nicht herberufen, da Ihr das schon wisst. 12) Diese wichtige, uns so sehr am Herzen liegende Kriegsunternehmung. — In diesen eigenthümlichen Bedeutungen gebraucht Sh. auch anderswo *dear* und *expedience.* 13) Wir waren gestern gerade eifrig mit der eiligen Betreibung dieser Angelegenheit beschäftigt, und hatten viele nähere Bestimmungen der Kriegsverwaltung zu Papier gebracht. — *charge* lässt sich jedoch auch speciell = Kriegskosten, fassen. 14) So die Qs.; die Fol. hat *And a thousand.* — In der folgenden Zeile ist *corse* dem Sinne und vielleicht auch der Form nach als Plural gemeint, weshalb Dyce *corpse'* schreibt und Staunton *corses* vermuthet. 15) So die Fol.; einige Qs. haben *did* für *like* und in den folgenden zwei Versen *for more* und *import* für das *far more* und *report* anderer Qs. und der Fol. 16) *there* bezieht sich auf *the north* = das nördliche England. — Percy's hier zuerst erwähnten Beinamen Hotspur erklärt Holinshed so: *This Harry Percy was surnamed, for his often pricking, Henry Hotspur, as one that seldom times rested, if there were any service to be done abroad.* 17) Die Nachricht von der Schlacht liess sich nur nach der Abfeuerung ihres Geschützes und nach der Gestalt, welche ihr die Vermuthung gab, berichten, ohne dass man schon vom Ausgange nach irgend einer Richtung Kunde ertheilen konnte. — Den Anachronismus, der in *discharge of their artillery* liegt, beging Sh., indem er Holinshed's *English shot* missverstand. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 657. 18) Sir Walter Blunt trug die Spuren seines Rittes durch die verschiedenen Erdarten des Bodens, über den er von Holmedon nach London dahingesprengt war, an sich. 19) *smooth and welcome news* ist dem vorhergehenden *uneven and unwelcome news* gegenübergestellt. 20) *to balk* = aufhäufen, namentlich von der Furchen bildenden Erde gebraucht. So bilden die Todten in ihrem Blute auf dem Felde von Holmedon aufgehäufte Reihen. — Für *balk'd* schlug Grey *bak'd* vor. 21) Steevens bemerkt, dass Sh. nur durch ein Missverständniss den Earl von Fife zum Sohne des Grafen von Douglas machte, da an der entsprechenden Stelle bei Holinshed hinter *governor* ein Comma fehlt: *and of prisoners, Mordake Earl of Fife, son to the Governor Archembald Earl Douglas.* (Vgl. Einleitung pag. 657.) Mordake war Sohn des Herzogs von Albany, des Regenten von Schottland. — Ebenso zählt nach Holinshed's Vorgange Sh. irrthümlich Fife und Menteith als zwei verschiedene Personen auf, da es in der That nur zwei Titel derselben waren. — Den Artikel vor *earl of Fife* fügte zuerst Pope ein. 22) *In faith, it is* ziehen die alten Ausgg. verkehrt zur Rede des Königs und lassen Westmoreland antworten *A conquest for a prince etc.* 23) So die spätern Qs. und die Fol.; die frühern Qs. haben *to so bless'd etc.* 24) *Fortune* hat das Epitheton *sweet* in Bezug auf *minion.* 25) *by looking* = beim Sehen, während ich sehe. 26) Dass Feen, bei Nacht umherstreichend,

Of my young Harry. O! that it could be prov'd,
That some night-tripping[26] fairy had exchang'd
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet!
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts. — What think you, coz,
Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners,
Which he in this adventure hath surpris'd,
To his own use[27] he keeps, and sends me word,
I shall have none but Mordake earl of Fife.

West. This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester,
Malevolent to you in all aspects;[28]
Which makes him prune himself,[29] and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.

K. Hen. But I have sent for him to answer this;
And, for this cause, awhile we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
Will hold at Windsor: so[30] inform the lords;
But come yourself with speed to us again;
For more is to be said, and to be done,
Than out of anger can be uttered.[31]

West. I will, my liege. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Same. Another Apartment in the Palace.

Enter HENRY, *Prince of Wales, and* FALSTAFF.

Fal. Now, Hal,[1] what time of day is it, lad?

P. Hen. Thou art so fat-witted,[2] with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly, which thou wouldst truly know.[3] What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses,[4] and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-colour'd taffeta, I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous[5] to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me,[6] now, Hal; for we, that take purses, go by the moon and the[7] seven stars, and not by Phœbus, — he, »that wandering knight so fair.«[8] And, I pr'ythee, sweet wag, when thou art king, — as, God save thy grace, — majesty, I should say, for grace thou wilt have none, —

P. Hen. What! none?

Fal. No, by my troth; not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.[9]

P. Hen. Well, how then? come roundly,[10] roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us, that are squires of the night's body, be called thieves of the day's beauty:[11] let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon; and let men say, we be men of good government,[12] being governed as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal.

P. Hen. Thou say'st well, and it holds well, too; for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men,[13] doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed as the sea is, by the moon. As for proof now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing — lay by; and spent with crying — bring in;[14] now, in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder,[15] and, by and by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the Lord, thou say'st true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

Wiegenkinder stahlen oder vertauschten, darauf hat Sh. auch in Midsummer-Night's Dream (A. 2, Sc. 1) angespielt: *A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king: || She never had so sweet a changeling.* 27) Zu seiner eigenen Verfügung. 28) *malevolent* und *aspect* sind Ausdrücke der Astrologie. Worcester ist gleichsam ein Stern von übelm Einfluss. 29) *to prune* = das Gefieder sträuben und putzen, findet seine nähere Erläuterung in dem Nachfolgenden. 30) Die Fol. *and so.* 31) Was ausser dem Berührten zu sagen und zu thun ist, darf nicht in so aufgeregter Stimmung, wie die jetzige ist, laut werden. — Der König misstraut den Beschlüssen, die er in seinem jetzigen Zorn fassen möchte, und will eine ruhigere Stimmung abwarten. — Das ist wohl eher der Sinn der Stelle, als was Johnson deutet: *More is to be said than anger will suffer me to say.*

1) *Hal* vertraulich aus *Harry* abgekürzt. 2) *fat-witted* = dessen Witz fett geworden ist; so kommt *fat-brained* in K. Henry V. (A. 3, Sc. 7) vor. 3) Falstaff wollte in der That *(truly)* nicht wissen, welche Stunde am Tage sei, sondern welche Stunde in der Nacht, und weiss nur nicht recht *(truly)* darnach zu fragen. — Für *after noon* hat die Fol. *in the afternoon.* 4) Die Bordelle hatten wie die Wirthshäuser ihr Schild über der Hausthür. 5) *superfluous* ist, der etwas Ueberflüssiges hat, thut oder spricht, etwa = extravagant. 6) Du berührst mich empfindlich mit Deiner Erinnerung an die Sonne, deren Licht wir Beutelschneider zu scheuen haben. 7) Die Fol. lässt *the* aus, das alsdann aus dem vorhergehenden *the moon* supplirt werden muss, da das Siebengestirn gemeint ist. 8) Wahrscheinlich ein Citat aus einer Ballade von dem Phœbusritter, den Falstaff hier scherzhaft identificirt mit dem Sonnengott Phœbus. 9) *grace* ist in diesen Wortspielen zuerst der Titel des Königs *(thy grace)*, dann = Frömmigkeit, Gnade vor Gott, und endlich = Dankgebet vor einer Mahlzeit, und bestände sie auch nur aus Ei und Butter. 10) Qs. und Fol. verbinden *come roundly* = komm gerade zu, ohne Umschweife; die Hgg. interpungiren *come, roundly.* 11) *a squire of the body* = Leibknappe, Schildknappe. Als Schildknappen der personificirt gedachten Nacht bezeichnet Falstaff sich und seine Genossen, und nicht als Diebe der Schönheit des Tages, die den Tag entstellen durch ihr Treiben. — Zugleich scheint ein Wortspiel von *beauty* und *booty* beabsichtigt, wie ein Gleichklang zwischen *body* und *beauty.* 12) *government* = Lenkung, Leitung, und = Aufführung, Benehmen. Wie der Mond das Meer in der Ebbe und Fluth regiert, so regiert er Die, welche unter seinem Schutze *(countenance)* stehlen, oder doppelsinnig: Die, welche unter seinen Schutz schlüpfen, sich verbergen. 13) *men* = Diener. 14) Die Goldbörse wird gewonnen, indem man dem Reisenden mit einem Fluche zuruft: Steh! und wird verthan, indem man dem Wirthe zuruft: Bring herein! d. h. Wein. — *to lay by* ist eigentlich ein Schiffsausdruck = die Segel einziehen. 15) *ladder* ist hier die Leiter zum Galgen. 16) *old lad of the castle*, wie es scheint, aus *old lad of Castile* oder auch aus *Oliver of Castile* entstellt, bezeichnet, so wie der daraus gebildete Name *Oldcastle* (vgl. Einleitung pag. 662), einen Raufbold und Renommisten. So spricht Sh.'s Zeitgenosse Gabriel Harvey von *old lads of the castle with their rapping babble.* — Die Fol. liest *as is the honey* und lässt *of*

P. Hen. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle.[16] And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?[17]

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag! what, in thy quips, and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

P. Hen. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

P. Hen. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No; I 'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

P. Hen. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and, where it would not, I have used my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so used it, that were it not here apparent[18] that thou art heir apparent, — But, I pr'ythee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king, and resolution thus fobbed, as it is, with the rusty curb of old father Antick[19] the law? Do not thou, when thou art a king, hang a thief.

P. Hen. No; thou shalt.[20]

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I 'll be a brave judge.

P. Hen. Thou judgest false already: I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. Hen. For obtaining of suits?[21]

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat,[22] or a lugged bear.

P. Hen. Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.[23]

P. Hen. What say'st thou to a hare,[24] or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similes,[25] and art, indeed, the most comparative,[26] rascalliest, — sweet young prince. — But, Hal, I pr'ythee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God, thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought. An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, Sir; but I marked him not: and yet he talked very wisely; but I regarded him not: and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

P. Hen. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.[27]

Fal. O! thou hast damnable iteration, and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me,[28] Hal: — God forgive thee for it. Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain: I 'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.[29]

P. Hen. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. 'Zounds! where thou wilt, lad, I 'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle[30] me.

P. Hen. I see a good amendment of life in thee;[31] from praying to purse-taking.

Enter Poins, *at a distance.*

Fal. Why, Hal, 't is my vocation, Hal: 't is no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. Poins![32] — Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match.[33] — O! if men

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Hybla aus. 17) *durance* ist = ein dauerhafter Zeugstoff, = Dauerbarkeit, und = Haft, Verhaftung. — Auf den letzteren Sinn spielt auch *buff jerkin* an = Wamms von Büffelleder, das die Gerichtsdiener trugen. Auch wird ein solcher Gerichtsdiener, der den Antipholus verhaftet, charakterisirt mit ähnlichem Wortspiel in Comedy of Errors (A. 4, Sc. 2 u. 3) *A devil in an everlasting garment hath him — — A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff*, und *he, Sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them suits of durance.* 18) Wortspiel zwischen *here apparent* und *heir apparent.* -- In *heir* wurde zu Sh.'s Zeit das *h* noch gesprochen. — Die Fol. lässt *not* vor *here* aus. 19) *Antick* = Possenreisser, und = ein alter Mann, ist hier als ein scherzhafter Eigenname des personificirten Gesetzes oder Rechts mit einem grossen *A* zu schreiben. 20) Falstaff versteht *to hang* = hängen lassen, zum Strange verurtheilen; Heinrich = aufhängen, den Henker spielen. Ebenso fasst Falstaff *judge* = Richter; Heinrich *to judge* = urtheilen, aus den Worten schliessen. 21) *suits* = Bittgesuche, deren Gewährung man durch Aufwarten bei Hofe erlangte, und = Anzüge, von denen der Henker eine reiche Auswahl besass, da er die Kleider der Gehenkten erbte. Auf dieses Herkommen spielt auch Coriolanus (A. 1, Sc. 5) an: *doublets that hangmen would bury with those that wore them.* 22) *gib cat*, ursprünglich wie es scheint = ein alter Kater, ist späterhin auch unterschiedslos als Bezeichnung für jede Katze angewendet. — Der Ausdruck *as melancholy as a cat* kommt auch in Lyly's Midas vor. 23) Die Dudelsackbläser aus Lincolnshire werden bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen mehrfach erwähnt; so in Armin's Nest of Ninnies (1608) *amongst all the pleasures provided (at a Christmas time) a noise of minstrels and a Lincolnshire bagpipe was prepared: the minstrels for the great chamber, the bagpipe for the hall.* 24) Als schwermüthig bezeichnet auch Drayton in seinem Polyolbion den Hasen: *The melancholy hare is form'd in brakes and briers.* — Moor-ditch war ein Theil des Stadtgrabens, der die Altstadt London nach der Landseite umgab, und gewährte, an Sümpfe stossend und mit deren trübem Wasser gefüllt, einen traurigen Anblick. 25) *similes* in Q. B. und in den späteren Folioausgg.; die übrigen alten Ausgg. lesen *smiles.* 26) *comparative*, das eigentlich = zu Vergleichungen geeignet, es mit Jemandem aufnehmend, sein könnte, gebraucht Falstaff hier mit dem Nebensinn = zu Vergleichungen geneigt. — *rascalliest* findet sich in den beiden ersten Qs., die andern Qs. und die Fol. haben *rascallest.* 27) So die Qs. — Die Fol. hat ohne Sinn: *Thou didst well, for no man regards it*, dem Statute Jacob's I. gemäss, das die Profanation biblischer Stellen auf der Bühne untersagte. Das Ausgelassene ist aus den Sprichwörtern Salomonis entlehnt. — In Bezug darauf wirft dann Falstaff dem Prinzen *damnable iteration* vor = eine Wiederholung oder Citirung, die ihn der Verdammniss aussetzt. 28) So Q. A.; die späteren Qs. und die Fol. *unto me;* »an mir« sagt hier mehr, als »mir«. 29) Dem Sinn nach gehört die in *never* steckende Negation zu *be damn'd* = ich will nicht in Verdammniss gerathen um irgend eines Königssohnes willen in der Christenheit. 30) *to baffle* gebraucht Falstaff hier im Bewusstsein seiner Ritterwürde, da das Wort eine vorzugsweise dem Ritter zugefügte schimpfliche Kränkung bezeichnet. 31) In Bezug auf Falstaff's frühere Worte *I must give over this life.* 32) In den alten Ausgg.

were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain, that ever cried, Stand! to a true man.[34]

P. Hen. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal. — What says Monsieur Remorse? What says Sir John Sack-and-Sugar?[35] Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-Friday last, for a cup of Madeira, and a cold capon's leg?

P. Hen. Sir John stands to his word: the devil shall have his bargain, for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs; he will give the devil his due.[36]

Poins. Then art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. Hen. Else he had been damned for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill. There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have visors for you all, you have horses for yourselves. Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester; I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap:[37] we may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home, and be hanged.

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward:[38] if I tarry at home, and go not, I 'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?[39]

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

P. Hen. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There 's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou cam'st not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.[40]

P. Hen. Well then, once in my days I 'll be a madcap.

Fal. Why, that 's well said.

P. Hen. Well, come what will, I 'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I 'll be a traitor[41] then, when thou art king.

P. Hen. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I pr'ythee, leave the prince and me alone: I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion, and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may (for recreation sake) prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: you shall find me in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. Farewell, the latter spring![42] Farewell, All-hallown summer! *[Exit* Falstaff.

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow: I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto,[43] and Gadshill, shall rob those men that we have already waylaid:[44] yourself and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head off from my shoulders.

P. Hen. But how[45] shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves, which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we 'll set upon them.

P. Hen. Yea, but 't is like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see, I 'll tie them in the wood; our visors we will change, after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce,[46] to immask our noted outward garments.

P. Hen. Yea, but I doubt[47] they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I 'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies[48] that this same fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper: how thirty at least he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof[49] of this lies the jest.

P. Hen. Well, I 'll go with thee: provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-morrow night in Eastcheap, there I 'll sup. Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord. *[Exit.*

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ist *Poins* hier irrig als Name der redenden Person gedruckt, der dann die folgenden Worte zuertheilt werden. 33) *to set a match* = eine Gelegenheit machen, zu Sh.'s Zeit ein technischer Ausdruck für die Auskundschaftung von günstigen Gelegenheiten zu stehlen. So in Ratsey's Ghost (1606) *I have been many times beholding to tapsters and chamberlains for directions and setting of matches.* — Die Fol. liest *watch* für *match*. 34) *true man* = ehrlicher Mann, im Gegensatz zum Schelm und Diebe, ist hier der unschuldige Reisende, dem der Strassenräuber Steh still! zuruft. 35) Sekt, mit Zucker versetzt, war Falstaff's Lieblingsgetränk; daher nennt Poins ihn selbst *Sack-and-Sugar*. — Als *sack* bezeichnete man dâmals den Wein von Xerez (daher *sherris-sack*) und von Malaga. Das Wort stammt aus dem französischen *vin sec*. 36) Das Sprichwort ist eben *to give the devil his due*. 37) *Eastcheap* heisst die Strasse in London, in welcher Falstaff's Kneipe mit dem Schilde des Eberkopfes liegt. — Sh. hatte eine wohlbekannte Localität im Sinne. 38) *Yedward* für *Edward*, Poins' Vorname. 39) *chops*, eigentlich = Fleischstücke, bezeichnet den Falstaff als eine grosse Fleischmasse. So heisst er nachher *guts* = Eingeweide, Bauch. 40) *royal* = königlich, und = eine Goldmünze zum Werthe von zehn Schillingen. — *to stand* = gelten, von der Münze, und = stehen, auf dem Anstand stehen, in Bezug auf den beabsichtigten Strassenraub. 41) *traitor* = Hochverräther, gegen den Staat oder den König. 42) Die meisten Hgg. lesen mit Pope *thou latter spring*. Indess hat Sh. auch beim Vocativ in der Apposition häufig den Artikel. *latter spring* = Spätfrühling, und das gerade entgegengesetzte *All-hallown summer* = Spätherbstsommer, bezeichnet den Widerspruch zwischen Falstaff's wirklichem Alter und jugendlichen Thorheiten oder Gelüsten. 43) *Bardolph* und *Peto* hat erst Theobald nach dem Berichte im zweiten Acte in den Text gesetzt, der für diese Namen, in Qs. und Fol., zwei andere, *Harvey*, *Rossil*, enthielt. Wahrscheinlich beabsichtigte Sh. anfangs zwei Spiessgesellen des Prinzen so zu benennen und liess aus Versehen, als er nachher jene beiden andern Namen setzte, diese hier im Manuscripte stehen. — Andere Commentatoren halten *Harvey* und *Rossil* für Schauspielernamen. 44) Vgl. Anm. 33 dieser Scene. 45) So die Fol.; die Qs. lassen *but* aus. 46) *for the nonce*, eigentlich = für das eine Mal, dann = für den Fall. 47) *to doubt* = Besorgniss hegen. 48) Lügen, die so in's Ungeheuere gehen, dass sie sich nicht umspannen, nicht

P. Hen. I know you all, and will awhile uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleness.
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him. [50]
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work:
But when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes; [51]
And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly, [52] and attract more eyes
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I 'll so offend, to make offence a skill;
Redeeming time, when men think least I will. *[Exit.*

SCENE III.

The Same. Another Apartment in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER, HOTSPUR, *Sir* WALTER BLUNT, *and Others.*

K. Hen. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me; [1] for, accordingly,
You tread upon my patience: but, be sure,
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition, [2]
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And therefore lost that title of respect,
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.
Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
The scourge of greatness to be used on it;
And that same greatness too which our own hands
Have holp to make so portly.
North. My lord, —
K. Hen. Worcester, get thee gone; for I do see
Danger [3] and disobedience in thine eye.
O, Sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier [4] of a servant brow.
You have good leave to leave us; when we need
Your use [5] and counsel, we shall send for you. —
[Exit WORCESTER.
[To NORTHUMBERLAND.*]* You were about to speak.
North. Yea, my good lord.
Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied
As was [6] deliver'd to your majesty:
Either envy, therefore, or misprision
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.
Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners;
But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry [7] with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat and [8] trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home. [9]
He was perfumed like a milliner, [10]
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, [11] which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took 't away again;
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff: [12] — and still he smil'd and talk'd;
And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility. [13]
With many holiday and lady terms [14]
He question'd me; among the rest, demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.

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zusammenfassen lassen. 49) *ward* = Parade beim Fechten. — *reproof* ist hier die mit Blamage verbundene Widerlegung oder Aufdeckung der Falstaff'schen Lügen. — Q. A. hat *lives the jest.* 50) Dasselbe Bild von der Sonne in Macbeth (A. 2, Sc. 4) *And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp.* 51) Je mehr ich die Versprechungen, die ich gebe, übertreffe, um so mehr werde ich die Erwartungen der Menschen, die von mir gering sind, als falsch hinstellen. — *hope* ist bei Sh. = Erwartung, nicht bloss = Hoffnung; wie in Antony and Cleopatra (A. 2, Sc. 1) *I cannot hope,* || *Cæsar and An'ony shall well greet together.* — Denselben Gedanken spricht Heinrich deutlicher aus in K. Henry IV. Second Part (A. 5, Sc. 2) *To mock the expectation of the world,* || *To frustrate prophecies.* 52) Wie ein helles Metall absticht gegen einen dunkeln Grund, auf dem es liegt, so wird Heinrich's Lebens- oder Sinnesänderung um so schöner erscheinen, wenn sie über seinen jetzigen Fehlern leuchtet.

1) d. h. Ihr habt diese Schwäche in mir ausfindig gemacht. 2) *my condition* = meine natürliche Gemüthsbeschaffenheit, ist dem *myself* = mein Selbst, ich als König, gegenübergestellt. 3) *danger* ist hier = Gefährdung, Beeinträchtigung der Gesetze, welche das königliche Ansehen sichern. 4) *frontier* = Fronte, die dem Gegner zugekehrte Seite, nicht gerade = *forehead,* wie Steevens erklärt. 5) Eure Verwendung, den Dienst, zu dem wir Euch gebrauchen. 6) *was* in der Fol.; die meisten Hgg. lesen *is* mit einigen Qs. — Die beiden folgenden Zeilen lauten in der Fol., als sei davor ein Vers ausgefallen, auf den sich das Relativpronomen bezieht: *Who either through envy, or misprision* || *Was guilty of this fault, and not my son.* 7) *dry* = durstig, lechzend. So in Tempest (A. 1, Sc. 2) *dry for sway.* 8) Viele Hgg. lassen des Verses wegen *and* stillschweigend aus. 9) Sein Kinn, eben rasirt, oder, wie Percy sich bildlich ausdrückt, eben abgeerntet, war so kahl wie ein Ackerfeld zur Zeit des Erntefestes, wenn die Ernte eingebracht ist. 10) *milliner* = Modehändler, zu Sh.'s Zeit gewöhnlich männlichen Geschlechts. 11) *pouncet-box* = eine Büchse mit durchbrochener Arbeit, die wohlriechende Stoffe, Moschus u. dergl., enthielt. 12) *to take in snuff* ist in scherzhaftem Wortspiel gebraucht, = einschnupfen, und = Etwas übel aufnehmen. — *who* bezieht sich auf die personificirt gedachte Nase. 13) So dass seiner adligen Person der üble Geruch der Leichen durch die Luftströmung zugeführt wurde. 14) Festtagsausdrücke und Ausdrücke, wie man sie in feiner Damengesellschaft gebraucht. In Merry Wives of Windsor (A. 3, Sc. 2) steht

I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold, [15]
To be so pester'd with a popinjay, [16]
Out of my grief and my impatience
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what,
He should, or he should not; [17] for he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, God save the mark!
And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmacity [18] for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
That [19] villanous saltpetre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly, [20] as I said;
And, I beseech you, let not his report [21]
Come current for an accusation,
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.
Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
Whatever Harry Percy [22] then had said
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest re-told,
May reasonably die, and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.
K. Hen. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,
But with proviso, and exception, [23]
That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer; [24]
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against the [25] great magician, damn'd Glendower,
Whose daughter, as we hear, the earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers then
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason, and indent with fears, [26]
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains [27] let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend,
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.
Hot. Revolted Mortimer!
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war: [28] to prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, [29] which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment [30] with great Glendower.
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood,
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head [31] in the hollow bank
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.
Never did base [32] and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.
K. Hen. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him: [33]
He never did encounter with Glendower.
I tell thee,
He durst as well have met the devil alone,

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he speaks holiday. 15) Der Schmerz vermehrte sich dadurch, dass die Wunden kalt wurden. 16) *popinjay* = Papagei, Schwätzer. — *grief* ist alles Bedrückende, Quälende. 17) scil. *have my prisoners.* — Percy weiss nicht mehr, ob er dem Höfling die Gefangenen damals zugesagt oder verweigert habe. 18) *parmacity* in Fol. und Qs., eine gebräuchliche Entstellung aus *spermaceti* = Wallrath, das als Heilmittel auch in Overbury's Characters (1616) in demselben Zusammenhange vorkommt: *for an inward bruise lambstones and sweetbreads are his only spermaceti.* 19) *that* in der Fol.; die Qs. *this.* 20) Die Fol. hat *Made me to answer indirectly etc.* 21) *his report* in Q. A.; *this report* in den übrigen alten Ausgg. 22) So die Fol.; Q. A. hat *what e'er Lord Henry Percy;* die späteren Qs. lassen das *Lord,* das wahrscheinlich aus dem Vorhergehenden in den Text gerieth, aus. 23) *proviso* = Vorbehalt, und *exception* = Einrede, juristische Ausdrücke, die der König hier geflissentlich gebraucht, um das Unpassende hervorzuheben, dass der Unterthan mit dem König rechtet. 24) Sh. verwechselt hier den Mortimer, Grafen Edmund von March, den Neffen der Lady Percy, mit deren Bruder, Sir Edmund Mortimer. 25) So die Fol. und die späteren Qs. für *that* der früheren Qs. — Ebenso *the earl of March* für *that earl etc.* in Q. A. 26) Da der König offenbar von Mortimer spricht, der durch eigene Schuld in Glendower's Gewalt gerathen sei, und den er nicht vermittelst Unterhandlungen daraus befreien will, so dass der König noch obendrein Mortimer's Verrath bezahlte, so muss *fears,* wenn das Wort das richtige ist, die personificirte Furcht, den Feigling, bedeuten. Johnson wollte dafür *peers,* Hanmer *foes,* und Knight *feres* lesen, letzteres ein veraltetes Wort = Genosse, Geselle. Vielleicht schrieb Sh. *fools,* wie er vorher schon *foolish Mortimer* hatte. — *to indent* = einen Vergleich abschliessen. 27) Auf die unfruchtbaren Gebirge in Wales im Gegensatze zu den reichen Gefilden Englands wird bei Sh. öfter verächtlich hingedeutet. — *mountains* in Q. A., *mountain* in den andern Qs. 28) d. h. genauer ausgedrückt: sein Abfall bestand nur in dem wechselnden Kriegsglück, das ihn in Glendower's Gewalt brachte. 29) Die klaffenden Wunden thun gleichsam den Mund auf, sind mit einem Munde versehen, um laut für Mortimer's Unschuld zu reden. — Denselben Tropus hat Sh. in Coriolanus (A. 2, Sc. 3) *we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them.* 30) *hardiment* = Ritterlichkeit, Tüchtigkeit im Kampfe. — Während dieses Zweikampfs schöpften sie dreimal Athem und löschten ihren Durst im Wasser des Severn, indem sie auf gegenseitiges Einverständniss hin den Kampf eine Weile ruhen liessen. 31) Es ist hier der Flussgott gemeint, dem ein krausgelocktes Haupt beigelegt wird, nach der gekräuselten Oberfläche des Wassers, wie Sh. in Tempest (A. 4, Sc. 1) hat *You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the wandering brooks — — Leave your crisp channels.* 32) *base* ist die Lesart der Fol., *bare* die der Qs. — Hotspur meint die gemeine, feige List, mit welcher der König den Mortimer verdächtigt, dass er nur zum Scheine den Glendower bekriegt habe. 33) *to belie,* gewöhnlich = lügnerisch von Jemandem zu seinem Nachtheil reden, also verläumden, ist hier = Unwahres von Jemandem aussagen, ohne

As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art thou not asham'd? But, sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer.
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you. — My lord Northumberland,
We license your departure with your son. —
Send us your prisoners, or yon 'll hear of it.

[Exeunt King HENRY, BLUNT, *and Train.*

Hot. And if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them. — I will after straight,
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Although it be with hazard[34] of my head.

North. What! drunk with choler? stay, and pause awhile:
Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter WORCESTER.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer!
'Zounds![35] I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:
In his behalf,[36] I 'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod[37] Mortimer
As high i' the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

North. [To WORCESTER.*]* Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.

Wor. Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;
And when I urg'd the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother,[38] then his cheek look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,[39]
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him. Was he[40] not proclaim'd
By Richard, that dead is, the next of blood?

North. He was; I heard the proclamation:
And then it was, when the unhappy king
(Whose wrongs in us[41] God pardon!) did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition;
From whence he, intercepted, did return
To be depos'd, and shortly murdered.

Wor. And for whose death, we in the world's wide mouth
Live scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of.

Hot. But, soft! I pray you, did king Richard then
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown?

North. He did: myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains[42] starve.
But shall it be that you, that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man,
And for his sake wear the detested blot
Of murd'rous subornation, shall it be,
That you a world of curses undergo,
Being the agents, or base second means,
The cords, the ladder,[43] or the hangman rather? —
O! pardon me, that I descend so low,
To show the line and the predicament,
Wherein you range under this subtle king. —
Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf
(As both of you, God pardon it! have done),
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker,[44] Bolingbroke?
And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off
By him, for whom these shames ye underwent?
No! yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again:
Revenge the jeering and disdain'd[45] contempt
Of this proud king, who studies day and night
To answer all the debt he owes to you,
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.
Therefore, I say, —

Wor. Peace, cousin! say no more.
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I 'll read you matter deep and dangerous,
As full of peril and adventurous spirit,
As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.[46]

Hot. If he fall in, good night! — or sink or swim:[47]
Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple:[48] — O! the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare.

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon,[49]
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,

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solchen Nebensinn. 34) So die Fol.; die Qs. lesen *Albeit I make a hazard etc.* Zu bemerken ist die Sh.'sche Antithese von *head* und *heart.* 35) Dieses charakteristische Fluchwort änderte die Theatercensur in das zahme *yes* um, das sich daher in der Fol. findet. Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 2, Anm. 27. 36) So die Fol.; die Qs. haben *Yea, on his part etc.* 37) Die Fol. *down-fall.* 38) Vgl. oben Anm. 24 dieser Scene. 39) *an eye of death* erklärt Johnson = ein Tod drohendes Auge, M. Mason = ein Auge, in dem sich Todesfurcht ausspricht. Es ist wohl nur ein Auge, starr wie das eines Todten, gemeint. 40) scil. Mortimer. — Sh. verwechselt hier abermals den Schwager Percy's mit einem andern Mortimer, dem Neffen desselben, der, von Richard II. zum Nachfolger ernannt, noch vor Richard's Tode in Irland fiel. 41) Das Unrecht, das er von uns erlitten hat; unsern Antheil an dem ihm zugefügten Unrecht. 42) Vgl. Anm. 27 dieser Scene. — Hier haben Qs. und Fol. *mountains.* — Doch ist es nicht nöthig, dass Hotspur des Königs Worte buchstäblich citire. So hat auch die Fol. hier *starv'd* für *starve.* 43) Vgl A. 1, Sc. 2, Anm. 15. 44) *canker* = Hundsrose, wird auch sonst als etwas Verächtliches der schönen Gartenrose entgegengestellt. So in Much Ado about Nothing (A. 1, Sc. 3) *I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose in his grace.* 45) *disdained* = mit Hohn begabt, von dem substantivischen *disdain* so gebildet, wie in Merchant of Venice (A. 3, Sc. 2) *guiled* vom Substantiv *guile,* und in Othello (A. 1, Sc. 3) *delighted* vom Substantiv *delight.* 46) Einen stürmischen Strom überschreiten auf einem Speer, der quer darüber liegt. — Keightley vermuthet *torrent* für *current.* 47) Eine alte sprichwörtliche Redensart. 48) Die Gefahr mag noch so gewaltig über den Erdkreis daherstürmen; wenn die Ehre ihr in den Weg tritt, so nimmt sie es mit ihr auf.

Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks,[50]
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear
Without corrival all her dignities:
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship![51]
Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,[52]
But not the form of what he should attend. —
Good cousin, give me audience for a while,
And list to me.
Hot. I cry you mercy.
Wor. Those same noble Scots,
That are your prisoners, —
Hot. I 'll keep them all.
By God, he shall not have a Scot of them:
No, if a Scot would save his soul,[53] he shall not.
I 'll keep them, by this hand.
Wor. You start away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes.
Those prisoners you shall keep.
Hot. Nay, I will; that 's flat.
He said, he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I 'll holla — Mortimer!
Nay,
I 'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.
Wor. Hear you, cousin, a word.
Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,[54]
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:
And that same sword-and-buckler prince[55] of Wales,
But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I would have him poison'd with a pot of ale.[56]
Wor. Farewell, kinsman. I will talk to you,
When you are better temper'd to attend.
North. Why, what a wasp-stung[57] and impatient fool
Art thou, to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!
Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourg'd with rods,
Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.
In Richard's time, — what do ye call the place? —
A plague upon 't — it is in Glostershire; —
'T was where the madcap duke his uncle kept,[58]
His uncle York, — where I first bow'd my knee
Unto this king of smiles,[59] this Bolingbroke,
'Sblood![60]
When you and he came back from Ravenspurg.
North. At Berkley castle.
Hot. You say true. —
Why, what a candy deal of courtesy[61]
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look, — »when his infant fortune came to age,«[62]
And, — »gentle Harry Percy,« — and, — »kind cousin,« —
O, the devil take such cozeners![63] — God forgive me! —
Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.[64]
Wor. Nay, if you have not, to 't again;
We 'll stay your leisure.
Hot. I have done, i' faith.
Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only[65] mean
For powers in Scotland; which, for divers reasons,
Which I shall send you written, be assur'd,
Will easily be granted. — *[To* Northumberland.*]* You, my lord,
Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,
Shall secretly into the bosom creep[66]
Of that same noble prelate well belov'd,
The archbishop.
Hot. Of York, is it not?
Wor. True; who bears hard

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49) Wo es gilt, Ehre zu erwerben, erscheint mir selbst ein Sprung bis zum Monde nicht zu schwer, wenn sie dort zu holen wäre. — Zu dem Folgenden ist, genau genommen, nicht das ganze *it were an easy leap* zu ergänzen, sondern etwa nur *it were easy — to dive — etc.* 50) *drowned honour* ist dem *bright honour* gegenübergestellt und Beides weiblich personificirt, daher *by the locks.* 51) Percy in seiner Tollkühnheit verwünscht eine so kümmerlich aussehende, schwachmüthige Genossenschaft, wie der vorsichtige Worcester sie ihm vorzuschlagen scheint, ohne dass er sich die Mühe nimmt, ihn zu Ende zu hören. — *half-faced* = was nur ein halbes, kein volles Gesicht hat, daher = schmächtig, kümmerlich. — Malone bezieht *fellowship* auf *corrival* und versteht darunter die Genossenschaft im Besitz der Ehre. 52) Eine Masse von Bildern, die nur in der Einbildung bestehen, wie Percy's extravagante Reden sie enthielten. In diesem Sinne = phantastische Bilder oder Vorstellungen, steht *figures* in Julius Cæsar (A. 2, Sc. 1) *Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,* || *Which busy care draws in the brains of men.* — Die letzten Worte dieser Rede *and list to me* sind nur in der Fol. 53) Wenn dem König der Besitz eines Schotten zum Heil seiner Seele nothwendig wäre, so sollte er doch keinen haben. 54) *to defy* = trotzig Einem die Verbindung aufsagen. — Percy sagt sich von allen Studien los, bis auf das Studium, den Bolingbroke zu ärgern. 55) *sword-and-buckler* ist hier adjectivisches Epitheton = rauflustig, händelsüchtig, weil Leute dieses Schlages immer mit Schwert und Schild in den Strassen erschienen. 56) Anspielung auf die Liebhaberei des Prinzen für gemeine, biertrinkende Gesellschaft. — Die Fol. hat *I would have poison'd him etc.* 57) So Q. A.; die spätern Qs. haben *waspe-tongue* und die Fol. *waspe-tongu'd.* 58) Wo der tolle Herzog von York damals hauste. Vgl. K. Richard II., A. 2, Sc. 3. 59) Dieser König, der sich nur auf's Lächeln versteht, der nichts kann als lächeln. 60) *'Sblood* scil. *God's blood*, ein Fluchwort, das die Fol. auslässt. Vgl. Anm. 35 dieser Scene. 61) Welch eine Zuckermasse von höflichen Reden; mit poetischer Licenz für *what a deal of candy courtesy.* 62) Die Worte, auf welche Percy hier anspielt, lauten in K. Richard II. (A. 2, Sc. 3) in Bolingbroke's Munde: *And as my fortune ripens with thy love,* || *It shall be still thy true love's recompense.* 63) Wortspiel zwischen *cousin* und *cozeners* = Betrüger, gleichsam *cousiners* = die Jemanden als Vetter ansprechen. So in Munday's Drama Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington (1597) *To see my cousin cozen'd in this sort.* 64) So die Fol.; die Qs. haben *I have done*, ohne *for.* 65) *only* = einzig, auserlesen. — Indem Ihr den Sohn des Douglas ohne Lösegeld freigebt, habt Ihr in ihm ein vortreffliches Mittel, in Schottland Truppen aufzubringen. — Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1, Anm. 21. 66) Ihr werdet Euch heimlich in das Vertrauen des Erzbischofs einschleichen. —

His brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop.
I speak not this in estimation, [67]
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down;
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.
Hot. I smell it:
Upon my life, it will do wondrous [68] well.
North. Before the game 's afoot, thou still lett'st slip. [69]
Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot. —
And then the power of Scotland and of York,
To join with Mortimer, ha?
Wor. And so they shall.
Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.
Wor. And 't is no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head; [70]
For, bear ourselves as even as we can, [71]
The king will always think him in our debt,
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And see already how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.
Hot. He does, he does: we 'll be reveng'd on him.
Wor. Cousin, [72] farewell. — No further go in this,
Than I by letters shall direct your course.
When time is ripe (which will be suddenly),
I 'll steal to Glendower, and Lord Mortimer; [73]
Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.
North. Farewell, good brother: we shall thrive, I trust.
Hot. Uncle, adieu. — O! let the hours be short,
Till fields [74] and blows and groans applaud our sport.
[Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Rochester. An Inn Yard.

Enter a Carrier, with a lantern in his hand.

1. Car. Heigh-ho! An 't be not four by the day, I 'll be hanged: Charles' wain [1] is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packed. What, ostler!

Ostler. [Within.] Anon, anon.

1. Car. I pr'ythee, Tom, beat Cut's [2] saddle, put a few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cess. [3]

Enter another Carrier.

2. Car. Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots: [4] this house is turned upside down, since Robin ostler died.

1. Car. Poor fellow! never joyed since the price of oats rose: it was the death of him.

2. Car. I think, this be the most villanous house in all London road [5] for fleas: I am stung like a tench. [6]

1. Car. Like a tench? by the mass, there is ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock. [7]

2. Car. Why, they will allow us ne'er a jordan, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber-lie [8] breeds fleas like a loach.

1. Car. What, ostler! come away and be hanged, come away.

2. Car. I have a gammon of bacon, and two razes of ginger, [9] to be delivered as far as Charing-cross. [10]

1. Car. 'Odsbody! the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved. — What, ostler! — A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An 't were not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain. — Come, and be hanged: — hast no faith in thee? [11]

Enter Gadshill. [12]

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What 's o'clock?

1. Car. I think it be two o'clock.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

1. Car. Nay, soft, I pray ye: I know a trick worth two of that, i' faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

2. Car. Ay, when? canst tell? [13] — Lend me thy lantern, quoth 'a? — marry, I 'll see thee hanged first.

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2. Car. Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. — Come, neighbour Mugs, we 'll call up the gentlemen: they will along with company, for they have great charge. [14] *[Exeunt Carriers.*

Diese Interpunction rührt von Theobald her. Die Qs. setzen *granted you my lord.* 67) *estimation* = Abschätzung, Dafürhalten; *in estimation* = auf blosse Vermuthung hin. 68) *wondrous* ist nur in der Fol. 69) Du lässest immer die Jagdhunde los, ehe das Wild aufgejagt ist. 70) Wortspiel zwischen *head* = Kopf, und = Truppenmacht. 71) Mögen wir uns auch so gerade, so recht wie möglich benehmen. 72) *cousin* wird für jeden entfernteren Verwandtschaftsgrad gebraucht und steht hier = Neffe. 73) *Lord Mortimer* verbesserte Rowe das *loe, Mortimer* der Fol. und der spätern Qs., das aus der Abkürzung *Lo: Mortimer* in Q. A. verdruckt war. 74) d. h. Schlachtfelder, *fields of battle.*

1) *Charles' wain* = das Gestirn des grossen Bären. 2) *Cut*, eigentlich = Stutzschwanz, Wallach, ein gebräuchlicher Pferdename. — *point* = Sattelknopf. — So kommt bei Sh. und seinen Zeitgenossen *call me cut* als sprichwörtliche Betheuerung vor, wie in Twelfth-Night (A. 2, Sc. 3) *if thou hast her not i' the end, call me cut* = nenne mich ein Pferd. 3) *out of all cess* = über alle Massen. — Cotgrave stellt *out of all cess* mit dem französischen *sans cesse* zusammen. 4) *bots*, eine Wurmkrankheit der Pferde. 5) Auf der ganzen Landstrasse nach London hin. — *for fleas* = was die Flöhe betrifft. 6) Der Kärrner will, wie Farmer vermuthet, *like a trout* sagen. Die Flöhe haben ihn so zerstochen, dass er so bunt aussieht, wie eine Forelle. 7) Seit dem ersten Hahnenschrei, also in der ersten Frühe des Morgens. — Die Qs. haben *christen* für *in Christendom.* 8) *chamber-lie*, eigentlich = Kammerlauge, eine scherzhafte Bezeichnung des Urins. — Der Urin erzeugt Flöhe, wie eine Schmerle laicht, so wimmelnd, wie der Laich einer Schmerle. 9) *raze of ginger* ist = eine Stange (oder Wurzel) Ingwer. So in Winter's Tale (A. 4, Sc. 2) *a race or two of ginger.* 10) Eine Localität zwischen den damals noch getrennten Städten London und Westminster. 11) Sprichwörtlich: ist keine Treue und Glauben in Dir, dass Du uns im Stich lässest? 12) Sh. scheint ihm diesen Namen gegeben zu haben nach dem Orte Gadshill

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain!

Cham. [Within.] At hand, quoth pick-purse. [15]

Gads. That 's even as fair as — at hand, quoth the chamberlain; for thou variest no more from picking of purses, than giving direction doth from labouring; thou lay'st the plot how. [16]

Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, Master Gadshill. It holds current that I told you yesternight: there 's a franklin in the wild of Kent, [17] hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company, last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter: they will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas' clerks, [18] I 'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I 'll none of it: I pr'ythee, keep that for the hangman; for, I know, thou worshipp'st Saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

Gads. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I 'll make a fat pair of gallows; for, if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me, and thou knowest he 's no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dreamest not of, the which, for sport sake, are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot land-rakers, [19] no long-staff, sixpenny strikers, [20] none of these mad, mustachio-purple-hued maltworms: [21] but with nobility and tranquillity; [22] burgomasters, and great oneyers; such as can hold in, [23] such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray: and yet I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey [24] on her, for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

Cham. What! the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, she will; justice hath liquored her. [25] We steal as in a castle, cock-sure; [26] we have the receipt of fern-seed, [27] we walk invisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith; I think you are more beholding to the night, than to fern-seed, for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase, [28] as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gads. Go to; *homo* is a common name to all men. [29] Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Road by Gadshill.

Enter Prince HENRY *and* POINS; BARDOLPH *and* PETO, *at some distance.*

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter: I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet. [1]

P. Hen. Stand close.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal! What a brawling dost thou keep?

Fal. Where 's Poins, Hal?

P. Hen. He is walked up to the top of the hill: I 'll go seek him. *[Pretends to seek* POINS.

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in der Grafschaft Kent, wo zu jener Zeit viele Räubereien stattfanden. 13) Sprichwörtlich, als höhnische Erwiederung auf eine Frage oder Bitte. 14) Weil die Herren Gepäck von Werth bei sich haben, wollen sie nicht ohne Gesellschaft reisen, um gegen räuberische Ueberfälle gesicherter zu sein. 15) Eine sprichwörtliche Redensart, die schon in Appius and Virginia (1575) vorkommt: *At hand, quoth pick-purse, here redy am I,* || *See well to the cut-purse, be ruled by me.* 16) scil. wie wir stehlen oder rauben sollen. 17) d. h. ein Freisasse aus dem sogenannten *wild of Kent*, einer ehedem uncultivirten Strecke der Grafschaft Kent. 18) *Saint Nicholas' clerks* oder *knights* ist ein häufig bei den Schriftstellern der Zeit wiederkehrender Euphemismus für: Strassenräuber und Diebe. — St. Nicolaus war der Schutzpatron der fahrenden Schüler, dann aller Vagabunden. — Eben so euphemistisch ist bald nachher *Trojan* gebraucht, eigentlich = ein Trojaner, ein Held oder Recke, und *the profession* = das Diebeshandwerk. 19) *foot land-rakers* = Landstreicher zu Fuss. 20) *striker* = Beutelschneider, in der Diebessprache. Hier wird er weiter charakterisirt als mit einem langen Stecken bewaffnet und den Leuten sechs Pfennige abnehmend. 21) *maltworms* eigentlich = Malzwürmer, dann, weil aus Malz Bier gebraut wird, Biersäufer, denen vom vielen Trinken sogar der Bart purpurfarbig glüht. — Die komische Uebertreibung, die darin liegt, geht verloren, wenn man, wie die meisten Hgg., *mustachio* von *purple-hued* trennt. Die Fol. macht mit Recht ein Compositum daraus. 22) *tranquillity* fügt, abgesehen von der ursprünglichen Bedeutung, hier Gadshill dem gleich auslautenden *nobility* bei. Vielleicht meint er Leute, die ein behagliches, ruhiges Leben führen. — Eben so komisch gebildet ist gleich darauf *great oneyers*, erweitert aus *great ones*, wie etwa *privateer* aus *private* u. A. — Für *oneyers*, in Q. A. *oneyres*, vermuthet Pope *one-eyers* und *oneraires*, Theobald *moneyers* und *seignors*, Hanmer *owners*, Johnson *one-eers*, Capell *mynheers*, Malone *onyers*. Von allen diesen Conjecturen hält Staunton Hanmer's *owners* mit Recht für die plausibelste. 23) *to hold in* = sich behaupten, und = Etwas bei sich behalten. 24) Wortspiel zwischen *to pray* = beten, und *to prey* = Beute machen. — Ein ähnliches Wortspiel folgt gleich darauf mit *boot* = Beute, und = Stiefel. 25) *to liquor* = schmieren, in Bezug auf die Stiefel, und = anfeuchten, berauscht machen, in Bezug auf das Gemeinwesen, das durch die Chicanen der Justiz verhindert wird, die schuldigen Diebe zu bestrafen. 26) *cock-sure* = ganz sicher, ganz gefahrlos, vielleicht eigentlich = sicher vor dem Schuss, von *cock* = Hahn am Gewehr. 27) Der Besitz von Farrensamen galt für ein Mittel, sich unsichtbar zu machen, da derselbe mit blossen Augen kaum wahrzunehmen war. So in Ben Jonson's New Inn: *I had no medicine Sir, to go invisible, no fern-seed in my pocket.* 28) *purchase* = Erwerb, Gewinn. — *true man* = ehrlicher Mann, ist der stete Gegensatz zum *thief*. 29) Wenn ich auch ein Dieb bin, so bleibt mir doch der Name Mensch, lateinisch *homo*, mit allen Uebrigen gemeinsam. — Die Stelle ist ein Citat aus der kleinen Grammatik, die unter dem Namen The Accidence zu Sh.'s Zeit gebräuchlich war.

Fal. I am accursed to rob in that thief's company; the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire[2] further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two-and-twenty years, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines[3] to make me love him, I 'll be hanged; it could not be else: I have drunk medicines. — Poins! — Hal! — a plague upon you both! — Bardolph! — Peto! — I 'll starve, ere I 'll rob a foot further.[4] An 't were not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me, and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough. A plague upon 't, when thieves cannot be true to one another! *[They whistle.]* Whew! — A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hanged.

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-guts![5] lie down: lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood! I 'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

P. Hen. Thou liest: thou art not colted;[6] thou art uncolted.

Fal. I pr'ythee, good prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son.

P. Hen. Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters![7] If I be ta'en, I 'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes,[8] let a cup of sack be my poison: when a jest is so forward, and afoot too, I hate it.[9]

Enter Gadshill.

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O! 't is our setter:[10] I know his voice.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. What news?

Gads. Case ye, case ye; on with your visors: there 's money of the king's coming down the hill; 't is going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue: 't is going to the king's tavern.[11]

Gads. There 's enough to make[12] us all.

Fal. To be hanged.

P. Hen. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins and I will walk lower: if they scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. How many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight, or ten.

Fal. 'Zounds! will they not rob us?[13]

P. Hen. What; a coward, Sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt,[14] your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

P. Hen. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge: when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him,[15] if I should be hanged.

P. Hen. [Aside to Poins.*]* Ned, where are our disguises?

Poins. Here, hard by: stand close.

[Exeunt Prince Henry *and* Poins.

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole,[16] say I: every man to his business.

Enter Travellers.

1. Trav. Come, neighbour; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill; we 'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand![17]

Travellers. Jesu bless us!

Fal. Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats. Ah! whoreson caterpillars![18] bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them; fleece them.

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1) Der Sammetstoff knirscht oder rauscht, wenn er mit Gummi gesteift ist. So in Marston's Malecontent: *I 'll come among you, like gum into taffeta, to fret, fret.* 2) *by the squire* = nach dem Winkelmass, also = vier Fuss genau gemessen. 3) *medicine* ist hier nicht eigentlich = Heilmittel, sondern jeder Trank, den man Einem eingiebt, also = Liebestrank, wie in Othello (A. 1, Sc. 3) *she is corrupted || By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks.* 4) Ehe ich einen Schritt weiter auf Räuberei ausgehe. 5) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 2, Anm. 39. 6) Wortspiel zwischen *colted* = geprellt, und *uncolted* = seines Pferdes, eigentlich seines Füllens, beraubt. 7) *He may hang himself in his own garters* = er kann sich ohne Weiteres hängen lassen, ist ein Sprichwort in Ray's Sprichwörtersammlung. — *go* fehlt in den früheren Qs. 8) In Bänkelsängerliedern wurden namentlich Leben und Thaten berüchtigter Räuber und Mörder zu bekannten Melodieen auf der Strasse gesungen. 9) Wenn ein Spass so weit geht und noch dazu zu Fuss, so hasse ich ihn. — Die Hgg. setzen ohne Noth einen Gedankenstrich vor *I hate it.* 10) *setter* = Kundschafter. Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 2, Anm. 33. — Die folgende Vertheilung der Reden rührt von Johnson her. In den alten Ausgg. sagt Poins: *Bardolph, what news?* und darauf erwiedert Bardolph: *Case ye etc.*, ohne dass sein Auftreten notirt ist. 11) d. h. wir werden das Gold rauben und in der Kneipe verthun. 12) Gadshill fasst *to make* = zum gemachten Mann machen, Falstaff setzt den Satz fort *make us all to be hanged.* 13) Auf *us* liegt der Nachdruck. 14) Wortspiel zwischen *Gaunt*, dem Beinamen des verstorbenen Herzogs von Lancaster, und *gaunt* = hager, dürre; letzteres im Gegensatz zu *paunch* = Wanst — *Sir John Paunch* für *Sir John Falstaff* ist gebildet wie vorher *Sir John Sack-and-Sugar* (vgl. A. 1, Sc. 2, Anm. 35). 15) Ich kann es nicht über's Herz bringen, den Poins zu züchtigen, jetzt, da er mir verrathen hat, wo mein Pferd steht. 16) Ein Zuruf, gutes Muths zu sein. — *dole* = Theil, Antheil. 17) So die frühern Qs.; die spätern Qs. und die Fol. *Stay.* — Mit *Thieves* sind Falstaff, Bardolph u. s. w. gemeint. 18) *caterpillars* versteht Falstaff, wie in K. Richard II. (A. 2, Sc. 3) *The caterpillars of the commonwealth* von Denen gebraucht wird, die sich auf Kosten des Staats bereichern. 19) *gorbellied* = dickbäuchig, fettbäuchig. 20) *chuff* = der sich auf Anderer Kosten mästet, der Geizhals. Das Wort ist vielleicht entstellt aus *chough* = Krähe, Dohle, also ein diebischer Vogel. 21) Falstaff vermuthet nach der Respectabilität der Reisenden, dass sie Mitglieder des grossen Geschwornengerichts sind, auf die er besonders erbittert ist, da dieses Gericht zu entscheiden hat, ob ein Verbrecher

Travellers. O! we are undone, both we and ours, for ever.

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied[19] knaves. Are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs;[20] I would, your store were here! On, bacons, on! What! ye knaves, young men must live. You are grand-jurors,[21] are ye? We 'll jure ye, i' faith.

[Exeunt Falstaff *etc., driving the Travellers out.*[22]

Re-enter Prince Henry *and* Poins.

P. Hen. The thieves have bound the true men. Now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument[23] for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close; I hear them coming.

Re-enter Thieves.

Fal. Come, my masters; let us share, and then to horse before day. An the prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there 's no equity stirring: there 's no more valour in that Poins, than in a wild duck.

P. Hen. Your money. *[Rushing out upon them.*

Poins. Villains.

[As they are sharing, the Prince *and* Poins *set upon them. They all run away, and* Falstaff, *after a blow or two, runs away too, leaving the booty behind them.*[24]

P. Hen. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:
The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear
So strongly, that they dare not meet each other;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.
Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along:
Were 't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd! *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Warkworth. A Room in the Castle.

Enter Hotspur, *reading a letter.*[1]

— »But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.« — He could be contented, — why is he not then? In respect of the love he bears our house: — he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house.[2] Let me see some more. »The purpose you undertake, is dangerous;« — why, that 's certain: 't is dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. »The purpose you undertake, is dangerous; the friends you have named, uncertain; the time itself unsorted, and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.« — Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain[3] is this! By the Lord,[4] our plot is as good a plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation;[5] an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my lord of York[6] commends the plot and the general course of the action. 'Zounds! an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan.[7] Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? Lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month, and are they not, some of them, set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O! I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so honourable an action.[8] Hang him! let him tell the king; we are prepared. I will set forward tonight.

Enter Lady Percy.

How now, Kate? I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O, my good lord! why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I this fortnight been
A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?
Tell me, sweet lord, what is 't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,
And start so often when thou sitt'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks,
And given my treasures, and my rights of thee.[9]
To thick-ey'd[10] musing, and curs'd melancholy?
In thy faint[11] slumbers I by thee have watch'd,

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anzuklagen ist. — Nach *juror* ist das Verbum *to jure* scherzhaft gebildet. 22) Dafür haben die alten Ausgg. *Here they rob them and bind them*, ohne dass ein *Exeunt* verzeichnet ist. — Vielleicht ging auf der Sh.'schen Bühne das Ausplündern und Binden der Reisenden im Hintergrunde vor sich, worauf Falstaff und seine Spiessgesellen wieder in den Vordergrund traten, da wo die moderne Bühnenweisung *Re-enter Thieves* hat. 23) *argument* = ein Thema zur Besprechung, ein Gesprächsstoff. 24) Mit dieser Bühnenweisung der Qs. stimmt die der Fol. überein, nur dass sie das auf Falstaff Bezügliche weglässt. — Die folgende Rede ist in den alten Ausgg. als Prosa gedruckt und zuerst von Pope in Verse abgetheilt.

1) Der Brief war von einem schottischen Grossen, den Percy zu einer thätigen Betheiligung an dem beabsichtigten Aufstande gegen den König von England aufgefordert hatte. 2) *house*, das der Briefsteller = das Haus oder Geschlecht der Percies aufgefasst hatte, nimmt Percy hier in concretem Sinn = Wohnhaus, und stellt es so dem *barn* = Scheune, gegenüber. 3) *lack-brain* = Dummkopf, ohne Gehirn. — Composita mit *lack* hat Sh. mehrere, so *lack-beard* in Much Ado about Nothing (A. 5, Sc. 1), *lack-linen* in K. Henry IV. Second Part (A. 2, Sc. 4), *lack-love* in Midsummer-Night's Dream (A. 2, Sc. 3). 4) So die Qs.; die Fol. *I protest*, der Theatercensur gemäss. 5) Freunde, an die sich viele Erwartungen knüpfen lassen. 6) d. h. der Erzbischof von York. 7) In Beaumont und Fletcher's Drama Wit at several Weapons steht *were 't not better || Your head were broke with the handle of a fan?* — So mag es auch hier gemeint sein. 8) Percy möchte sich selbst Faustschläge geben, weil er einem solchen abgerahmten Milchnapfe, wie dem Briefsteller, ein so ehrenvolles Unternehmen vorgeschlagen. 9) Nach Sh.'s Art verbindet die Copula *and* häufig zwei Bezeichnungen eines Begriffes; so sind hier die Anrechte, welche Percy's Gattin an ihn hat, zugleich ihr Schatz. 10) *thick-ey'd musing* = ein Sinnen, das nicht klar aus den Augen sieht, dem Alles vor dem Auge trübe erscheint. So *dull-ey'd melancholy* in Pericles (A. 1, Sc. 2). 11) So die frühern Qs.; die spätern und die Fol. *In my faint etc.* 12) Ausfälle und Rückzüge.

And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars,
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed,
Cry, »Courage! — to the field!« And thou hast talk'd
Of sallies, and retires;[12] of trenches, tents,
Of palisadoes, frontiers,[13] parapets,
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,
Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,
And all the currents[14] of a heady fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream;
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden hest.[15] O! what portents are these?
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho!

Enter Servant.

Is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.
Well, I will back him straight: O, *Esperance!*[16]
Bid Butler lead him forth into the park. *[Exit Servant.*

Lady. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What say'st thou, my lady?

Lady. What is it carries you away?[17]

Hot. Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape!
A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen,[18]
As you are toss'd with. In faith,
I 'll know your business, Harry, that I will.
I fear, my brother Mortimer doth stir
About his title,[19] and hath sent for you,
To line his enterprise.[20] But if you go —

Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

Lady. Come, come, you paraquito,[21] answer me
Directly unto this question that I ask.
In faith, I 'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away,
Away, you trifler! — Love![22] — I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate. This is no world,
To play with mammets[23] and to tilt with lips:
We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,[24]
And pass them current too. — God's me, my horse! —
What say'st thou, Kate? what wouldst thou have with me?

Lady. Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?
Well, do not then; for since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me, if you speak in jest, or no?

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am o' horseback, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;
I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout.
Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
I know you wise; but yet no further wise
Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are,
But yet a woman: and for secrecy,
No lady closer; for I well believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;[25]
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

Lady. How! so far?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate:
Whither I go, thither shall you go too;
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.
Will this content you, Kate?

Lady. It must, of force.[26] *[Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Eastcheap. A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern.[1]

Enter Prince HENRY *and* POINS.

P. Hen. Ned, pr'ythee, come out of that fat room,[2] and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal?

P. Hen. With three or four loggerheads, amongst three or four score hogsheads. I have sounded the very base string of humility.[3] Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers, and can call them all by their christian names, as — Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take

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— Die ersten Qs. haben *of trenches*, die andern nur *trenches*. 13) *frontiers* = Grenzbefestigungen. — Die folgende Zeile nennt Geschütz von verschiedener Grösse und Art. 14) Für *currents* = Strömungen, lesen viele Hgg. *'currents*, abgekürzt aus *occurrents* = Vorkömmnisse; offenbar matter als die alte Lesart *currents* in den frühern Qs., *current* in den spätern. 15) *hest* = Geheiss, Auftrag, der auszuführen ist. — So liest Q. A.; die spätern Qs. und die Fol. machen *hast* daraus, was manche Hgg. *haste* lesen. 16) Hotspur denkt in seinem Feuer schon an den Augenblick, wo er, auf dem Rosse sitzend, dieses *Esperance*, das Wappenmotto der Percies, als Losung ruft. — Die Fol. lässt *O* vor *Esperance*, das französisch zu betonen ist, aus. — *roan* und *throne* bilden einen Gleichklang. 17) Lady Percy fasst *to carry away* figürlich = in Gedanken entrücken, Percy in seiner Antwort buchstäblich = wegtragen vom Platze. 18) So in Cymbeline (A. 3, Sc. 4) *as quarrellous as the weasel.* 19) Mortimer steht auf wegen seiner Ansprüche auf den Thron. Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 3, Anm. 40. 20) *to line*, eigentlich = mit einem Unterfutter versehen, gebraucht Sh. von der Verstärkung und Unterstützung eines kriegerischen Unternehmens auch in Macbeth (A. 1, Sc. 3) *did line the rebel with hidden help and vantage.* 21) *paraquito*, das spanische *periquito* = kleiner Papagei. Der Name scheint mit dem Vogel aus Spanien und den spanischen Colonieen gekommen. — In der folgenden Zeile hat die Fol. *shall ask.* 22) Percy nimmt das Wort *love* zurück, mit dem er ebenvorher sie angeredet hatte: *I shall be weary, love.* 23) *mammet* = Puppe, Marionette. 24) Wortspiel zwischen *cracked crowns* = geborstene Schädel, und = eingerissene Münzen, die dadurch eigentlich ungültig werden, aber hier doch ihren Cours behalten sollen. 25) In Ray's mehrerwähnter Sprichwörtersammlung findet sich auch: *A woman conceals what she knows not.* 26) *of force* = aus Zwang, nothgedrungen.

1) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 2, Anm. 37. 2) *fat room*, eigentlich = fettes Zimmer, scheint ein schmieriges Zimmer zu bedeuten. — Keightley vermuthet *hot room* für *fat room.* 3) d. h. ich habe mich so gemein wie möglich

it already upon their salvation,[4] that though I be but prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy, and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff, but a Corinthian,[5] a lad of mettle, a good boy, (by the Lord, so they call me,)[6] — and when I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call drinking deep, dying scarlet; and when you breathe in your watering, they cry, hem![7] and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action.[8] But, sweet Ned, — to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapped even now into my hand by an under-skinker,[9] one that never spake other English in his life, than — »Eight shillings and sixpence,« and — »You are welcome;« with this shrill addition, — »Anon, anon, Sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon,«[10] or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I pr'ythee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling — Francis! that his tale to me may be nothing but — anon. Step aside, and I 'll show thee a precedent.

Poins. Francis!

P. Hen. Thou art perfect.[11]

Poins. Francis! *[Exit.*

Enter Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir. — Look down into the Pomegranate,[12] Ralph.

P. Hen. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord.

P. Hen. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to —

Poins. [Within.] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Hen. Five years! by 'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture, and to show it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

Fran. O Lord, Sir! I 'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart —

Poins. [Within.] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Hen. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see, — about Michaelmas next I shall be —

Poins. [Within.] Francis!

Fran. Anon, Sir. — Pray you, stay a little, my lord.

P. Hen. Nay, but hark you, Francis. For the sugar thou gavest me, — 't was a pennyworth, was 't not?

Fran. O Lord, Sir! I would it had been two.

P. Hen. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins. [Within.] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.[13]

P. Hen. Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis, —

Fran. My lord?

P. Hen. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin,[14] crystal-button, nott-pated, agate-ring, puke-stocking, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch, —

Fran. O Lord, Sir, who do you mean?

P. Hen. Why then, your brown bastard is your only drink: for, look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully. In Barbary, Sir, it cannot come to so much.[15]

Fran. What, Sir?

Poins. [Within.] Francis!

P. Hen. Away, you rogue! Dost thou not hear them call?[16]

[Here they both call him; the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What! stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? Look to the guests within. *[Exit* Francis.*]* My lord, old Sir John, with half a dozen more, are at the door: shall I let them in?

P. Hen. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. *[Exit Vintner.]* Poins!

Re-enter Poins.

Poins. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Hen. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door. Shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what 's the issue?

P. Hen. I am now of all humours, that have show'd themselves humours, since the old days of goodman

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gemacht. 4) Sie wollen nicht selig werden, wenn ich nicht u. s. w. — Die Theatercensur hat in der Fol. *salvation* in *confidence* abgeschwächt. 5) *Corinthian* = ein Lebemann, namentlich in geschlechtlicher Beziehung, von den Ausschweifungen im altgriechischen Korinth. 6) Das Eingeklammerte fehlt, von der Theatercensur gestrichen, in der Fol. 7) Wenn Ihr beim Trinken eine Pause macht, um Athem zu holen, so rufen sie Euch ermuthigend zu und heissen Euch es los werden, hinuntergiessen. 8) *action* eigentlich = Kriegsthat, hier humoristisch für den Verkehr des Prinzen mit den Küfern. 9) *under-skinker* = Untermundschenk. — Die Aufwärter in den Weinhäusern trugen Zucker, in Papier gewickelt, bei sich, um es den Gästen zu dem ihnen vorgesetzten Wein zu überreichen. 10) *bastard* = eine Art süssen Weins, in Coles' Dictionary mit *raisin wine* erklärt. — *Half-moon* bezeichnet ein Zimmer im Wirthshaus, wie nachher *Pomegranate* ein anderes. 11) Du verstehst Dich darauf, Du spielst Deine Rolle gut. 12) *down* zeigt, dass das Zimmer, das »der Granatapfel« hiess, im untern Stockwerk lag. — Für *Pomegranate* haben die meisten Qs. und Folioausgg. *Pomgarnet.* 13) *anon* = sogleich! was Francis dem ungeduldigen Poins zuruft, bezieht der Prinz geflissentlich auf sein Wort *thou shalt have it.* 14) Dieses Epitheton und die folgenden bezeichnen den Wirth des Hauses, dessen Namen oder Qualität der Prinz unausgesprochen lässt. — Ein ledernes Wamms mit krystallenen Knöpfen daran, ein kurzgeschorener Schädel, ein Agatring am Finger, braunwollene Strümpfe, Kniebänder von grobem gestrickten Zeuge, ein dicker Wanst, eigentlich = ein spanischer Beutel, — das sind die Kennzeichen eines Londoner Spiessbürgers, welche der Prinz hier nach der Reihe anführt. — Die alten Ausgg. setzen hinter *Spanish-pouch* einen Punkt, als ob kein Substantiv fehlte, auf welches alle diese Beinamen zu beziehen wären. 15) Diese Rede des Prinzen enthält offenbaren Unsinn, mit dem der Küfer festgehalten werden soll. 16) *not* fehlt in der Fol. — Die folgende Bühnenweisung ist aus den alten Ausgg. 17) Der

Adam[17] to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight.

Re-enter FRANCIS, *with wine.*

What 's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir. *[Exit.*

P. Hen. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is — up-stairs, and down-stairs; his eloquence, the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind,[18] the Hotspur of the North; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots[19] at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife, — »Fie upon this quiet life! I want work.« »O my sweet Harry,« says she, »how many hast thou killed to-day?« »Give my roan horse[20] a drench,« says he, and answers, »Some fourteen,« an hour after; »a trifle, a trifle.« — I pr'ythee, call in Falstaff: I 'll play Percy, and that damned brawn[21] shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. »Rivo!«[22] says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, *and* PETO.

Poins. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen! — Give me a cup of sack, boy. — Ere I lead this life long, I 'll sew nether-stocks,[23] and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! — Give me a cup of sack, rogue. — Is there no virtue extant? *[He drinks.*

P. Hen. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter (pitiful-hearted Titan),[24] that melted at the sweet tale of the sun? if thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here 's lime in this sack too:[25] there is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man: yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it: a villanous coward. — Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt. If manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring.[26] There live not three good men unhanged in England, and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or anything.[27] A plague of all cowards, I say still.

P. Hen. How now, wool-sack? what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath,[28] and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I 'll never wear hair on my face more. You prince of Wales!

P. Hen. Why, you whoreson round man, what 's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that; and Poins there?

Poins. 'Zounds![29] ye fat-paunch, an ye call me coward, I 'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I 'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders; you care not who sees your back: call you that backing[30] of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me. — Give me a cup of sack: I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

P. Hen. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All 's one for that. *[He drinks.]* A plague of all cowards, still say I.

P. Hen. What 's the matter?

Fal. What 's the matter? there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.[31]

P. Hen. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.[32]

P. Hen. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scap'd by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw: *ecce signum.*[33] I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do.[34]

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alte Adam wird hier als ehrbarer Hausvater und Landmann aufgefasst. 18) Der Prinz nimmt hier den frühern Gedankengang wieder auf: *I am now of all humours* = ich gehe auf jeden Witz, auf jede Laune ein. 19) In den beständigen Grenzstreitigkeiten zwischen den Schotten und den Nordengländern. 20) Percy selbst spricht (A. 2, Sc. 3) von diesem Rothschimmel: *That roan shall be my throne.* 21) *brawn* = *bulk*. Falstaff ist gleichsam nichts als eine Masse von Fleisch und Muskeln. Ebenso heisst er gleich nachher *ribs* = fettbewachsene Rippen, und *tallow* = Talg. 22) *rivo*, ein Ausruf beim Zechen, dessen eigentlicher Ursprung dunkel ist, so häufig er auch bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen vorkommt. In Marlowe's Jew of Malta steht *Rivo Castiliano*, was auf eine spanische Herleitung schliessen liesse, obwohl sich kein solches Wort in der Sprache findet. 23) *nether-stocks* = Strümpfe. 24) Nach Warburton's plausiblem Vorschlage ist *pitiful-hearted Titan* als Parenthese aufzufassen, und das folgende relative *that* auf *dish of butter* zu beziehen. Der weichherzige, gefühlvolle Sonnengott küsst die Butter, und diese zerschmilzt gleichsam aus Rührung über die süssen Worte, welche der Sonnengott ihr in dem Kusse sagt. Mit der zerschmelzenden Butter vergleicht der Prinz den schwitzenden Falstaff. — Theobald las *pitiful-hearted butter* ohne Parenthese. — *sun* lesen die spätern Qs. und die Fol.; die frühern Qs. haben *sonnes* d. h. *son's*. 25) Der Kalk wurde in den Wein gethan, um ihm Stärke und Dauer zu verschaffen. Bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen kommen wiederholt Klagen über diese Mischung vor. So in Hawkins' Voyages: *Since the Spanish sacks have been common in our taverns which for conservation are mingled with the lime in the making, our nation complains of calentures, of the stone, the dropsy and infinite other distempers, not heard of before this wine came into frequent use.* 26) Ein Häring, der gelaicht hat. 27) Die aus den Niederlanden geflüchteten Calvinisten, die sich grösstentheils als Weber in England niederliessen, zeichneten sich durch ihre Vorliebe für erbaulichen Gesang bei ihrer Arbeit aus. — Die Theatercensur setzte dafür in der Fol.: *I could sing all manner of songs.* 28) Mit einer solchen hölzernen Waffe war die lustige Person, der sogenannte *Vice*, des altenglischen Theaters bewehrt. 29) Die Fol. und die ihr zu Grunde liegende spätere Q. theilt, mit Weglassung des Fluchworts *'zounds*, diese Worte dem Prinzen zu. — *fat-paunch* = Dickwanst, ist Compositum. 30) Wortspiel zwischen *to back* = Einem den Rücken decken, und = Einem den Rücken zeigen. 31) So die frühern Qs., nach der Phraseologie der Zeit; die spätern Qs. und die Fol. einfach *this morning*. 32) So Qs. und Fol., von Malone modernisirt in *poor four us*. 33) Bei diesem lateinischen Citat zeigt er das zerhackte Schwert vor. 34) Es konnte Alles nicht helfen; ich musste der

A plague of all cowards! — Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

P. Hen. Speak, Sirs: how was it?

Gads.[35] We four set upon some dozen, —

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us, —

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

P. Hen. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

P. Hen. Pray God, you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that 's past praying for: I have peppered two of them: two, I am sure, I have paid,[36] two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, — if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward:[37] — here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me, —

P. Hen. What, four? thou saidst but two, even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Hen. Seven? why, there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram?[38]

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts,[39] or I am a villain else.

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, let him alone: we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Hen. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of, —

P. Hen. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points[40] being broken, —

Poins. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground; but I followed me[41] close, came in, foot and hand, and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

P. Hen. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two.

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green[42] came at my back and let drive at me; — for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

P. Hen. These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-ketch,[43] —

Fal. What! art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

P. Hen. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason: what sayest thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado,[44] or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

P. Hen. I 'll be no longer guilty of this sin: this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh; —

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin,[45] you dried neat's-tongue, bull's-pizzle, you stock-fish, — O, for breath to utter what is like thee! — you tailor's-yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck;[46] —

P. Hen. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again; and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Hen. We two saw you four set on four, and you bound[47] them, and were masters of their wealth. — Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. — Then

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Uebermacht weichen. 35) Die Fol. theilt diese und die folgenden Reden dem Gadshill zu, die Qs. haben *Ross.* dafür, abgekürzt aus *Rossil.* Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 2, Anm. 43. — Einige Zeilen weiter dient *Ebrew* zur Verstärkung von *Jew* = ein ächter, eingeborner Jude. 36) Zweien habe ich ihren Lohn gegeben, euphemistisch für: ich habe sie umgebracht. — Die vorhergehende Rede theilen die frühern Qs. dem Prinzen, die spätern und die Fol. dem Poins zu. 37) Du erinnerst Dich, wie ich immer beim Fechten zu pariren pflegte. — *I lay* = ich lag aus, und *I bore my point* = ich stiess zu, sind Fechterausdrücke. 38) Malone wollte diese Worte mit zu der Rede des Prinzen ziehen. Gewiss sind sie aber als erstaunte Frage Falstaff's, dem Qs. und Fol. sie zuschreiben, zu fassen: Meinst Du, es seien nur Vier in Steifleinen gewesen? 39) *hilts* ist bei Sh. Plural, auch wenn nur von einem Degengriff die Rede ist. 40) *points* fasst Falstaff = Degenspitze, Poins dagegen scherzhaft = Nestel, zur Befestigung des Beinkleides. — Dasselbe Wortspiel in Twelfth-Night (A. 1, Sc. 5), wo der Clown sagt *I am resolved on two points* und zur Antwort erhält *That, if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.* 41) *me* ist ein pleonastischer Dativ. Vielleicht schrieb Sh. *followed 'em* für *them.* 42) *Kendal green*, d. h. grünes Zeug, das in Kendal in Westmoreland gewebt wurde, war die Tracht des in englischen Balladen vielgefeierten Wilddiebes Robin Hood und seiner vagabundirenden Gesellen. 43) *tallow-ketch* = Talgfass, kommt der alten Lesart *tallow-catch* näher, als das von den meisten Hggn. adoptirte *tallow-keech* = eine zusammengerollte Masse von Talgfett. — *tallow-ketch* ist Hanmer's Conjectur. — Für *knotty-pated* liest Dyce, nach Douce's Vorgange, *nott-pated.* 44) Von dieser Art von Tortur giebt Randle Holme folgenden Bericht: *The strappado is when the person is drawn up to his height, and then suddenly to let him fall half way with a jerk which not only breaketh his arms to pieces, but also shaketh all his joints out of joint.* 45) *elf-skin* würde, wenn die alte Lesart richtig ist, die Haut eines Kobolds, eines Elfengeistes, bedeuten. — Beachtenswerth ist dafür Hanmer's Conjectur *eel-skin*, da der magere Prinz passend mit einer etwa ausgestopften Aalhaut verglichen wird. So in K. John (A. 1, Sc. 1) *my arms such eel-skins stuff'd.* 46) *standing tuck* = ein Stossdegen, der aufrecht steht. Auch das geht auf die Magerkeit des Prinzen. — Am Ende der folgenden Rede haben die späteren Qs. und die Fol. *thus*

did we two set on you four, and, with a word, outfaced you from your prize, and have[48] it; yea, and can show it you here in the house. — And, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say, it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let 's hear, Jack: what trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye, as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters. Was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest, I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware instinct:[49] the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter, I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee, during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. — Hostess, clap to the doors: watch to-night, pray to-morrow. — Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What! shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Hen. Content; — and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

Enter Hostess.

Host. O Jesu! My lord the prince, —

P. Hen. How now, my lady the hostess? what say'st thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door, would speak with you: he says, he comes from your father.

P. Hen. Give him as much as will make him a royal man,[50] and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight? — Shall I give him his answer?

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, do, Jack.

Fal. 'Faith, and I 'll send him packing. *[Exit.*

P. Hen. Now, Sirs; by 'r lady, you fought fair; — so did you, Peto; — so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince, no; — fie!

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

P. Hen. 'Faith, tell me now in earnest: how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

Peto. Why, he hacked it with his dagger, and said, he would swear truth out of England,[51] but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass,[52] to make them bleed; and then to beslubber our garments with it, and to swear it was the blood of true men.[53] I did that I did not this seven years before; I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Hen. O villain! thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner,[54] and ever since thou hast blushed extempore. Thou hadst fire and sword[55] on thy side, and yet thou rann'st away. What instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?[56]

P. Hen. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Hen. Hot livers and cold purses.[57]

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Hen. No, if rightly taken, halter.[58]

Re-enter Falstaff.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast?[59] How long is 't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee? when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring.[60] A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There 's villanous news abroad: here was Sir John Bracy from your father: you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy, and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold,[61] and swore the devil his true liegeman upon

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für *this*. 47) Die Qs. und Fol. lassen *you* aus, was zuerst Pope ergänzte, der dafür *and* strich, obwohl Beides sehr wohl neben einander besteht. — Indess lässt sich auch die alte Lesart vertheidigen, wenn man *you set* als Präteritum fasst. 48) Und die Beute ist noch jetzt in unserem Besitz. 49) Achte auf den Instinct, respectire den Instinct. 50) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 2, Anm. 40. — Hier wird das Wortspiel noch erweitert durch *noble*, eine Münze zum Werthe von 6 Schilling 8 Pence. — In Zahlen ausgedrückt, würde also Prinz Heinrich sagen: *give him 3 s. 4 d.*, da die Münze *royal* = 10 s. ist. 51) Er wollte so kräftig sein Wort betheuern, dass die Wahrheit nicht dagegen Stand hielte, sondern sich aus dem Lande flüchten müsste. 52) Diesen Zug entlehnte Sh. vielleicht aus den Famous Victories: *every day when I went into the field, I would take a straw, and thrust it into my nose, and made my nose bleed.* 53) *true men* = ehrliche Leute, ist auch hier der Gegensatz zu *thieves*. 54) *to be taken with the manner* = mit dem gestohlenen Gut in der Hand ergriffen werden. — Da der eigentliche Sinn des gerichtlichen Ausdruckes *mainour* sich verwischt hatte, sagte man auch *to be taken in the manner* = auf frischer That ertappt werden. 55) Feuer und Schwert stand Dir zu Gebote, und doch liefst Du davon. — *fire* ist Bardolph's feuerrothes Gesicht. 56) Bardolph meint die vom Trinken herrührenden Karfunkeln und Beulen in seinem Gesicht, oder die Röthe des Gesichts überhaupt. 57) Die heisse Leber rührt vom Trinken, die kalte Börse von der Verschwendung her. 58) Bardolph nimmt *choler* = Zorn, cholerisches Temperament, und *rightly taken* = richtig aufgefasst, richtig gedeutet; Prinz Heinrich dagegen versteht *collar* = Halsband, und *rightly taken* = recht ergriffen, recht attrapirt: Wenn man Dich, Dieb, fasst, so steht Dir kein Halsband, sondern der Strick zum Hängen bevor. 59) *bombast* = unverarbeitete Baumwolle, wie sie zum Wattiren der Kleider gebraucht wurde. — Der dicke Falstaff wird hier scherzhaft als ganz aus solcher Ausstopfung bestehend betrachtet. 60) Der *alderman* bezeichnet hier einen Londoner Spiessbürger, der im Bewusstsein seiner Würde einen grossen Siegelring auf dem Daumen trägt. So in Romeo and Juliet (A. 1, Sc. 4) *an agate-stone || On the forefinger of an alderman.* — Vgl. Anm. 14 dieser Scene. — Für *talon* ist die Sh.'sche Orthographie *talent*. 61) Scherzhafte Anspielung auf den

the cross of a Welsh hook,[62] — what, a plague, call you him? —

Poins. O! Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen; the same; — and his son-in-law, Mortimer, and old Northumberland; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular.

P. Hen. He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Hen. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

P. Hen. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running?

Fal. O' horseback, ye cuckoo! but, afoot, he will not budge a foot.

P. Hen. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps[63] more. Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news; you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.[64]

P. Hen. Why then, it is like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold,[65] we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou sayest true; it is like, we shall have good trading that way. — But, tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afeard? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again, as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. Hen. Not a whit, i' faith: I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou comest to thy father. If thou love me, practise an answer.[66]

P. Hen. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content. — This chair shall be my state,[67] this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

P. Hen. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown![68]

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved. — Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in king Cambyses' vein.[69]

P. Hen. Well, here is my leg.[70]

Fal. And here is my speech. — Stand aside, nobility.

Host. O Jesu! This is excellent sport, i' faith.

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.[71]

Host. O, the father! how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful[72] queen,
For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Host. O Jesu! he doth it as like one of these harlotry players[73] as ever I see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot! peace, good tickle-brain![74] — Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows,[75] yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly, a villanous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point; — why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at?[76] Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher,[77] and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile;[78] so doth the company thou keepest; for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also. — And yet there is a

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intimen Verkehr mit bösen Geistern, dessen Glendower sich rühmte. — Die beiden hier citirten Namen von Dämonen kommen auch in Merry Wives of Windsor (A. 2, Sc. 2) vor: *Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends.* — Deshalb heisst Glendower nachher selbst *that devil Glendower.* Vgl. Einleitung pag. 658. 62) Er liess den Teufel den Vasalleneid schwören auf dem Kreuze einer wallisischen Hellebarde, die vorn sensenartig gekrümmt war und daher ihren Namen hatte. 63) *blue-cap*, ein Spitzname der Schotten, von ihren blauen Mützen. — Für das folgende *to-night* der Qs. hat die Fol. *by night.* 64) Die Besorgniss vor einem inländischen Krieg drückte den Werth des alsdann bedrohten Grundbesitzes so herab, dass jeder Eigenthümer sich desselben zu entäussern suchte. 65) Scherzhaft für: wenn dieser Bürgerkrieg anhält. — Für *June* haben die spätern Qs. und die Fol. *sun.* 66) Uebe Dir eine Antwort ein. — Das Folgende ist in rohem Entwurf schon in den Famous Victories. 67) *state* = Thronsessel mit dem Baldachin darüber. 68) Wortspiel mit *crown* = Krone, und = Schädel. 69) Anspielung auf ein altes Drama mit dem Titel A lamentable tragedy mixed full of pleasant mirth containing the life of Cambyses, king of Persia (1570). 70) *leg* = Kratzfuss. Damit tritt Prinz Heinrich vor den vermeintlichen Thron seines von Falstaff dargestellten Vaters. 71) In dem erwähnten alten Drama kommt die Bühnenweisung vor: *At this tale told let the queen weep.* 72) *tristful* = schmerzerfüllt, ist Rowe's Emendation der alten Lesart *trustful.* — Sh. hat dasselbe Wort in Hamlet (A. 3, Sc. 4). — In dem alten Cambyses sagt die Königin u. A.: *These words to hear makes stilling tears issue from chrystal eyes.* 73) *harlotry players* nennt die Wirthin Schauspieler, welche Liebesgeschichten darzustellen haben. 74) *tickle-brain* ist der Name eines Liqueurs, etwa = Gehirnkitzler. 75) Hier wird Lyly's Styl persiflirt, der in seinem Euphues sagt: *Though the camomile, the more it is trodden and pressed down, the more it spreadeth; yet the violet, the oftener it is touched and handled, the sooner it withereth and decayeth.* — Nach diesem Citat ist auch besser mit den spätern Qs. und der Fol. *yet youth* zu lesen, als mit den frühern Qs. *so youth.* 76) Wortspiel mit *point* = Punkt, und *to point at* = auf Jemanden mit den Fingern weisen; wie gleich nachher das Wortspiel zwischen *son* und *sun.* 77) *micher* = Strauchdieb. 78) Auch das geht auf Lyly's Euphues: *He that toucheth pitch shall be defiled therewith.*

virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

P. Hen. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Fal. A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent;[79] of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by 'r lady, inclining to threescore, and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given,[80] he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with,[81] the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

P. Hen. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I 'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker, or a poulter's hare.[82]

P. Hen. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand. — Judge, my masters.

P. Hen. Now, Harry! whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

P. Hen. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false: — nay, I 'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

P. Hen. Swearest thou, ungracious[83] boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man: a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch[84] of beastliness, that swoln parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard[85] of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree-ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning,[86] but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villany? wherein villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your grace would take me with you.[87] Whom means your grace?

P. Hen. That villanous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

P. Hen. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say, I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more the pity, his white hairs do witness it: but that he is, saving your reverence, a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord: banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins; but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company: banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

P. Hen. I do, I will. *[A knocking heard.*

[Exeunt Hostess, FRANCIS, *and* BARDOLPH.

Re-enter BARDOLPH, *running.*

Bard. O, my lord, my lord! the sheriff, with a most monstrous watch, is at the door.

Fal. Out, you rogue! Play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter Hostess.

Host. O Jesu! my lord, my lord! —

P. Hen. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddle-stick.[88] What 's the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad,[89] without seeming so.

P. Hen. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your major.[90] If you will deny the sheriff, so;[91] if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart[92] as

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79) Diese Anwendung des Adjectivs für sich allein hinter dem Substantiv ist Sh.'sch. — *goodly* ist die Lesart der Qs. und Fol. 80) Wenn der Mann einen Hang zur Liederlichkeit haben sollte, so täuscht er mich mit seinem Aussehen, aus welchem sich so auf den Menschen schliessen lässt, wie aus der Frucht auf den Baum. 81) *him* ist des Nachdrucks wegen vorangesetzt. — *keep with him* = halte Dich zu ihm. 82) *rabbit-sucker* = ein junges, saugendes Kaninchen. — *poulter* = Geflügelhändler, die ältere Form für das jetzige *poulterer*. 83) *ungracious* = gottlos, ruchlos. — So nennt er ihn wegen seines Fluchens *'sblood*, was die Theatercensur in der Fol., wie an vielen Stellen des Dramas, abgeschwächt hat zu *i' faith*. 84) *bolting-hutch* = Beutelkasten, in den das Mehl geschüttet wird, um gebeutelt zu werden. 85) *bombard* = Fass. — Ferner nennt er Falstaff einen Mantelsack, vollgestopft mit Eingeweiden, einen gebratenen Ochsen aus Manningtree in der wegen ihrer ausgezeichneten Viehweiden bekannten Grafschaft Essex, der ganz und gar, mit den Gedärmen im Leibe gebraten wurde. — Da in Manningtree auf dem Jahrmarkt, wo der Ochse gebraten wurde, zugleich eine Aufführung des altenglischen Moralitätenspiels stattfand, so identificirt der Prinz den Falstaff gleich mit verschiedenen stehenden Figuren dieser volksmässigen Bühnenstücke: *vice* und *iniquity* = die lustige Person, der Vorläufer des spätern *clown; vanity*, eine allegorische Figur, und *ruffian* = der Raufbold, der ebenfalls häufig darin auftrat. 86) *cunning* = geschickt. — Falstaff versteht sich nur auf Schelmerei. 87) Ich wollte, Eure Hoheit machte sich mir deutlich, sähe zu, dass ich mitkommen könnte. 88) Ein Sprichwort, das sich ähnlich in Beaumont und Fletcher's Humorous Lieutenant findet: *the fiend rides on a fiddle-stick.* — Staunton giebt mit der Fol. diese Rede dem Falstaff, welche die meisten Qs. dem Prinzen zuertheilen. 89) *mad* in den späteren Folioausgg. für *made* in Qs. und Fol. — Als *mad wag* hatte Falstaff den Prinzen schon vorher bezeichnet: Du bist wesentlich verrückt, wenn Du auch nicht darnach aussiehst; so bin ich auch ein ächtes Goldstück, wenn ich auch bei Dir ein nachgemachtes, falsches *(counterfeit)* heisse. — Nach Staunton's Deutung erklärt Falstaff den Prinzen für verrückt, weil dieser, zu Falstaff's Entsetzen, der Wirthin ein Zeichen giebt, den Sheriff und die Wache hereinzulassen. 90) Wortspiel zwischen *major* = Theil eines Syllogismus, in Bezug auf des Prinzen Behauptung, und *major* = Major, als fingirter Gegensatz zu *sheriff*. Ebenso ist *to deny* zuerst = leugnen, und dann = den Eintritt verweigern. 91) *so*

well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

P. Hen. Go, hide thee behind the arras:[93] — the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face,[94] and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I 'll hide me.

[Exeunt all but the Prince *and* Peto.[95]

P. Hen. Call in the sheriff.

Enter Sheriff and Carrier.

Now, master sheriff, what 's your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry
Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

P. Hen. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord;
A gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

P. Hen. The man, I do assure you, is not here,
For I myself at this time have employ'd him.
And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee,
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,
Send him to answer thee, or any man,
For any thing he shall be charg'd withal:
And so, let me entreat you, leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

P. Hen. It may be so: if he have robb'd these men,
He shall be answerable; and so, farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

P. Hen. I think it is good morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

[Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.

P. Hen. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's.[96] Go, call him forth.

Peto. Falstaff! — Fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

P. Hen. Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search his pockets. [Peto *searches.*][97] What hast thou found?

Peto. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. Hen. Let 's see what they be: read them.

Peto. [Reads.] Item, A capon, . . . 2*s.* 2*d.*
Item, Sauce, ... 4*d.*
Item, Sack, two gallons, ... 5*s.* 8*d.*
Item, Anchovies, and sack after supper, . . 2*s.* 6*d.*
Item, Bread, ... *ob.*[98]

P. Hen. O monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable[99] deal of sack! — What there is else, keep close: we 'll read it at more advantage. There let him sleep till day. I 'll to the court in the morning: we must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable.[100] I 'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and, I know, his death will be a march of twelve-score.[101] The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so, good morrow, Peto.

Peto. Good morrow, good my lord. *[Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Bangor. A Room in the Archdeacon's House.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Mortimer, *and* Glendower.

Mort. These promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction full of prosperous hope.[1]

Hot. Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower,
Will you sit down? —
And, uncle Worcester: — a plague upon it!
I have forgot the map.

Glend. No, here it is.
Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur;
For by that name as oft as Lancaster
Doth speak of you,
His cheek looks pale, and with a rising sigh
He wisheth you in heaven.

Hot. And you in hell, as oft as he hears
Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him. At my nativity[2]
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets; and at my birth,
The frame and huge[3] foundation of the earth
Shak'd like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done at the same season, if your mother's cat had but kitten'd, though yourself had never been born.

Glend. I say, the earth did shake when I was born.

Hot. And I say, the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose as fearing you it shook.

Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

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dient elliptisch statt eines ganzen Nachsatzes = so ist es gut. 92) Falstaff wird sich auf dem Karren, der ihn als einen vom Sheriff attrapirten Dieb zum Galgen führt, eben so gut ausnehmen, wie ein Anderer, oder seine Erziehung hat nichts getaugt. 93) Die gewirkte Tapete, die, an Haken befestigt, von der Decke herniederhing, liess zwischen sich und der Wand Platz genug für Falstaff, sich zu verstecken. 94) Jetzt müssen wir das Angesicht eines ehrlichen Mannes annehmen. 95) Die alten Ausgg. haben bloss *Exit*, was die spätern Hgg. vervollständigten mit *Exeunt all but the Prince and Poins.* — Aus dem Zwiegespräch nach dem Weggange des Sheriff ergiebt sich jedoch, dass nicht Poins, sondern Peto beim Prinzen zurückbleibt, und dass die Hgg. nur willkürlich, abweichend von Qs. und Fol., überall *Poins* für *Peto* setzen. — Erst Collier stellte das Richtige wieder her. 96) d. h. die Paulskirche, die Londoner Kathedrale, deren Seitengänge der gewöhnliche Sammelplatz aller Müssiggänger, Vagabunden u. s. w. waren. 97) Die alte Bühnenweisung ist *He searcheth his pockets and findeth certain papers.* 98) So Qs. und Fol. — *ob.*, abgekürzt für *obolum*, schrieb man damals für *a half-penny*, was die meisten Hgg. an die Stelle setzen. 99) *intolerable* = was sich nicht aushalten lässt, unerträglich, ungeheuer. 100) Du sollst eine ehrenvolle Stellung im Heere haben. 101) Wenn Falstaff einen Dienst beim Fussvolk erhält *(a charge of foot)*, so wird ein Marsch von zweihundert und vierzig Ellen sein Tod sein.

1) Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 3, Anm. 5. — *induction* = Einleitung, Vorspiel. 2) Holinshed hat nur Folgendes über die Wundererscheinungen bei Glendower's Geburt: *Strange wonders happened at the nativity of this man, for the same night he was born all his father's horses in the stable were found to stand in blood up to their bellies.* — Indess werden andere Phänomene im Leben Glendower's von dem Chronisten erzählt, welche Sh. hier auf seine Geburtsstunde überträgt. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 658. — *nativity* sind alle die Geburt begleitenden Umstände.

Hot. O! then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.
Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions: oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldam earth,[4] and topples down
Steeples, and moss-grown towers. At your birth,
Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shook.
Glend. Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again, — that at my birth
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;
The goats ran from the mountains,[5] and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to[6] the frighted fields.
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary,
And all the courses of my life do show,
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living, — clipp'd in with the sea
That chides[7] the banks of England, Scotland, Wales, —
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but woman's son,
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
And hold me pace in deep experiments.[8]
Hot. I think, there is no man speaks better Welsh.
I 'll to dinner.
Mort. Peace, cousin Percy! you will make him mad.
Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.
Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man;
But will they come, when you do call for them?
Glend. Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command the devil.
Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil,
By telling truth: tell truth, and shame the devil.[9] —
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I 'll be sworn, I have power to shame him hence.
O! while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.
Mort. Come, come;
No more of this unprofitable chat.
Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
Against my power: thrice from the banks of Wye,
And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent him
Bootless[10] home, and weather-beaten[11] back.
Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather too!
How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name?
Glend. Come, here 's the map. Shall we divide our right,[12]
According to our three-fold order ta'en?
Mort. The archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits very equally.
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,[13]
By south and east, is to my part assign'd:
All westward, Wales, beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower: — and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
And our indentures tripartite are drawn,[14]
Which being sealed interchangeably
(A business that this night may execute),
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you, and I,
And my good lord of Worcester, will set forth,
To meet your father, and the Scottish power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days. —
Within that space you may have drawn together
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.
Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords;
And in my conduct shall your ladies come,
From whom you now must steal, and take no leave;
For there will be a world of water shed,
Upon the parting of your wives and you.
Hot. Methinks, my moiety,[15] north from Burton here,
In quantity equals not one of yours.
See, how this river comes me cranking[16] in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle[17] out.
I 'll have the current in this place damm'd up,
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run
In a new channel, fair and evenly:
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.
Glend. Not wind? it shall, it must: you see, it doth.
Mort. Yea, but
Mark, how he bears his course, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other side;[18]

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3) *huge* ist nur in Q. A. — *cresset* = ein tragbares Licht auf dem beweglichen Kreuze einer Stange. 4) *beldam* = Grossmutter, ohne verächtlichen Nebensinn. — Aehnlich wie hier erklärt Sh. die Erderschütterungen in Venus and Adonis: *As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,* || *Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes.* 5) Die Ziegen werden als charakteristische Staffage für die Berge in Wales auch sonst erwähnt. So wird in Merry Wives of Windsor (A. 5, Sc. 5) der Walliser Pfarrer spottweise *Welsh goat* genannt. 6) *to* bezeichnet hier die Richtung und zugleich die Wirkung des Geschreis der Heerden, das die Felder in Schrecken setzte. 7) *to chide* = anstürmen gegen Etwas, eigentlich schelten mit Etwas, wird auch sonst von dem Andrange der Fluthen gegen das Ufer gebraucht; so in K. Henry VIII. (A. 3, Sc. 2) *a rock against the chiding flood.* 8) *art* ist die geheime, schwarze Kunst der Magie. — *hold me pace* = mit mir gleichen Schritt halten. 9) *Speak the truth and shame the devil* ist ein Sprichwort in Ray's Proverbs. 10) Wortspiel mit *bootless* = fruchtlos, und = ohne Stiefeln. 11) Nach dem Chronisten bewirkte Glendower durch Zauberei ein solches Unwetter, dass der König aus Wales sich zurückziehen musste. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 658. 12) *right* ist der Besitz, auf den sie ein Recht haben, und den sie nach der getroffenen Veranstaltung dreifach theilen wollen. 13) Er zeigt bei *hitherto* auf einen bestimmten Punkt der Landkarte, die sie vor sich haben. — Dies und das Folgende ist zum Theil wörtlich aus Holinshed entlehnt. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 658. 14) In Holinshed: *causing a tripartite indenture to be made and sealed with their seals.* 15) *moiety* = Theil eines Ganzen, nicht gerade die Hälfte, bei Sh. 16) *to crank* = im Zickzack laufen. Der Fluss Trent windet sich so, dass er, als Grenzfluss betrachtet, den Percy benachtheiligend, einen Theil von dessen Gebiet abschneidet. — *me* = mir zum Schaden. 17) *cantle* = ein Stück, das als Probe abgeschnitten wird von einem grössern Ganzen; so in Drayton's Polyolbion: *Rude Neptune, cutting in, a cantle forth doth take.* — Die Qs. haben *scantle*, die Fol. *cantle.* 18) Wie der Fluss Trent auf der

Gelding the opposed continent[19] as much
As on the other side it takes from you.
Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this north side win this cape of land;
And then he runs straight and even.
Hot. I 'll have it so; a little charge will do it.
Glend. I will not have it alter'd.
Hot. Will not you?
Glend. No, nor you shall not.
Hot. Who shall say me nay?
Glend. Why, that will I.
Hot. Let me not understand you then:
Speak it in Welsh.
Glend. I can speak English, lord, as well as you,
For I was train'd up in the English court;[20]
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty, lovely well,
And gave the tongue[21] a helpful ornament;
A virtue that was never seen in you.
Hot. Marry, and I 'm glad of it with all my heart.
I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew,
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers:[22]
I had rather hear a brazen canstick[23] turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry:[24]
'T is like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.
Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.
Hot. I do not care: I 'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend;
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I 'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?
Glend. The moon shines fair, you may away by night:
I 'll haste the writer,[25] and, withal,
Break with your wives of your departure hence.[26]
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her Mortimer. *[Exit.*
Mort. Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my father!
Hot. I cannot choose: sometime he angers me
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies,[27]
And of a dragon, and a finless fish,
A clip-wing'd griffin, and a moulten raven,
A couching lion, and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff[28]
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what, —
He held me, last night, at least nine hours,
In reckoning up the several devils' names,
That were his lackeys:[29] I cried, »humph,« and »well, go to,«
But mark'd him not a word. O! he 's as tedious
As a tired horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house. I had rather live
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me
In any summer-house[30] in Christendom.
Mort. In faith, he is[31] a worthy gentleman,
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments,[32] valiant as a lion,
And wondrous affable, and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbs himself even of his natural scope,
When you do cross his humour; 'faith, he does.
I warrant you, that man is not alive,
Might so have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof:[33]
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.
Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame;[34]
And since your coming hither, have done enough
To put him quite beside his patience.
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault:
Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood,
(And that 's the dearest grace it renders you,)
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,

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einen Seite dem Percy ein Stück des ihm bestimmten Landes durch seine Krümmung wegnimmt, so läuft er mit gleichem Ueberschuss zum Nachtheil Mortimer's auf der andern Seite. 19) *opposed continent* ist das jenseit des Trent gelegene, dem Besitzthum Percy's gegenüberliegende Land. 20) Dass Glendower eine Zeitlang am Hofe Richard's II. lebte, fand Sh. in Holinshed; dass er aber dort musikalische und dichterische Talente entwickelte, scheint von Sh. erfunden zu sein. 21) Unter *tongue* versteht Johnson die englische Sprache, welche Glendower mit seinen Leistungen geschmückt habe; Ritson fasst das Wort im eigentlichen Sinne auf: die Zunge Glendower's, geziert durch die Kunst des Gesanges. — Vielleicht ist *the tongue* das gesprochene oder gesungene Wort, das seinen Schmuck in dem begleitenden Harfenspiel erhielt. 22) *metre* = Reimgeklingel, verstärkt noch den Ausdruck des Verächtlichen, den Percy in *ballad-mongers* legt. 23) So die Qs. mit einer Abkürzung, die auch Sh.'s Zeitgenossen kennen; die Fol. hat *candlestick*. — Anspielungen auf das widerliche Geräusch des Drechselns metallener Leuchter kommen auch sonst vor; so in A new Trick to cheat the Devil (1636) *An if you were to lodge in Lothbury,* || *Where they turn brazen candlesticks.* 24) *to mince* = zart thun, affectiren. So in K. Lear (A. 4, Sc. 6) *that minces virtue.* 25) *the writer* ist der die Verträge, mit denen sie sich gegenseitig verpflichten, in's Reine schreibt und Copieen davon anfertigt. — Steevens vervollständigt den Vers auf eigne Hand so: *I'll in and haste the writer.* 26) *to break* mit *with* der Person und *of* der Sache = Jemandem Etwas mittheilen, eröffnen; ebenso wird *to break* mit *to* der Person und dem Accusativ der Sache construirt. 27) Nach den Chroniken berief sich Glendower auf die überlieferten Prophezeiungen des alten wallisischen Zauberers Merlin, die er so deutete, dass der König Heinrich der Maulwurf sei, die drei Verschworenen aber der Drache, der Löwe und der Wolf, die das Reich unter sich theilen sollten. — Ueber Merlin und dessen Prophezeiungen macht sich Sh. auch durch den Mund des Narren im K. Lear (A. 3, Sc. 2) lustig, wie hier Percy willkürlich eine Reihe von Thieren nennt, deren die Chroniken an der betreffenden Stelle keine Erwähnung thun. 28) *skimble-skamble*, ein onomatopoetisches Wort, aus dem einfachen *scamble* gebildet, = durcheinander gewirrt, wüst: solch ein wüstes Zeng, das mich von meinem christlichen Glauben abspenstig macht. 29) Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 4, Anm. 61 u. 62. 30) Der Windmühle, deren Geklapper jeden Aufenthalt in ihr unerträglich macht, wird ein Gartenhaus als ein anmuthiger Platz zum Verweilen gegenübergestellt. 31) So die frühern Qs.; die spätern und die Fol. *was.* 32) Er hat es weit gebracht, ist sehr gefördert in auffallenden Geheimnissen, in geheimen magischen Künsten. — Die Fol. hat *exceeding.* 33) Ohne dass er eine gefährliche Zurechtweisung zu schmecken bekäme. 34) *wilful-blame*, ein seltsames Compositum, =

Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion,[35] and disdain:
The least of which, haunting a nobleman,
Loseth men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am school'd; good manners be your speed!
Here come our[36] wives, and let us take our leave.

Re-enter GLENDOWER, *with the Ladies.*[37]

Mort. This is the deadly spite that angers me,
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

Glend. My daughter weeps; she will not part with you:
She 'll be a soldier too; she 'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her, that she, and my aunt Percy,
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

[GLENDOWER *speaks to her in Welsh, and she answers him in the same.*

Glend. She 's desperate here; a peevish self-will'd harlotry,[38]
One that no persuasion can do good upon.

[*She speaks to* MORTIMER *in Welsh.*

Mort. I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh
Which thou pourest down from these swelling heavens,[39]
I am too perfect in: and, but for shame,
In such a parley should I answer thee.

[*She speaks again.*

I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And that 's a feeling disputation:
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,[40]
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division,[41] to her lute.

Glend. Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.

[*She speaks again.*

Mort. O! I am ignorance itself in this.[42]

Glend. She bids you on the wanton rushes[43] lay you down,
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,[44]
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness:
Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.

Mort. With all my heart I 'll sit, and hear her sing:
By that time will our book,[45] I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so;
And those musicians that shall play to you,
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence;
And straight they shall be here. Sit, and attend.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down: come, quick, quick; that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Lady P. Go, ye giddy goose. [*The music plays.*[46]

Hot. Now I perceive, the devil understands Welsh;[47]
And 't is no marvel, he is so humorous.
By 'r lady, he 's a good musician.

Lady P. Then should[48] you be nothing but musical, for you are altogether governed by humours. Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

Hot. I had rather hear Lady, my brach, howl in Irish.[49]

Lady P. Wouldst have thy head broken?

Hot. No.

Lady P. Then be still.

Hot. Neither; 't is a woman's fault.[50]

Lady P. Now, God help thee![51]

Hot. To the Welsh lady's bed.

Lady P. What 's that?

Hot. Peace! she sings.

[*A Welsh song sung by Lady* MORTIMER.

Hot. Come, Kate, I 'll have your song too.

Lady P. Not mine, in good sooth.

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tadelnswerth eigensinnig, vielleicht mit Sh.'scher Licenz combinirt aus *you are to blame, too wilful*, wie Johnson dafür zu lesen vorschlug. 35) *opinion* erklärt M. Mason mit *self-opinion;* es ist aber wohl eher = Festhalten an vorgefasster Meinung, wie in Winter's Tale (A. 2, Sc. 3) *remove the root of his opinion.* 36) So die Qs.; die Fol. *your wives.* 37) d. h. Lady Percy und Lady Mortimer. — Die Bühnenweisung ist die alte, ebenso die folgenden. 38) Denselben derben Ausdruck wendet in Romeo and Juliet (A. 4, Sc. 2) Capulet auf seine Tochter an: *A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.* — *peevish* = der nicht weiss, was er will; *harlotry* = *harlot* kommt auch in Othello (A. 4, Sc. 2) vor. 39) *these swelling heavens* fasst Steevens als die Lippen der Lady Mortimer, so dass *that pretty Welsh etc.* ihre Küsse sein würden. Eher ist indess wohl mit Douce der erstere Ausdruck auf die Augen zu beziehen, und der zweite auf die Thränen, welche sie vergiessen. Dazu passt sowohl das vorhergehende *my daughter weeps,* als auch das folgende *and, but for shame etc.* — Von ihren Küssen ist erst nachher die Rede. — Für *pourest down* vermuthen die Cambridge Edd. umgestellt *down pourest.* Jedenfalls scheint *pourest* zweisylbig zu sein. 40) Liebeslieder in hohem Styl geschrieben. 41) *division* = Triller, Läufer in der Musik. 42) In ihrer Sprache bin ich so unwissend, wie es die personificirt gedachte Unwissenheit selbst nur sein könnte. 43) *rushes* sind die Binsen, mit denen der Fussboden des Zimmers bedeckt wurde. — Das Epitheton *wanton* bezieht sich auf das üppige Lager, das diese Binsen dem Mortimer darbieten. 44) Der Gott des Schlafes soll als gekrönter Herrscher auf Mortimer's Augenlide, wie auf einem Throne, sitzen. — Mortimer's Schlaf soll jedoch kein eigentlicher Schlaf sein, sondern so zwischen Schlaf und Wachen die Mitte halten, wie die Stunde der Dämmerung zwischen Nacht und Tag, ehe die Sonne aufgeht. 45) *book* ist jede Schrift in Sh.'s Zeit, hier die schriftliche Uebereinkunft des Bündnisses, was vorher hiess *our indentures tripartite are drawn.* 46) Die Hgg. erweitern diese Bühnenweisung: *Glendower speaks some Welsh words, and then the music plays.* 47) Percy macht sich über Glendower's Prahlerei lustig, dass die Musik durch seine magischen Kräfte aus weiter Ferne herbeibeschworen sei. 48) So die frühern Qs.; die spätern und die Fol. haben *would.* 49) *Lady* ist der Name von Percy's Jagdhund, dessen Geheul er hier scherzhaft als irische Sprache bezeichnet und so dem wallisischen Gesange der Lady Mortimer gegenüberstellt. — So in As you like it (A. 5, Sc. 2) *'t is like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.* 50) scil. *to be still.* Dieser, natürlich ironisch gemeinte, Weiberfehler, will Percy sagen, passe sich nicht für ihn, den Mann; deshalb wolle er nicht stillschweigen. 51) d. h. Gott stelle Deinen Verstand wieder her; Percy aber ergänzt die Rede: *God help me to Lady Mortimer's bed;* worauf Lady Percy empört fragt:

Hot. Not yours, in good sooth![52] 'Heart! you swear like a comfit-maker's wife. Not you, in good sooth; and, As true as I live; and, As God shall mend me; and, As sure as day:
And giv'st such sarcenet[53] surety for thy oaths,
As if thou never walk'dst further than Finsbury.[54]
Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath; and leave in sooth,
And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,
To velvet-guards, and Sunday-citizens.[55]
Come, sing.

Lady P. I will not sing.

Hot. 'T is the next way to turn tailor, or be redbreast teacher.[56] An the indentures be drawn, I 'll away within these two hours; and so come in when ye will. *[Exit.*

Glend. Come, come, Lord Mortimer; you are as slow
As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.
By this our book is drawn: we will but seal,
And then to horse immediately.

Mort. With all my heart. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King Henry, *Prince of* Wales, *and Lords.*

K. Hen. Lords, give us leave. The prince of Wales and I
Must have some private conference: but be near at hand,
For we shall presently have need of you. —
[Exeunt Lords.
I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service[1] I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He 'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;
But thou dost, in thy passages of life,[2]
Make me believe, that thou art only mark'd
For[3] the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven,
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts,[4]
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal, and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P. Hen. So please your majesty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse,
As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge
Myself of many I am charg'd withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,[5]
As, in reproof of many tales devis'd
(Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear)
By smiling pick-thanks[6] and base newsmongers,
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.[7]

K. Hen. God pardon thee! — yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.[8]
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,[9]
Which by thy younger brother is supplied;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court, and princes of my blood.
The hope and expectation of thy time[10]
Is ruin'd, and the soul of every man

Was sagst Du da? 52) Solche affectirte Betheuerungen, wie *in good sooth* und die folgenden, passen sich für Londoner Bürgerweiber, die nun weiter charakterisirt werden, nicht aber für eine Lady, der ein tüchtiger Fluch besser ansteht. 53) *sarcenet* = Taffet, daher *sarcenet surety* = eine schwächliche, philisterhafte Sicherheit oder Bürgschaft. Es liegt zugleich darin eine Anspielung auf die Seidenkrämer in London als Repräsentanten der Bürger, wie bald nachher in *pepper-gingerbread* auf die dortigen Pfefferkuchenhändler: Betheuerungen, wie solche Leute sie gebrauchen. 54) Finsbury, ausser den Mauern des damaligen Londons gelegen, ein gewöhnlicher Spaziergang der Londoner Bürger. 55) *velvet-guards*, eigentlich = Besatz von Sammet, sind hier die Londoner Bürgerfrauen, die solchen Besatz an ihren Staatskleidern trugen. — *Sunday-citizens* = Bürger in ihrem Sonntagsputz, mit dem übereinstimmend sie zierliche Reden und Betheuerungen anwenden. 56) Wer singt, fährt Percy fort, ohne auf die Weigerung seiner Frau zu hören, der ist auf dem besten Wege, entweder ein Schneider zu werden oder Einer, der den Rothkehlchen das Singen beibringt. — Auf die Singlust der Schneider spielt auch Beaumont und Fletcher's Knight of the burning Pestle an: *Never trust a tailor that does not sing at his work.* — *next way* für *nearest way* ist Sh.'sch und findet sich u. A. in Winter's Tale (A. 3, Sc. 3).

1) *service*, insofern jedes menschliche Thun, Gott gegenüber, als ein Dienst aufgefasst wird. 2) scil. *in the passages of thy life* = in den Vorgängen Deines Lebens. 3) *mark'd for* wird in doppelter Beziehung aufgefasst = ausersehen für Etwas, in Verbindung mit *hot vengeance*, und = ausersehen als oder zu Etwas in Verbindung mit *rod.* — *of heaven* gehört zu Beiden. 4) *lewd and mean attempts* = rohe und gemeine Bestrebungen oder Interessen. 5) Die durch Zwischensätze verdunkelte Construction des Hauptsatzes ist: *let me beg such extenuation as I may find pardon for some things true etc.* Indem Prinz Heinrich die vielen über ihn erfundenen nachtheiligen Berichte widerlegt, erbittet er sich von seinem Vater so viel Nachsicht, dass er für einige ihm mit Grund schuldgegebene Dinge Verzeihung finden möge. — *devised* ist mit *by smiling pick-thanks* zu verbinden, wovon es durch die auf *tales* bezügliche Parenthese *Which oft etc.* getrennt ist. — Dem *many tales devised* ist *some things true* genau gegenübergestellt. — *reproof* = Widerlegung. 6) *pick-thank* = der sich auf gemeine Art, durch Schmeichelei oder Zuträgerei, Dank verdienen will. Das auch bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen vorkommende Wort, = Parasit, ist nach Analogie von *pick-pocket* gebildet. 7) Auf Grund meiner ehrlichen Einräumung oder Unterwerfung. 8) Das Bild ist hergenommen von einem Vogel, der einen Flug innehält, ganz abweichend oder fern von dem Fluge der Uebrigen. 9) *rudely* = durch ein rohes Benehmen. Sh. fand in der Chronik, dass der Prinz den Lord Oberrichter Gascoigne geschlagen und deshalb seinen Platz im Staatsrathe an seinen jüngern Bruder, Thomas von Clarence, abtreten musste. 10) Die Hoffnung und Erwartung, die sich an Deine Zeit, an Dein Leben knüpfte. — Doch lässt sich *of thy time* auch auffassen: die Hoffnung, welche die Mitwelt an Dich knüpfte. — Die alten Ausgg. lesen zwei Zeilen weiter *do fore-think*, vielleicht richtig, wie Dyce bemerkt, wenn Sh. *every man* als Plural auffasst. Zugleich weist auch Dyce darauf hin, wie oft ein Verbum im Plural auf ein Subject im Singular

Prophetically does forethink thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd [11] in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession, [12]
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood. [13]
By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
But like a comet I was wonder'd at;
That men would tell their children, »This is he;«
Others would say, — »Where? which is Bolingbroke?«
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven, [14]
And dress'd myself in such humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts, [15]
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh, and new;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at: and so my state, [16]
Seldom, but sumptuous, showed like a feast,
And won by rareness such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters, and rash bavin [17] wits,
Soon kindled, and soon burn'd; carded [18] his state,
Mingled his royalty with carping [19] fools,
Had his great name profaned with their scorns,
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at gibing boys, [20] and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative; [21]
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity, [22]
That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey, and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So, when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes,
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze, [23]
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty,
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes;
But rather drows'd, and hung their eyelids down,
Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect
As cloudy [24] men use to their adversaries,
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou;
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
With vile participation. [25] Not an eye
But is aweary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more;
Which now doth that I would not have it do,
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness. [26]

P. Hen. I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord,
Be more myself.

K. Hen. For all the world,
As thou art to this hour, was Richard then,
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurg;
And even as I was then, is Percy now.
Now, by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state,
Than thou the shadow of succession: [27]
For, of no right, nor colour like to right, [28]
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm,
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws,
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on
To bloody battles, and to bruising arms.
What never-dying honour hath he got

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folgt, wenn ein Genitiv Pluralis dazwischen tritt. 11) *common-hackneyed* = durch Verbrauch und Verkehr gemein geworden. 12) *possession* ist in Verbindung mit dem vorhergehenden *crown* aufzufassen: die öffentliche Meinung, die mir zur Krone verhalf, wäre Dem, der die Krone in Besitz hatte, d. h. Richard II., treu geblieben, und hätte mich in unbeachteter Verbannung gelassen. 13) *likelihood* = Anschein, und = Aussicht. 14) Der König weist hier auf Das zurück, was Sh. wiederholt in K. Richard II. (A. 1, Sc. 4 und A. 5, Sc. 2) geschildert hat. — Seine Huld und Freundlichkeit war so hinreissend, als ob sie einer himmlischen, keiner irdischen Erscheinung angehörte; als ob er sie aus dem Himmel geholt hätte. — *to steal* = unvermerkt sich Etwas aneignen. 15) *allegiance* bezieht Malone auf die dem König Richard gebührende Unterthanentreue, welche Heinrich aus den Herzen entfernt habe. Es ist aber in dem Zusammenhange mit dem Folgenden wohl eher der Sinn der, dass Heinrich Bolingbroke die Herzen der Menschen gleichsam zur Huldigung und Anhänglichkeit an ihn selber zwang, dass er die Treue, die in ihren Herzen steckte, sich so zu eigen gemacht, wie den Beifallruf und Gruss ihres Mundes. 16) *my state* = mein ganzes feierliches Auftreten, der Staat, den ich machte, erschien, weil er selten, aber dann pomphaft auftrat, wie ein Festtag, der auch selten wiederkehrt. — Auf *feast* bezieht sich *such* vor *solemnity* = solch ein feierliches Gewicht oder Ansehen, wie ein Festtag es hat. 17) *bavin* = Reisholz, daher *bavin wits* = Geister, die leicht aufflackern und eben so leicht ausbrennen wie Reisholz. 18) *to card* erhält seine nähere Bestimmung in der folgenden Zeile, wo *mingled* dem *carded* eben so entspricht, wie *royalty* dem *state*. — *to card* wird von dem Vermischen gröberer Stoffe mit feinern gebraucht, z. B. von Wolle und von Bier. 19) So Qs. und Fol., mit Ausnahme von Q. A., welche *capring* liest, was als *capering* = Luftsprünge machend, die meisten Hgg. vorziehen. — *to carp* ist in der ältern Sprache nicht bloss = spotten, sondern = Witze machen, spassen. 20) Er liess seine Autorität, zur Beeinträchtigung seines Namens oder im Widerspruch mit seinem königlichen Namen, fahren, indem er über Knaben lachte, die ihren Spott mit ihm trieben. — *gibing boys* entspricht dem vorhergehenden *carping fools*. 21) *comparative* ist Jeder, der es mit dem König im Witzmachen aufnahm, von dem sich der König also einen Puff gefallen liess. — Malone erklärt, weniger plausibel, *comparative* mit *a dealer in comparisons*. 22) Er machte sich der Volksgunst dienstbar, machte sich zu ihrem Lehnsmann. 23) *gaze* ist der bewundernde, respectvolle Blick. 24) *cloudy* = von finsterem, gleichsam bewölktem Ansehen. 25) Durch Betheiligung gemeiner Art, indem Du an Gemeinem Theil nahmst. 26) *foolish tenderness* bezeichnet die Thränen, die der König aus thörichter Zärtlichkeit um seines Sohnes willen vergiesst. 27) *interest to* = Anspruch auf oder Beziehung zu Etwas, ist in derselben Construction in K. John (A. 5, Sc. 2) *Acquainted me with interest to this land:* er hat einen Anspruch an die Herrschaft, der mehr werth ist, als der blosse Schatten von Erbrecht, den Du hast. 28) Vermöge keines Rechtes oder auch nur Vorwandes, der dem Rechte gliche. 29) Douglas behauptet

Against renowned Douglas, whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,
Holds from all soldiers chief majority,
And military title capital,[29]
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ.
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing-clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprises
Discomfited great Douglas: ta'en him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate[30] against us, and are up.
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?[31]
Thou that art like enough, through vassal fear,[32]
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels, and curtsy at his frowns,
To show how much thou art degenerate.

P. Hen. Do not think so; you shall not find it so:
And God forgive them that so much have sway'd
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And, in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you that I am your son;
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favours[33] in a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it:
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet.
For every honour sitting on his helm,
'Would they were multitudes; and on my head
My shames redoubled! for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,[34]
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of God, I promise here:
The which, if he be pleas'd I shall perform,[35]
I do beseech your majesty, may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands,[36]
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. Hen. A hundred thousand rebels die in this:
Thou shalt have charge and sovereign trust herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So hath[37] the business that I come to speak of.
Lord Mortimer of Scotland[38] hath sent word,
That Douglas and the English rebels met,
The eleventh of this month, at Shrewsbury.
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever[39] offer'd foul play in a state.

K. Hen. The earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day,
With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster;
For this advertisement is five days old. —
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forward;
On Thursday we ourselves will march:
Our meeting is Bridgnorth; and, Harry, you
Shall march through Glostershire; by which account,
Our business valued, some twelve days hence
Our general forces at Bridgnorth shall meet.
Our hands are full of business: let 's away;
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay.[40] *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Eastcheap. A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern.

Enter Falstaff *and* Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action?[1] do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown: I am wither'd like an old apple-John.[2] Well, I 'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking;[3] I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse.[4]

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vermöge seiner Tapferkeit vor allen Soldaten den hauptsächlichsten Vorrang und den vorzüglichsten kriegerischen Ruhm. — Zwei Zeilen weiter lesen die Cambridge Edd. mit den ersten Qs. *swathling clothes.* 30) *to capitulate* = über einzelne Punkte sich einigen. 31) *dearest enemy* ist der Feind, der es am eifrigsten meint, der angelegentlichste Feind. 32) *vassal fear* = Furcht, wie sie einem Vasallen ansteht, aber keinem Prinzen. 33) *favours* = Gesichtszüge. Vielleicht wäre richtiger mit Hanmer *favour* zu lesen. — Für den folgenden Relativsatz ist nicht *which* allein, sondern in Verbindung mit *wash'd away* Subject: die Abwaschung der blutigen Maske wird zugleich meine Schmach abwaschen. 34) Die geringfügigste Huldigung, welche die Mitwelt ihm dargebracht hat. 35) So die Qs.; die Fol. hat dafür: *The which if I perform and do survive.* 36) *bands* ist dasselbe wie *bonds* = contractliche Verpflichtungen. — In der vorigen Zeile liest die Fol. *intemperature.* 37) *so* bezieht sich in ungenauer Construction auf *looks full of speed.* So in Antony and Cleopatra (A. 5, Sc. 1) *The business of this man looks out of him.* 38) Nach Steevens' Berichtigung hatte Sh. den *George Dunbar, Lord March of Scotland* im Sinn. 39) Sie bilden eine so furchtbare Heeresmacht, wie nur jemals eine in einem Staate Unheil anstiften wollte. 40) Die günstige Gelegenheit wird fett und träge, verliert ihre Elasticität, wenn die Menschen saumselig sind. — *him* steht für *himself* als Object zu dem männlich personificirten *advantage.*

1) Er meint das Abenteuer bei Gadshill. Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 2. 2) *apple-John* = Johannesapfel, der sich lange hält und in Folge des Liegens eine verschrumpfte Haut hat. — Das Wortspiel zwischen *apple-John* und *Sir John*, Falstaff's Namen, tritt deutlicher hervor in K. Henry IV. Second Part (A. 2, Sc. 4). 3) *liking* = ein wohlgefälliges Aeussere, wohlgenährtes Aussehen. — So wird das adjectivische *well-liking* = wohlgenährt, gebraucht in Love's Labour's Lost (A. 5, Sc. 2). 4) *a brewer's horse* war ein Gegenstand für Falstaff's Mitleid oder

The inside of a church! Company, villanous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it. — Come, sing me a bawdy song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given [5] as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough: swore little; diced not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-house not above once in a quarter — of an hour; paid money that I borrowed three or four times; lived well, and in good compass; and now I live out of all order, out of all compass. [6]

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass, out of all reasonable compass, Sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I 'll amend my life. Thou art our admiral, [7] thou bearest the lantern in the poop, — but 't is in the nose of thee: thou art the Knight of the Burning Lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No; I 'll be sworn, I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's-head, or a *memento mori*. I never see thy face but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives [8] that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be, »By this fire, that 's God's angel.« [9] But thou art altogether given over, and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou rann'st up Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wildfire, there 's no purchase in money. [10] O! thou art a perpetual triumph, [11] an everlasting bonfire-light. Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the sack that thou hast drunk me, would have bought me lights as good cheap, [12] at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire any time this two-and-thirty years: God reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood! I would my face were in your belly.

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burned. [13]

Enter Hostess.

How now, dame Partlet [14] the hen? have you inquired yet who picked my pocket?

Host. Why, Sir John, what do you think, Sir John? Do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. You lie, hostess; Bardolph was shaved, and lost many a hair; [15] and I 'll be sworn, my pocket was picked. Go to, you are a woman; go.

Host. Who, I? No. I defy thee: God's light! I was never called so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, Sir John; you do not know me, Sir John: I know you, Sir John: you owe me money, Sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it. I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them. [16]

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet, and by-drinkings, [17] and money lent you four-and-twenty pound.

Fal. He had his part of it: let him pay.

Host. He? alas! he is poor: he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face; what call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks. I 'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker [18] of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, [19] but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's, worth forty mark.

Host. O Jesu! I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

Fal. How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup; [20] 'sblood! an he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter Prince Henry *and* Poins, [21] *marching.* Falstaff *meets the* Prince, *playing on his truncheon, like a fife.*

Fal. How now, lad? is the wind in that door, i' faith? must we all march?

Verachtung, weil ein solches Pferd das Bier nur zu schleppen, nicht zu trinken hatte. — Vielleicht ist das Wort auch wie das synonyme *malt-horse* = Dummkopf. — *pepper-corn* bildet in seiner winzigen Kleinheit einen Gegensatz zu dem dicken Falstaff. 5) Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 4, Anm. 80. 6) Falstaff fasst *compass* = Mass, Schranke, in abstractem Sinne, Bardolph aber in concretem Sinne, in Bezug auf Falstaff's Körperumfang. 7) Das Admiralschiff trägt am Hintertheil die Laterne, nach der sich die hinterdrein segelnden Schiffe richten. Damit wird Bardolph's rothe Nase verglichen, wegen der er gleich darauf scherzhaft »der Ritter von der brennenden Lampe« heisst, wie ein Drama von Beaumont und Fletcher den Titel The Knight of the Burning Pestle führt, als Parodie der Ritterromane. 8) *Dives* ist der reiche Mann in der evangelischen Parabel, der auf Erden in Purpur lebte und nachher in der Hölle brannte. 9) Die Theatercensur strich in der Fol. *that 's God's angel* als profan, und manche Hgg. lassen diese Worte ebenfalls weg, obwohl der Gegensatz zu *the son of utter darkness* sie verlangt. 10) So ist für Geld nichts mehr zu haben. 11) *triumph* = Festzug, Prachtaufzug, hier wohl mit Fackelbegleitung zu verstehen. 12) *good cheap* = guten Kaufs, das französische *bon marché* = wohlfeil. 13) Wortspiel mit *heart-burned* = mit Sodbrennen behaftet, und = im Herzen verbrannt. 14) So heisst die Henne in dem englischen Reineke Fuchs. — In Winter's Tale (A. 2, Sc. 3) heisst es von der Paulina: *unroosted by thy dame Partlet here.* 15) In Folge der Lustseuche, meint Falstaff, während die Wirthin nur in sprichwörtlichem Sinne von dem Verluste des Zehnttheils eines Haars spricht. 16) Die Leinwand war so grob, dass sie sich nur zu Beutelsieben gebrauchen liess. 17) *by-drinkings*, was Falstaff zwischendurch, nebenher trank. 18) *younker* = ein unerfahrener junger Mann von Rang und Vermögen, der sich also leicht prellen lässt. So in Merchant of Venice (A. 2, Sc. 6) *How like a younker, or a prodigal,* || *The skarfed bark puts from her native bay.* 19) *take mine ease in mine inn*, eine sprichwörtliche Redensart, die ursprünglich bedeutet: seine häusliche Bequemlichkeit haben, die Falstaff aber scherzhaft auf das Wirthshaus bezieht, und auf den Schlaf, der ihn daselbst überfallen hatte. Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 4 gegen das Ende. — *inn* bedeutete anfangs jedes Wohnhaus, erst später Wirthshaus. 20) *sneak-cup* = Duckmäuser, der vom Becher sich wegschleicht. 21) In Qs. und Fol. wird hier Poins

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate-fashion.[22]

Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. Hen. What sayest thou, Mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honest man.

Host. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Pr'ythee, let her alone, and list to me.

P. Hen. What sayest thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep, here, behind the arras, and had my pocket picked: this house is turned bawdy-house; they pick pockets.

P. Hen. What didst thou lose, Jack?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds[23] of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

P. Hen. A trifle; some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your grace say so: and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is, and said he would cudgel you.

P. Hen. What! he did not?

Host. There 's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There 's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune;[24] nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox;[25] and for womanhood, maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee.[26] Go, you thing, go.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thank God on.

Host. I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou shouldst know it; I am an honest man's wife; and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave[27] to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave thou?

Fal. What beast? why, an otter.

P. Hen. An otter, Sir John! why an otter?

Fal. Why? she 's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.[28]

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so: thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou!

P. Hen. Thou sayest true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day, you ought him a thousand pound.

P. Hen. Sirrah! do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal! a million: thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea; if he said my ring was copper.

P. Hen. I say, 't is copper: darest thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but a man, I dare; but as thou art a prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

P. Hen. And why not as the lion?

Fal. The king himself is to be feared as the lion. Dost thou think, I 'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an I do, I pray God, my girdle break![29]

P. Hen. O! if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there 's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine; it is filled up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whoreson, impudent, embossed[30] rascal, if there were anything in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded; if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries[31] but these, I am a villain. And yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket up wrong. Art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest, in the state of innocency, Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do, in the days of villany? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty. You confess then, you picked my pocket?

P. Hen. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee. Go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest I am pacified.— Still?[32]— Nay, pr'ythee, be gone. *[Exit Hostess.]* Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad, — how is that answered?

P. Hen. O! my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee. — The money is paid back again.

Fal. O! I do not like that paying back; 't is a double labour.

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unerwähnt gelassen. 22) Wie die Verbrecher in das Gefängniss zu Newgate in London abgeführt werden, zuvor bei zwei an einander gefesselt, damit sie nicht weglaufen. — So in Dekker's Satiromastix (1601) *we 'll walk arm in arm, as though we were leading one another to Newgate.* 23) Schuldverschreibungen, jede auf vierzig Pfund Sterling lautend. 24) Geschmorte Pflaumen, ein gewöhnliches Gericht in Bordellen, das man aus diätetischen Gründen genoss, ohne dass es immer die erwartete Wirkung hatte. Deshalb vergleicht Falstaff die Unzuverlässigkeit der Wirthin damit. 25) *drawn fox* ist wahrscheinlich ein von den Hunden gewitterter Fuchs, der alle Verschlagenheit anwenden muss, um zu entwischen. 26) *maid Marian* war eine stehende Figur in dem Mohrentanze *(morris-dance)*, der zu Pfingsten und am ersten Mai auf den Strassen aufgeführt wurde. Sie stellte die Geliebte des altenglischen Vagabunden Robin Hood vor, dessen übrige Gesellen ebenfalls unter den Personen dieses Tanzes erschienen, und konnte, da sie von einem Manne dargestellt wurde, eben nicht als ein Muster zarter Weiblichkeit gelten. — Dennoch wäre sie, nach Falstaff's Meinung, gegen die Wirthin gehalten, noch eine ehrbare Frau, die Frau des Viertelscommissarius, also einer obrigkeitlichen Person. — Der *morris-dance* war zu Sh.'s Zeit zu einer blossen Belustigung des Pöbels herabgesunken. 27) Der Gegensatz zwischen *knave* und *knight* ist Sh. geläufig. — *knave* ist hier zweideutig = Knappe, und = Schelm. 28) Wegen ihrer amphibischen Natur weiss man nicht, in welche Thierclasse man die Wirthin setzen soll. — Sie selbst aber versteht *where to have her* wörtlich = wo sie zu finden, anzutreffen ist. 29) Anspielung auf das Sprichwort *ungirt, unblest*, also: Wenn ich Deinen Vater nicht mehr fürchte als Dich, so möge es mir schlecht ergehen. — In Falstaff's voriger Rede liest Q. A. *man* und *prince* ohne unbestimmten Artikel. 30) *embossed* = aufgedunsen, geschwollen. 31) Der Prinz gebraucht hier den Ausdruck *injuries* = Schlechtigkeiten, von *to pocket injuries* = Beleidigungen einstecken, und setzt den Witz nachher mit dem synonymen *to pocket up wrong* fort. 32) *Still?* = Bist Du noch nicht zufrieden? — Mit diesen Worten fertigt Falstaff die Wirthin ab, da sie noch einmal Miene macht zu reden. — Diese Erklärung gründet sich

P. Hen. I am good friends with my father, and may do anything.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou dost, and do it with unwashed hands too.[33]

Bard. Do, my lord.

P. Hen. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.[34]

Fal. I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well?[35] O, for a fine thief, of the age of two-and-twenty, or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels; they offend none but the virtuous: I laud them, I praise them.

P. Hen. Bardolph!

Bard. My lord.

P. Hen. Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster,
To my brother John; this to my lord of Westmoreland. —
Go, Poins,[36] to horse, to horse! for thou and I
Have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner-time. —
Jack, meet me to-morrow in the Temple-hall
At two o'clock in the afternoon:
There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receive
Money, and order for their furniture.
The land is burning, Percy stands on high,
And either they, or we, must lower lie.

[Exeunt Prince, Poins, *and* Bardolph.

Fal. Rare words! brave world! — Hostess, my breakfast; come. —
O! I could wish, this tavern were my drum.[37] *[Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, *and* Douglas.

Hot. Well said,[1] my noble Scot. If speaking truth
In this fine age were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the Douglas[2] have,
As not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so general current[3] through the world.
By God, I cannot flatter: I defy[4]
The tongues of soothers; but a braver place
In my heart's love hath no man than yourself.
Nay, task me to my word; approve[5] me, lord.

Doug. Thou art the king of honour:
No man so potent breathes upon the ground,
But I will beard him.[6]

Hot. Do so, and 't is well. —

Enter a Messenger, with letters.

What letters hast thou there? — I can but thank you.[7]

Mess. These letters come from your father, —

Hot. Letters from him! why comes he not himself?

Mess. He cannot come, my lord: he 's grievous sick.

Hot. 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick[8]
In such a justling time? Who leads his power?
Under whose government come they along?

Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.[9]

Wor. I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd[10] by his physicians.

Wor. I would the state of time had first been whole,
Ere he by sickness had been visited:
His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise:
'T is catching hither, even to our camp.[11]
He writes me here, — that inward sickness —[12]
And that his friends by deputation could not
So soon be drawn; nor did he think it meet,
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
On any soul remov'd,[13] but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,
That with our small conjunction we should on,
To see how fortune is dispos'd to us;
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,[14]

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auf Hanmer's Interpunction der Stelle. Andere Hgg. verbinden, wie die Qs. und Fol., *I am pacified still,* was Staunton erklärt: *I am always pacified.* 33) Ohne viele Umstände zu machen, ohne weitere Vorbereitung. 34) Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 4, Anm. 101. 35) d. h. unter den Soldaten, die Falstaff, als unter seinem Commando stehend, anwerben soll. 36) Die alten Ausgg. setzen hier *Peto* für *Poins,* im Widerspruch mit dem Folgenden, demgemäss Peto den Falstaff begleitet. Auch sonst überall erscheint Poins als der Gesellschafter des Prinzen. — Sh. beging entweder selbst das Versehen, oder in der Handschrift stand abgekürzt ein *P.,* das der Drucker für *Peto* missverstand. — Die Fol. setzt *to horse* nur einmal. 37) Falstaff möchte, statt mit der Werbetrommel durch's Land zu ziehen, lieber in seinem Wirthshause bleiben.

1) *well said* = brav! bezieht sich bei Sh. nicht immer auf etwas Gesagtes, sondern auf jede rühmliche Leistung. Hier ist Douglas' Vereinigung mit den englischen Aufrührern darunter verstanden. 2) *the Douglas,* mit dem bestimmten Artikel, hat auch der Chronist, wenn er den Douglas *par excellence,* das Haupt der Familie, bezeichnen will. — *attribution* = Anerkennung, Lob. 3) Das Bild ist von einer Münze entlehnt, die durch ihr Gepräge allgemein gültigen Cours bekommt. 4) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 3, Anm. 54. — *soother* = Schmeichler, eigentlich Schönredner. 5) *to approve* = erproben, auf die Probe stellen. — *to my word,* das in Qs. und Fol. steht, ändert Malone willkürlich und stillschweigend in *to the word* um. 6) *to beard* = Einem in den Bart Trotz bieten, es mit Jemandem aufnehmen. 7) Diese Worte beziehen sich auf Douglas' Compliment *thou art the king of honour.* — Percy's vorhergehende Worte sind vielleicht zu interpungiren: *Do so, and — 'T is well,* so dass er den Satz unvollendet lässt und mit dem kurzen *'T is well* abschliesst, da er den Boten kommen sieht. 8) Die Fol. liest, da die Theatercensur ihr das Fluchwort *'zounds* strich, den Vers: *How! hath he leisure to be sick now.* 9) *my lord* verbessert Capell das *my mind* der früheren Qs., woraus die späteren und die Fol. *his mind* machten. — Warburton wollte *His mind!* beibehalten, das Wort aber dem Percy zuertheilen, der damit den Boten unwillig unterbräche. 10) *to fear* mit dem Accusativ = um Jemanden besorgt sein. 11) Die Ansteckung dieser Krankheit verbreitet sich geradeswegs bis in unser Lager; unser Heer wird dadurch entmuthigt. 12) Der Satz bleibt unvollendet und wäre etwa zu ergänzen: dass innerliche Krankheit ihn verhindere, selbstthätig einzugreifen. Darauf bezieht sich dann das Folgende, dass seine Freunde durch einen Stellvertreter nicht so schnell zusammengezogen werden könnten. 13) Auf irgend einen andern Fernerstehenden, ausser auf ihn selbst. —

Because the king is certainly possess'd
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?
Wor. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.
Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off: —
And yet, in faith, 't is not; his present want [15]
Seems more than we shall find it. — Were it good,
To set the exact wealth of all our states [16]
All at one cast? to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good; for therein should we read
The very bottom and the soul of hope, [17]
The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.
Doug. 'Faith, and so we should;
Where [18] now remains a sweet reversion:
We may boldly spend upon the hope of what
Is to come in:
A comfort of retirement [19] lives in this.
Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.
Wor. But yet, I would your father had been here.
The quality and hair [20] of our attempt
Brooks no division. It will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence.
And think, how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of question in our cause: [21]
For, well you know, we of the offering side [22]
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement,
And stop all sight-holes, every loop, from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us.
This absence of your father's draws a curtain, [23]
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.
Hot. You strain too far. [24]
I, rather, of his absence make this use: —
It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our [25] great enterprise,
Than if the earl were here: for men must think,
If we, without his help, can make a head
To push against the kingdom, with his help,
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down. —
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.
Doug. As heart can think: there is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear. [26]

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hot. My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.
Ver. Pray God, my news be worth a welcome, lord.
The earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards; with him, prince John.
Hot. No harm: what more?
Ver. And further, I have learn'd,
The king himself in person is [27] set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.
Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
The nimble-footed [28] madcap prince of Wales,
And his comrades, [29] that daff'd the world aside,
And bid it pass?
Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms,
All plum'd like estridges, that with the wind
Bated, — like eagles having lately bath'd; [30]

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removed gebraucht Sh. häufig = *distant.* 14) Es gilt jetzt nicht mehr zage zu werden, den muthigen Vorsatz aufzugeben. 15) Dass er uns jetzt fehlt, erscheint von grösserer Bedeutung, als wir es bei der Probe finden werden. 16) *exact* = genau veranschlagt, also: den ganzen Reichthum dessen, was wir besitzen und vorstellen, auf einen Wurf setzen. 17) Indem wir Alles zugleich auf's Spiel setzen, würden wir in dieser Schicksalsentscheidung auf den Grund und Boden und zu dem innersten Wesen, dem eigentlichen Gehalt unserer Hoffnung gelangen; es würde uns dann keine weitere Hoffnung übrig bleiben. — Zu dem Folgenden ist *should we read*, wenn auch nur in ungenauer Verbindung, zu suppliren: wir würden darin die Schranke, die äusserste Grenze unseres ganzen Glückes erreicht haben, über die hinaus es nichts mehr für uns zu riskiren oder zu gewinnen gäbe. — *to read* = erkennen, betrachten. 18) *where* = *whereas*, wie oft bei Sh.: da uns nun eine willkommene Anwartschaft, ein Rückhalt bleibt an Northumberland und an dessen auch fernerhin uns zur Verfügung stehender Macht. 19) Ein Trost, der für den Rückzug bleibt; ein Trost, auf den man sich zurückziehen kann. 20) *hair*, von den spätern Qs. und der Fol. *heire* gedruckt, erklärt Johnson richtig mit *complexion, character*, indem die Farbe des Haars in weiterem Sinne genommen wurde = Ansehen, Naturell. So in Fletcher's Nice Valour: *A lady of my hair cannot want pitying.* — Beachtenswerth ist Staunton's Conjectur *dare* für *hair*, unter Hinweisung auf *A larger dare to our great enterprise* in Percy's folgender Rede. 21) Solche Auffassung von dem Wegbleiben des Grafen von Northumberland kann der Strömung des dadurch bange gemachten Parteiwesens eine andere Richtung geben und kann bewirken, dass man unsere Sache einer kritischen Prüfung unterzieht. 22) Wir, die wir zur angreifenden Partei gehören. — *to offer* = Miene machen zu Etwas, sich regen. 23) *to draw a curtain* = einen Vorhang wegziehen. Hinter diesem weggezogenen Vorhang stellt sich dem bis dahin Uneingeweihten eine Art von Besorgniss auf unserer Seite dar, an die vorher nicht gedacht wurde. — *fear* ist hier schwerlich = *a terrific object*, obwohl Steevens so erklärt. 24) Ihr geht in Euren Deutungen zu weit; Ihr übertreibt. 25) So die Qs.; die Fol. *your.* 26) Die Fol. hat *dream of fear.* — *term of fear* bezieht sich auf die letzten Worte in Worcester's vorhergehender Rede. 27) Die Fol. hat *hath.* 28) Die Schnellfüssigkeit des Prinzen Heinrich fand Sh. in seinen Chroniken erwähnt: *he was passing swift in running* sagt u. A. Stowe. 29) *comrades* betont Sh. bald auf der ersten, bald auf der zweiten Sylbe. 30) Auf Percy's Frage nach dem Prinzen Heinrich und seinen Gesellen antwortet Vernon mit einer Beschreibung ihres Aussehens, in welcher nach einer längeren Reihe von Epithetis, wie es bei Sh. öfter vorkommt, das Verbum, das hinter *wild as young bulls* noch folgen müsste, ausgefallen ist. Der Sinn der ersten Zeilen ist: Alle gerüstet, Alle in Waffen, Alle mit Federn geschmückt wie Habichte, die mit dem Winde auf ihre Beute niederflogen, wie Adler, die sich kürzlich gebadet hatten, deren Gefieder daher frisch und glänzend erscheint. — *estridge*, das sonst wohl mit *ostrich* = Strauss, identisch ist, scheint hier, in Verbindung mit dem Falkonierausdruck *to bate* = niederfliegen auf Etwas, eher = *goshawk* zu sein, wie in Antony and Cleopatra (A. 3, Sc. 11) *and in that mood, the dove will peck the estridge.* — Die Schwierigkeiten, welche die Hgg. in dieser Stelle

Glittering in golden coats, like images;[31]
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,[32]
His cuisses[33] on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted[34] with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch[35] the world with noble horsemanship.
Hot. No more, no more: worse than the sun in March,
This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war,[36]
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them:
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
And yet not ours. — Come, let me taste[37] my horse,
Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,
Against the bosom of the prince of Wales:
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a corse. —
O, that Glendower were come!
Ver. There is more news:
I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot[38] draw his power this fourteen days.
Doug. That 's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.
Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.[39]
Hot. What may the king's whole battle reach unto?
Ver. To thirty thousand.
Hot. Forty let it be:
My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of us may serve so great a day.
Come, let us take a muster speedily:
Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.
Doug. Talk not of dying: I am out of fear
Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year.
[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

A public Road near Coventry.

Enter Falstaff *and* Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry: fill me a bottle of sack. Our soldiers shall march through; we 'll to Sutton Co'fil' to-night.
Bard. Will you give me money, captain?
Fal. Lay out, lay out.
Bard. This bottle makes an angel.[1]
Fal. An if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all, I 'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto[2] meet me at the town's end.
Bard. I will, captain: farewell. *[Exit.*
Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a souced gurnet.[3] I have misused the king's press[4] damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons; inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the bans;[5] such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lief hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver worse than a struck fowl,[6] or a hurt wild-duck. I pressed me none but such toasts-and-butter,[7] with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge[8] consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies,[9] slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth,[10] where the glutton's dogs licked his sores; and such as, indeed, were never soldiers, but discarded unjust[11]

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fanden, rührten davon her, dass sie *estridge* = Strauss, *to bate* = mit den Flügeln schlagen, fassten und das Verbum schon hinter *wind* oder *bath'd* suchten. — Das Präteritum *bated* erklärt sich durch Attraction. — Dyce und Staunton, welche, wie die meisten Hgg., *estridge* = Strauss, fassen, lesen mit Rowe: *All plum'd like estridges that wing the wind;* || *Bated like eagles having lately bath'd.* — Malone vermuthet, dass ein Vers ausgefallen sei, etwa so: *that with the wind* || *Run on, in gallant trim they now advance:* || *Bated etc.* 31) *images* sind die Heiligenbilder, die man zu Festtagen reich ausstaffirt. 32) *beaver* wird sowohl von dem Visir des Helmes gebraucht, als auch von dem Helm selbst, das Visir mit einbegriffen. In letzterem Sinne scheint es an dieser Stelle zu stehen. 33) *cuisses* = Beinschienen. 34) Die Construction ist anakoluthisch, da *vault* als abhängig von *I saw young Harry etc.* stehen sollte, und nicht *vaulted*, als ob *he rose* voranginge. 35) *to witch* = bezaubern. So in Timon of Athens (A. 5, Sc. 2) *you witch me in it.* 36) d. h. Bellona. — *fire-eyed* kommt in Romeo and Juliet (A. 3, Sc. 1) als Epitheton zu *fury* vor. 37) So die früheren Qs.; die späteren und die Fol. haben *take.* — *to taste* = probiren, versuchen, nicht bloss vom Geschmack, zu Sh.'s Zeit. — Drei Zeilen weiter lesen die spätern Qs. *not* für *hot.* 38) So die Fol.; die Qs. *he can draw.* 39) *frosty sound* = ein Klang, der frieren macht. — So *cold news* in K. Henry VI. Second Part (A. 3, Sc. 1).

1) Eine Münze zum Werthe von zehn Schillingen. — Sh. beschreibt sie genauer in Merchant of Venice (A. 2, Sc. 7) *they have in England* || *A coin, that bears the figure of an angel* || *Stamped in gold.* — *to make* fasst Bardolph = betragen, Falstaff = bewirken, produciren. — In Falstaff's erster Rede in dieser Scene haben die alten Ausgg. *Sutton cophill* oder *cop-hill*, von Hanmer in *Sutton-Colfield* verändert. Unsere Lesart ist die der Cambridge Edd. 2) Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 3, Anm. 36. 3) *a souced gurnet*, eigentlich = ein eingemachter Seehahn, ist = Einfaltspinsel oder Düpe, auch bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen im Gebrauch. — So in Taylor's (the Waterpoet's) Bawd: *a rich citizen's son is her souced gurnet, or her gudgeon.* 4) Den königlichen Befehl, Soldaten anzuwerben. — Falstaff hatte, wie aus dem Folgenden hervorgeht, solche Recruten sich ausgesucht, die im Stande waren, sich loszukaufen (*they have bought out their services*, sagt Falstaff nachher). 5) Verlobte Junggesellen, die schon zweimal aufgeboten waren, und also im Begriff standen, sich zu verheirathen. 6) *fowl*, im Gegensatz zu *wild-duck*, muss hier = zahmes Geflügel, sein. 7) *toasts-and-butter*, ein Spitzname = Muttersöhnchen. 8) *charge* = Commando, in militärischem Sinne. 9) *gentlemen of companies* = Gefreite. 10) Eine Anspielung auf biblische Geschichten, welche auf den Tapeten dargestellt wurden, kommt auch in K. Henry IV. Second Part (A. 2, Sc. 1) vor: *and for thy walls, a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the Prodigal, is worth a thousand of these bedhangings.* 11) *unjust*, der biblische Ausdruck für betrügeris h, falsch.

serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers,[12] revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world, and a long peace;[13] ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old faced ancient:[14] and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks.[15] A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I 'll not march through Coventry with them, that 's flat: — nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on;[16] for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There 's not[17] a shirt and a half in all my company: and the half-shirt is two napkins, tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at Saint Alban's, or the red-nose innkeeper of Daventry.[18] But that 's all one; they 'll find linen enough on every hedge.[19]

Enter Prince HENRY *and* WESTMORELAND.

P. Hen. How now, blown Jack? how now, quilt?

Fal. What, Hal! How now, mad wag? what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire? — My good lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy: I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. 'Faith, Sir John, 't is more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already. The king, I can tell you, looks for us all: we must away all night.[20]

Fal. Tut, never fear me: I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.[21]

P. Hen. I think, to steal cream indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack; whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

P. Hen. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut! good enough to toss;[22] food for powder, food for powder; they 'll fill a pit, as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare; too beggarly.

Fal. 'Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareness, I am sure, they never learned that of me.

P. Hen. No, I 'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, sirrah, make haste: Percy is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the king encamped?

West. He is, Sir John: I fear we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well,
To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast,
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, *and* VERNON.

Hot. We 'll fight with him to-night.
Wor. It may not be.
Doug. You give him then advantage.
Ver. Not a whit.
Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?
Ver. So do we.
Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.
Wor. Good cousin, be advis'd: stir not to-night.
Ver. Do not, my lord.
Doug. You do not counsel well.
You speak it out of fear and cold heart.
Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,
And I dare well maintain it with my life,
If well-respected honour bid me on,[1]
I hold as little counsel with weak fear,
As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives:
Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle,
Which of us fears.
Doug. Yea, or to-night.
Ver. Content.
Hot. To-night, say I.
Ver. Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much,
Being men of such great leading[2] as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition: certain horse[3]
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up;
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,

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12) Also doppelt von Mitteln entblösst, da der ältere Bruder und ältere Sohn der eigentliche Erbe ist. 13) So in Nashe's Pierce Penniless (1592) *all the canker-worms that breed on the rust of peace.* 14) *ten times* gehört zu dem adverbial gebrauchten *more dishonourable*, nicht zu *ragged*, und *old* ist nicht mit *faced* zu verbinden: zerlumpt, aber in zehnfach unehrenhafterer Art, als eine alte, geflickte oder gefütterte Standarte. — Die Adjective auf *—able* stehen bei Sh. häufig adverbial. 15) Anspielungen auf den verlorenen Sohn im Evangelium sind bei Sh. häufig. 16) Da sie als Sträflinge mit Fussfesseln gehen mussten, haben sie sich gewöhnt, die Beine im Gehen weit auseinander zu halten. 17) So Qs. und Fol., von Rowe in *but* verwandelt. — *not* scheint in familiärer Sprache hyperbolisch = kaum, zu stehen, hier sowohl, wie an einer andern Stelle A. 5, Sc. 3: *there 's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive.* 18) Die meisten Hgg. setzen mit einer Q. *Daintry* dafür. 19) Das Leinen wurde von der Hecke gestohlen, an der es zum Bleichen und Trocknen nach der Wäsche aufgehängt war. So singt der Gauner Autolycus in Winter's Tale (A. 4, Sc. 2) *The white sheet bleaching on the hedge || Doth set my pugging tooth on edge.* 20) Wir müssen die ganze Nacht durch marschiren. — Die Fol. hat *all to-night.* 21) Falstaff verbindet *as a cat* mit *I am as vigilant*, der Prinz in seiner Antwort bezieht *to steal cream* auf Falstaff. 22) scil. *to toss upon a pike* = sie auf eine Lanze zu spiessen. — So in K. Henry VI. Third Part (A. 1, Sc. 1) *The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes, || Before I would have granted to that act.*

1) Wenn ein wohlberücksichtigtes, wohlerwogenes Ehrgefühl mich vorwärtsgehen heischt. — Zwei Zeilen weiter hält M. Mason *this day* vor *lives* für eine den Sinn schwächende Interpolation. 2) *leading* = Führung im Kriege, Feldherrnbegabung. 3) *certain horse* = Reiterei. — *certain* wird häufig im Sinne des französischen Theilungsartikels gebraucht, wo die Uebersetzung: gewisse, einige, zu viel sagen würde. — Das folgende *horse* ist zuerst ebenfalls = Reiterei, zu verstehen *(your uncle Worcester's horse)*, in den nächsten Zeilen jedoch =

Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is half the half of himself.
Hot. So are the horses of the enemy
In general, journey-bated,[4] and brought low;
The better part of ours are full of rest.
Wor. The number of the king exceedeth ours:
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.
[The trumpet sounds a parley.

Enter Sir WALTER BLUNT.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king,
If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.
Hot. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; and 'would to God
You were of our determination!
Some of us love you well; and even those some
Envy your great deservings and good name,
Because you are not of our quality,[5]
But stand against us like an enemy.
Blunt. And God defend but still I should stand so,
So long as, out of limit and true rule,
You stand against anointed majesty.
But, to my charge. — The king hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs,[6] and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land
Audacious cruelty? If that the king
Have any way your good deserts forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefs, and, with all speed,
You shall have your desires with interest,
And pardon absolute for yourself, and these,
Herein misled by your suggestion.
Hot. The king is kind; and, well we know, the king
Knows at what time to promise, when[7] to pay.
My father, and my uncle, and myself,
Did give him that same royalty he wears;
And, when he was not six-and-twenty strong,[8]
Sick[9] in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,
My father gave him welcome to the shore;
And, when he heard him swear, and vow to God,
He came but to be duke of Lancaster,
To sue his livery,[10] and beg his peace,
With tears of innocency, and terms of zeal,
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the lords and barons of the realm
Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,
The more and less[11] came in with cap and knee;
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs as pages;[12] follow'd him,
Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
He presently, as greatness knows itself,[13]
Steps me[14] a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurg;
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth;
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs; and, by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for;
Proceeded further; cut me off the heads
Of all the favourites, that the absent king
In deputation[15] left behind him here,
When he was personal in the Irish war.
Blunt. Tut! I came not to hear this.
Hot. Then, to the point.
In short time after he depos'd the king;
Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life;
And, in the neck of that,[16] task'd the whole state;[17]
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March
(Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,
Indeed his king) to be engag'd[18] in Wales,
There without ransom to lie forfeited;
Disgrac'd me in my happy victories;
Sought to entrap me by intelligence;[19]
Rated my uncle from the council-board;[20]
In rage dismiss'd my father from the court;

Pferde. 4) *journey-bated* = von der Reise erschöpft. So kommt in K. Henry IV. Second Part (A. 4, Sc. 3) *travel-tainted* vor. 5) *quality* = Charakter, nicht bloss einer Person, sondern einer Genossenschaft, also = Leute desselben Schlags, derselben Art. 6) *grief* = Beschwerde, Klagepunkt. 7) *at what time* und *when* stehen coordinirt = der König weiss, wann er zu versprechen hat, und wann er seine Versprechungen zu erfüllen hat. 8) Als er kaum sechs und zwanzig Anhänger hatte. 9) *sick* in uneigentlichem Sinn kommt so in K. Lear (A. 1. Sc. 2) vor: *sick in fortune.* 10) Vgl. K. Richard II. (A. 2, Sc. 3). — *to sue his livery* ist = um die gerichtliche Auslieferung des väterlichen Erbtheils nachsuchen, das nach dem Tode des Erblassers dem König anheimgefallen war. 11) *the more and less* = die Grösseren und die Kleineren, die Vornehmeren und Geringeren kamen und nahmen die Mütze vor ihm ab und beugten das Knie vor ihm. — *cap* = Abnehmen der Mütze, *leg* = Kniebeugung, ist Sh.'sch. 12) Diese von Malone vorgeschlagene, wenn auch noch nicht von ihm in den Text gesetzte Interpunction ist der gewöhnlichen: *Gave him their heirs, as pages follow'd him,* vorzuziehen, da eben die Erben, die Söhne der Lords, am Hofe des Königs Pagendienste verrichten sollten. — *follow'd him* ist dann mit dem Folgenden zu verbinden. 13) Wie die Grösse sich ihrer selbst bewusst wird; wie Bolingbroke zum Bewusstsein seiner steigenden Würde gelangt. 14) *me* ist ethischer Dativ, der auch entbehrt werden kann: er strebt ein wenig höher, als sein meinem Vater geleistetes Gelübde lautete, so lange sein Geblüt noch unansehnlich, noch nicht königlich war. 15) *in deputation* = in Stellvertretung, als Statthalter, ist dem *personal* = in Person, entgegengesetzt. 16) *neck* = Nacken, Rückseite, hier *in the neck of that* = unmittelbar hinterher. So in Painter's Palace of Pleasure: *great mischiefs succeeding one in another's neck.* — Sonst gebraucht Sh. in ähnlichem Tropus *heel;* so in Antony and Cleopatra (A. 2, Sc. 2) *at heel of that.* 17) *to task* = besteuern, in Contribution setzen. So wurde namentlich das substantivische *task* = *tax* zu Sh.'s Zeit gebraucht. 18) *to engage* = verpfänden, als Geisel ausliefern. — In demselben Sinne kommt das Wort A. 5, Sc. 2 vor. — Theobald wollte *incaged* dafür lesen. 19) Durch ausgesandte Späher oder Verräther. — *intelligence* ist hier collectiv gebraucht. 20) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 3. 21) Dieser bewaffnete Aufstand, der uns zur Sicherheit dient. 22) Sein Anrecht auf den Thron, das zu unrechtmässig ist, als dass es lange dauern darf.

Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,
And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out
This head of safety,[21] and, withal, to pry
Into his title,[22] the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.
Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the king?
Hot. Not so, Sir Walter: we 'll withdraw awhile.
Go to the king, and let there be impawn'd
Some surety for a safe return again,
And in the morning early shall mine uncle
Bring him our purposes; and so farewell.
Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and love
Hot. And, may be, so we shall.
Blunt. 'Pray God, you do! *[Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

York. A Room in the Archbishop's House.

Enter the Archbishop of York *and Sir* Michael.[1]

Arch. Hie, good Sir Michael; bear this sealed brief[2]
With winged haste to the lord marshal;[3]
This to my cousin Scroop; and all the rest
To whom they are directed.[4] If you knew
How much they do import, you would make haste.
Sir M. My good lord,
I guess their tenour.
Arch. Like enough, you do.
To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch.[5] For, Sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly given to understand,
The king, with mighty and quick-raised power,
Meets with Lord Harry: and, I fear, Sir Michael,
What with the sickness of Northumberland,
Whose power was in the first proportion,[6]
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,
Who with them was a rated sinew too,[7]
And comes not in, o'er-rul'd by prophecies,[8]
I fear, the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an instant trial with the king.
Sir M. Why, my good lord, you need not fear:
There is Douglas, and Lord Mortimer.
Arch. No, Mortimer is not there.
Sir M. But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy,
And there 's my lord of Worcester, and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.
Arch. And so there is; but yet the king hath drawn
The special head of all the land together:
The prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt,
And many more corrivals,[9] and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms.
Sir M. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well oppos'd.[10]
Arch. I hope no less, yet needful 't is to fear;
And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed:
For, if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,
For he hath heard of our confederacy,[11]
And 't is but wisdom to make strong against him:
Therefore, make haste. I must go write again
To other friends; and so farewell, Sir Michael. *[Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

The King's Camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter King Henry, *Prince* Henry, *Prince* John *of* Lancaster, *Sir* Walter Blunt, *and Sir* John Falstaff.

K. Hen. How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon busky[1] hill: the day looks pale
At his distemperature.[2]
P. Hen. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes;[3]
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves
Foretells a tempest, and a blustering day.
K. Hen. Then with the losers let it sympathize,[4]
For nothing can seem foul to those that win. —
[Trumpet sounds.

Enter Worcester *and* Vernon.

How now, my lord of Worcester? 't is not well,
That you and I should meet upon such terms

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1) Die meisten Hgg. setzen *a Gentleman*, obwohl Qs. und Fol. *Sir Michael* haben. 2) *brief* ist schwerlich bloss = *letter*, wie Johnson erklärt, sondern = schriftliches Document, also Etwas von grösserem Gewicht. 3) Er meint Thomas Lord Mowbray. — *marshal* ist vielleicht hier dreisylbig = *marishal* zu lesen, wie in K. Richard II. (A. 1, Sc. 1) *Lord marshal, command our officers-at-arms.* 4) Eigentlich *to whom they are directed to*, da sich das erste *to* auf *bear* bezieht: bringt alle übrigen Schriften an Diejenigen, an die sie gerichtet sind. Indess ist die Auslassung einer Präposition, wenn sie eben vorhergegangen ist, Sh.'sch. 5) *bide the touch* = die Probe aushalten. 6) Dessen Truppenmacht zuvörderst in Anschlag gebracht war. — *proportion* ist der Feldzugsplan und die Vorbereitung auf den Krieg. 7) *sinew* = die Sehne, wird als ein Organ der Kraft auch sonst in übertragenem Sinne = Hülfe, Werkzeug, gebraucht. So in K. Henry V. (A. 1, Sc. 2) *by God's help,* || *And yours, the noble sinews of our power.* — Die Fol. liest *was rated firmly too.* 8) Der abergläubische Glendower hat sich durch Prophezeiungen bestimmen lassen, dem Aufstande fern zu bleiben. 9) *corrivals* und *dear* gehören beide zu *of estimation*, wie *estimation* wiederum mit *in arms* zu verbinden ist. 10) Zweifelt nicht daran, dass sie guten Widerstand finden werden. 11) Der König hat von dem Bündniss gehört, das der Erzbischof von York mit den Aufständischen abgeschlossen hatte. — Mit *us* und *our* meint der Erzbischof sich selbst, und fasst *to visit* in feindlichem Sinne = heimsuchen.

1) *busky* = waldig. 2) *his distemperature* ist die Störung, von der die Sonne betroffen ist. — Dasselbe Wort wurde (A. 3, Sc. 1) von einer krankhaften Affection der Erde gebraucht: *Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,* || *In passion shook.* 3) Der Südwind gilt bei Sh. immer als ein ungünstiger, verderblicher; hier ist er der Herold, welcher andeutet, was die Sonne mit ihrem veränderten Ansehen will. — *his purposes* bezieht sich noch auf *the sun.* 4) Wenn der Wind Unheil verkündet, so nehmt an, dass er seine Mitleidenschaft ausdrückt mit Denen, die verlieren, die besiegt werden; wir wollen das Omen nicht auf uns beziehen. 5) *to doff* aus *do off* =

As now we meet. You have deceiv'd our trust,
And made us doff[5] our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:
This is not well, my lord; this is not well.
What say you to it?[6] will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all-abhorred war,
And move in that obedient orb again,[7]
Where you did give a fair and natural light;
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broached mischief to the unborn times?
Wor. Hear me, my liege.
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end[8] of my life
With quiet hours; for, I do[9] protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike.
K. Hen. You have not sought it! how comes it then?
Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.
P. Hen. Peace, chewet,[10] peace!
Wor. It pleas'd your majesty, to turn your looks
Of favour from myself, and all our house;
And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends.
For you my staff of office did I break
In Richard's time;[11] and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.[12]
It was myself, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time. You swore to us,
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state,
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,[13]
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster.
To this we swore our aid: but, in short space,
It rain'd down fortune showering[14] on your head,
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,
What with our help, what with the absent king,[15]
What with the injuries of a wanton time,[16]
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious winds, that held the king
So long in his unlucky Irish wars,
That all in England did repute him dead:
And, from this swarm of fair advantages,
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
To gripe the general sway into your hand;
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster,[17]
And, being fed by us, you us'd us so
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,[18]
Useth the sparrow: did oppress our nest,
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
That even our love durst not come near your sight,
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly
Out of your sight, and raise this present head;
Whereby we stand opposed by such means
As you yourself have forg'd against yourself,[19]
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.
K. Hen. These things, indeed, you have articulate,[20]
Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour,[21] that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,[22]
Which gape, and rub the elbow,[23] at the news
Of hurlyburly[24] innovation:
And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colours,[25] to impaint his cause;
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time[26]
Of pell-mell havoc and confusion.

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abthun, ablegen. 6) Was meint Ihr? was habt Ihr vor? — Das *to it* bezieht sich auf das Folgende. 7) Der regelmässige Wandel der Sterne in ihren vorgeschriebenen Bahnen wird hier dem wirren Umherschweifen feuriger Meteore gegenübergestellt, welche letztere als ein Zeichen des Grauens und eine Vorbedeutung von Unheil, das den künftigen Zeiten sich erschliesst, aufgefasst werden. — *broached* ist mit *to the unborn times* zu verbinden. 8) *lag-end* ist das nachschleppende Ende, hier der Rest des Lebens, den Worcester mit ruhigen Stunden hinbringen möchte. — *hours* ist zweisylbig zu lesen. 9) *do* findet sich zuerst in der Fol. 10) Mit *chewet* = eine fette Fleischpastete, wird Falstaff hier so bezeichnet, wie vorher mit *guts, tallow-ketch etc.* — Florio's italienisches Wörterbuch erklärt das italienische *frilingotti* mit *a kind of dainty chewet or little minced pies.* Theobald fasst *chewet* als *a noisy, chattering bird, a pie,* führt aber keine Belegstelle für diese Bedeutung an. 11) d. h. seinen Amtsstab als Haushofmeister des Königs Richard II., wie in K. Richard II. (A. 2, Sc. 3) Percy von seinem Oheim Worcester erzählt: *he hath forsook the court,* || *Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd* || *The household of the king.* 12) Da Ihr doch am Range und in der Schätzung des Volkes durchaus nicht so stark und vom Glücke so begünstigt waret, wie ich. 13) *new-fall'n right* = Euer Besitzrecht, das Euch jüngst zugefallen war, durch den Tod Eures Vaters John Gaunt. 14) Es regnete Glück in Schauern oder Strömen auf Euer Haupt. — *fortune* ist das Object zu *it rain'd.* 15) *the absent king* steht für *the absence of the king.* 16) Die Kränkungen, welche eine ausgelassene Zeit, d. h. Richard's zügelloser Uebermuth, Euch zugefügt hatte. — Die folgende Zeile ist Apposition zu dieser. 17) Den Eid, den Ihr uns in Doncaster geschworen. 18) *gull* geht auf *the cuckoo's bird* = der junge Kuckuck. — Ausführlicher hat Sh. diesen naturhistorischen Zug in K. Lear (A. 1, Sc. 4) *The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,* || *That it had its head bit off by its young.* 19) Die Veranlassung, vermöge der wir einander feindlich gegenüberstehen, ist von Euch selbst, Euch zum Schaden, gegeben. 20) So die Qs., wie Sh. die Participia der auf *—ate* auslautenden Verba häufig bildet; die Fol. hat *articulated.* — *to articulate* = in einzelnen Artikeln hervorheben. 21) Das Bild ist von einem Kleide entlehnt, das mit einem Stoffe von anderer Farbe besetzt wird. 22) *poor discontents* = Leute, die aus Armuth zu den Missvergnügten gehören. — *discontent* = ein Missvergnügter, kommt auch sonst bei Sh. und seinen Zeitgenossen vor. 23) *to rub the elbow,* als eine Aeusserung von innerlichem Behagen, hat Sh. auch in Love's Labour's Lost (A. 5, Sc. 2) *One rubb'd his elbow, thus, and fleer'd, and swore,* || *A better speech was never spoke before.* 24) *hurlyburly innovation* = tumultuarische Neuerung. Das Wort *hurlyburly* hat Sh. in Macbeth (A. 1, Sc. 1) = Tumult. Auch anderswo scheint es sonst nur substantivisch vorzukommen. 25) *water-colour* bezeichnet die Vergänglichkeit der Farbe, mit welcher der Aufstand seine Sache übertüncht. 26) *to starve for* = schmachten nach Etwas,

P. Hen. In both our armies there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy: by my hopes,
This present enterprise set off his head,[27]
I do not think, a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,[28]
More daring, or more bold, is now alive
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry,
And so, I hear, he doth account me too;
Yet this before my father's majesty:[29]
I am content, that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

K. Hen. And, prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,[30]
Albeit considerations infinite
Do make against it. — No, good Worcester, no,[31]
We love our people well; even those we love,
That are misled upon your cousin's[32] part;
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both[33] he, and they, and you, yea, every man,
Shall be my friend again, and I 'll be his.
So tell your cousin, and bring me word
What he will do; but if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,[34]
And they shall do their office. So, be gone.
We will not now be troubled with reply:
We offer fair, take it advisedly.

[Exeunt Worcester *and* Vernon.

P. Hen. It will not be accepted, on my life.
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together[35]
Are confident against the world in arms.

K. Hen. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge;
For, on their answer, will we set on them;
And God befriend us, as our cause is just!

[Exeunt King, Blunt, *and Prince* John.

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me, so;[36] 't is a point of friendship.

P. Hen. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship.[37] Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed-time,[38] Hal, and all well.

P. Hen. Why, thou owest God a death. *[Exit.*[39]

Fal. 'T is not due yet: I would be loath to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me?[40] Well, 't is no matter; honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery then? No. What is honour? A word. What is that word honour? Air.[41] A trim reckoning! — Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible[42] then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it.[43] — Therefore, I 'll none of it: honour is a mere scutcheon;[44] and so ends my catechism. *[Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Rebel Camp.

Enter Worcester *and* Vernon.

Wor. O, no! my nephew must not know, Sir Richard,
The liberal kind offer of the king.

Ver. 'T were best, he did.

Wor. Then are we all undone.[1]
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king should keep his word in loving us;[2]
He will suspect us still, and find a time

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hungrig aussehen nach einer Zeit wirrer Metzelei und Verwüstung. — Drei Zeilen weiter vermuthet Seymour *this day's encounter*. Indess zählt Sidney Walker *dear* zu den Wörtern, die bei Sh. zweisylbig sein können, also *dearly* dreisylbig. 27) Ein participialer Zwischensatz: wenn dieser gegenwärtige Kriegszug nicht auf sein Haupt, nicht auf seine Rechnung gesetzt wird. 28) *active-valiant* = der Behendigkeit mit Tapferkeit verbindet; *valiant-young* = der diese selbige Tapferkeit mit Jugendkraft verbindet. — So in Sidney's Astrophel and Stella: *young-wise, wise-valiant.* 29) Das Folgende erkläre ich laut in Gegenwart meines Vaters. 30) In der angegebenen Weise, d. h. im Zweikampf mit Percy, wagen wir Dein Leben auf's Spiel zu setzen, obwohl viele Rücksichten dagegen sprechen. 31) M. Mason wollte *know, good Worcester, know* lesen. Indess knüpft die Verneinungspartikel an den Schluss der vorigen Rede des Königs *havoc and confusion* an: von solchen will der König nichts wissen. 32) *cousin* bezeichnet jeden entfernteren Verwandtschaftsgrad, hier = Neffe, d. h. Percy. 33) *both* = sowohl — als auch, gebraucht Sh. selbst wenn mehr als zwei Glieder an einander gereiht werden. 34) Zurechtweisung und schreckliche Züchtigung sind in meinem Gefolge, stehen mir zur Disposition gegen ihn. 35) Wenn die Beiden vereinigt sind. 36) Wenn Du in der Schlacht mich am Boden siehst und Dich über mich hinstellst, so ist es gut, so thu' es. — Diese Art, einen gefährdeten Waffengenossen in der Schlacht zu vertheidigen, hat Sh. öfter; so in Coriolanus (A. 2, Sc. 2) *he bestrid || An o'er-press'd Roman, and i' the consul's view || Slew three opposers.* 37) Um über den dicken Falstaff hintreten zu können, müsste man so gross sein, wie der Koloss von Rhodus. So in Julius Cæsar (A. 1, Sc. 2) *he doth bestride the narrow world, like a colossus.* 38) Falstaff's Wunsch wird durch die Worte des Prinzen: *say thy prayers* motivirt, als ob er das Nachtgebet damit meinte; wie in Macbeth (A. 2, Sc. 2) *But they did say their prayers, and address'd them || Again to sleep.* 39) Dieses *Exit* ist erst von Hanmer hinzugefügt, und stände vielleicht eben so gut erst hinter *calls not on me.* 40) So zuvorkommend gegen Den, welcher mich nicht mahnt. 41) So eine spätere Q. und die Fol. Die früheren Qs. haben dafür eine zwiefache Frage: *What is in that word, honour? What is that honour?* eine Lesart, welche Dyce mit Recht aus einem Versehen des Abschreibers erklärt. 42) *insensible to* = unmerklich für Einen. 43) Die Verläumdung duldet nicht, dass die Ehre mit den im Kampfe am Leben Gebliebenen fortlebt. 44) *scutcheon* = der Wappenschild, der bei dem Leichenbegängniss eines Edlen mit herumgetragen wird, ihm selbst aber nicht mehr helfen kann.

1) So die Qs.; die Fol. *Then we are all undone.* 2) Worcester bezieht sich auf des Königs Worte in der vorhergehenden Scene: *We love our people well; even those we love etc.* 3) *suspicion* ist Rowe's Emendation

To punish this offence in other faults:
Suspicion[3] all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes;
For treason is but trusted like the fox,
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.[4]
Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks;
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood;
And an adopted name of privilege,[5]
A hare-brain'd[6] Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen.
All his offences live upon my head,
And on his father's: we did train him on;
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know
In any case the offer of the king.
Ver. Deliver what you will, I 'll say 't is so.
Here comes your cousin.

Enter Hotspur *and* Douglas; *Officers and Soldiers, behind.*

Hot. My uncle is return'd: — deliver up
My lord of Westmoreland.[7] — Uncle, what news?
Wor. The king will bid you battle presently.
Doug. Defy him by the lord of Westmoreland.[8]
Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.
Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly. *[Exit.*
Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.
Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!
Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that he is forsworn:
He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter Douglas.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen! to arms! for I have thrown
A brave defiance in king Henry's teeth,
And Westmoreland, that was engag'd,[9] did bear it;
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.
Wor. The prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the king,
And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.
Hot. O! 'would the quarrel lay upon our heads,
And that no man might draw short breath[10] to-day,
But I and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,
How show'd his tasking?[11] seem'd it in contempt?
Ver. No, by my soul: I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man,
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue,
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,
Making you ever better than his praise,
By still dispraising praise, valu'd with you;[12]
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital[13] of himself,
And chid his truant[14] youth with such a grace,
As if he master'd there a double spirit,
Of teaching, and of learning, instantly.
There did he pause. But let me tell the world, —
If he outlive the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstru'd in his wantonness.[15]
Hot. Cousin, I think thou art enamoured
On[16] his follies: never did I hear
Of any prince so wild a libertine.[17]
But, be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.
Arm, arm, with speed! — And, fellows, soldiers, friends,
Better consider what you have to do,
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.[18]

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you.
Hot. I cannot read them now. —

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für *supposition* in Qs. und Fol.: der Verdacht wird unser ganzes Leben lang vollgesteckt von Augen sein, wird tausend Augen haben, um uns zu beobachten. 4) Ein Zug von Wildheit, der von seinen Vorfahren herstammt. 5) Percy's angenommener Name Hotspur giebt ihm ein Privilegium zu handeln wie er thut. 6) Die alten Ausgg. schreiben hier, wie an einer andern Stelle, K. Henry VI. First Part (A. 1, Sc. 2), *haire-brained* = wirrköpfig. 7) Westmoreland war als Geisel für eine ungefährdete Rückkehr Worcester's aus dem königlichen Lager bis dahin von Percy zurückgehalten. Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 3 gegen den Schluss: *let there be impawn'd || Some surety for a safe return again.* 8) Der zurückkehrende Westmoreland soll den König zur Schlacht herausfordern. — Capell wollte diese Zeile in Verbindung mit der folgenden dem Percy zuertheilen. 9) Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 3, Anm. 18. 10) Kurze, hastige Athemzüge, wie die Anstrengung des Gefechtes sie mit sich bringt. 11) *to task* = zur Rede stellen, vorfordern. — *tasking* in Q. A.; die folgenden Qs. und die Fol. *talking.* 12) Indem er stets das ebenvorher Euch gezollte Lob, als zu gering, widerrief, gemessen mit Eurem wirklichen Werthe, stellte er Euch dar als dieses Lob übertreffend. — Der Gegensatz von *praise* und *dispraise* kehrt bei Sh. öfter wieder; so in Romeo and Juliet (A. 3, Sc. 5) *Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue || Which she hath prais'd him with above compare.* 13) *ci'al* = Erwähnung, Anführung, von dem Verbum *to cite* = citiren, anführen. — Die Hgg. identificiren es ungenau mit *recital* = Bericht, Erzählung. Der Sinn: Er erwähnte sich selbst mit Schamröthe. 14) Während im Uebrigen Vernon's Bericht von der Rede des Prinzen Heinrich, nach Sh.'scher Licenz, mit den in der vorigen Scene gesprochenen Worten nicht durchweg übereinstimmt, ist doch hier ein Wort daraus beibehalten: *I have a truant been to chivalry.* — Er schalt seine wilde Jugend mit solcher Ueberlegenheit, als ob er, indem er das that, zugleich *(instantly)* Lehrer und Lernender war. — *to master* = zu eigen haben als Herr. 15) *his wantonness* bezieht sich auf die in *hope* steckende Person: ein Mann voll so schöner Hoffnungen, der so missdeutet wurde in seiner jugendlichen Ausgelassenheit. 16) Manche Hgg. setzen, um den Vers zu verbessern, im Widerspruch mit den alten Ausgg. *upon* für *on.* 17) Die früheren Qs. lesen, wie die Cambridge Edd. angeben, *so wild a libertie*, was Grant White beibehält und erklärt: *never did I hear so wild a liberty reported of any prince.* — Plausibler ist Capell's, auch von Staunton adoptirte, Lesart *so wild a libertine.* — Viele Hgg.

O gentlemen! the time of life is short;
To spend that shortness basely, were too long,[19]
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
An if we live, we live to tread on kings;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us.
Now, for our consciences,[20] the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare; the king comes on apace.
Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking.[21] Only this, —
Let each man do his best: and here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now, — *Esperance!*[22] — Percy! — and set on! —
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that music let us all embrace;
For, heaven to earth,[23] some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy.
[The trumpets sound. They embrace, and exeunt.[24]

SCENE III.

Plain near Shrewsbury.

Excursions, and Parties fighting. Alarum to the battle. Then enter Douglas *and* Blunt, *meeting.*

Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battle[1] thus
Thou crossest me? what honour dost thou seek
Upon my head?
Doug. Know then, my name is Douglas;
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
Because some tell me that thou art a king.
Blunt. They tell thee true.
Doug. The lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeness; for, instead of thee, king Harry,
This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.[2]
Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;[3]
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death. *[They fight, and* Blunt *is slain.*

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. O Douglas! hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,[4]
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.[5]
Doug. All 's done, all 's won: here breathless lies the king.
Hot. Where?
Doug. Here.
Hot. This, Douglas? no; I know this face full well:
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt,
Semblably[6] furnish'd like the king himself.
Doug. A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes![7]
A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear:
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?
Hot. The king hath many marching in his coats.[8]
Doug. Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats;
I 'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.
Hot. Up, and away!
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. *[Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot here;[9] here 's no scoring, but upon the pate. — Soft! who art thou? Sir Walter Blunt: — there 's honour for you;[10] here 's no vanity. — I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: God keep lead[11] out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels. — I have led my ragamuffins where they are peppered: there 's not[12] three of my hundred and fifty left alive,

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lesen mit der Fol. *so wild at liberty.* 18) *persuasion* = Ueberredungskunst, Beredsamkeit. 19) *were too long* ist mit dem Folgenden zu verbinden: Das kurze Leben gemein zu verbringen, wäre selbst dann zu lang, wenn das Leben auf dem Stundenzeiger an der Uhr mit abliefe, und also mit der Stunde selbst endete. 20) Die Ellipse ist etwa zu ergänzen: Was unser Gewissen betrifft, so beruhigt es uns, dass die Waffen tadellos sind u. s. w. 21) Ich gebe mich für keinen Redner aus, mache kein Geschäft aus dem Reden. 22) Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 3, Anm. 16. — Das Wort ist als ein französisches viersylbig zu lesen. — *Esperance* und *Percy* ist der Schlachtruf, den Percy seinen Anhängern giebt. 23) Es ist Himmel gegen Erde zu wetten. 24) Qs. und Fol. verschmelzen, ohne eine neue Scene zu bezeichnen, diese Bühnenweisung mit der folgenden, und zwar die Fol. so: *They embrace, the trumpets sound, the King entereth with his power, alarum unto the battle. Then enter Douglas and Sir Walter Blunt.*

1) So vervollständigt Hanmer den Vers. Die alten Ausgg. haben hier *in battle* und erst in Douglas' Antwort *in the battle.* 2) So die früheren Qs.; eine spätere und die Fol. *a prisoner.* 3) So die früheren Qs.; eine spätere setzte *to yield* für *a yielder*, und die Fol. ausserdem *haughty* für *proud.* 4) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 3 die Erzählung von der Schlacht bei Holmedon, in der Percy die Schotten schlug und viele Anführer gefangen nahm. 5) So die früheren Qs.; die späteren haben *over* für *upon*, und die Fol. regulirt dann den Vers: *I never had triumphed o'er a Scot.* — *to triumph* betont Sh. bald auf der ersten, bald auf der zweiten Sylbe. 6) *semblably* = ähnlich. 7) Ein Narr gehe mit Deiner Seele, wohin sie gehen mag; d. h. mag Deine Seele in den Himmel oder in die Hölle kommen, so soll sie überall als die Seele eines Narren erscheinen. — So in dem von Sh. für sein Measure for Measure benutzten Drama Promos and Cassandra: *Go, and a knave with thee.* — *a fool* emendirte Capell das *ah fool* der alten Ausgg. 8) Auf dem Schlachtfelde gehen Viele, um den Feind zu täuschen, in den Röcken des Königs umher. — *to march* = gehen, in militärischem Sinne. — Dyce liest *masking* für *marching.* 9) Wortspiel zwischen *shot* = Schuss, und = Wirthshausrechnung, Zeche. — Ebenso gleich nachher zwischen *scoring* = Einkerben, Anschreiben auf die Rechnungstafel des Wirthshauses, und = Einschneiden, Einhauen in den Schädel. 10) Falstaff denkt an seine früheren Betrachtungen über die Beschaffenheit der Ehre (vgl. A. 5, Sc. 1 gegen das Ende), und findet in Sir Walter Blunt, der sich für seinen König hat todtschlagen lassen, einen Beweis, dass die Ehre eine rechte Eitelkeit ist. — Die Negation vor *vanity* bezeichnet ironisch das Gegentheil. So in Taming of the Shrew (A. 1, Sc. 2) *Here 's no knavery!* = Hier ist eine rechte Schelmerei! 11) d. h. bleierne Kugeln. 12) Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 2, Anm. 17. — Auch hier ändern die meisten Hgg. das *not* der alten

and they are for the town's end, to beg during life.[13] But who comes here?

Enter Prince HENRY.

P. Hen. What! stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword:
Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths[14] are unreveng'd: pr'ythee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. O Hal! I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe awhile. — Turk Gregory[15] never did such deeds in arms, as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

P. Hen. He is,[16] indeed; and living to kill thee. I pr'ythee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou gett'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

P. Hen. Give it me. What, is it in the case?

Fal. Ay, Hal; 't is hot, 't is hot: there 's that will sack[17] a city.

[The PRINCE *draws out a bottle of sack.*

P. Hen. What! is 't a time to jest and dally now?

[Throws it at him, and exit.

Fal. Well, if Percy be alive, I 'll pierce him.[18] If he do come in my way, so: if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado of me.[19] I like not such grinning honour[20] as Sir Walter hath: give me life; which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there 's an end. *[Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Another Part of the Field.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter the KING, *Prince* HENRY, *Prince* JOHN, *and* WESTMORELAND.

K. Hen. I pr'ythee,
Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much. —
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.[1]

P. John. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

P. Hen. I beseech your majesty, make up,[2]
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

K. Hen. I will do so. —
My lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

West. Come, my lord, I 'll lead you to your tent.

P. Hen. Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help:
And heaven forbid, a shallow scratch[3] should drive
The prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

P. John. We breathe[4] too long. — Come, cousin Westmoreland,
Our duty this way lies: for God's sake, come.

[Exeunt Prince JOHN *and* WESTMORELAND.[5]

P. Hen. By God, thou hast deceiv'd me, Lancaster,
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John;
But now, I do respect thee as my soul.[6]

K. Hen. I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point,[7]
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.

P. Hen. O! this boy
Lends mettle to us all. *[Exit.*

Alarums. Enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads.
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them. — What art thou,
That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

K. Hen. The king himself; who, Douglas, grieves at heart,
So many of his shadows thou hast met,
And not the very king. I have two boys
Seek Percy, and thyself, about the field:
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee; and defend thyself.

Doug. I fear thou art another counterfeit,
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king:
But mine I am sure thou art, whoe'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.

[They fight: the KING *being in danger, re-enter Prince* HENRY.

P. Hen. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again! the spirits

Ausgg. in *but* um. 13) Als Invaliden müssen sie vor den Thoren der Stadt betteln, so lange sie leben. 14) *whose deaths* bezieht sich auf *many a nobleman*, als ob dafür *many noblemen* stände. — Die Qs. lesen *yet unreveng'd* und *I pr'ythee*. 15) *Turk* ist hier, wie anderswo bei Sh., = der türkische Sultan, eine Helden- und Wütherichsrolle des altenglischen Dramas; er erhält hier scherzhaft den Eigennamen Gregor, von dem gewaltigen Papste Gregor VII., der in den englischen Volksbegriffen einen ähnlichen Popanz vorstellte, wie der türkische Sultan. 16) scil. *sure*. — Falstaff fasst das Wort = beseitigt, abgemacht, der Prinz aber = unbeschädigt. 17) Wortspiel zwischen *to sack* = plündern, und *sack* = Sekt. — Ein ähnliches Wortspiel ist in K. Henry VI. First Part (A. 3, Sc. 2) *Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city*. — Die beiden folgenden Bühnenweisungen sind in den alten Ausgg. 18) Falstaff spielt mit dem Gleichklange von *Percy* und *pierce*, und ruft diese Worte prahlerisch dem abgehenden Prinzen nach. 19) So möge er mich zerhacken wie eine Carbonade. — So in Coriolanus (A. 4, Sc. 5) *before Corioli he scotched him and notched him like a carbonado*. 20) *grinning honour* = grinsende Ehre, bezieht sich auf die im Tode verzerrten Züge des Sir Walter Blunt. — Ueber *honour* vgl. Anm. 10 dieser Scene.

1) Bezeichnend ist das vertrauliche *thou*, mit welchem der König seinen ältesten Sohn anredet, im Gegensatze zu dem förmlicheren *you*, das er an seinen jüngeren Sohn John von Lancaster richtet. 2) *make up* = eilt hinauf, d. h. in die Schlacht zurück. — *to amaze* = in Verwirrung oder Bestürzung versetzen. 3) Nach der Chronik wurde der Prinz von einem Pfeil im Antlitz verwundet. — *stain'd nobility* = der Adel in seinem Blut, blutbefleckt. Capell vermuthete *slain nobility*. 4) Wir schöpfen zu lange frischen Athem, wir ruhen uns zu lange aus. 5) Die alten Ausgg. notiren den Weggang der Beiden nicht, und die Hgg. hätten vielleicht ihn besser zum Schlusse der folgenden Worte des Prinzen Heinrich gesetzt. 6) Ich betrachte Dich mit denselben Gefühlen, wie mich selbst, wie mein zweites Ich. 7) Holinshed hat an der betreffenden Stelle: *the Earl of Richmond withstood his violence, and kept him at the sword's point without advantage, longer than his companions either*

Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt,[8] are in my arms:
It is the prince of Wales, that threatens thee,
Who never promiseth, but he means to pay. —
[They fight: Douglas *flies.*
Cheerly, my lord: how fares your grace? —
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton; I 'll to Clifton straight.
K. Hen. Stay, and breathe awhile.
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion;[9]
And show'd thou mak'st some tender[10] of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.
P. Hen. O God! they did me too much injury,
That ever said I hearken'd for your death.[11]
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas over you;[12]
Which would have been as speedy in your end,
As all the poisonous potions in the world,
And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son.
K. Hen. Make up to Clifton: I 'll to Sir Nicholas Gawsey. *[Exit.*

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.
P. Hen. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.
Hot. My name is Harry Percy.
P. Hen. Why, then I see
A very valiant rebel of that name.
I am the prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more:
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;
Nor can one England brook a double reign,
Of Harry Percy, and the prince of Wales.
Hot. Nor[13] shall it, Harry, for the hour is come
To end the one of us; and 'would to God,
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!
P. Hen. I 'll make it greater, ere I part from thee;
And all the budding honours on thy crest
I 'll crop, to make a garland for my head.
Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities. *[They fight.*

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Well said,[14] Hal! to it, Hal! — Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Re-enter Douglas; *he fights with* Falstaff, *who falls down as if he were dead, and exit* Douglas. Hotspur *is wounded, and falls.*[15]

Hot. O Harry! thou hast robb'd me of my youth.[16]
I better brook the loss of brittle life,
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh: —
But thought 's the slave of life, and life time 's fool;[17]
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O! I could prophesy,[18]
But that the earthy and cold hand of death[19]
Lies on my tongue. — No,[20] Percy, thou art dust,
And food for — *[Dies.*
P. Hen. For worms, brave Percy. Fare thee well, great heart! —
Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk![21]
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now, two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough: — this earth, that bears thee dead,[22]
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so dear[23] a show of zeal: —
But let my favours[24] hide thy mangled face,
And, even in thy behalf, I 'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!
Thy ignomy[25] sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph! —
[He spieth Falstaff *on the ground.*
What! old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spar'd a better man.

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thought or judged. 8) Die Geister Derer, welche Douglas erschlagen hatte, indem er meinte, es sei der König selbst, dessen Kleid sie nur trugen. — Den letzten Vers der vorigen Rede des Königs liest die Fol.: *I will essay thee; so defend thyself.* 9) Die gute Meinung, die Du eingebüsst hattest: Deinen verlornen guten Leumund. 10) *tender* = Schätzung, Werthhaltung, eigentlich Pflege. 11) *to hearken* = sehnsüchtig nach Etwas horchen, sehnsüchtig auf Etwas warten. 12) *over you* ist mit *insulting* zu verbinden. — *to insult* = triumphiren, bei Sh., ohne den Nebenbegriff des Kränkenden, Beleidigenden. 13) So die Fol.; die Qs. haben *now shall it.* 14) Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 1, Anm. 1. 15) Diese Bühnenweisung, nach welcher also beide Zweikämpfe gleichzeitig auf dem Theater vor sich gehen, ist fast ganz aus den alten Ausgg. entlehnt, nur dass dort der Schluss lautet: *The Prince kille'h Percy.* 16) Percy's Jugendkraft geht auf seinen Sieger, den Prinzen Heinrich, über. 17) Percy tröstet sich wegen seiner Seelenqual mit der Betrachtung, dass der Gedanke vom Leben abhängig ist, also bald mit diesem zugleich ein Ende haben wird, da mit dem Leben selbst die Zeit ihr Spiel treibt, und zuletzt diese, wie sie jenem gleichsam aus Laune ein Ende macht, ihrerseits aufhören muss. — Staunton interpungirt und liest: *But thought 's the slave of life, and life, Time's fool,* || *And Time, that takes survey of all the world,* || *Must have a stop.* 18) So lässt Sh. den sterbenden Gaunt prophetisch reden in K. Richard II. (A. 2, Sc. 1) *Methinks, I am a prophet new-inspir'd,* || *And thus, expiring, do foretell of him.* 19) So die früheren Qs.; die späteren setzen *earth* für *earthy* und die Fol. ausserdem noch *the cold.* 20) So alle Ausgg. — Vielleicht wäre *now* für *no* zu lesen. 21) Das Bild ist von einem schlechten Gewebe entlehnt, das nachher sich zusammenzieht und ungleich wird. 22) So eine spätere Q. vom Jahre 1639; die früheren Qs. und die Fol. haben *the dead.* 23) So Q. A.; die späteren Qs. und die Fol. haben *great a show.* — *dear* = herzlich, innig. 24) *favour* ist, was der Ritter zunächst als Gunstgeschenk seiner Dame, dann überhaupt als Abzeichen oder Schmuck trug. — So mag denn hier, wie Johnson erklärt, der Prinz mit einer Schärpe, die er sich abnimmt, Percy's zerfetztes Angesicht bedecken. 25) *ignomy*, eine auch sonst Sh. und seinen Zeitgenossen geläufige Abkürzung von *ignominy*, ist die Lesart der späteren Qs. und der Fol.; die früheren Qs. haben *ignominy.* — Der Prinz versteht unter *thy ignomy* wohl die Betheiligung Percy's an dem Aufstande gegen den König. — Die folgende Bühnenweisung steht so in den Qs. 26) Ich würde Dich schwer entbehren, wenn ich in ein eitles Treiben, wie ich es früher wohl mitgemacht, sehr verliebt wäre. 27) Das Wortspiel zwischen *dear* und *deer* findet sich häufig bei Sh. und seinen Zeitgenossen; so in K. Henry VI. First

O! I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity.[26]
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
Though many dearer,[27] in this bloody fray. —
Embowell'd[28] will I see thee by and by;
Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie. *[Exit.*

Fal. [Rising.] Embowelled! if thou embowel me to-day, I 'll give you leave to powder me, and eat me too, to-morrow. 'Sblood! 't was time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant[29] Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie;[30] I am no counterfeit: to die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man; but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part[31] of valour is discretion; in the which better part I have saved my life. 'Zounds! I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy,[32] though he be dead. How, if he should counterfeit too, and rise? By my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I 'll make him sure; yea, and I 'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise, as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me: therefore, sirrah, *[stabbing him]* with a new wound in your thigh come you along with me.
[He takes Hotspur *on his back.*

Re-enter Prince Henry *and Prince* John.

P. Hen. Come, brother John; full bravely hast thou flesh'd
Thy maiden sword.
P. John. But, soft! whom have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?
P. Hen. I did; I saw him dead,
Breathless and bleeding on the ground. —
Art thou alive? or is it phantasy
That plays upon our eyesight? I pr'ythee, speak;
We will not trust our eyes without our ears.
Thou art not what thou seem'st.
Fal. No, that 's certain: I am not a double man;[33] but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I Jack.[34] There is Percy: if your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.
P. Hen. Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw thee dead.
Fal. Didst thou? — Lord, Lord, how this world[35] is given to lying! — I grant you I was down, and out of breath, and so was he; but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock.[36] If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valour bear the sin upon their own heads. I 'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, 'zounds! I would make him eat a piece of my sword.
P. John. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.
P. Hen. This is the strangest fellow, brother John. —
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I 'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.
[A retreat is sounded.
The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ours.
Come, brother, let us to the highest of the field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead.
[Exeunt Prince Henry *and Prince* John.

Fal. I 'll follow,[37] as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great,[38] I 'll grow less; for I 'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do. *[Exit, bearing off the body.*

SCENE V.

Another Part of the Field.

The trumpets sound. Enter King Henry, *Prince* Henry, *Prince* John, Westmoreland, *and Others, with* Worcester, *and* Vernon, *prisoners.*

K. Hen. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke. —
Ill-spirited Worcester, did we not send grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?
Misuse the tenour of thy kinsman's trust?
Three knights upon our party slain to-day,
A noble earl, and many a creature else,
Had been alive this hour,
If, like a Christian, thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.
Wor. What I have done, my safety urg'd me to,
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.
K. Hen. Bear Worcester to the death,[1] and Vernon too:
Other offenders we will pause upon.[2] —
[Exeunt Worcester *and* Vernon, *guarded.*
How goes the field?[3]
P. Hen. The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,

Part (A. 4, Sc. 2) *Sell every man his life as dear as mine,* || *And they shall find dear deer of us.* 28) *to embowel* = ausweiden, d. h. die Eingeweide herausnehmen, um das Uebrige desto besser einbalsamiren zu können. — Falstaff versteht diese zweite Beziehung, die in den Worten des Prinzen liegt, nicht, und knüpft daher an das wörtlich gefasste *to embowel* das *to powder* = einpökeln, an. 29) *termagant* = Bramarbas, eigentlich eine vermeintliche saracenische Gottheit, die in den altenglischen Schauspielen die Rolle eines Wütherichs und Ungeheuers spielte, und auf die auch in Hamlet (A. 3, Sc. 2) angespielt wird: *I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant.* — Wortspiel zwischen *Scot* = Schotte, d. h. Douglas, und *scot and lot* = Steuern. 30) Die Fol. lässt *I lie* aus. 31) *better part* = Vorzug, Tugend: der Vorzug der Tapferkeit besteht in der Besonnenheit, Vorsicht. 32) Percy, der so hitzig auflodert, der so gefährlich ist, wie Schiesspulver. 33) Falstaff bezieht sich auf das letzte Wort des Prinzen, also: wenn ich auch, mit Percy beladen, als ein doppelter Mann erscheine, so bin ich doch kein doppelter, sondern nur ein einfacher. 34) Wenn ich nicht Hans Falstaff bin, so will ich Hans heissen — eine komische Betheuerung, die hier zugleich ein Wortspiel zwischen *Jack* = *John*, Falstaff's Vornamen, und *Jack* = Hans, als Ausdruck der Verachtung, enthält. 35) So die früheren Qs., die späteren und die Fol. *the world.* 36) Eine scherzhafte Erinnerung daran, dass die Schlacht in der Nähe von Shrewsbury vor sich ging. 37) *to follow* = hinterdreingehen, und = dienen, in Diensten bei Jemandem sein. In letzterem Sinne fügt Falstaff hinzu: *as they say, for reward,* zugleich mit Anspielung auf die Belohnung, die er für die Erlegung Percy's erwartet. 38) *to grow great* = zu einem hohen Range befördert werden; *to grow less* = an Umfang abnehmen.

The noble Percy slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear,[4] fled with the rest;
And falling from a hill he was so bruis'd,
That the pursuers took him. At my tent
The Douglas is, and I beseech your grace,
I may dispose of him.
K. Hen. With all my heart.
P. Hen. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you
This honourable bounty shall belong.
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free:
His valour, shown upon our crests to-day,
Hath taught[5] us how to cherish such high deeds,
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.
P. John. I thank your grace for this high courtesy,
Which I shall give away immediately.[6]
K. Hen. Then this remains, — that we divide our power. —
You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,
Towards York shall bend you, with your dearest speed.
To meet Northumberland, and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:
Myself, and you, son Harry, will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower and the earl of March.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day:
And since this business so fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won. *[Exeunt.*

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1) *the death* ist der bestimmte Tod durch Hinrichtung. Die Fol. hat *to death.* 2) In Bezug auf andere Uebelthäter wollen wir anstehen, überlegen, was zu beschliessen ist. 3) Wie steht es auf dem Schlachtfelde? 4) d. h. auf flüchtigem Fuss. — Vgl. Einleitung pag. 659. 5) So Qs. und Fol. Malone setzte ohne Autorität *shown.* 6) Prinz John's Antwort fehlt in der Fol. und in der ihr zu Grunde liegenden Q.

KING HENRY IV. — PART II.

Einleitung.

Von King Henry IV. Second Part ist bei Lebzeiten des Dichters nur eine Einzelausgabe in Quarto erschienen, im Jahre 1600, mit folgendem Titel: The Second part of Henrie the fourth, continuing to his death, and coronation of Henrie the fift. With the humours of Sir John Falstaffe, and swaggering Pistoll. As it hath been sundrie times publikely acted by the right honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his servants. Written by William Shakespeare. London, Printed by V. S. for Andrew Wise and William Aspley. — Die Ausgabe war so eilig und nachlässig, wahrscheinlich nach einem Theatermanuscripte, gedruckt, dass eine ganze Scene (A. 3, Sc. 1) anfangs übergangen worden, und erst, nachdem der grösste Theil der Auflage bereits abgedruckt war, in den übrigen Exemplaren durch Umdrucken eines Bogens ergänzt worden ist. Andere Auslassungen von einzelnen Versen und ganzen Stellen, welche der Text der Folioausgabe zuerst darbietet, mögen ihren Grund darin haben, dass sie auch in dem Theatermanuscripte, das der Quartausgabe zum Grunde lag, fehlten, vielleicht weil sie, obwohl vom Dichter geschrieben, bei der Aufführung nicht gesprochen wurden. Indess ist es auch denkbar, dass die Herausgeber der Quartausgabe, welche im August 1600 King Henry IV. Second Part zugleich mit Shakspere's Drama Much Ado about Nothing in die Register der Buchhändler eintragen liessen, auf eigene Hand sich diese Verstümmelungen erlaubten, um mit dem Drucke rascher fertig zu werden. Bei den weit geringfügigern Auslassungen in der Folio von einzelnen Versen und Phrasen, welche uns nur in der Quartausgabe überliefert sind, mag die unter Jacob I. bestehende Theatercensur theilweise mit eingewirkt haben. In jener Gesammtausgabe der Shakspere'schen Dramen steht The Second Part of Henry the Fourth, Containing his Death: and the Coronation of King Henry the Fift als das vierte Stück in der Reihe der Histories und ist daselbst zuerst in Acte und Scenen eingetheilt.

Wann Shakspere den Second Part of King Henry IV. geschrieben und auf die Bühne gebracht hat, hat sich bisher mit keiner bestimmten Jahreszahl feststellen lassen. Wenn die in der Einleitung zum First Part of King Henry IV. angeführte Erwähnung von »Henry the 4.« in Francis Meres' Palladis Tamia (1598) sich nur vermuthungsweise auf beide Theile beziehen lässt, so geht doch eine Anspielung in Ben Jonson's 1599 zuerst aufgeführtem Lustspiel Every Man out of his Humour*) deutlich auf den Second Part of King Henry IV., als auf ein damals bekanntes und populäres Bühnenstück. Dass der Dichter dasselbe in unmittelbarem Anschluss an sein vorhergehendes historisches Drama, mit welchem es ein Ganzes bildet, gedichtet und zur Aufführung gebracht hat, ist bereits in der Einleitung zum First Part gesagt worden. Die ebendaselbst citirte Chronik von Holinshed ist von dem Dichter auch für das vorliegende Drama benutzt worden, wobei es Shakspere's Aufgabe war, den Bericht des Chronisten über die neun letzten Regierungsjahre Heinrich's IV. zusammenzuziehen und mit dem Bericht über den Regierungsantritt Heinrich's V. zu verschmelzen. In welcher Weise er diese Aufgabe löste, mögen einige Auszüge aus Holinshed mit Verweisung auf die betreffenden Acte und Scenen bei Shakspere darthun.

Zu A. 1, Sc. 1 und 3. Shakspere schliesst den Aufstand Northumberland's unmittelbar an die Niederlage Percy's an, während der Chronist zwischen beide Ereignisse eine, wenn auch nur scheinbare, Aussöhnung des Königs und Northumberland's einschiebt, und die neue Empörung des Letztern und seine Verbindung mit den übrigen Verschwörern erst zwei Jahre später setzt. Holinshed fährt, nachdem er von den französischen Händeln erzählt hat, folgendermassen fort: *Whilst such doings were in hand betwixt the English and French, the king was minded to have gone into Wales against the Welsh rebels, that under their chieftain, Owen Glendower, ceased not to do much mischief still against the English subjects. But, at the same time, to his further disquieting, there was a conspiracy put in practice against him at home by the Earl of Northumberland, who had conspired with Richard Scrope Archbishop of York, Thomas Mowbray Earl Marshall, son to Thomas Duke of Norfolk, who for the quarrel betwixt him and King Henry had been banished (as before ye have heard), the Lords Hastings, Fauconbridge, Berdolfe, and divers others. It was appointed that they should meet all together with their whole power, upon Yorkeswold, at a day assigned, and that the Earl of Northumberland should be chieftain, promising to bring with him a great number of Scots. The archbishop, accompanied with the Earl Marshall, devised certain articles of such matters as it was supposed, that not only the commonalty of the realm, but also the nobility, found themselves agrieved with: which*

*) In dem genannten Lustspiel (A. 5, Sc. 1) sagt der modische Hofmann, indem er auf den albernen Fungoso zeigt: *This is a kinsman to Justice Silence.*

articles they shewed first unto such of their adherents as were near about them, and after sent them abroad to their friends further off, assuring them that for redress of such b oppressions they would shed the last drop of blood in their bodies, if need were. The archbishop not meaning to stay after he saw himself accompanied with a great number of men, that came flocking to York to take his part in this quarrel, forthwith discovered his enterprise, causing the articles aforesaid to be set up in the public streets of the city of York, and upon the gates of the monasterics, that each man might understand the cause that moved him to rise in arms against the king, the reforming whereof did not yet appertain unto him. Hereupon knights, esquires, gentlemen, yeomen, and other of the commons, assembled together in great numbers, and the archbishop coming forth amongst them, clad in armour, encouraged, exhorted, and by all means he could, pricked them forth to take the enterprise in hand, and thus not only all the citizens of York, but all other in the countries about, that were able to bear weapon, came to the archbishop, and to the Earl Marshall. Indeed the respect that men had to the archbishop, caused them to like the better of the cause, since the gravity of his age, his integrity of life, and incomparable learning, with the reverend aspect of his amiable personage, moved all men to hav him in no small estimation.

Zu A. 4, Sc. 1 uend 2. Holinshed führt den so eben citirten Bericht alsdann weiter: *The king advertised of these matters, meaning to prevent them, left his journey into Wales, and marched with all speed towards the north parts. Also Raufe Neville, Earl of Westmoreland, that was not far off, together with the Lord John of Lancaster, the king's son, being informed of this rebellious attempt, assembled together such power as they might make, and coming into a plain within the forest of Galtree, caused their standards to be pight down in like sort as the archbishop had pight his, over against them, being far stronger in number of people than the other, for (as some write) there were of the rebels at the least twenty thousand men. When the Earl of Westmoreland perceived the force of adversaries, and that they lay still and attempted not to come forward upon him, he subtilely devised how to quail their purpose, and forthwith despatched messengers unto the archbishop to understand the cause, as it were, of that great assemble, and for what cause, contrary to the king's peace, they came so in armour. The archbishop answered, that he took nothing in hand against the king's peace, but that whatever he did, tended rather to advance the peace and quiet of the commonwealth, than otherwise, and where he and his company were in arms, it was for fear of the king, to whom he could have no free access by reason of such a multitude of flatterers as were about him, and therefore he maintained that his purpose was good and profitable, as well for the king himself, as for the realm, if men were willing to understand a truth: and herewith he showed forth a scroll in which the articles were written, whereof before ye have heard. The messengers returning unto the Earl of Westmoreland showed him what they had heard and brought from the archbishop. When he had read the articles, he showed in word and countenance outwardly that he liked of the archbishop's holy and virtuous intent and purpose, promising that he and his would prosecute the same in assisting the archbishop, who, rejoicing hereat, gave credit to the earl, and persuaded the Earl Marshall against his will as it were to go with him to a place appointed for them to commune together. Here, when they were met with like number on either part, the articles were read over, and without any more ado, the Earl of Westmoreland and those that were with him, agreed to do their best to see that a reformation might be had, according to the same. The Earl of Westmoreland using more policy than the rest: Well (said he) then our travail is come to the wished end: and where our people have been long in armour, let them depart home to their wonted trades and occupations: in the mean time let us drink together, in sign of agreement, that the people on both sides may see it, and know that it is true, that we be light at a point. They had no sooner shaked hands together, but that a knight was sent straightways from the archbishop to bring word to the people that there was a peace concluded, commanding each man to lay aside arms, and to resort home to their houses. The people beholding such tokens of peace, as shaking of hands, and drinking together of the lords in loving manner, they being already wearied with the unaccustomed travail of war, brake up their field and returned homewards: but in the mean time, whilst the people of the archbishop's side withdrew away, the number of the contrary part increased, according to order given by the Earl of Westmoreland, and yet the archbishop perceived not that he was deceived, till the Earl of Westmoreland arrested both him and the Earl Marshall, with divers others. Their troops being pursued, many were taken, many slain, and many spoiled of that they had about them, and so permitted to go their ways.*

Zu A. 4, Sc. 4. Das von Harcourt berichtete Ende Northumberland's erfolgte, Holinshed zufolge, erst drei Jahre nach der Niederlage des Erzbischofs, nämlich im Jahre 1408: *The Earl of Northumberland, and the Lord Bardolf, after they had been in Wales, in France, and Flanders, to purchase aid against King Henry, were returned back into Scotland, and had remained there now for the space of a whole year, and as their evil fortune would, whilst the king held a council of the nobility at London, the said Earl of Northumberland and Lord Bardolf, in a dismal hour, with a great power of Scots, returned into England, recovering divers of the earl's castles, and seigniories, for the people in great numbers resorted unto them. Hereupon encouraged with hope of good success, they enter into Yorkshire, and there began to destroy the country. The king advertised hereof, caused a great army to be assembled, and came forward with the same towards his enemies: but ere the king came to Nottingham, Sir Thomas (or, as other copies have, Raufe) Rokesby, sheriff of Yorkshire, assembled the forces of the country to resist the earl and his power, coming to Grimbaut Brigges beside Knaresborough, there to stop them the passage; but they returning aside, got to Weatherby, and so to Tadcaster, and finally came forward unto Branham Moor, near to Hayselwood, where they chose their ground meet to fight upon. The sheriff was as ready to give battle as the earl to receive it, and so with a standard of Saint George spread, set fiercely upon the earl, who, under a standard of his own arms, encountered his adversaries with great manhood. There was a sore encounter*

and cruel conflict betwixt the parties, but in the end the victory fell to the sheriff. The Earl of Northumberland was slain in the field, and the Lord Bardolf was taken, but sore wounded, so that he shortly after died of the hurts.

Der von Shakspere mit beiden Ereignissen in zeitliche Nähe gerückte Tod des Königs hatte erst im Jahre 1413 Statt. Zu den letzten Verhandlungen zwischen dem König und seinem Sohn fand Shakspere die Grundzüge in Holinshed's Bericht von den Ereignissen, die dem Tode Heinrich's IV. vorangingen: *In this fourteenth and last year of King Henry's reign, a council was holden in the White Friars in London, at the which, among other things, order was taken for ships and galleys to be builded and made ready, and all other things necessary to be provided, for a voyage which he meant to make into the Holy Land, there to recover the city of Jerusalem from the infidels. He held his Christmas this year at Eltham, being sore vexed with sickness, so that it was thought sometime that he had been dead, notwithstanding it pleased God that he somewhat recovered his strength again, and so passed that Christmas with as much joy as he might. The morrow after Candlemas-day, began a Parliament which he had called at London; but he departed this life before the same Parliament was ended: for now that his provisions were ready, and that he was furnished with all things necessary for such a royal journey as he pretended to take into the Holy Land, he was eftsoones taken with a sore sickness, which was not a leprosy stricken by the hand of God, (saith Master Hall,) as foolish friars imagined, but a very apoplexy. During this, his last sickness, he caused his crown (as some write) to be set on a pillow at his bed's-head, and suddenly his pangs so sore troubled him, that he lay as though all his vital spirits had been from him departed. Such as were about him, thinking verily that he had been departed, covered his face with a linen cloth. The prince his son being hereof advertised, entered into the chamber, took away the crown, and departed. The father being suddenly revived out of that trance, quickly perceived the lack of his crown, and having knowledge that the prince his son had taken it away, caused him to come before his presence, requiring of him what he meant so to misuse himself: the prince with a good audacity answered, Sir, to mine, and all men's judgments, you seemed dead in this world; wherefore I, as your next heir apparent, took that as mine own, and not as yours. Well, fair son, said the king (with a great sigh), what right I had to it, God knoweth. Well, quoth the prince, if you die king, I will have the garland, and trust to keep it with the sword against all mine enemies, as you have done. Then, said the king, I commit all to God, and remember you to do well; and with that turned himself in his bed, and shortly after departed to God, in a chamber of the Abbots of Westminster called Jerusalem. We find, that he was taken with his last sickness, while he was making his prayers at Saint Edward's shrine, there as it were to take his leave, and so to proceed forth on his journey: he was so suddenly and grievously taken, that such as were about him feared lest he would have died presently; wherefore, to relieve him, if it were possible, they bare him into a chamber that was next at hand belonging to the Abbot of Westminster, where they laid him on a pallet before the fire, and used all remedies to revive him: at length he recovered his speech and understanding, and perceiving himself in a strange place which he knew not, he willed to know if the chamber had any particular name, whereunto answer was made, that it was called Jerusalem. Then said the king, laudes be given to the Father of Heaven, for now I know that I shall die here in this chamber, according to the prophesy of me declared, that I should depart this life in Jerusalem.*

Zu A. 5, Sc. 2. Von der Sinnesänderung, welche Heinrich V. bei seiner Thronbesteigung beurkundete, sagt Holinshed: *Such great hope and good expectation was had of this man's fortunate success to follow, that within three days after his father's decease, divers noble men and honourable personages did to him homage and sware to him due obedience, which had not been seen done to any of his predecessors kings of this realm, till they had been possessed of the crown. He was crowned the ninth of April, being Passion Sunday. — — But this king even at first appointing with himself to shew that in his person princely honours should change public manners, he determined to put on him the shape of a new man. For whereas aforetime he had made himself a companion unto misruly mates of dissolute order and life, he now banished them all from his presence (but not unrewarded, or else unpreferred), inhibiting them, upon a great pain, not once to approach, lodge or sojourn within ten miles of his court or presence; and in their places he chose men of gravity, wit, and high policy, by whose wise counsel he might at all times rule to his honour and dignity; calling to mind how once to high offence of the king his father, he had with his fist stricken the chief justice for sending one of his minions (upon desert) to prison, when the justice stoutly commanded himself also straight to ward, and he (then prince) obeyed.*

In dem alten Drama The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth, von dem bereits in der Einleitung zum First Part of King Henry IV. die Rede war, sind die letzten Augenblicke des Königs, sein Tod, die Thronbesteigung Heinrich's V. und die Abfertigung seiner bisherigen Gesellen folgendermassen dargestellt:

Enter the King with his Lords.

Henry 4. Come my Lords, I see it boots mee not to take any physike, for all the Physitians in the world cannot cure mee, no not one. But good my Lords, remember my last Will and Testament concerning my sonne, for truely my Lords, I do not thinke but he will prove as valiant and victorious a King, as ever raigned in England.

Both. Let heaven and earth be witnesse betweene us, if wee accomplish not thy will to the uttermoste.

Henry 4. I give you most unfained thankes, good my Lords,
Draw the curtaines and depart my chamber a while,
And cause some musicke to rocke me a sleepe.

[He sleepeth. — Exeunt Lords.

Enter the Prince.

Henry 5. Ah Harry, thrice unhappy, that hath neglect so long from visiting of thy sicke father, I will goe, nay but why doe I not goe to the chamber of my sicke father, to comfort the melancholy soule

of his body, his soule said I, heere is his body, but his soule is, wheras it needs no bodie. Now thrice accursed Harry, that hath offended thy father so much, and could not I crave pardon for all. Oh my dying father curst be the day wherein I was borne, and accursed be the houre wherin I was begotten, but what shall I doe? if weeping teares which come too late, may suffice the negligence neglected to some, I will weepe day and night untill the fountaine be drie with weeping. [Exit.

Enter Lord of *Exeter* and *Oxford.*

Exeter. Come easily my Lord, for waking of the King.
Henry 4. Now my Lords.
Oxford. How doth your Grace feele your selfe?
Henry 4. Somewhat better after my sleepe,
But good my Lord take off my crowne,
Remove my chayre a little backe, and set me right.
Ambo. And please your grace the crown is taken away.
Henry 4. The crowne taken away,
Good my Lord of Oxford, go see who hath done this deed:
No doubt 't is some wilde traytor that hath done it,
To deprive my sonne, they that would doe it now,
Would seeke to scrape and scrawle for it after my death.

Enter Lord of *Oxford* with the Prince.

Oxford. Here and please your Grace,
Is my Lord the yong Prince with the Crowne.
Henry 4. Why how now my sonne,
I had thought the last time I had you in schooling,
I had given you a lesson for all,
And do you now begin againe?
Why tell me my sonne,
Doest thou thinke the time so long,
That thou wouldest have it before the
Breath be out of my mouth.
Henry 5. Most soveraigne Lord, and well-beloved father,
I came into your chamber to comfort the melancholy
Soule of your body, and finding you at that time
Past all recovery, and dead to my thinking,
God is my witnesse, and what should I do,
But with weeping teares lament the death of you my father,
And after that, seeing the crowne I tooke it:
And tell me my father, who might better take it then I,
After your death, but seeing you live,
I most humbly render it into your majesties hands,
And the happiest man alive, that my father live:
And live my Lord and father for ever.
Henry 4. Stand up my sonne,
Thine answere hath sounded well in mine eares,
For I must needs confesse that I was in a very sound sleepe,
And altogether unmindfull of thy comming:
But come neare my sonne,
And let mee put thee in possession whilst I live,
That none deprive thee of it after my death.
Henry 5. Well may I take it at your majesties hands,
But it shal never touch my head, so long as my father lives. [He taketh the crowne.
Henry 4. God giue thee joy my sonne,
God blesse thee, and make thee his servant,
And send thee a prosperous raigne.
For God knowes my sonne, how hardly I came by it,
And how hardly I have maintained it.
Henry 5. Howsoever you came by it, I know not,
And now I have it from you, and from you I wil keepe it:
And he that seekes to take the crown from my head,
Let him looke that his armour be thicker then mine,
Or I will pearce him to the heart,
Were it harder then brasse or bollion.
Henry 4. Nobly spoken, and like a King.
Now trust me my Lords, I feare not but my sonne
Will be as warlike and victorious a Prince,
As ever raigned in England.
L. Ambo. His former life shewes no lesse.
Henry 4. Well my lords I know not whether it be for sleep,
Or drawing neare of drowsie summer of death,
But I am very much given to sleepe,
Therefore good my lords and my sonne,
Draw the curtaines, depart my chamber,
And cause some musicke to rocke me asleepe.
[Exeunt omnes. — The King dyeth.

Enter the Theefe.

Theefe. Ah God, I am now much like to a byrd
Which hath escaped out of the cage,
For so soone as my Lord Chiefe Justice heard
That the old King was dead, he was glad to let me go,
For feare of my Lord the young Prince:
But here comes some of his companions,
I will see and I can get any thing of them,
For olde acquaintance.

Enter Knights raunging.

Tom. Gogs wounds the King is dead.
Jockey. Dead, then gogs blood, wee shall be all kings.
Ned. Gogs wounds, I shall be Lord Chiefe Justice of England.
Tom. Why, how are you broken out of prison?
Ned. Gogs wounds, how the villaine stinkes?
Jockey. Why what will become of thee now?
Fye upon him, how the rascall stinkes.
Theefe. Marry I will goe and serve my maister againe.
Tom. Gogs blood, doest think that he will have any such
Scabd knave as thou art? What man he is a king now.
Ned. Hold thee, heres a couple of Angels for thee,
And get thee gone, for the King will not be long
Before he come this way:
And hereafter I will tell the King of thee.
[Exit Theefe.
Jockey. Oh how it did me good to see the King
When he was crowned.
Me thought his seate was like the figure of heaven,
And his person like unto a God.
Ned. But who would have thought
That the King would have chang'de his countenance so?
Jockey. Did you not see with what grace
He sent his embassage into France, to tell the French king

That Harry of England hath sent for the crowne,
And Harry of England will have it.
Tom. But 'twas but a little to make the people
believe,
That hee was sorrie for his fathers death.
[The trumpets sownds.
Ned. Gogs wounds, the King comes,
Lets all stand aside.

Enter the King with the Archbishop and the Lord of *Oxford.*

Jockey. How doo you my Lord?
Ned. How now Harry?
Tut my Lord, put away these dumpes,
You are a King, and all the Realme is yours:
What man? do you not remember the old sayings,
You know I must be lord Chiefe Justice of England.
Trust mee my Lord, me thinks you are very much
changed:
And 'tis but with a little sorrowing, to make folkes
believe
The death of your father grieves you,
And 'tis nothing so.
Henry 5. I prethee Ned mend thy manners,
And be more modester in thy tearmes,
For my unfeined griefe is not to be ruled by thy
flattering
And dissembling talke, thou sayest I am changed,
So I am indeed, and so must thou be and that
quickly,
Or else I must cause thee to be chaunged.
Jockey. Gogs wounds how like you this?
Sownds, 'tis not so sweet as musicke.
Tom. I trust we have not offended your Grace no
way.
Henry 5. Ah Tom, your former life grieves me,
And makes me to abandon and abolish your com-
pany for ever,
And therefore not upon pain of death to approch my
presence
By ten miles space, then if I heare well of you,
It may bee I will doe somewhat for you,
Otherwise looke for no more favour at my hands,
Then at any other mans: and therefore be gone,
We have other matters to talke on.
[Exeunt Knights.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.[1]

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.
HENRY, Prince of Wales,
THOMAS, Duke of Clarence,
PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER,
PRINCE HUMPHREY OF GLOSTER, } his Sons.
EARL OF WARWICK,
EARL OF WESTMORELAND,
EARL OF SURREY,
GOWER,
HARCOURT, } of the King's party.
Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench.
A Gentleman attending on the Chief Justice.
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND,
SCROOP, Archbishop of York,
LORD MOWBRAY,
LORD HASTINGS,
LORD BARDOLPH,
SIR JOHN COLEVILLE, } Opposites to the King.
TRAVERS and MORTON, Retainers of Northumberland.
FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, and a Page.
POINS and PETO.
SHALLOW and SILENCE, Country Justices.
DAVY, Servant to Shallow.
MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, and BULL-CALF, Recruits.
FANG and SNARE, Sheriff's Officers.
RUMOUR, the Presenter.
A Porter. A Dancer, Speaker of the Epilogue.

LADY NORTHUMBERLAND.
LADY PERCY.
Hostess QUICKLY.
DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

Lords, and Attendants; Officers, Soldiers, Messenger, Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, etc.

SCENE, England.

INDUCTION.[2]

Warkworth. Before NORTHUMBERLAND's Castle.

Enter RUMOUR, *painted full of tongues.*[3]

Rum. Open your ears; for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing, when loud Rumour speaks?
I, from the orient to the drooping west,[4]
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth:
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world:
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters, and prepar'd defence,[5]
Whilst the big year, swoln with some other grief,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures,
And of so easy and so plain a stop,[6]
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,[7]
The still-discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize
Among my household?[8] Why is Rumour here?
I run before king Harry's victory;
Who in a bloody field by Shrewsbury
Hath beaten down young Hotspur, and his troops,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I
To speak so true at first? my office is
To noise abroad, that Harry Monmouth fell

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1) Ein Personenverzeichniss hat schon die Fol., am Schlusse des Stückes, unter dem Titel The Actors' Names, das so ziemlich mit dem gangbaren der Hgg. übereinstimmt. Falstaff und seine Gesellen werden als *Irregular Humorists* und Mouldy, Shadow u. s. w. als *Country Soldiers* bezeichnet. 2) *Induction* ist der technische Bühnenausdruck für die erklärende und orientirende Einleitung zu einem Drama, sei es, dass sie, wie hier, einen Prolog bildete, oder, wie z. B. in Sh.'s Taming of the Shrew, ein vollständiges kleines Schauspiel. — In dem Personenverzeichniss der Fol. steht voran *Rumour the Presenter.* 3) Nur die Q. giebt das Costüm an, in welchem die allegorische Theaterfigur der Fama auftrat: ein Kleid, das ringsum mit Zungen bemalt war. Eine ähnliche Bühnenweisung haben andere Dichter der Zeit, wenn sie dieselbe Person vorführen. 4) Das Epitheton *drooping* bezieht sich auf das Niedergehen der Sonne und das gleichzeitige Schlafengehen der Menschen, als charakteristisch für den Westen, den Abend. 5) Die falschen Kriegsgerüchte, welche die Fama verbreitet, bewirken dann gewaltige Truppenaushebungen und Rüstungen zur Gegenwehr, ohne dass solche erforderlich wären. — Für das *grief* der Q. in der folgenden Zeile hat die Fol. *griefs.* 6) *stop* ist eigentlich die Klappe an der Pfeife, welche beim Blasen bald geöffnet, bald geschlossen wird; daher hier = die Handhabung der Klappe, oder der Pfeife selbst. 7) *uncounted* = unzählbar. Als die fabelhafte vielköpfige Hydra bezeichnet Sh. auch sonst das Volk; so in Coriolanus (A. 3, Sc. 1) *have you thus* || *Given Hydra here to choose an officer,* und (A. 2, Sc. 3) *the many-headed multitude.* 8) Das Publicum im Theater, als Vertreter der oben geschilderten grossen Menge, ist gewisser-

Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword,
And that the king before the Douglas' rage
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns [9]
Between that royal field of Shrewsbury
And this worm-eaten hold [10] of ragged stone,
Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
Lies crafty-sick. [11] The posts come tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learn'd of me: from Rumour's tongues
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true wrongs. *[Exit.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The Same.

Enter Lord BARDOLPH.

L. Bard. Who keeps the gate here? ho!

The Porter opens the gate.

Where is the earl?

Port. What shall I say you are?

L. Bard. Tell thou the earl,
That the lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

Port. His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard:
Please it your honour, knock but at the gate,
And he himself will answer.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

L. Bard. Here comes the earl.

North. What news, Lord Bardolph? every minute now
Should be the father of some stratagem. [1]
The times are wild: contention, [2] like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him.

L. Bard. Noble earl,
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

North. Good, an God will!

L. Bard. As good as heart can wish.
The king is almost wounded to the death,
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,
Prince Harry slain outright; [3] and both the Blunts
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas; young prince John,
And Westmoreland, and Stafford, fled the field;
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk Sir John, [4]
Is prisoner to your son. O! such a day,
So fought, so follow'd, [5] and so fairly won,
Came not till now to dignify the times,
Since Cæsar's fortunes.

North. How is this deriv'd?
Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?

L. Bard. I spake with one, my lord, that came from thence;
A gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely render'd me these news for true.

North. Here comes my servant, Travers, whom I sent
On Tuesday last to listen after news.

L. Bard. My lord, I over-rode him on the way;
And he is furnish'd with no certainties,
More than he haply may retail from me.

Enter TRAVERS.

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings come with you?

Tra. My lord, Sir John Umfrevile turn'd me back
With joyful tidings; and, being better hors'd,
Out-rode me. After him came spurring hard
A gentleman, almost forspent [6] with speed,
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse.
He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him
I did demand, what news from Shrewsbury.
He told me that rebellion had ill luck,
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold. [7]
With that he gave his able horse the head,
And, bending forward, struck his armed heels [8]
Against the panting sides of his poor jade
Up to the rowel-head; and starting so,
He seem'd in running to devour the way, [9]
Staying no longer question.

North. Ha! — Again.
Said he, young Harry Percy's spur was cold?
Of Hotspur, Coldspur? that rebellion
Had met ill luck? [10]

L. Bard. My lord, I 'll tell you what:
If my young lord your son have not the day,
Upon mine honour, for a silken point
I 'll give my barony: [11] never talk of it.

North. Why should that gentleman, that rode by Travers,
Give then such instances of loss? [12]

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massen das Hausgesinde der Fama, das deren Worte getreulich verbreitet. 9) *peasant towns* = Landstädte, Ackerbaustädte. — In der folgenden Zeile hat die Fol. *the royal field.* 10) *hold* = Veste, fester Platz, ist Theobald's Emendation für *hole* in Q. und Fol. 11) *crafty-sick* = krank aus List oder Verstellung, angeblich krank, nicht wirklich. So in Hamlet (A. 3, Sc. 1) *with a crafty madness.* — In der vorhergehenden Zeile hat die Q. *when* für das *where* der Fol.

1) *stratagem* ist bei Sh. jedes Manœuvre im Feldzuge, jeder bedeutende Schlag im Kriege. — Solche Schläge sollte in dieser ereignissreichen Zeit jede Minute bringen: so dicht gedrängt sollten sie auf einander folgen. 2) *contention* = Parteihader, Parteikampf. 3) Es gehörte zu dem guten Glücke Percy's, dass der Prinz Heinrich in dem Zweikampf mit ihm auf der Stelle fiel. 4) *hulk*, eigentlich = ein grosses Lastschiff, bezeichnet dann eine gewaltige Masse überhaupt, hier den Falstaff, der denn auch humoristisch als die zu dem Prinzen gehörigen Fleischtheile *(brawn)* aufgefasst wird. 5) *to follow* ist hier die muthige Verfolgung des Siegs in der Schlacht. 6) *to forspend* verstärkt das einfache *to spend* = ganz und gar erschöpfen. 7) Anspielung auf den jetzt nicht mehr passenden Beinamen *Hotspur.* — In der vorigen Zeile hat die Q. *bad luck.* 8) So die Q., die darunter die mit Sporen versehenen Fersen des Reiters versteht. — Die Fol. hat *able heels* aus dem *able horse* der vorigen Zeile. — Der Reiter in seiner Hast stiess dem Pferde die Sporen bis an das Ende des von verschiedenen Spitzen gebildeten Spornrädchens *(rowel)* in die Seiten. 9) Er legte den Weg so eilig zurück, als ob er ihn verschlänge. — In ähnlichem Sinne sagt der rasch fliegende Ariel in Tempest (A. 5, Sc. 1) *I drink the air before me.* 10) So Q. und Fol. — Vgl. oben Anm. 7. 11) Wenn Percy nicht die Schlacht gewonnen hat, so will ich, bei meiner Ehre, meine Würde und meine Besitzthümer als Lord für eine seidene Nestel, wie sie statt der Knöpfe zur Befestigung der Beinkleider diente, dahingeben. 12) Nachrichten, die zum Beweise dienen, dass die Schlacht verloren ging.

L. Bard. Who, he?
He was some hilding fellow,[13] that had stolen
The horse he rode on, and, upon my life,
Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes more news.

Enter Morton.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume:[14]
So looks the strond, whereon the imperious flood
Hath left a witness'd usurpation.[15]
Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?
Mor. I ran[16] from Shrewsbury, my noble lord,
Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask,
To fright our party.
North. How doth my son, and brother?
Thou tremblest, and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,[17]
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd:
But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's death, ere thou report'st it.
This thou wouldst say, — Your son did thus, and thus;
Your brother, thus; so fought the noble Douglas;
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds:
But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with — brother, son, and all are dead.
Mor. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet;
But for my lord your son, —
North. Why, he is dead. —
See, what a ready tongue suspicion hath![18]
He that but fears the thing he would not know,
Hath, by instinct, knowledge from others' eyes,
That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet speak, Morton:
Tell thou thy earl[19] his divination lies,
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.
Mor. You are too great to be by me gainsaid:
Your spirit is too true,[20] your fears too certain.

North. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy 's dead. —
I see a strange confession in thine eye:
Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it fear,[21] or sin,
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so:[22]
The tongue offends not that reports his death;
And he doth sin that doth belie the dead,[23]
Not he which says the dead is not alive.
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office,[24] and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,[25]
Remember'd knolling a departing friend.
L. Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.
Mor. I am sorry I should force you to believe
That which I would to heaven I had not seen;
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
Rendering faint quittance,[26] wearied and outbreath'd,
To Harry Monmouth; whose swift wrath beat down
The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence with life he never more sprung up.
In few, his death, whose spirit[27] lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the best-temper'd[28] courage in his troops:
For from his metal was his party steel'd;
Which once in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.
And as the thing that 's heavy in itself,
Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed,
So did our men, heavy[29] in Hotspur's loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,
That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim,
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
Fly from the field. Then was that noble Worcester
Too soon ta'en prisoner; and that furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword
Had three times slain the appearance of the king,[30]
'Gan vail his stomach, and did grace the shame
Of those that turn'd their backs;[31] and in his flight,
Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
Is, that the king hath won, and hath sent out
A speedy power, to encounter you, my lord,

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13) *hilding fellow* = ein gemeiner, niederträchtiger Geselle. — Adjectivisch, wie hier, kommt das Wort auch vor in K. Henry V. (A. 4, Sc. 2) *To purge this field of such a hilding foe.* 14) Zu Sh.'s Zeit war das Titelblatt zu einer Trauerode oder ähnlichen Gedichten in den gedruckten Ausgaben schwarz. 15) In einfacher Prosa würde *a witness of its usurpation* stehen, da nach dem Zurücktreten der Fluth der verwüstete Strand nur Spuren der Meeresgewalt, nicht diese selbst aufzuweisen hat. — Für *whereon* hat die Fol. *when*. 16) *to run* ist dem *to come* entgegengesetzt. 17) *woe-begone* = verkommen in Leid, ein bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen häufiges Epitheton. — *to draw the curtain* ist bei Sh. bald = den Vorhang zuziehen, bald, wie hier, = den Vorhang wegziehen. 18) Indem Northumberland die von ihm geargwöhnte Kunde von Percy's Tode dem Morton aus dem Munde nimmt und sie selbst rascher ausspricht, als Morton es vermochte, zeigte er, welche rasch bereite Zunge der Argwohn hat. 19) *thy earl*, wie die Fol. liest, ist Northumberland selbst, in dessen Diensten Morton stand. — Die Q. hat *an earl*. 20) Der Geist, der Euch diese Ahnung eingiebt, ist nur zu wahrhaft. 21) *fear* = etwas Schreckliches, Alles, was Schrecken einflösst. 22) *say so* fehlt in der Q. 23) *to belie* mit dem Accusativ = falsch von Jemandem reden, also hier = von den Todten sagen, dass sie leben; und dann = die Todten verläumden. 24) Ein Amt, das ihm keinen Lohn, sondern nur Verlust einbringt. 25) Eine Trauerglocke, bei deren Klange man sich erinnert, dass sie einem hinscheidenden Freunde als Sterbeglocke läutete. — Für *knolling* der Fol. hat die Q. das synonyme *tolling*. — So in Sh.'s Sonnets (71) *you shall hear the surly sullen bell || Give warning to the world that I am fled etc.* 26) *faint quittance* = schwache Vergeltung, ist die schwache Gegenwehr, welche der erschöpfte Percy dem Prinzen Heinrich im Zweikampfe entgegensetzte. 27) Der Tod Desjenigen, der bei Lebzeiten mit seinem Muth und Geist u. s. w. 28) Das von der Stählung einer Waffe entlehnte Bild wird in der folgenden Zeile fortgesetzt und weiter ausgeführt. — Auch *abated* erklärt Johnson richtig mit *reduced to a lower temper*. 29) *heavy* in dem bekannten Sh.'schen Doppelsinn = schwer, und = schwermüthig, niedergeschlagen. 30) Die verschiedenen Ritter, die, um den Feind zu täuschen, in der Schlacht bei Shrewsbury die Rüstung des Königs angelegt hatten. 31) Selbst der tapfere Douglas liess seine Kampflust sinken, und, indem er floh, verschaffte er der schimpflichen Flucht der Uebrigen eine Beschönigung. — Das hier Erzählte wird ausführlicher am Schluss von K. Henry IV.

Under the conduct of young Lancaster,
And Westmoreland. This is the news at full.
North. For this I shall have time enough to mourn.
In poison there is physic; and these news,
Having been well,[32] that would have made me sick,
Being sick, have in some measure made me well:
And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,
Like strengthless hinges, buckle[33] under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's[34] arms, even so my limbs,
Weaken'd with grief,[35] being now enrag'd with grief,
Are thrice themselves. Hence, therefore, thou nice crutch![36]
A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,
Must glove this hand: and hence, thou sickly quoif![37]
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron; and approach
The ragged'st[38] hour that time and spite dare bring,
To frown upon the enrag'd Northumberland!
Let heaven kiss earth! now, let not Nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confin'd! let order die!
And let this world no longer be a stage,
To feed contention in a lingering act;[39]
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead!
Tra. This strained passion doth you wrong, my lord.[40]
L. Bard. Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour.[41]
Mor. The lives of all your loving complices[42]
Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er
To stormy passion, must perforce decay.[43]
You cast the event of war, my noble lord,
And summ'd the account of chance, before you said, —
Let us make head. It was your presurmise,
That in the dole of blows[44] your son might drop:
You knew, he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,[45]
More likely to fall in than to get o'er:
You were advis'd,[46] his flesh was capable
Of wounds and scars, and that his forward spirit
Would lift him where most trade of danger rang'd;[47]
Yet did you say, — Go forth; and none of this,
Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
The stiff-borne action:[48] what hath then befallen,
Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth,
More than that being which was like to be?
L. Bard. We all, that are engaged to this loss,
Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous seas,
That, if we wrought out life, 't was ten to one;
And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd
Chok'd the respect of likely peril fear'd,
And, since we are o'erset, venture again.
Come, we will all put forth, body, and goods.
Mor. 'T is more than time: and, my most noble lord,
I hear for certain, and do speak[49] the truth,
The gentle archbishop of York is up,
With well-appointed powers: he is a man,
Who with a double surety[50] binds his followers.
My lord your son had only but the corse,
But shadows, and the shows of men, to fight;
For that same word, rebellion, did divide
The action of their bodies from their souls,
And they did fight with queasiness,[51] constrain'd,
As men drink potions, that their weapons only
Seem'd on our side: but, for their spirits and souls,
This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fish are in a pond. But now the bishop
Turns insurrection to religion:
Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,
He 's follow'd both with body and with mind,
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
Of fair king Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret stones;[52]
Derives from heaven his quarrel, and his cause;
Tells them, he doth bestride a bleeding land,[53]

First Part berichtet. 32) *having been well* gehört zu dem folgenden *me* = die mich krank gemacht hätten, wenn ich gesund gewesen wäre. 33) *to buckle* = sich biegen, zusammenklappen, hier unter dem Drucke, den das Leben auf die vom Fieber geschwächten Gelenke ausübt. 34) Das *keepers* der Q. und Fol. ist vielleicht *keepers'* zu lesen. 35) *grief* ist zuerst = körperliche Beschwerde, dann in der Wiederholung = Kummer, Schmerz. 36) *nice* erklärt Steevens hier mit *trifling;* es ist wohl eher = übertrieben ängstlich, verwöhnt. Die Krücke ist ein Zeichen der verzärtelten Art des Kranken und soll deshalb fort. 37) Northumberland erschien als Kranker mit ängstlich verhülltem Kopfe. So in Julius Cæsar (A. 2, Sc. 1) *O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,* || *To wear a kerchief!* 38) *ragged* = zerrissen, uneben, rauh, als das Gegentheil von glatt, geschmeidig, kommt bei Sh. und seinen Zeitgenossen oft vor. 39) Eine Bühne, die den Bürgerkrieg in einer langwierigen, schleppenden Darstellung vor sich gehen lässt, wie ein blosses Schauspiel, an dem sich nicht Jeder betheiligt. 40) Diese Zeile fehlt in der Fol. und wird in der Q. dem abwesenden Umfrevile zuertheilt. Capell legte sie zuerst dem Travers bei. 41) *honour* ist hier = Ehrgefühl, das bei Northumberland jetzt so äusserst aufgeregt ist. 42) *complice* = Verbündeter, nicht gerade = Mitschuldiger. 43) Die folgenden vierzehn Zeilen fehlen in der Q. 44) In der Austheilung von Schlägen, auf welche Ihr bei dem Beginne des Bürgerkrieges rechnen musstet. 45) *edge* ist der scharf abgeschnittene Rand eines Abgrunds oder Flussufers. 46) *you were advis'd* ist mehr als das blosse *you knew*, mit welchem Malone es erklärt; es ist = Ihr hattet es Euch vorgestellt, Euch gesagt, dass sein Fleisch für Wunden und Narben empfänglich, verletzlich sei. 47) Wo der lebhafteste Austausch der Gefahr vor sich ging. 48) Nichts von dem eben Gesagten, so deutlich Ihr es auch Euch vorstelltet, konnte die beharrlich durchgeführte Unternehmung hemmen. 49) So die Fol. mit dem affirmativen nachdrücklichen *do.* — Die Q. hat *dare speak* und lässt die folgenden ein und zwanzig Zeilen aus, so unentbehrlich sie auch in dem Zusammenhange erscheinen. 50) Die doppelte Sicherheit, die der Erzbischof vor Percy voraus hat, besteht in seiner geistlichen Würde und in seinem persönlichen Ansehen. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 708. — In der folgenden Zeile schreibt Dyce *corpse'*, um das Wort als pluralisch für *corpses* zu bezeichnen. — Die Fol., in der allein diese Stelle sich findet, hat *corpes*. 51) Mit innerlichem Widerstreben, wie man Arzneitränke zu sich nimmt. 52) Die Blutspuren von der Ermordung Richard's II. wurden abgekratzt von dem steinernen Fussboden in dem Gefängniss zu Pomfret. 53) Er tritt, wie in der Schlacht über einen am Boden liegenden verwundeten Freund, schirmend über sein blutendes Vaterland dahin. So in Macbeth (A. 4, Sc. 3) *Let us rather* || *Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men* || *Bestride our*

Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke;
And more, and less,[54] do flock to follow him.
North. I knew of this before; but, to speak truth,
This present grief had wip'd it from my mind.
Go in with me; and counsel every man
The aptest way for safety, and revenge:
Get posts and letters, and make friends with speed:
Never so few, nor never yet more need.[55] *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

London. A Street.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, *with his Page bearing his sword and buckler.*

Fal. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water?[1]

Page. He said, Sir, the water itself was a good healthy water; but for the party that owed it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird[2] at me: the brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent anything that tends[3] to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a sow that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then, I have no judgment.[4] Thou whoreson mandrake,[5] thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. I was never manned[6] with an agate till now: but I will set[7] you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel; the juvenal,[8] the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledged. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand, than he shall get one on his cheek;[9] and yet he will not stick to say, his face is a face-royal.[10] God may finish it when he will, it is not a hair amiss yet:[11] he may keep it still as a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man[12] ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace,[13] but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him. — What said Master Dombledon[14] about the satin for my short cloak, and my slops?

Page. He said, Sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph; he would not take his bond and yours: he liked not the security.

Fal. Let him be damned like the glutton! pray God his tongue be hotter![15] — A whoreson Achitophel! a rascally yea-forsooth knave,[16] to bear a gentleman in hand,[17] and then stand upon security! — The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is thorough with them in honest taking up,[18] then must they stand upon security. I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth, as offer to stop it with security. I looked he should have sent me two-and-twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security; for he hath the horn of abundance,[19] and the lightness of his wife shines through it: and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lantern to light him. — Where 's Bardolph?

Page. He 's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paul's,[20] and he 'll buy me a horse in Smithfield: an I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived.

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down-fall'n birthdom. 54) *more and less* = Vornehm und Gering. 55) Nie gab es so wenige Freunde, und auch niemals war ein grösseres Bedürfniss vorhanden. — Das *nor* der Fol. verknüpft die beiden Sätze enger, als das *and* der Q. — Die doppelte Negation *nor never* ist Sh.'sch.

1) Der Arzt sollte aus dem ihm zugeschickten Urin Falstaff's die Natur seiner Krankheit ergründen — eine damals sehr gewöhnliche Praxis. So in Macbeth (A. 5, Sc. 3) *if thou couldst, doctor, cast || The water of my land, find her disease.* 2) *to gird at* = spotten über Einen, eigentlich = Jemanden zwicken. 3) So die Fol.; die Q. hat *intends.* — Für das vorhergehende *invent*, das in Q. und Fol. steht, setzte Reed willkürlich *vent.* 4) Der Prinz hat den Pagen in Falstaff's Dienst gegeben, damit dessen kleine Gestalt dem Umfange Falstaff's zur Folie diene. 5) *mandrake*, eigentlich eine Alraunwurzel, dann die durch Zauber daraus gebildete Menschengestalt, die wegen ihrer Kleinheit hier ebenso mit dem Pagen verglichen wird, wie gleich nachher die aus einem Agatstein geschnitzte Figur. — *mandrake* und *agate* werden bei Sh. auch sonst zur Bezeichnung kleiner Leute gebraucht. 6) *to be manned* = mit einem Diener *(man)* versehen sein. 7) So die Fol.; die Q. hat *in-set.* — Falstaff denkt noch an das Agatfigürchen, das, als Siegel gebraucht, in Gold oder Silber gefasst wurde. 8) Wortspiel zwischen *jewel* und dem ähnlich klingenden *juvenal* = junger Mensch, mit einem halb verächtlichen oder komischen Nebensinne. 9) So die Fol.; die Q. hat *off his cheek.* 10) Anspielung auf die Königsgesichter, welche auf der *royal* genannten Goldmünze geprägt waren. 11) Das Bild ist noch um kein Haar verfehlt, weil eben kein Haar auf der Wange ist. — Für *as a face-royal* haben Q. und Fol. *at etc.*, was die Folioausg. von 1632 emendirt. 12) *to crow* = triumphirend krähen, wie ein Hahn. — *to write man* = sich als Mann unterzeichnen, sich für einen Mann ausgeben. 13) *grace* = der dem Prinzen zukommende Titel, und = Huld, Wohlgefallen. 14) So in der Fol.; die Q. *Dommelton.* Manche Hgg. lesen *Dumbleton*, weil eine Stadt in Glostershire so heisst. 15) Anspielung auf den reichen Mann in der evangelischen Parabel, der nach einem schwelgerischen Erdenleben in der Hölle nach einem Schluck Wasser lechzte. — Für *pray God* der Q. hat die Fol. in Folge der Theatercensur *may.* 16) Ein Spitzbube, der immerfort *yea, forsooth* statt einer einfachen Bejahung sagt. So wird in K. Henry IV. First Part (A. 3, Sc. 1) *in good sooth* als eine affectirte Betheurung der Londoner Bürgerfrauen charakterisirt. 17) *to bear in hand* = Jemanden hinhalten mit Hoffnungen oder Versprechungen. 18) Wenn ein Mann bei ihnen festsitzt, indem er redlich auf Borg ihre Waaren genommen hat. — *to take up* ist der technische Ausdruck für ein Aufnehmen von Waaren auf Credit. 19) Bei dem Horn des Ueberflusses ist zugleich das Horn des Hahnrei verstanden, das die leichtfertige Frau dem reichen Krämer aufsetzte. 20) Die Seitengänge der Paulskirche in London waren das Stelldichein vornehmer und geringer Tagediebe, und auf dem Markte in Smithfield wurde man im Pferdehandel betrogen. — Reed führt aus einem 1598 erschienenen Buche The Choice of Change den Satz an, den Falstaff hier im Sinne hat: *A man must not make choice of three things in three places: of a wife in Westminster; of a servant in Paul's;*

Enter the Lord Chief Justice and an Attendant.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.[21]

Fal. Wait close; I will not see him.

Ch. Just. What 's he that goes there?

Atten. Falstaff, an 't please your lordship.

Ch. Just. He that was in question for the robbery?

Atten. He, my lord; but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury, and, as I hear, is now going with some charge[22] to the lord John of Lancaster.

Ch. Just. What, to York? Call him back again.

Atten. Sir John Falstaff!

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder, my master is deaf.

Ch. Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of anything good. — Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

Atten. Sir John, —

Fal. What! a young knave, and beg?[23] Is there not wars? is there not employment? doth not the king lack subjects? do not the rebels want soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Atten. You mistake me, Sir.

Fal. Why, Sir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat if I had said so.

Atten. I pray you, Sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside, and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so? I lay aside that which grows to me?[24] If thou gett'st any leave of me, hang me: if thou takest leave, thou wert better be hanged. You hunt-counter,[25] hence! avaunt!

Atten. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Ch. Just. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord! — God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad; I heard say, your lordship was sick: I hope, your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltness of time, and I most humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverent care of your health.

Ch. Just. Sir John, I sent for[26] you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

Fal. An 't please your lordship, I hear his majesty is returned with some discomfort[27] from Wales.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his majesty. — You would not come when I sent for you.

Fal. And I hear, moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, God mend him! — I pray you, let me speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an 't please your lordship;[28] a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief; from study, and perturbation of the brain. I have read the cause of his effects in Galen: it is a kind of deafness.

Ch. Just. I think you are fallen into the disease, for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal.[29] Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an 't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Just. To punish you by the heels would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not, if I do become your physician.[30]

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient:[31] your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or, indeed, a scruple itself.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service,[32] I did not come.

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.[33]

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less.

Ch. Just. Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise: I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.[34]

Ch. Just. You have misled the youthful prince.

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of a horse in Smithfield; lest he choose a quean, a knave, or a jade. 21) Der Oberrichter Sir William Gascoigne schickte den Prinzen Heinrich in's Gefängniss, als dieser sich vor Gericht an ihm vergriffen hatte. — Auf diese Anekdote, die in K. Henry IV. First Part nur angedeutet wird (A. 3, Sc. 2), ist in den Famous Victories eine ganze Scene gegründet. 22) *charge* ist hier eine militärische Charge. 23) *beg* in der Fol., *begging* in der Q. — Weiterhin hat die Q. *need* für das *want* der Fol. 24) Die Ritterwürde und die Soldatenehre sind gleichsam an Falstaff festgewachsen; deshalb kann er sie nicht wegthun. 25) *hunt-counter*, doppelsinnig = ein Jagdhund auf falscher Fährte, und = ein Gerichtsdiener, der für das *Counter* genannte Londoner Schuldgefängniss Jagd macht. 26) *for* fehlt in der Fol. 27) *discomfort* = geistige Verstimmung, Niedergeschlagenheit. — Der König war nach Wales gegangen, um Glendower und den Grafen von March zu bekämpfen. Vgl. K. Henry IV. First Part A. 5, Sc. 5. 28) *an 't please your lordship* fehlt in der Fol.; ebenso *kind of* vor *sleeping*. 29) Die Q. bezeichnet diese Rede statt mit *Fal.*, wie die Fol. thut, mit *Old.*, nach Theobald's Vermuthung abgekürzt aus *Oldcastle*, wie Sh. zuerst überall seinen Falstaff genannt haben soll, und wie ausnahmsweise die Bezeichnung einmal hier im Theatermanuscript stehen geblieben wäre, nachdem sie überall sonst in *Fal.* umgewandelt worden wäre. — Wenn *Old.* hier wirklich für *Oldcastle* steht, so mag das Versehen von dem Abschreiber herrühren, der, wie das ganze Publicum, den Oldcastle der Famous Victories mit dem Falstaff Sh.'s identificirte oder verwechselte. Schon Malone bemerkt zu dieser Stelle: *The letters prefixed to this speech crept into the first quarto copy, I have no doubt, merely from Oldcastle being behind the scenes, the familiar theatrical appellation of Falstaff, who was his stage-successor.* 30) *if I be your physician* in der Fol. 31) Wortspiel zwischen *patient* = geduldig, und = Patient eines Arztes. — Ebenso gleich darauf zwischen *scruple* = Bedenken, und = Scrupel, ein Gewichtsmass. 32) *learned* ist mit *in the laws etc.* zu verbinden. 33) Falstaff missversteht

Fal. The young prince hath misled me: I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.[35]

Ch. Just. Well, I am loath to gall a new-healed wound. Your day's service at Shrewsbury[36] hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gadshill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-posting that action.

Fal. My lord, —

Ch. Just. But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf, is as bad as to smell a fox.[37]

Ch. Just. What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A wassail candle, my lord; all tallow:[38] if I did say of wax,[39] my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair on your face, but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.[40]

Ch. Just. You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.[41]

Fal. Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light, but, I hope, he that looks upon me will take me without weighing: and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go, I cannot tell.[42] Virtue is of so little regard in these coster-monger times, that true valour is turned bear-herd.[43] Pregnancy is made a tapster,[44] and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings:[45] all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them,[46] are not worth a gooseberry. You, that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young: you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls; and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye, a dry hand, a yellow cheek, a white beard, a decreasing leg, an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken, your wind short, your chin double, your wit single,[47] and every part about you blasted with antiquity,[48] and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John!

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon,[49] with a white head, and something a round belly. For my voice, I have lost it with hollaing, and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not:[50] the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him.[51] For the box o' the ear that the prince gave you, he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it, and the young lion repents; marry, not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silk and old sack.[52]

Ch. Just. Well, God send the prince a better companion!

Fal. God send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the king hath severed you and prince Harry.[53] I hear, you are going with Lord John of Lancaster against the archbishop, and the earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yea; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it.[54] But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady Peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for, by the Lord,[55] I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, and I brandish anything but my bottle, I would I might never spit

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geflissentlich den Sinn von *infamy*, als ob damit ein Stoff gemeint sei, in dén er sich kleide. 34) Dasselbe Wortspiel hat der Falstaff der Merry Wives of Windsor (A. 1, Sc. 3) *I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste.* 35) Wahrscheinlich geht dies, wie die Hgg. vermuthen, auf irgend einen wohlbekannten, wohlbeleibten Blinden jener Zeit, den ein Hund führte. — Vielleicht ist aber der Sinn einfach der: Ich kann mit meinem dicken Bauche meinen Weg nicht allein finden, und brauche deshalb einen Hund, der mich führt; und dieser mein Hund ist der Prinz. 36) scil. *your service on the day at Shrewsbury* = den tapfern Dienst, den Ihr am Tage, in der Schlacht, von Shrewsbury leistetet. — Zugleich steht *your day's service* im Gegensatz zu *your night's exploit* = die Räuberei, an der Falstaff auf Gadshill Theil nahm. 37) Auf den übeln Geruch des Fuchses spielt Sh. auch sonst an; so in Twelfth-Night (A. 2, Sc. 5) *though it be as rank as a fox.* 38) Der aus Talg zusammengesetzte Falstaff gleicht einem grossen Talglicht, wie es bei nächtlichen Gelagen angezündet wurde, um lange zu brennen. 39) Das Wortspiel von *wax* = Wachs, und = Wachsthum, hat Sh. auch in Love's Labour's Lost (A. 5, Sc. 2) *That was the way to make his godhead wax.* 40) *gravy* = Saft des Fleisches, berichtigt Falstaff das *gravity* = Ehrbarkeit, des Oberrichters. 41) *evil angel* in der Fol., die aber in Falstaff's Antwort auch *ill angel* hat, wie die Q. an beiden Stellen. — *angel* ist doppelsinnig = Engel, und = die bei Sh. häufig erwähnte Münze mit dem Gepräge des Engels darauf, zehn Schillinge an Werth. — Dasselbe Wortspiel steckt in der sprichwörtlichen Redensart *as light as a clipt angel*, die in den alten Schauspielen vorkommt. 42) *to go* und *to tell* beziehen sich auf den Cours der Münze, von der eben die Rede war: ich kann nicht für voll gelten, ich kann nicht mitzählen. 43) Die Tüchtigkeit wird so wenig beachtet in diesen Zeiten, die so kleinlich und krämerisch auf Profit sehen, wie ein Apfelhöker thut, dass die ächte Tapferkeit sich nicht anders bethätigen kann, als indem sie Bären für die Bärenhetze, ein gewöhnliches Volksschauspiel der Zeit, dressirt. — Die Fol. hat *in these coster-mongers.* 44) *pregnancy* = geniale Auffassung, Gewandtheit im Wahrnehmen und Denken. 45) So in Troilus and Cressida (A. 3, Sc. 3) *like an hostess that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning.* 46) So die Fol.; die Q. *shapes the one.* 47) *single* = schwach, unscheinbar, steht als Gegensatz zu dem *double chin*, nicht in Bezug auf Falstaff's Witz, sondern auf seinen Verstand, der, nach Ansicht des Oberrichters, durch das Alter gelitten hat. 48) *antiquity* ist vielleicht nicht ganz = *old age*, obwohl Steevens so erklärt, sondern bezeichnet die Symptome des Alters in der äusseren Erscheinung, das ältliche Aussehen und Gebahren. 49) Die Fol. lässt diese Zeitbestimmung, die in der That nicht zur Sache gehört, aus. 50) Meine Jugend weiter zu beweisen, habe ich keine Absicht, da es überflüssig erscheint. 51) Und dann mag er zusehen; so gewiss werde ich die tausend Mark ihm im Luftsprüngemachen abgewinnen. 52) Wortspiel zwischen *sackcloth* und *sack*, wie zwischen *cloth* und *silk*. 53) In der Q. fehlen die Worte *and prince Harry.* 54) Falstaff schreibt diese ihm unwillkommene Verwendung im Kriegsdienst dem Einfluss des Oberrichters zu. 55) Die Fol. lässt *by the Lord* aus, das die Theatercensur gestrichen hatte, und fügt ein *if* an verkehrter Stelle vor *I take* ein. 56) *to spit white*

white[56] again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it.[57] Well, I cannot last ever.[58] But it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If you will needs say I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God, my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is: I were better to be eaten to death with rust, than to be scoured[59] to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest; and God bless your expedition.

Fal. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth?

Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny: you are too impatient to bear crosses.[60] Fare you well: commend me to my cousin Westmoreland.

[Exeunt Chief Justice and Attendant.

Fal. If I do,[61] fillip me with a three-man beetle. A man can no more separate age and covetousness, than he can part young limbs and lechery; but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other, and so both the degrees prevent my curses.[62] — Boy!

Page. Sir?

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats and twopence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. — Go bear this letter to my lord of Lancaster; this to the prince; this to the earl of Westmoreland; and this to old Mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin.[63] About it: you know where to find me. *[Exit Page.]* A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one, or the other, plays the rogue with my great toe.[64] 'T is no matter, if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable. A good wit will make use of anything; I will turn diseases to commodity.[65] *[Exit.*

SCENE III.

York. A Room in the Archbishop's Palace.

Enter the Archbishop of York, *the Lords* Hastings, Mowbray, *and* Bardolph.

Arch. Thus have you heard our cause, and known[1] our means;
And, my most noble friends, I pray you all,
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes: —
And first, lord marshal, what say you to it?

Mowb. I well allow the occasion of our arms;
But gladly would be better satisfied,
How, in our means, we should advance ourselves
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the power and puissance of the king.

Hast. Our present musters grow upon the file[2]
To five-and-twenty thousand men of choice;
And our supplies live largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns
With an incensed fire of injuries.[3]

L. Bard. The question then, Lord Hastings, standeth thus: —
Whether our present five-and-twenty thousand
May hold up head without Northumberland.

Hast. With him, we may.

L. Bard. Ay, marry, there 's the point:
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgment is, we should not step too far,[4]
Till we had his assistance by the hand;
For in a theme so bloody-fac'd as this,
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise
Of aids incertain, should not be admitted.

Arch. 'T is very true, Lord Bardolph; for, indeed,
It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

L. Bard. It was, my lord; who lin'd himself[5] with hope,
Eating the air on promise of supply,
Flattering himself with project of a power

= weissen Speichel haben, in Folge übermässigen Trinkens. So in Lyly's Mother Bombie: *They have sod their livers in sack these fourty years; that makes them spit white broth as they do.* — Nach Staunton's Erklärung will Falstaff nur sagen *may I never be thirsty again.* Er citirt dazu aus Massinger's Virgin-Martyr: *Had I been a pagan still, I should not have spit white for want of drink.* 57) Wo irgend im Kriege ein gefälurliches Manœuvre sich blicken lässt, da werde ich darauf hingestossen. 58) Hiermit schliesst Falstaff's Rede in der Fol. — Das Folgende bis zu *perpetual motion* ist aus der Q. 59) Das Bild ist von einer Waffe entlehnt, die entweder ganz verrostet, oder die so beständig gescheuert und geputzt wird, dass am Ende nichts von ihr übrig bleibt. 60) Das Wortspiel zwischen *cross* = Ungemach, und = eine Münze mit dem Gepräge eines Kreuzes, hat Sh. öfter; so in As you like it (A. 2, Sc. 4) *yet I should bear no cross, if I did bear you.* 61) Der Oberrichter fasst *to commend* = empfehlen, als blosse Höflichkeitsphrase; Falstaff aber = loben, rühmen. Ehe er den Oberrichter rühmte, will er lieber einen Nasenstüber erhalten mit einer Ramme, die drei Leute heben müssen, weil sie so schwer ist *(three-man beetle).* 62) Beide Stufen des Menschenlebens, das Alter wie die Jugend, kommen der Verwünschung Falstaff's zuvor, indem die Uebel, die er ihnen anwünschen könnte, sich von selbst schon einstellen. — *to prevent* im Sinne von *to anticipate* ist die gewöhnliche ältere Bedeutung des Wortes. 63) So die Fol.; die Q. *of my chin. on* und *of* sind bei Sh. synonym. 64) Falstaff spürt in seiner grossen Zehe entweder das Podagra oder die Lustseuche. 65) *commodity* = Handelsartikel, Waare, mit der man Geschäfte macht.

1) Die Fol. hat *causes* und *know.* — *our cause* ist dasselbe, was Mowbray gleich nachher *the occasion of our arms* nennt. 2) Die Macht, die wir gegenwärtig als vorhanden in's Feld stellen können, beläuft sich nach der Musterrolle *(file)* auf 25,000 auserlesene Leute. Zu dieser Anzahl kommen noch die reichlich gehofften Hülfstruppen des Earl von Northumberland. 3) *incensed of injuries* gehört zusammen: eine Gluth, die durch erlittene Kränkungen entzündet ist. 4) Die folgenden vier Zeilen fehlen in der Q. 5) *to line* = verstärken, eigentlich = wattiren, füttern. So in K. Henry IV. First Part (A. 2, Sc. 3) *and hath sent for you, to line his enterprise.* — Percy's Verstärkung bestand eben nur in der Hoffnung auf Succurs von Northumberland und Glendower, und, indem er solchen luftigen Versprechungen traute, nährte er sich gleichsam von der Luft. So in Hamlet (A. 3, Sc. 2) *I eat the air, promise-crammed.* 6) Er schmeichelte sich mit der Vorstellung von einem Kriegsheer, das in der Wirklichkeit viel kleiner war, als er sich in seinen bescheidensten Gedanken es vorgestellt hatte. — Die Q. hat *in*

Much smaller[6] than the smallest of his thoughts;
And so, with great imagination,
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,
And winking leap'd into destruction.
Hast. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt,
To lay down likelihoods, and forms of hope.[7]
L. Bard. Yes,[8] if this present quality of war,
Indeed the instant action, a cause on foot,
Lives so in hope, as in an early spring
We see the appearing buds; which, to prove fruit,
Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model,
And, when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection;
Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then, but draw anew the model
In fewer offices,[9] or, at least,[10] desist
To build at all? Much more, in this great work
(Which is, almost, to pluck a kingdom down,
And set another up) should we survey
The plot of situation, and the model;
Consent upon a sure foundation;[11]
Question surveyors, know our own estate,
How able[12] such a work to undergo,
To weigh against his opposite; or else,
We fortify in paper, and in figures,
Using the names of men, instead of men:
Like one that draws the model of a house,
Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,
Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost[13]
A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.
Hast. Grant, that our hopes, yet likely of fair birth,
Should be still-born, and that we now possess'd
The utmost man of expectation,[14]
I think we are a body strong enough,
Even as we are, to equal with the king.
L. Bard. What! is the king but five-and-twenty thousand?
Hast. To us no more; nay, not so much, Lord Bardolph.
For his divisions, as the times do brawl,
Are in three heads: one power against the French,[15]
And one against Glendower; perforce, a third
Must take up us. So is the unfirm king[16]
In three divided, and his coffers sound
With hollow poverty and emptiness.
Arch. That he should draw his several strengths together,
And come against us in full puissance,
Need not be dreaded.
Hast. If he should do so,
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welsh
Baying him at the heels: never fear that.[17]
L. Bard. Who is it like should lead his forces hither?
Hast. The duke of Lancaster, and Westmoreland;
Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Monmouth;
But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
I have no certain notice.[18]
Arch. Let us on,
And publish the occasion of our arms.
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice,
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited. —
An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond many![19] with what loud applause
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,
Before he was what thou wouldst have him be:
And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.
So, so, thou common dog,[20] didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard,
And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'st to find it.[21] What trust is in these times?
They that, when Richard liv'd, would have him die,
Are now become enamour'd on his grave:
Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head,
When through proud London he came sighing on
After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,[22]
Cry'st now, »O earth, yield us that king again,
And take thou this!« O thoughts of men accurst!
Past, and to come, seems best; things present, worst.[23]

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project für *with project* der Fol. 7) *forms of hope* = Bilder oder Pläne, welche die Hoffnung sich macht. — Die folgenden zwanzig Zeilen fehlen wieder in der Q. 8) scil. *it does hurt*, das aus dem Vorhergehenden zu supplíren ist: Ja, es schadet allerdings, wenn die vorhandene Beschaffenheit der kriegerischen Verhältnisse, die augenblicklich nothwendige Kriegsunternehmung, eine bereits in Gang gebrachte Sache, wenn die solchergestalt auf blosser Hoffnung beruhen soll. — *as in an early etc.* hängt dann nicht von *lives so* ab, sondern knüpft in freier Verbindung an das vorhergehende *yes* wieder an: es ist ebenso, wie wenn wir in einem Vorfrühling u. s. w. — Die meisten Hgg. suchen den Satz unnöthiger Weise zu verbessern und lesen entweder *in this present quality*, oder, wenn sie *if* beibehalten, *impede* oder *induc'd* für *indeed*. 9) Wenn wir finden, dass der Bau eines projectirten Hauses unser Vermögen übersteigt, so machen wir einen neuen Plan mit weniger Räumlichkeiten. — *offices*, eigentlich = Gesindezimmer, Vorrathskammern, steht hier in weiterem Sinne = Gemächer. 10) *at least* = schlimmsten Falls, im geringsten Fall, wenn wir am wenigsten, also gar nichts thun wollen. — Für *at least* vermuthet Capell *at last*. 11) Wir sollten uns über eine sichere Grundlegung zu unserm Bau vereinigen, darüber eines Sinnes werden. 12) *able* = vermöglich, geht entweder auf *our own estate* oder auf ein in *our* steckendes *we*. 13) Der Aufwand, den er zur Hälfte geschaffen hat, ist hier der mit vielem Aufwand doch nur theilweise zu Stande gebrachte Bau. 14) Dass wir keinen Mann weiter erwarten dürfen, über den hinaus, den wir bereits jetzt besitzen. 15) Die französische Armee, die in Wales gelandet war, um Glendower zu unterstützen. — Vgl. Einleitung pag. 707. 16) Der König, der ohnehin nicht fest auf seinem Throne sitzt, ist nun so in drei Theile zerstückelt. 17) Die Q. druckt diese Rede als Prosa so: *If he should do so, French and Welch he leaves his back unarm'd, they baying him at the heels, never fear that.* 18) Die folgende Rede des Erzbischofs findet sich zuerst in der Fol. 19) *many* ist hier = Menge, der grosse Haufen. So in Coriolanus (A. 3, Sc. 1) *the mutable, rank-scented many*. 20) *common dog* ist der Hund, der die Gemeinde, das Volk, gleichsam in sich darstellt. 21) Du heulst, um es zu finden, indem Du danach begierig suchst. — Anspielung auf die Art der Hunde, das Ausgebrochene wieder aufzufressen. 22) Vgl. K. Richard II. A. 5, Sc. 2. 23) In der Fol. ist diese Zeile cursiv und mit

Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?
Hast. We are time's subjects, and time bids be gone.[24]
[Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

London. A Street.

Enter Hostess, Fang, *and his Boy, with her; and* Snare *following.*

Host. Master Fang, have you entered the action?[1]
Fang. It is entered.
Host. Where 's your yeoman?[2] Is 't a lusty yeoman? will he stand to 't?
Fang. Sirrah, where 's Snare?
Host. O Lord! ay: good Master Snare.
Snare. Here, here.
Fang. Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff.
Host. Yea, good Master Snare; I have entered[3] him and all.
Snare. It may chance cost some of us our lives, for[4] he will stab.
Host. Alas the day! take heed of him: he stabbed me in mine own house, and that most beastly. In good faith, he cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out: he will foin like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.
Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.
Host. No, nor I neither: I 'll be at your elbow.
Fang. An I but fist him once; an he come but within my vice,[5] —
Host. I am undone with his going;[6] I warrant you, he 's an infinitive[7] thing upon my score. — Good Master Fang, hold him sure: — good Master Snare, let him not 'scape. 'A comes continuantly to Pie-corner, (saving your manhoods,) to buy a saddle; and he 's indited to dinner to the Lubbar's-head in Lumbert-street,[8] to Master Smooth's the silkman: I pray ye, since my exion is entered, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long one[9] for a poor lone woman to bear; and I have borne, and borne, and borne; and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing, unless a woman should be made an ass, and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong. —

Enter Sir John Falstaff, *Page, and* Bardolph.

Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-nose,[10] Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices, Master Fang, and Master Snare: do me, do me, do me your offices.
Fal. How now? whose mare 's dead?[11] what 's the matter?
Fang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of Mistress Quickly.
Fal. Away, varlets! — Draw, Bardolph: cut me off the villain's head; throw the quean in the channel.
Host. Throw me in the channel? I 'll throw thee there.[12] Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue! — Murder. murder! O, thou honey-suckle villain! wilt thou kill God's officers, and the king's? O, thou honey-seed[13] rogue! thou art a honey-seed; a man-queller, and a woman-queller.[14]
Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.
Fang. A rescue! a rescue!
Host. Good people, bring a rescue[15] or two. — Thou wilt not? thou wilt not? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed![16]
Fal. Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you fustilarian![17] I 'll tickle your catastrophe.[18]

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, attended.

Ch. Just. What is the matter? keep the peace here, ho!
Host. Good my lord, be good to me! I beseech you, stand to me!
Ch. Just. How now, Sir John! what, are you brawling here?

Anführungszeichen, wie ein citirter Denkspruch, gedruckt. 24) Die Zeit mahnt uns, dass wir uns fortmachen, uns beeilen.

1) Die Schuldklage, die gegen Falstaff anhängig gemacht werden soll. 2) *yeoman* ist der Diener eines Häschers, *a sergeant's yeoman.* 3) Sie will sagen *entered the action against him.* 4) *for* fehlt in der Fol. — *to stab* kommt mit dem zweideutig obscönen Nebensinn, wie es die Wirthin hier gebraucht, auch in Julius Cæsar (A. 1, Sc. 2) vor: *if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.* 5) So die Fol.; die Q. hat *view.* — Der Häscher versteht unter *vice* den Griff seiner Hand, der so fest ist wie ein Schraubenstock. 6) Falstaff's Weggang zum Heere, um an dem Kriege gegen die Aufständischen Theil zu nehmen. — *by his going* in der Q. 7) Die Wirthin, welche die ihr nicht geläufigen Wörter verstümmelt oder verkehrt anwendet, will *infinite* sagen. — So sagt sie gleich darauf *continuantly* für *incontinently, indited* für *invited, exion* für *action.* 8) Das Haus des Seidenhändlers in Lombardstreet hat den Kopf eines Leoparden *(libbard)* zum Abzeichen. 9) scil. *is a long mark,* so dass *mark* doppelsinnig = Mark (eine Münze) und = Rechnung, Zeche, steht. Die meisten Hgg. lesen mit Theobald *a long loan,* um ein Wortspiel zu gewinnen zwischen *loan* und *lone woman* = unverheirathete, allein stehende Frau. 10) Bardolph's Nase ist vom Malvasierwein roth oder kupferfarbig geworden. — Die Q. fügt *knave* hinter *malmsey-nose* aus der vorigen Zeile ein und hat vier Zeilen vorher *and fubbed off* noch einmal mehr als es in der Fol. steht. 11) Sprichwörtlich = was für ein Unglück ist los? 12) So die Fol.; die Q. *I 'll throw thee in the channel.* 13) *honey-suckle* und *honey-seed* ist aus *homicidal* und *homicide* entstellt. 14) *woman-queller* ist ein von der Wirthin nach Analogie des biblischen *man-queller* = Todtschläger, gebildetes Wort. 15) Die Wirthin versteht den Ausruf *a rescue,* d. h. *at rescue* = zur Hülfe! als ob unter *rescue* eine bestimmte Person verstanden werde. — Die Fol. verwischt den Scherz, indem sie *or two* auslässt. — Das Folgende lautet in der Q. *Thou wo 't, wo 't thou? thou wo 't, wo 't thou? do, do, thou rogue etc.* 16) *hemp-seed* = Hanfsame, dann = Galgenstrick, der daraus bereitet wurde. Die Wirthin meint aber auch hier *homicide.* — Die folgende Rede Falstaff's ertheilen Q. und Fol. dem Pagen zu. 17) *rampallian* = ein böses, wildes Weib, ist aus *ramp* gebildet, wie *fustilarian* aus *fusty* = muffig, stinkend. 18) *catastrophe,* scherzhaft = Hintertheil. — Derselbe Ausdruck kommt in dem Pseudo-Sh.'schen Merry Devil of Edmonton vor: *a plague of this*

Doth this become your place,[19] your time, and business? You should have been well on your way to York. — Stand from him, fellow: wherefore hang'st upon him?

Host. O my most worshipful lord, an 't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what sum?

Host. It is more than for some,[20] my lord; it is for all, all I have. He hath eaten me out of house and home: he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his; but I will have some of it out again, or I will ride thee o' nights, like the mare.[21]

Fal. I think, I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, Sir John? Fie! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Host. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself, and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet,[22] sitting in my Dolphin-chamber,[23] at the round table, by a sea-coal fire,[24] upon Wednesday in Wheeson week, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father[25] to a singing-man of Windsor; thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady[26] thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar;[27] telling us, she had a good dish of prawns, whereby thou didst desire to eat some, whereby I told thee, they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity[28] with such poor people; saying, that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath:[29] deny it, if thou canst.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says, up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you. She hath been in good case, and the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you, I may have redress against them.

Ch. Just. Sir John, Sir John, I am well-acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration; you have, as it appears to me, practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman,[30] and made her serve your uses both in purse and person.

Host. Yes, in troth, my lord.

Ch. Just. Pr'ythee, peace. — Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay[31] the villany you have done with her: the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap[32] without reply. You call honourable boldness, impudent sauciness: if a man will court'sy,[33] and say nothing, he is virtuous. No, my lord, my humble duty remember'd, I will not be your suitor: I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.

Ch. Just. You speak as having power to do wrong: but answer[34] in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess. *[Taking her aside.*

Enter Gower.

Ch. Just. Now, Master Gower! what news?

Gow. The king, my lord, and Henry prince of Wales Are near at hand: the rest the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman; —

Host. Nay, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman;[35] — Come, no more words of it.

Host. By this heavenly[36] ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate, and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.[37]

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking: and for thy walls, — a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the Prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work, is worth

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wind: it tickles our catastrophe. — Die Fol. hat *tuck* für *tickle.* 19) Steht das Eurem Range, Eurer Stellung an? 20) Die Wirthin missversteht *some* für *sum.* 21) scil. *night-mare* = das Alpdrücken. — Die Antwort Falstaff's findet ihre Erklärung darin, dass der Galgen scherzhaft *the two-legged mare* hiess, also *to ride the mare* = gehenkt werden. Zugleich liegt ein obscöner Nebensinn darin. 22) Ein Becher, der halb oder theilweise vergoldet ist. 23) Die Zimmer in dem Wirthshause wurden nicht nach Nummern, sondern nach verschiedenen Abzeichen unterschieden; so ist hier ein Zimmer mit dem Bilde eines Delphins gemeint, wie in K. Henry IV. First Part (A. 2, Sc. 4) eins *Pomegranate*, ein anderes *Half-moon* genannt wurde. 24) *sea-coal*, die beste Steinkohle, die zur See von Newcastle nach London gebracht wurde. — Gleich darauf hat die Q. *Wheeson week*, von der Wirthin aus *Whitsun week* verstümmelt, wie die Fol. weniger charakteristisch liest. 25) So die Q., was die Fol., vielleicht in Folge der Theatercensur, die keinen Spott auf einen regierenden König gestattete, in *likening him* umänderte. — *liking* in der Q. ist im Charakter der verkehrten Redeweise der Wirthin, welche allerdings *likening* sagen wollte. — Falstaff hatte den König, in seinem ehrbaren, vielleicht finstern Aussehen, mit dem Vorsänger in der königlichen Capelle zu Windsor verglichen. 26) *my lady* ist der Titel, welcher der Wirthin als Gattin des Sir John Falstaff zukommen würde. 27) Eine Portion Essig. 28) Sie meint *familiar*, wie die Fol. mit Verwischung des Spasses liest. 29) *book-oath* = ein auf die Bibel abgelegter Eid. 30) Hier schliesst die Fol. die Rede des Oberrichters. Sie hat *I know you have* und lässt dafür das *as it appears to me* der Q. aus. 31) *to unpay* im Gegensatze zu *to pay*, eigentlich = nicht bezahlen, ist hier wohl nicht = *to undo*, wie Johnson erklärt, sondern = nicht länger entrichten, aufhören Etwas zu thun, scil. *the villany you have done with her.* 32) *sneap* = Verweis, Zurechtweisung. So auch *to sneap* = tadeln, schelten. 33) So die Fol.; die Q. *make courtsy.* — Gleich darauf hat die Fol. *your humble duty.* 34) *answer* ist hier ein thatsächliches Antworten auf die an ihn ergangene Mahnung der Wirthin: handelt so, dass das von Euch beanspruchte gute Ansehen sich bethätige. 35) Der Satz ist zu suppliren: So wahr ich ein Edelmann bin, sollst Du das Geld wiederhaben, d. h. das Geld, welches Falstaff jetzt von der Wirthin borgen will. 36) Sie vermengt die Betheurung *by this heaven* und die andere *by this ground.* 37) Die gewirkten Tapeten, welche aufgehängt und wieder abgenommen wurden, also nicht an der Wand festsassen.

a thousand of these bedhangings, and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, an it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw thy action.[38] Come, thou must not be in this humour with me. Dost not know me? Come, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

Host. Pr'ythee, Sir John, let it be but twenty nobles:[39] i' faith, I am loath to pawn my plate, in good earnest, la.

Fal. Let it alone; I 'll make other shift: you 'll be a fool still.

Host. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope, you 'll come to supper. You 'll pay me all together?

Fal. Will I live? — Go, with her, with her; hook on, hook on.[40]

Host. Will you have Doll Tear-sheet meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words: let 's have her.

[Exeunt Hostess, Bardolph, *Officers, and Page.*

Ch. Just. I have heard better news.[41]

Fal. What 's the news, my good lord?

Ch. Just. Where lay the king last night?

Gow. At Basingstoke,[42] my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all 's well: what is the news, my lord?

Ch. Just. Come all his forces back?

Gow. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,
Are march'd up to my lord of Lancaster,
Against Northumberland, and the archbishop.

Fal. Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

Ch. Just. You shall have letters of me presently. Come, go along with me, good Master Gower.

Fal. My lord!

Ch. Just. What 's the matter?

Fal. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gow. I must wait upon my good lord here: I thank you, good Sir John.

Ch. Just. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.[43]

Fal. Will you sup with me, Master Gower?

Ch. Just. What foolish master taught you these manners, Sir John?

Fal. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me. — This is the right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap, and so part fair.

Ch. Just. Now, the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Same. Another Street.

Enter Prince Henry *and* Poins.

P. Hen. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is it come to that? I had thought, weariness durst not have attached[1] one of so high blood.

P. Hen. 'Faith, it does me, though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me, to desire small beer?

Poins. Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied,[2] as to remember so weak a composition.

P. Hen. Belike then, my appetite was not princely got; for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me, to remember thy name? or to know thy face to-morrow? or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast; *viz.* these,[3] and those that were thy peach-colour'd ones? or to bear the inventory of thy shirts; as, one for superfluity, and one other for use? — but that the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I, for it is a low ebb of linen with thee, when thou keepest not racket there,[4] as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low-countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland:[5] and God knows, whether those that bawl out the ruins[6] of thy linen shall inherit his kingdom; but the midwives say, the children[7] are

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— *dining-chambers* wäre vielleicht *dining-chamber's* zu schreiben, mit einer doppelten Bezeichnung des Genitiv, die Sh. namentlich in familiärer Redeweise geläufig ist. — Statt solcher gewirkten Tapeten von Stoffen, welche Falstaff verächtlich als »Bettvorhänge« bezeichnet, sind, wie er meint, in Wasserfarben gemalte, welche irgend eine Posse oder die Geschichte vom verlornen Sohn oder eine deutsche Jagd, wahrscheinlich eine Eberjagd, darstellen, gut genug für die Wände der Wirthin. — Sh. spielt auf Tapeten an, wie sie in jener Zeit, mit solchen und ähnlichen Gegenständen der Darstellung bemalt, aus Holland nach England kamen. 38) Ziehe Deine Schuldklage gegen mich wieder ein. — Für *thy action* der Fol. hat die Q. *the action.* — Das folgende *Dost not know me?* fehlt in der Fol. 39) *twenty nobles* ist ungefähr um ein Drittel weniger, als die *ten pounds,* welche Falstaff verlangt. — *i' faith* strich die Theatercensur in der Fol. 40) Diese Worte sind an Bardolph gerichtet, der sich an die Wirthin festhaken soll, sie nicht verlassen soll, um das Geld für Falstaff in Empfang zu nehmen. 41) Bessere Nachrichten, als das von Gower ihm übergebene Papier über das Befinden des Königs enthält. — Die Fol. hat *bitter news.* 42) So die Fol.; die Q. hat *Billingsgate,* eine Localität in London, die hier nicht gemeint sein kann. 43) Falstaff soll auf seinem Marsche in den Grafschaften, die er passirt, Soldaten ausheben. — Die Fol. hat *countries* für *counties* der Q.

1) *to attach* = Etwas in Beschlag nehmen. In derselben Verbindung kommt das Wort in Tempest (A. 3, Sc. 3) vor: *Who am myself attach'd with weariness.* 2) *loosely studied* = der seine Studien nachlässig betrieben hat. 3) *viz. these* = nämlich diese seidnen Strumpfhosen, die Du anhast. — Die Q. hat *with these.* 4) So lange Poins noch ein Hemd auf dem Leibe hat und es nicht versetzt hat, ist er gewiss beim Ballspiel mit dem Ballschlägel in der Hand zu finden. 5) *Low-countries* = Niederlande, entspricht dem *Holland* = Holland, als einer Provinz der vereinigten Niederlande, wie *low-countries* = die untern Regionen bei Poins, mit obscönem Nebensinn, dem *holland* = holländische Leinwand. — Dabei ist *shift* doppelsinnig = Auskunft, Wendung, und = Hemd. — Das Folgende in der Rede des Prinzen fehlt in der Fol., wahrscheinlich von der Theatercensur als profan gestrichen, so unentbehrlich es auch ist zur Erklärung der vorhergehenden Wortspiele, weil erst daraus hervorgeht, dass Poins seine alten Hemden hergegeben hat, um für seine unehelichen Kinder Windeln machen zu lassen, aus denen sie herausschreien. 6) *out the ruins* für *out of the ruins.* — So in Romeo and Juliet (A. 1, Sc. 1) *before the worshipp'd sun || Peer'd forth the golden window of the east.* 7) Aus dem Zusammenhange erhellt,

not in the fault, whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened.

Poins. How ill it follows,[8] after you have laboured so hard, you should talk so idly! Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is?[9]

P. Hen. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

Poins. Yes, faith, and let it be an excellent good thing.

P. Hen. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.

P. Hen. Marry, I tell thee, — it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick: albeit I could tell to thee (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend), I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly upon such a subject.

P. Hen. By this hand, thou think'st me as far in the devil's book, as thou and Falstaff, for obduracy and persistency:[10] let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly, that my father is so sick; and keeping such vile company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.[11]

Poins. The reason?

P. Hen. What wouldst thou think of me, if I should weep?

Poins. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

P. Hen. It would be every man's thought; and thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks: never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine: every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites[12] your most worshipful thought to think so?

Poins. Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engraffed to Falstaff.

P. Hen. And to thee.

Poins. By this light, I am well spoken of; I can hear it with mine own ears: the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands;[13] and those two things, I confess, I cannot help. By the mass, here comes Bardolph.

Enter Bardolph *and Page.*

P. Hen. And the boy that I gave Falstaff: he had him from me Christian; and look, if the fat villain have not transformed him ape.[14]

Bard. God save your grace.

P. Hen. And yours, most noble Bardolph.

Bard. [To the Page.] Come, you virtuous ass,[15] you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man-at-arms are you become! Is it such a matter to get a pottle-pot's maidenhead?

Page. He called me even now, my lord, through a red lattice,[16] and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last, I spied his eyes; and, methought, he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat, and peeped through.

P. Hen. Hath not the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whoreson upright rabbit,[17] away!

Page. Away, you rascally Althea's dream, away!

P. Hen. Instruct us, boy: what dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my lord, Althea dreamed she was delivered of a firebrand;[18] and therefore I call him her dream.

P. Hen. A crown's worth of good interpretation.[19] — There it is, boy. *[Gives him money.*

Poins. O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers! — Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

Bard. An you do not make him be hanged among you, the gallows shall have wrong.

P. Hen. And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

Bard. Well, my good lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town: there 's a letter for you.

Poins. Delivered with good respect. — And how doth the martlemas,[20] your master?

Bard. In bodily health, Sir.

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician; but that moves not him: though that be sick, it dies not.

P. Hen. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog; and he holds his place, for look you how he writes.

Poins. [Reads.] »John Falstaff, knight,« — every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name

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dass hier von unehelichen Kindern die Rede ist. 8) Wie schlecht schliesst sich das Eine an das Andere an, dass u. s. w. — Poins spricht von der Tapferkeit, die der Prinz bei Shrewsbury bewies. 9) So die Q.; die Fol. *their fathers lying so sick as yours is.* 10) *persistency* gebraucht Sh. hier in ungewöhnlichem Sinne = Beharrlichkeit im Bösen, Hartnäckigkeit. 11) Alle äusserliche Darlegung meines Schmerzes. — *ostentation* steht bei Sh. ohne den Nebenbegriff des Prahlerischen. 12) *to accite*, eigentlich = citiren, vorfordern, hier in geflissentlicher Affectation = mahnen, auffordern. Vielleicht ist auch nur einfach *to excite* gemeint. 13) *a handsome fellow of my size, of my inches*, erklärt Mason. Es ist aber wohl: ein hübscher Kerl, der auf eigne Hand lebt, der Andern nichts verdankt, also eine weitere Ausführung von *a second brother*, da der älteste Bruder Alles erbte. 14) Als der Page in Falstaff's Dienste trat, sah er aus wie ein Christ; jetzt hat Falstaff ihn ausstaffirt wie einen Affen. 15) Die Fol. hat *pernicious ass.* — Beide alte Ausgg. theilen diese Rede dem Poins zu. Theobald machte die richtige Aenderung, da Bardolph den Pagen in das Wirthshaus gerufen hat, um ihn einen zwei Mass haltenden Krug *(pottle-pot)* leeren zu lassen. 16) Ein rothes Fenstergitter bezeichnete das Wirthshaus, namentlich die gemeine Kneipe. So in Merry Wives of Windsor (A. 2, Sc. 2) *your red-lattice phrases.* — Bardolph's Gesicht war eben so roth wie das Fenstergitter. — In der Q. beginnt der Satz: *'A calls me e'en now.* 17) *upright rabbit* = ein Kaninchen, das aufrecht, auf zwei Beinen geht. 18) Der Page verwechselt den Mythus von der Althea, der Mutter des Meleager, die den Feuerbrand vom Herde riss, mit dem Mythus von der Hecuba, die von einem Feuerbrand entbunden zu werden träumte, als sie mit Paris schwanger ging. 19) So viel gute Deutung, wie man nur für eine Krone (ein Goldstück, fünf Schillinge werth) verlangen kann. — Malone erinnert sich dabei eines alten Tractats, betitelt A pennyworth of good interpretation. — In Bardolph's nächster Rede hat die Fol. *shall be wronged.* 20) *martlemas*, eigentlich *Martinmas*, der Martinstag im November, bezeichnet, wie in K. Henry IV. First Part (A. 1, Sc. 2) *All-hallown summer*, Falstaff's verspätete Jugendlichkeit. 21) *a borrower's cap* emendirt Warburton das sinnlose *a borrowed cap* der alten Ausgg. Ein Mann, welcher um ein Darlehn kommt, nimmt in demüthiger Höflichkeit rasch und oft die Mütze ab. 22) Wenn sie ihre Verwandtschaft mit uns, den

himself; even like those that are kin to the king, for they never prick their finger, but they say, »There is some of the king's blood spilt:« »How comes that?« says he, that takes upon him not to conceive: the answer is as ready as a borrower's cap;[21] »I am the king's poor cousin, Sir.«

P. Hen. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet.[22] But to the letter: —

Poins. »Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry prince of Wales, greeting.« — Why, this is a certificate.

P. Hen. Peace!

Poins. »I will imitate the honourable Romans[23] in brevity:« — he sure means brevity in breath, short-winded. — »I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee.[24] Be not too familiar with Poins; for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears, thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times[25] as thou may'st, and so farewell.

Thine, by yea and no, (which is as much as to say, as thou usest him,) Jack Falstaff, with my familiars; John, with my brothers and sisters; and Sir John with all Europe.«

My lord, I will steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

P. Hen. That 's to make him eat twenty of his words.[26] But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

Poins. God send the wench no worse fortune![27] but I never said so.

P. Hen. Well, thus we play the fools with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds, and mock us. — Is your master here in London?

Bard. Yes, my lord.

P. Hen. Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank?[28]

Bard. At the old place, my lord, in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. What company?

Page. Ephesians,[29] my lord; of the old church.

P. Hen. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old Mistress Quickly, and Mistress Doll Tear-sheet.[30]

P. Hen. What pagan[31] may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, Sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

P. Hen. Even such kin as the parish-heifers are to the town-bull. — Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

Poins. I am your shadow, my lord; I 'll follow you.

P. Hen. Sirrah, you boy, — and Bardolph; — no word to your master that I am yet come to town: there 's for your silence.[32]

Bard. I have no tongue, Sir.

Page. And for mine, Sir, I will govern it.

P. Hen. Fare ye well; go. *[Exeunt* Bardolph *and Page.]* — This Doll Tear-sheet should be some road.[33]

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint Alban's and London.

P. Hen. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

Poins. Put on two leathern jerkins, and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

P. Hen. From a god to a bull? a heavy declension![34] it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that shall be mine; for in every thing the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Warkworth. Before the Castle.

Enter Northumberland, *Lady* Northumberland, *and Lady* Percy.

North. I pray thee, loving wife and gentle daughter,
Give even way unto my rough affairs:
Put not you on the visage of the times,
And be like them to Percy[1] troublesome.

Lady N. I have given over, I will speak no more.
Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn,
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

Lady P. O, yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars!
The time was, father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endear'd to it[2] than now;
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear[3] Harry,

Mitgliedern der königlichen Familie, auch bis auf Japhet, den Sohn Noah's, zurückführen sollen. 23) So Q. und Fol., von den meisten Hggn. nach Warburton's Vorgange in *Roman* verändert, was sich denn auf Julius Cäsar und sein berühmtes *veni, vidi, vici* beziehen soll. — Aber Falstaff kann sehr wohl den alten Römern im Allgemeinen eine lakonische Kürze im Styl als charakteristisch zuschreiben. 24) d. h. um in den Krieg zu ziehen. — Zum Abschiede ertheilt er ihm dann brieflich die folgenden guten Lehren. 25) doppelsinnig = bereue in müssigen Stunden, wenn Du nichts Besseres zu thun hast, und = bereue die nichtsnutzig verbrachten Zeiten. 26) So in As you like it (A. 5, Sc. 4) *I will not eat my word* = ich will mein Wort nicht zurücknehmen, ich will mich nicht Lügen strafen lassen. — *twenty words* steht als unbestimmte Zahl, da Falstaff's Brief in der That mehr als zwanzig Worte enthält. 27) Die Theatercensur corrigirte in der Fol. *May the wench have no worse fortune!* 28) Anspielung auf das Wirthshauszeichen *(boar's head)* der Kneipe in Eastcheap. — *frank* = Schweinekoben. In Ray's Sprichwörtersammlung fand Sh. u. A. *He feeds like a boar in a frank.* 29) *Ephesians* = Epheser, zu Sh.'s Zeit, wie *Corinthians*, eine scherzhafte Bezeichnung für ausgelassene Leute = Zechbrüder. So in Merry Wives of Windsor (A. 4, Sc. 5) *it is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls.* — Der Zusatz *of the old church* erinnert an die von den Aposteln gestiftete Kirche in Ephesus. 30) Steevens hält es für wahrscheinlich, dass Sh. diesen Namen entlehnt habe aus dem alten Play of Robin Hood, wo es heisst: *She is a trull of trust — — a tearer of sheets.* 31) *pagan* kommt auch bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen = liederliches Weibsbild, vor. So in Massinger's City Madam: *in all these places I have had my several pagans billeted.* 32) Damit drückt er Beiden Geld in die Hand. — Die Fol. hat *that I am yet in town.* 33) So gemein und zugänglich, wie irgend eine Landstrasse. 34) *declension*, die Lesart der Fol., hat Sh. auch anderswo, während *descension*, das Wort der Q., weniger sagt und sonst nirgends bei ihm vorkommt.

1) Mit dem Familiennamen *Percy* bezeichnet Northumberland hier sich selbst. 2) *endeared to* = innig mit Jemandem verknüpft, eng mit Etwas verbunden. So in Day's Law-tricks: *You did endear him to society of careless wantons.* 3) So die Q.; die Fol. hat das Compositum *heart-dear.* 4) Theobald schlug *look* für

Threw many a northward look, to see his father
Bring up his powers; but he did long[4] in vain.
Who then persuaded you to stay at home?
There were two honours lost, yours, and your son's:
For yours, — may heavenly glory brighten it![5]
For his, — it stuck[6] upon him, as the sun
In the grey[7] vault of heaven: and, by his light,
Did all the chivalry of England move
To do brave acts; he was, indeed, the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.[8]
He had no legs, that practised not his gait;
And speaking thick,[9] which nature made his blemish,
Became the accents of the valiant;
For those that could speak low, and tardily,
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
To seem like him: so that, in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood,
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashion'd others.[10] And him, — O wondrous him!
O miracle of men! — him did you leave,
(Second to none, unseconded by you,)[11]
To look upon the hideous god of war
In disadvantage; to abide a field,
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name
Did seem defensible:[12] — so you left him.
Never, O! never, do his ghost the wrong,
To hold your honour more precise and nice
With others, than with him: let them alone.
The marshal, and the archbishop, are strong:
Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
Have talk'd of Monmouth's[13] grave.

North. Beshrew your heart,
Fair daughter! you do draw my spirits from me,
With new lamenting ancient oversights.
But I must go, and meet with danger there,
Or it will seek me in another place,
And find me worse provided.

Lady N. O! fly to Scotland,
Till that the nobles, and the armed commons,
Have of their puissance made a little taste.

Lady P. If they get ground and vantage of the king,
Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
To make strength stronger; but, for all our loves,[14]
First let them try themselves. So did your son:
He was so suffer'd;[15] so came I a widow,
And never shall have length of life enough,
To rain upon remembrance[16] with mine eyes,
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,
For recordation to my noble husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me. 'T is with my mind,
As with the tide swell'd up unto its height,
That makes a still-stand, running neither way:[17]
Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me back. —
I will resolve for Scotland: there am I,
Till time and vantage crave my company. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

London. A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern, in Eastcheap.

Enter Two Drawers.

1. Draw. What the devil hast thou brought there? apple-Johns? thou know'st Sir John cannot endure an apple-John.[1]

2. Draw. Mass, thou sayest true. The prince once set a dish of apple-Johns before him, and told him, there were five more Sir Johns; and, putting off his hat, said, »I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, withered knights.« It angered him to the heart, but he hath forgot that.

1. Draw. Why then, cover,[2] and set them down: and see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise;[3] Mistress Tear-sheet would fain have some music. Despatch: —

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long vor. 5) Sie giebt damit zu verstehen, dass Northumberland die Wiederherstellung seiner getrübten Ehre dem Himmel anheimstellen, nicht aber sie auf dem Schlachtfelde suchen möge. — Für *may heavenly glory* der Fol. liest die Q. *the God of heaven.* 6) *to stick* kommt in diesem Sinne von dem Stande der Gestirne auch in Dekker's Satiromastix vor: *No black-ey'd star must stick in virtue's sphere.* 7) *grey* bezeichnet die lichtblaue Farbe des Himmels und der Augen. So in Venus and Adonis: *mine eyes are grey.* 8) Dasselbe Bild hat Sh. auch anderswo; so in Hamlet (A. 3, Sc. 1) *the glass of fashion,* und in Cymbeline (A. 1, Sc. 1) *to the more mature, a glass that feated them.* — Die folgenden drei und zwanzig Zeilen bis zum Schluss dieser Rede fehlen in der Q. 9) *to speak thick* = die Worte rasch und undeutlich hintereinander herausstossen. — Diese Eigenthümlichkeit Percy's, welche die Natur ihm als einen Mangel gegeben, wurde von den Tapfern als ein Vorzug, der ihrer Aussprache anstand, nachgeahmt. 10) Diese Stelle erinnert sehr an eine andere in Sh.'s Lucrece: *For princes are the glass, the school, the book,* || *Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.* 11) Wortspiel zwischen *second* = nachstehend, und *to second* = unterstützen. 12) *defensible* = wehrkräftig, geeignet sich zur Wehr zu setzen. In demselben ungewöhnlichen Sinne hat Sh. das Wort in K. Henry V. (A. 3, Sc. 3) *For we no longer are defensible.* 13) Harry Monmouth, der Prinz von Wales, wäre dann statt Percy in der Schlacht von Shrewsbury geblieben. 14) Aus Liebe zu uns Allen, um unser Aller willen. 15) Man liess ihn so gewähren, liess ihn seine eigene Kraft ohne fremde Unterstützung erproben. 16) *remembrance* = Erinnerung, und = Rosmarin, der bei Leichenbegängnissen gestreut wurde, um symbolisch anzudeuten, dass man die Todten in treuer Erinnerung bewahren soll. Hier liegt der Gedanke zum Grunde, dass die Rosmarinstaude, von Thränen benetzt, mächtig emporwachsen müsse. 17) So in Antony and Cleopatra (A. 3, Sc. 2) *the swan's down-feather,* || *That stands upon the swell at the full of tide,* || *And neither way inclines.*

1) Die *apple-Johns,* welche der Küfer zum Nachtisch für Sir John Falstaff bringt, sind Aepfel, die zwei Jahre sich halten, dabei aber sehr runzlicht werden. Mit einem solchen, des Namens und des runzlichten Ansehens wegen, hatte sich Falstaff schon in K. Henry IV. First Part (A. 3, Sc. 3) verglichen: *I am wither'd like an old apple-John.* 2) Er soll den Tisch für das Dessert decken, das man zu Sh.'s Zeit in einem andern Zimmer, als das eigentliche Mahl, einzunehmen pflegte. 3) *noise* = Musikbande. — Sneak's Musikbande zog damals in den Londoner Strassen umher. — Der Schluss der Rede von *Despatch* bis *straight* fehlt in der Fol. und ist in der

the room where they supped is too hot; they 'll come in straight.

2. *Draw.* Sirrah, here will be the prince, and Master Poins anon; and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons, and Sir John must not know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.

1. *Draw.* By the mass, here will be old utis:[4] it will be an excellent stratagem.

2. *Draw.* I 'll see if I can find out Sneak. *[Exit.*

Enter Hostess and Doll Tear-sheet.

Host. I' faith, sweet-heart, methinks now, you are in an excellent good temperality:[5] your pulsidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire, and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose; but, i' faith, you have drunk too much canaries, and that 's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes[6] the blood ere one can say, — What 's this? How do you now?

Doll. Better than I was. Hem.

Host. Why, that 's well said; a good heart 's worth gold. Lo! here comes Sir John.

Enter Falstaff, *singing.*

Fal. »When Arthur first in court« — Empty the jordan. — »And was a worthy king.«[7] *[Exit Drawer.]* How now, Mistress Doll?

Host. Sick of a calm:[8] yea, good sooth.

Fal. So is all her sect;[9] an they be once in a calm, they are sick.

Doll. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat rascals,[10] Mistress Doll.

Doll. I make them! gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll: we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

Doll. Ay, marry; our chains,[11] and our jewels.

Fal. »Your brooches, pearls, and owches:«[12] — for to serve bravely, is to come halting off, you know: to come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charged chambers[13] bravely: —

Doll. Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!

Host. By my troth, this is the old fashion: you two never meet, but you fall to some discord. You are both, in good troth, as rheumatic[14] as two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good-year![15] one must bear, and that must be you: you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

Doll. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hogshead? there 's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him: you have not seen a hulk better stuffed in the hold.[16] — Come, I 'll be friends with thee, Jack: thou art going to the wars; and whether I shall ever see thee again, or no, there is nobody cares.

Re-enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, ancient Pistol 's[17] below, and would speak with you.

Doll. Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither: it is the foul-mouthed'st rogue in England.

Host. If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith; I must live amongst my neighbours; I 'll no swaggerers. I am in good name and fame with the very best. — Shut the door; — there comes no swaggerers here: I have not lived all this while, to have swaggering now. — Shut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Dost thou hear, hostess?

Host. Pray you, pacify yourself,[18] Sir John: there comes no swaggerers here.

Fal. Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

Host. Tilly-fally,[19] Sir John, never tell me: your ancient[20] swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before Master Tisick, the deputy,[21] the other day; and, as he

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Q. dem zweiten Küfer zuertheilt; erst Pope gab diese Worte dem ersten, der in der Q. *Francis* heisst (vgl. K. Henry IV. First Part A. 2, Sc. 4). 4) Da wird es reichlichen Spass geben. — *utis* eigentlich = Octave eines Kirchenfestes, dann = Lustbarkeit überhaupt. — *old* = reichlich, übergenug. 5) Die Wirthin verwechselt *temperality* und *temper*, und erweitert *pulse* in *pulsidge*. Auch will sie *ordinarily* sagen statt *extraordinarily*. 6) Sie meint *perfuses*. 7) Falstaff singt ein Stück aus der altenglischen Ballade von Sir Lancelot du Lake. Die erste Strophe lautet: *When Arthur first in court began,* || *And was approved king,* || *By force of arms great victories wan,* || *And conquest home did bring.* — Die ganze Ballade ist in Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry abgedruckt. 8) *calm* für *qualm.* — Falstaff fasst *calm* in seinem wirklichen Sinne. 9) Einige Hgg. erklären *sect* mit *profession;* indess kommt *sect* auch bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen für *sex* vor; so in Marlowe's Jew of Malta: *A nunnery, where none but their own sect* || *Must enter in;* und hier spricht Falstaff offenbar von den Weibern im Allgemeinen. 10) *rascal* gebraucht Doll = Spitzbube; Falstaff versteht das Wort = mageres Wild, und sagt, auf seine eigene Corpulenz hindeutend, er sei durch den Verkehr mit der Doll so fett geworden. 11) scil. *you catch of us our chains.* — Falstaff meinte *to catch* = angesteckt werden. 12) *owches* = goldene Schmucksachen. — Auch das ist ein Citat aus einer Ballade, betitelt The Boy and the Mantle, in Percy's Reliques, wo die Strophe lautet: *A kirtle and a mantle* || *This boy had him upon,* || *With brooches, rings, and owches* || *Full daintily bedone.* — Für *rings* sagt Falstaff *pearls*, um zweideutig auf die an der Haut sich zeigenden Folgen geschlechtlicher Ausschweifung anzuspielen, die auch im Folgenden näher charakterisirt werden. 13) *charged chambers* = die geladenen Böller, hier mit obscönem Nebensinne. — Die folgenden Worte Doll's fehlen in der Fol. 14) *rheumatic* für *splenetic* = so reizbar, wie zwei geröstete Brodschnitten, die sich an einander reiben. Gleich darauf verwechselt sie *conformities* und *infirmities*. 15) Derselbe Ausruf kommt in Much Ado about Nothing (A. 1, Sc. 3) vor, und wird ohne Grund von Steevens mit *goujere* = *morbus gallicus* identificirt. — *good year* steht euphemistisch für *ill year*, dem italienischen *mal' anno* entsprechend. 16) Kein Kauffahrteischiff kann im Schiffsraum mit seiner Ladung voller gestopft sein, als Falstaff mit einer ganzen Schiffsladung von Bordeauxgütern, d. h. Wein. 17) Pistol ist Falstaff's Fähndrich für den bevorstehenden Feldzug. 18) Sie meint *satisfy yourself.* 19) *tilly-fally* = Larifari, Schnickschnack, ein Ausruf der Verachtung, der auch in Twelfth-Night (A. 2, Sc. 3) sich ähnlich findet: *Tilly-valley, lady!* 20) Die Wirthin missversteht *ancient* = Fähndrich, für *ancient* = alt. 21) scil. *deputy of the ward* = der Viertelscommissarius in dem

said to me, — it was no longer ago than Wednesday last, — »Neighbour Quickly,« says he; — Master Dumb, our minister, was by then; — »Neighbour Quickly,« says he, »receive those that are civil; for,« said he, »you are in an ill name:« — now 'a said so, I can tell whereupon; »for,« says he, »you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests you receive: receive,« says he, »no swaggering companions.«[22] — There comes none here: — you would bless you to hear what he said. — No, I 'll no swaggerers.

Fal. He 's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater,[23] i' faith; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound: he will not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance. — Call him up, drawer.

Host. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater; but I do not love swaggering: by my troth, I am the worse, when one says — swagger. Feel, masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

Doll. So you do, hostess.

Host. Do I? yea, in very truth do I, an 't were an aspen-leaf. I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter Pistol, Bardolph, *and Page.*

Pist. God save you, Sir John!

Fal. Welcome, ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge[24] you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with two bullets.

Fal. She is pistol-proof, Sir; you shall hardly offend her.

Host. Come, I 'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets. I 'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you, Mistress Dorothy:[25] I will charge you.

Doll. Charge me? I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

Pist. I know you, Mistress Dorothy.

Doll. Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung,[26] away! By this wine, I 'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, an you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale juggler,[27] you! — Since when, I pray you, Sir?[28] — God's light! with two points on your shoulder? much![29]

Pist. I will murder your ruff for this.

Fal. No more, Pistol: I would not have you go off here. Discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.[30]

Host. No, good captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

Doll. Captain! thou abominable damned cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called captain? An captains were of my mind, they would truncheon[31] you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earned them. You a captain, you slave! for what? for tearing a poor whore 's ruff in a bawdy-house? — He a captain! hang him, rogue! he lives upon mouldy stewed prunes,[32] and dried cakes. A captain! these villains will make the word captain as odious as the word occupy,[33] which was an excellent good word before it was ill-sorted: therefore captains had need look to 't.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, Mistress Doll.

Pist. Not I: I tell thee what, corporal Bardolph; I could tear her. — I 'll be revenged on her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Pist. I 'll see her damned first; — to Pluto's damned lake,[34] to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down! down, dogs! down, fates![35] Have we not Hiren here?

Host. Good captain Peesel, be quiet; it is very late, i' faith. I beseek you now, aggravate[36] your choler.

Quartier, wo die Wirthin wohnt. — Der Name *Tisick* ist aus *Phthisick* entstellt, wie in Troilus and Cressida (A. 5, Sc. 4) *tisick* für *phthisick* steht. — Für *deputy* der Fol. hat die Q. *debuty*. 22) *companion*, wie *fellow*, ein Ausdruck der Verachtung. 23) *cheater* war die technische Bezeichnung für Einen, der mit falschen Würfeln spielte und die Leute zum Spiel verlockte. — Die Wirthin versteht das Wort als *escheator* = Fiscal, Beamter des Fiscus. 24) Falstaff spielt mit dem Namen *Pistol* = Pistole. Pistol setzt das Wortspiel fort mit einem obscönen Nebensinne von *two bullets*, den die Wirthin nicht versteht, da sie *bullets* für ein Getränk hält, wie *proofs* = Weinproben. — Dasselbe Wortspiel kehrt nachher wieder, mit *go off* und mit *discharge*. 25) *Dorothy*, der volle Name, in feierlicher, affectirter Bezeichnung, aus dem *Doll* nur abgekürzt ist. 26) *bung*, in der Diebessprache = Beutel, wie *to nip a bung* = *to cut a purse*. Hier versteht Doll es offenbar = Beutelschneider. Darauf geht auch das folgende *cuttle*, in der Diebessprache das Messer, mit dem man den Beutel oder die Tasche abschnitt, und das Doll gleichfalls = Beutelschneider, nimmt. 27) Ein abgenutzter Gaukler, der sich auf allerlei Fechterkünste versteht. 28) scil. *do you know me*, in Beziehung auf Pistol's vorhergehende Worte: *I know you, Mistress Dorothy*. 29) *much!* ein Ausruf des Hohns = das stellt wohl viel vor! — Die beiden Schnüre auf der Schulter bezeichnen Pistol's Rang als Militär. 30) Diese Rede Falstaff's fehlt in der Fol. — Pistol's vorhergehende Rede lautet in der Q.: *God let me not live, but I will murder your ruff for this.* 31) *to truncheon out* = mit dem Stocke durchprügeln, von *truncheon* = Commandostab. 32) Die gestooften Pflaumen wurden in Bordellen als ein vermeintliches Präservativ gegen die Lustseuche verzehrt. Pistol erhielt aber diese Kost sowie die Kuchen erst, wenn sie alt und abgestanden waren. 33) Das Wort *to occupy* = in Besitz nehmen, gebrauchen, bekam, indem es in schlechte Gesellschaft gerieth *(ill-sorted)*, einen obscönen Nebensinn. So wird in dem alten Drama Promos and Cassandra eine Kupplerin so angeredet: *Mistress, you must shut up your shop, and leave your occupying.* — Die Fol. lässt die Stelle *as the word — — ill-sorted* aus, und demgemäss auch *as* vor *odious*. 34) Die Q. fügt hier *by this hand* ein. — Diese Fragmente aus bombastischen Tragödien wären vielleicht schon hier, wie nachher, als Verse zu drucken. 35) So die Fol.; die Q. hat *faters*, was die meisten Hgg. *faitours* = Uebelthäter, lesen. Pistol versteht offenbar die Schicksalsgöttin darunter, die in die Unterwelt zurückkehren solle. — Das Folgende ist wahrscheinlich ein Citat aus G. Peele's verloren gegangenem Drama The Turkish Mahomet and Hiren the fair Greek. *Have we not Hiren here?* kommt auch bei andern zeitgenössischen Dichtern vor, meistens von liederlichen Weibsbildern. 36) *aggravate* gebraucht die Wirthin hier missverständlich für das Gegentheil, für *alleviate*. So in Midsummer-Night's Dream (A. 1, Sc. 2) *I will aggravate my voice so, that I*

Pist. These be good humours, indeed! Shall pack-horses,
And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia,
Which cannot go but thirty miles a day,[37]
Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals,[38]
And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with
King Cerberus, and let the welkin roar.
Shall we fall foul for toys?[39]

Host. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

Pist. Die men like dogs; give crowns like pins. Have we not Hiren here?

Host. On my word, captain, there 's none such here. What the good-year! do you think I would deny her? for God's sake, be quiet.

Pist. Then feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis.[40]
Come, give 's some sack.
Si fortune me tormente, sperato me contente.[41] —
Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire:
Give me some sack; and, sweet-heart, lie thou there.[42]
[Laying down his sword.
Come we to full points here, and are *et cetera's* nothing?[43]

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif.[44] What! we have seen the seven stars.[45]

Doll. For God's sake, thrust him down stairs! I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

Pist. Thrust him down stairs! know we not Galloway nags?[46]

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling:[47] nay, an he do nothing but speak nothing, he shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down stairs.

Pist. What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrue? —
[Snatching up his sword.
Then, death, rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days!
Why then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds
Untwine the Sisters Three![48] Come, Atropos, I say!

Host. Here 's goodly stuff toward!

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Doll. I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

Fal. Get you down stairs. *[Drawing.*

Host. Here 's a goodly tumult! I 'll forswear keeping house, afore I 'll be in these tirrits[49] and frights. So; murder, I warrant now. — Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons; put up your naked weapons.

[Exeunt Bardolph *and* Pistol.

Doll. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet: the rascal is gone. Ah! you whoreson little valiant villain, you.

Host. Are you not hurt i' the groin? methought, he made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Re-enter Bardolph.

Fal. Have you turned him out o' doors?

Bard. Yes, Sir: the rascal 's drunk. You have hurt him, Sir, in the shoulder.

Fal. A rascal, to brave me!

Doll. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweat'st! Come, let me wipe thy face; — come on, you whoreson chops. — Ah, rogue! i' faith, I love thee. Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the Nine Worthies.[50] Ah, villain![51]

Fal. A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

Doll. Do, if thou darest for thy heart: if thou dost, I 'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter Music.

Page. The music is come, Sir.

Fal. Let them play. — Play, Sirs. — Sit on my knee, Doll. — A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

Doll. I' faith, and thou followedst him like a church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig,[52] when

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will roar you as gently as any sucking dove. 37) Ein Citat aus Marlowe's Tamburlain the Great, wo der Held des Stückes die kriegsgefangenen Fürsten, welche seinen Wagen ziehen, so anredet: *Holla, you pamper'd jades of Asia,* || *What, can you draw but twenty miles a day?* 38) *Cannibal* verwechselt mit *Hannibal.* 39) Sollen wir uns erzürnen um so leichte Waare, wie Doll ist? 40) Aus Peele's Drama Battle of Alcazar, wo Muley Mohamet seiner Gemahlin ein Stück Löwenfleisch auf der Spitze seines Schwertes präsentirt mit den Worten: *Feed then, and faint not, my fair Calipolis,* und weiterhin in demselben Drama: *Feed, and be fat, that we may meet the foe.* — Dasselbe Citat wird auch von andern Dichtern der Zeit parodirt. 41) So lautet in Q. und Fol. das Motto, das Pistol auf der Klinge seines Schwertes liest. — Auf einem Schwerte, das Douce gesehen, lautet der erste Theil ebenso, der zweite *l'esperance me contente.* — Die Hgg. bemühen sich, aus dem französischen, von Pistol selbst corrumpirten Motto ein italienisches zu machen. 42) Mit *sweet-heart* redet Pistol sein Schwert an. — Die Bühnenweisung ist von den Hggn. zur Erklärung hinzugefügt. 43) Sind wir hier zu Ende? sind wir zum Punctum gekommen und folgt kein *et cetera* mehr? kommt nichts mehr hinterdrein? 44) *neif* = Faust. Dasselbe Wort kommt in affectirter Redeweise bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen vor, und bei Sh. selbst in Midsummer-Night's Dream (A. 4, Sc. 1) *Give me your neif, Monsieur Mustard-seed.* 45) Wir haben manche Nacht mit einander zugebracht. So sagt Falstaff in K. Henry IV. First Part (A. 1, Sc. 2) *for we, that take purses, go by the moon and the seven stars.* 46) *Galloway nags,* eigentlich eine kleine, aus Galloway stammende Pferderace, hier von Johnson mit *common hacknies* erklärt, mit Beziehung auf Doll. 47) *shove-groat shilling* ist eine Münze, die im Peilkespiel als Marke dient. 48) Er meint die drei Parzen, die er vorher schon als *fates* angeredet hatte, und von denen er die eine, die Atropos, dann besonders namhaft macht. — Sh. parodirt hier, wie Dyce nachweist, folgende Stelle aus Sackville's Mirrour for Magistrates: *But what may boot to stay the sisters three,* || *When Atropos perforce will cut the thread?* || *The doleful day was come, when you might see* || *Northampton field with armed men o'erspread.* 49) Sie will *terrors* sagen. 50) *the Nine Worthies* = die neun Würdenträger, die in den herkömmlichen Festzügen der Stadt London figurirten, bestanden aus drei Helden des heidnischen Alterthums, drei aus der jüdischen, und drei aus der christlichen Welt. — Sh. lässt sie in Love's Labour's Lost (A. 5, Sc. 2) auftreten. 51) So die Fol.; die Q. hat *A villain.* 52) Auf dem Bartholomäusmarkte in London wurden gemästete Ferkel, fertig zubereitet, feilgeboten. — *tidy* vereinigt in sich die Bedeutungen

wilt thou leave fighting o' days, and foining o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

Enter behind, Prince HENRY *and* POINS, *disguised like Drawers.*

Fal. Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's-head: do not bid me remember mine end.

Doll. Sirrah, what humour is the prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: he would have made a good pantler, he would have chipped bread well.

Doll. They say, Poins has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit is as thick as Tewksbury[53] mustard: there is no more conceit in him, than is in a mallet.[54]

Doll. Why does the prince love him so, then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness;[55] and he plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel;[56] and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons;[57] and rides the wild mare with the boys;[58] and jumps upon joint-stools; and swears with a good grace; and wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg;[59] and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories;[60] and such other gambol faculties he has, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois.

P. Hen. Would not this nave[61] of a wheel have his ears cut off?

Poins. Let 's beat him before his whore.

P. Hen. Look, whether the withered elder hath not his poll clawed like a parrot.

Poins. Is it not strange, that desire should so many years outlive performance?[62]

Fal. Kiss me, Doll.

P. Hen. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction! what says the almanac to that?[63]

Poins. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not lisping to his master's old tables, his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering busses.

Doll. Nay, truly; I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Doll. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt thou have a kirtle[64] of? I shall receive money on Thursday; thou shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song! come: it grows late; we 'll to bed. Thou 'lt forget me, when I am gone.

Doll. By my troth, thou 'lt set me a-weeping, an thou say'st so: prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return. — Well, hearken the end.[65]

Fal. Some sack, Francis!

P. Hen., Poins. Anon, anon, Sir. *[Advancing.*

Fal. Ha! a bastard son of the king's. — And art not thou Poins his brother?[66]

P. Hen. Why, thou globe of sinful continents,[67] what a life dost thou lead!

Fal. A better than thou: I am a gentleman; thou art a drawer.

P. Hen. Very true, Sir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Host. O, the Lord preserve thy good grace! by my troth, welcome to London. — Now, the Lord bless that sweet face of thine! O Jesu! are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty, — by this light flesh and corrupt blood,[68] thou art welcome.

[Placing his hand upon DOLL.

Doll. How, you fat fool? I scorn you.

Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.[69]

P. Hen. You whoreson candle-mine,[70] you, how vilely did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman?

Host. God's blessing of your good heart! and so she is by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou hear me?

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von *timely* und von *neat*. 53) *Tewksbury*, eine Stadt in Glostershire, wegen ihrer Senffabrication bekannt. 54) *mallet* für *mallard* = wilder Enterich. In Antony and Cleopatra (A. 3, Sc. 8) *like a doting mallard*. 55) d. h. weil ihre Beine gleich mager sind. 56) Meeraal und Fenchel galten für Reizmittel. 57) *flap-dragon* ist irgend ein brennbarer und brennender Stoff, den geschickt mit dem Weine zugleich hinunterzuschlucken, eine häufig erwähnte Modethorheit zu Sh.'s Zeit war. So in Beaumont und Fletcher's Monsieur Thomas: *Carouse her health in cans and candle ends.* 58) *boys* sind hier die Diener oder Kellner, mit denen Poins solche Kinderspiele, wie *ride the wild mare* spielt. 59) Seine Stiefeln sitzen ihm so glatt, wie auf dem ausgehängten Bein, das als Zeichen irgend eines bestimmten Schusterladens diente. 60) *discreet stories* sind vernünftige Geschichten, welche dem faselnden Poins nicht geläufig sind, durch deren Erzählung er also keinen Zank stiften kann. 61) Wortspiel zwischen *nave* = Nabe eines Rades, mit dessen Rundung der dicke Falstaff verglichen wird, und *knave* = Spitzbube, Schelm. 62) Poins macht diese Bemerkung in Bezug auf Falstaff, der sich von der Doll den Kopf krauen lässt, um angenehm angeregt zu werden. 63) Der Almanach berichtet und berechnet die Conjunctionen der verschiedenen Sterne. — Johnson fügt hier die astronomische Notiz hinzu, dass Saturn und Venus sonst nie mit einander in Conjunction treten. — Poins in seiner Antwort setzt das astronomische Gleichniss fort, indem er den rothnasigen Bardolph als den feurigen Triangel (*Trigonum igneum*, die Verbindung der Sternbilder des Widders, des Löwen und des Schützen) bezeichnet, welcher dem alten Notizenbuche *(tables)* Falstaff's, d. h. der Wirthin, die Cour macht. 64) *kirtle* muss, nach den widersprechenden Erklärungen, welche die Commentatoren beibringen, zu Sh.'s Zeit verschiedene Arten von Kleidungsstücken bezeichnet haben. Die meisten Deutungen vereinigen sich jedoch dahin, dass es ein über dem eigentlichen Rocke getragenes kürzeres Kleidungsstück war. 65) Das Ende der Musik, worauf sie zu Bett gehen wollen. 66) scil. *Poins' brother*. — Die Umschreibung des Genitiv mit *his* wendet Sh. vorzugsweise an, wo das auf *s* auslautende Wort die Anfügung des genitivischen *s* nicht wohl erträgt. 67) *continents* = die verschiedenen Continente auf der Erdkugel, die der runde Falstaff vorstellt, und = Gefäss, Behälter für Sünden, in Verbindung mit *sinful*. 68) Falstaff erweitert die gewöhnliche Betheuerung *by this light!* scherzhaft durch die Hinzufügung von *flesh and corrupt blood*. — Die Bühnenweisung ist modern. 69) Wenn Ihr nicht den vorübergehenden Moment der Hitze, wo das Eisen warm ist und geschmiedet werden muss, wahrnehmt. 70) Falstaff ist eine Grube, aus der sich der Lichtstoff, Talg, in Masse gewinnen lässt.

P. Hen. Yes; and you knew me, as you did, when you ran away by Gadshill:[71] you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not so; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

P. Hen. I shall drive you, then, to confess the wilful abuse;[72] and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse, Hal, on mine honour; no abuse.

P. Hen. Not![73] to dispraise me, and call me pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse, Hal.

Poins. No abuse!

Fal. No abuse, Ned, i' the world: honest Ned, none. I dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him;[74] — in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend, and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal; — none, Ned, none; — no, 'faith, boys, none.

P. Hen. See now, whether pure fear, and entire cowardice, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us? Is she of the wicked? Is thine hostess here of the wicked? Or is the boy[75] of the wicked? Or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

Poins. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast maltworms.[76] For the boy, — there is a good angel about him, but the devil outbids[77] him too.

P. Hen. For the women?

Fal. For one of them, she is in hell already, and burns poor souls.[78] For the other, I owe her money, and whether she be damned for that, I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not; I think, thou art quit for that.[79] Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law; for the which, I think, thou wilt howl.[80]

Host. All victuallers do so: what 's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

P. Hen. You, gentlewoman, —

Doll. What says your grace?

Fal. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against.[81] *[Knocking heard.*

Host. Who knocks so loud at door? look to the door there, Francis.

Enter PETO.

P. Hen. Peto, how now? what news?

Peto. The king your father is at Westminster;
And there are twenty weak and wearied posts
Come from the north: and, as I came along,
I met, and overtook, a dozen captains,
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,
And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

P. Hen. By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,
So idly to profane the precious time,
When tempest of commotion, like the south,
Borne with black vapour,[82] doth begin to melt,
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my sword and cloak. -- Falstaff, good night.

[Exeunt Prince HENRY, POINS, PETO, *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence, and leave it unpicked. *[Knocking heard.]* More knocking at the door!

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

How now? what 's the matter?

Bard. You must away to court, Sir, presently;
A dozen captains stay at door for you.

Fal. *[To the Page.]* Pay the musicians, sirrah. — Farewell, hostess; — farewell, Doll. You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after: the undeserver may sleep, when the man of action is called on. Farewell, good wenches. If I be not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go.

Doll. I cannot speak; — if my heart be not ready to burst, — well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

Fal. Farewell, farewell.

[Exeunt FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

Host. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come peascod-time; but an honester, and truer-hearted man, — well, fare thee well.

Bard. *[Within.]* Mistress Tear-sheet, —

Host. What 's the matter?

Bard. *[Within.]* Bid Mistress Tear-sheet come to my master.

Host. O! run, Doll, run; run, good Doll.[83] *[Exeunt.*

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71) Vgl. K. Henry IV. First Part (A. 2, Sc. 4), wo Falstaff sagt *By the Lord, I knew ye, as well as he that made ye.* 72) Der bestimmte Artikel bezeichnet ein im Strafcodex bestimmt vorgesehenes Verbrechen, = die absichtliche Ehrenkränkung. 73) *not!* elliptisch = ist es etwa nicht eine Ehrenkränkung? — Andere Hgg. interpungiren: *Not to dispraise me etc.* 74) So die Fol.; die Q. *with thee.* 75) Falstaff's Page. Die Q. hat *thy boy.* 76) *maltworm*, eigentlich = Malzwurm, kam = Zechbruder, schon in K. Henry IV. First Part (A. 2, Sc. 1) vor. 77) Die Q. liest *blinds* für *outbids* der Fol. 78) Doll, meint Falstaff, ist schon in der Hölle und hat dort das Amt, arme Seelen in's Feuer zu stecken, — eine Anspielung auf Doll's Gewerbe und auf die, u. A. *the burning* genannte, Krankheit, mit der sie ihre Liebhaber ansteckt. — Die meisten Hgg. ändern mit Hanmer die alte Lesart der Fol. und Q. überflüssiger Weise, indem sie das transitive *burns* intransitiv fassen: *and burns, poor soul!* — Dem *burns poor souls* entspricht das vorhergehende *roast maltworms.* 79) Zweideutig = des geliehenen Geldes quitt, und = frei von Verdammniss deswegen. 80) Sie wird in die Hölle kommen, wo Heulen und Zähneklappern ist, weil sie, dem Gesetze zuwider, in der Fastenzeit hat Fleisch essen lassen in ihrem Hause. — Zugleich liegt in dem *flesh*, wie in dem folgenden *victuallers*, eine Anspielung auf das Bordellgewerbe, das die Wirthin nebenbei trieb. 81) In demselben obscönen Nebensinne lautet in Merchant of Venice (A. 3, Sc. 1) auf Shylock's Klage: *My own flesh and blood to rebel!* Solanio's Antwort: *Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?* — Zugleich ist *grace* = Stand der Gnade, Frömmigkeit, dem *flesh* = fleischliches Gelüste, entgegengesetzt. 82) Der Südwind, der auf schwarzem Ungewitter daherfährt. 83) Damit schliesst die Scene in der Fol. — Die Q. fügt noch hinzu: *Come, she comes blubbered: yea, will you come, Doll?* -- Die Worte *She comes blubbered* = Sie kommt mit verweintem Gesichte, enthalten eine auf Doll bezügliche Bühnenweisung, die aus Versehen in die Rede der Wirthin gerathen ist.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY *in his night-gown, with a Page.*[1]

K. Hen. Go, call the earls of Surrey and of Warwick;
But, ere they come, bid them o'erread these letters,
And well consider of them. Make good speed.
[Exit Page.
How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! — O sleep! O gentle sleep!
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds[2] of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god! why liest thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch,
A watch-case, or a common 'larum bell?[3]
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows[4] by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery clouds,
That with the hurly[5] death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy[6] in an hour so rude;
And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,[7]
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down![8]
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter WARWICK *and* SURREY.

War. Many good morrows to your majesty!

K. Hen. Is it good morrow, lords?
War. 'T is one o'clock, and past.
K. Hen. Why then, good morrow to you all,[9] my lords.
Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?
War. We have, my liege.
K. Hen. Then you perceive, the body of our kingdom
How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.
War. It is but as a body yet distemper'd,[10]
Which to his former strength may be restor'd,
With good advice, and little medicine.
My lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.[11]
K. Hen. O God! that one might read the book of fate,
And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent,
Weary of solid firmness, melt itself
Into the sea! and, other times, to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors![12] O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.
'T is not ten years gone,
Since Richard and Northumberland, great friends,
Did feast together, and in two years after
Were they at wars: it is but eight years, since
This Percy was the man nearest my soul;
Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs,
And laid his love and life under my foot;
Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard,
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by.
[To WARWICK.*]* (You, cousin Nevil,[13] as I may remember,)
When Richard, with his eye brimful of tears,
Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,
Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy?
»Northumberland, thou ladder, by the which
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne;« [14] —

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1) Diese Scene fehlt in den meisten Exemplaren der Q.; wie es scheint, durch ein Versehen des Druckers, der den Irrthum jedoch entdeckte, ehe die ganze Auflage fertig war, und der dann in dem Reste die Lücke durch das Umdrucken eines Bogens ergänzte. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 707. 2) So die Fol.; die Q. hat *sound.* 3) Der Gott des Schlafes meidet das königliche Lager, als ob es ein Wächterhäuschen oder ein Behälter für eine Sturmglocke wäre, wo der Schlaf nicht weilen kann. — Im Sinne Sh.'s ist zu *bell* aus dem Vorhergehenden ein Wort wie *case* zu suppliren, da *kingly couch* sich nicht wohl mit *'larum bell* selbst vergleichen lässt. — *dull god* = der einschläfernde Gott. 4) *ruffian* = ungestüm, wüst. So in Troilus and Cressida (A. 1, Sc. 3) *the ruffian Boreas* — Die Wogen werden hier als Ungethüme gefasst, die von den Winden bei ihrem krausen Kopf gepackt und in den Wolken aufgehängt werden; so hoch peitscht der Sturm die Fluth. — *slippery* = schlüpferig, feucht, werden die Wolken erst durch das an sie gespritzte Wasser. — Dyce liest mit der Q. *clamour* für *clamours* der Fol. 5) *hurly* = Tumult. 6) So die Fol.; die Q. hat *give them repose || To the wet season.* 7) Wo alle Hilfsmittel, die den Schlaf fördern, hinzutreten. 8) Ihr glücklichen Niedriggebornen, legt Euch getrost hin! ruft der um den Schlaf betrogene König aus, und fügt als Gegensatz hinzu: Unruhig liegt das Haupt, das eine Krone trägt. — Manche Hgg. ändern mit Warburton den Text ohne Noth und lesen *Then happy lowly clown.* 9) Wie hier zwei Personen mit *all* bezeichnet werden, so redet auch in K. Henry VI. Second Part (A. 2, Sc. 2) York die beiden Grafen Salisbury und Warwick an: *where, as all you know, || Harmless Richard was murder'd traitorously.* — In der Q. tritt freilich mit Warwick und Surrey auch Sir John Blunt auf; da er aber weder spricht, noch angeredet wird, noch auch vorher der König ihn rufen liess, so hat die Fol. mit Recht ihn weggelassen. 10) *distempered* = körperlich verstimmt, zum Kranksein hinneigend, ohne eigentlich schon wirklich krank zu sein. 11) Abgekühlt von dem kriegerischen Feuer, das ihn jetzt zum Aufstande treibt. 12) Der Becher wechselnder Geschicke, den die Menschen trinken müssen, ist mit verschiedenem Trank gefüllt. — Die folgenden viertehalb Zeilen fehlen in der Fol., welche also liest *With divers liquors, 'Tis not ten years gone.* 13) Steevens bemerkt hier den Sh.'schen Anachronismus, dass die Würde der Grafen von Warwick erst gegen das Ende der Regierung Heinrich's VI. auf die Familie Nevil überging, zur Zeit Heinrich's IV. aber noch den Beauchamps angehörte. 14) Diese

Though then, God knows, I had no such intent,[15]
But that necessity so bow'd the state,
That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss.
»The time shall come,« thus did he follow it,
»The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption:«[16] — so went on,
Foretelling this same time's condition,
And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history[17] in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd;
The which observ'd, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life, which in their seeds,
And weak beginnings, lie intreasured.
Such things become the hatch and brood of time;
And, by the necessary form of this,[18]
King Richard might create a perfect guess,
That great Northumberland, then false to him,
Would, of that seed, grow to a greater falseness,
Which should not find a ground to root upon,
Unless on you.

K. Hen. Are these things then necessities?
Then let us meet them like necessities;
And that same word even now cries out on us.
They say, the bishop and Northumberland
Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be, my lord:
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,[19]
The numbers of the fear'd. — Please it your grace
To go to bed; upon my life,[20] my lord,
The powers that you already have sent forth,
Shall bring this prize in very easily.
To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
A certain instance that Glendower is dead.
Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill,
And these unseason'd hours, perforce, must add
Unto your sickness.

K. Hen. I will take your counsel:
And were these inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Court before Justice Shallow's House in Gloster-shire.

Enter Shallow *and* Silence, *meeting;* Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, Bull-calf, *and Servants, behind.*

Shal. Come on, come on, come on, Sir; give me your hand, Sir, give me your hand, Sir: an early stirrer, by the rood. And how doth my good cousin Silence?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bedfellow? and your fairest daughter, and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

Sil. Alas! a black ousel, cousin Shallow.

Shal. By yea and nay, Sir, I dare say, my cousin William is become a good scholar. He is at Oxford, still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, Sir; to my cost.

Shal. He must then to the inns of court[1] shortly. I was once of Clement's-inn; where, I think, they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were called lusty Shallow then, cousin.

Shal. By the mass, I was called anything; and I would have done anything, indeed, and roundly[2] too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Bare, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele, a Cotswold man;[3] you had not four such swinge-bucklers[4] in all the inns of court again: and, I may say to you, we knew where the bona-robas[5] were, and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk.[6]

Sil. This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers?

Shal. The same Sir John, the very same. I saw him break Skogan's[7] head at the court gate,[8] when he was a crack,[9] not thus high: and the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's-inn. Jesu! Jesu! the mad days that I have spent!

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beiden Zeilen sind ungenau citirt aus K. Richard II. (A. 5, Sc. 1), woselbst sie lauten *Northumberland, thou ladder, wherewithal* || *The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne.* — Doch waren laut jener Scene weder Heinrich IV. noch Warwick zugegen, als der entthronte Richard die citirten Worte sprach. 15) Auch hier scheint das Gedächtniss Sh. nicht treu geblieben zu sein, da zu der betreffenden Zeit Heinrich bereits den Thron bestiegen hatte. 16) Vgl. K. Richard II. A. 5, Sc. 1. Die citirten Worte lauten dort: *The time shall not be many hours of age* || *More than it is, ere foul sin gathering head* || *Shall break into corruption.* 17) *history* ist hier = historische Wahrheit, historische Lehre oder Darstellung. 18) *this* bezieht sich auf *the which observ'd* = nach der Gestaltung, welche diese historische Beobachtung nothwendig annimmt, konnte Richard die zuversichtliche Vermuthung gewinnen u. s. w. — Das Wort *necessary* urgirt dann der König in seiner Antwort, in *necessities:* wenn diese Dinge Nothwendigkeiten sind, so wollen wir ihnen als solchen entgegentreten, d. h. gefasst und gerüstet. 19) *voice and echo* ist nach der Sh.'schen Licenz im Gebrauch der Copula *and* = wie der Wiederhall die Stimme verdoppelt, oder = wie es mit der Stimme und dem Wiederhall sich verhält. 20) So die Fol.; die Q. *soul.*

1) Um dort, in den Londoner Rechtshöfen, seine juristischen Studien zu betreiben und sich so zum Friedensrichter auszubilden, wie sein Vater. — Von solchen Rechtshöfen wird gleich einer, *Clement's-inn,* und nachher ein anderer, *Gray's-inn,* namhaft gemacht. 2) *roundly* = gerade zu, ohne Umschweife. 3) Cotswold in Glostershire war bekannt wegen der dort stattfindenden Jagden, Wettrennen und Ringkämpfe. So in Merry Wives of Windsor (A. 1, Sc. 1) *How does your fallow greyhound, Sir? I heard say, he was outrun on Cotsall.* — Ein *Cotswold man, Cot-sal-man* in der Fol. und *Cotsole man* in der Q., ist also ein Liebhaber und Betreiber solcher Uebungen. — Für *George Bare* hat die Q. *George Barnes.* 4) *swinge-buckler* = Haudegen, Raufbold. — *to swinge a sword and buckler* bezeichnet solche Strassenraufer und Händelsucher auch bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen. 5) *bona-roba,* italienisch = gute Waare, euphemistisch für: leichtfertige Mädchen. Florio's Italian Dictionary (1598) erklärt *Buona roba, as we say good stuff, that is a good wholesome plump-cheeked wench.* 6) Wie Sh. in einzelnen Zügen seinen Sir John Falstaff an die ihm auf dem Theater vorangegangene entsprechende Figur des Sir John Oldcastle anknüpfte, so macht er auch hier Erstern zu einem Pagen des Herzogs von Norfolk, was der historische Sir John Oldcastle allerdings gewesen war. 7) Skogan war ein Spassmacher am Hofe

and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead!

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin.

Shal. Certain, 't is certain; very sure, very sure: death, as the Psalmist saith,[10] is certain to all; all shall die. How[11] a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

Sil. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain. — Is old Double of your town living yet?

Sil. Dead, Sir.

Shal. Jesu! Jesu! dead! — he drew a good bow; — and dead! — he shot a fine shoot: — John of Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead! — he would have clapped in the clout at twelve score;[12] and carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see. — How a score of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be; a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead?

Sil. Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

Enter Bardolph, *and One with him.*[13]

Bard. Good morrow, honest gentlemen.[14] I beseech you, which is justice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, Sir; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace. What is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My captain, Sir, commends him to you; my captain, Sir John Falstaff: a tall[15] gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well, Sir: I knew him a good backsword man.[16] How doth the good knight? may I ask, how my lady his wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated[17] than with a wife.

Shal. It is well said, in faith, Sir; and it is well said indeed[18] too. Better accommodated! — it is good; yea, indeed, is it: good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated! it comes of *accommodo*: very good; a good phrase.

Bard. Pardon me, Sir; I have heard the word. Phrase, call you it? By this good[19] day, I know not the phrase: but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command, by heaven. Accommodated; that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or, when a man is, — being, — whereby, — he may be thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

Enter Falstaff.

Shal. It is very just. — Look, here comes good Sir John. — Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand. By my troth, you like well,[20] and bear your years very well: welcome, good Sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good Master Robert Shallow. — Master Sure-card,[21] as I think.

Shal. No, Sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.[22]

Fal. Good Master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.[23]

Sil. Your good worship is welcome.

Fal. Fie! this is hot weather. — Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?[24]

Shal. Marry, have we, Sir. Will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where 's the roll? where 's the roll? where 's the roll? — Let me see, let me see, let me see: so, so, so, so. Yea, marry, Sir: — Ralph Mouldy! — let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so. — Let me see; where is Mouldy?

Moul. Here, an it please you.

Shal. What think you, Sir John? a good-limbed[25] fellow; young, strong, and of good friends.[26]

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy?

Moul. Yea, an it please you.

Fal. 'T is the more time thou wert used.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i' faith! things that are mouldy lack use: very singular good! — In faith, well said, Sir John; very well said.

Fal. [*To* Shallow.] Prick him.[27]

Moul. I was pricked well enough before, an you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now, for

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Eduard's IV., dessen später gedruckte und häufig wieder aufgelegte Jests Sh. veranlassten, ihn anachronistisch schon hier unter der Regierung Heinrich's IV. zu nennen, wenn er ihn nicht etwa mit einem andern Skogan, einem Hofdichter zur Zeit des letztgenannten Königs, verwechselt hat. 8) scil. *at the gate of Clement's inn of court.* 9) *crack* = Knirps. So nennt in Coriolanus (A. 1, Sc. 3) die Virgilia ihren kleinen, dreisten Sohn. 10) Die Worte *as the Psalmist saith* fehlen in der Fol., da die Theatercensur sie als profan strich. 11) *how* = wie viel kostet? 12) Er traf mit seinem Schusse das Weisse in der Schiessscheibe auf zweihundert und vierzig Ellen Distance, und einen besonders guten Pfeil schoss er sogar noch vierzig bis fünfzig Ellen weiter. — Zu *score* ist *of yards*, als das herkömmliche Mass beim Schiessen, zu suppliren. 13) *Enter Bardolph and his Boy* in der Fol. 14) Die Q. setzt Bardolph's Namen zweimal, vor *Good morrow etc.* und vor *I beseech you etc.* Die Fol. theilt erstere Rede dem Shallow, die letztere dem Bardolph zu. 15) *tall* = tüchtig, nicht gerade immer = von hohem Wuchs. 16) Er wusste gut mit dem Pallasch umzugehen. 17) Sh. persiflirt das Modewort *to accommodate*, wie Ben Jonson in seinem Every Man in his Humour gethan hatte: *Hostess, accommodate us with another bedstaff here quickly. Lend us another bedstaff. The woman does not understand the words of action.* 18) Shallow unterscheidet in affectirter Pedanterie zwischen *in faith* und *indeed.* — Für *ever were* der Q. hat die Fol. *every where.* 19) *good* fehlt in der Fol. — Bardolph versteht das Wort *accommodate* so wenig wie das Wort *phrase.* 20) *to like well* = ein stattliches Aussehen haben. So die Q.; die Fol. hat *look* für *like.* 21) *a sure-card* = ein Zechgenoss. Dieser Name ist, wie fast alle in dieser Scene vorkommenden, charakteristisch, weshalb auch Falstaff nachher seine Witze darüber macht. 22) d. h. mit dem Amte als Friedensrichter und als solcher mit der Aushebung der Recruten betraut. 23) Da *silence* und *peace* synonym sind, so findet Falstaff den Silence wegen seines Namens schon vorzugsweise zum Friedensrichter geeignet. 24) Leute, die für den Kriegsdienst tüchtig sind. 25) *good-limbed* = stark von Gliedern, ist Compositum. 26) *of good friends* = aus guter Sippschaft, von guter Familie. 27) *to prick* wird hier und nachher noch einmal in den verschiedenen Bedeutungen als Wortspiel benutzt, zuerst = aufzeichnen, notiren; dann = herausputzen; endlich kommt noch die Bedeutung

one to do her husbandry, and her drudgery. You need not to have pricked me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to; peace, Mouldy! you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent!

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace! stand aside: know you where you are? — For the other, Sir John: — let me see. — Simon Shadow!

Fal. Yea, marry, let me have him to sit under:[28] he 's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal. Where 's Shadow?

Shad. Here, Sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou?

Shad. My mother's son, Sir.

Fal. Thy mother's son! like enough; and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male: it is often so, indeed; but not of the father's substance.[29]

Shal. Do you like him, Sir John?

Fal. Shadow will serve for summer, — prick him; for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.[30]

Shal. Thomas Wart!

Fal. Where 's he?

Wart. Here, Sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea, Sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him, Sir John?

Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! — you can do it, Sir; you can do it: I commend you well. — Francis Feeble!

Fee. Here, Sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble?

Fee. A woman's tailor, Sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, Sir?

Fal. You may; but if he had been a man's tailor, he would have pricked you. — Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle, as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

Fee. I will do my good will, Sir: you can have no more.

Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse. — Prick the woman's tailor. Well, Master Shallow, deep Master Shallow.[31]

Fee. I would Wart might have gone, Sir.

Fal. I would thou wert a man's tailor, that thou mightst mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands: let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

Fee. It shall suffice,[32] Sir.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble. — Who is next?

Shal. Peter Bull-calf of the green!

Fal. Yea, marry, let us see Bull-calf.

Bull. Here, Sir.

Fal. 'Fore God, a likely fellow! — Come, prick me Bull-calf till he roar again.

Bull. O Lord! good my lord captain, —

Fal. What, dost thou roar before thou art pricked?

Bull. O Lord! Sir, I am a diseased man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bull. A whoreson cold, Sir; a cough, Sir; which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs, upon his coronation-day, Sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown;[33] we will have away thy cold; and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee.[34] — Is here all?

Shal. Here is two[35] more called than your number; you must have but four here, Sir: — and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, by my troth, Master Shallow.

Shal. O, Sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's fields?

Fal. No more of that, good Master Shallow, no more of that.

Shal. Ha, it was a merry night. And is Jane Night-work alive?

Fal. She lives, Master Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me.[36]

Fal. Never, never: she would always say, she could not abide Master Shallow.

Shal. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba.[37] Doth she hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, Master Shallow.

Shal. Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain she 's old, and had Robin Night-work by old Night-work, before I came to Clement's-inn.

Sil. That 's fifty-five years[38] ago.

Shal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen! — Ha, Sir John, said I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight,[39] Master Shallow.

= aufspiessen, stechen, hinzu. 28) Falstaff spielt mit dem Namen *Shadow* und möchte unter diesem Schatten sitzen. — *cold soldier* ist = ein kaltblütiger Soldat, und = ein kalter Soldat. 29) Der Sohn ist nur das Schattenbild des Vaters, ohne dass er von der Wesenheit des Vaters Etwas hat, ohne dass ihn der vermeintliche Vater wirklich und körperlich gezeugt hat. — *shadow* und *substance* sind gewöhnliche Gegensätze. — Für *not* der Fol. hat die Q. *much*, das ironisch zu verstehen ist. Manche Hgg. verbinden Beides: *not much of the father's substance.* — Vielleicht ist auch das Sh. sonst geläufige Wortspiel zwischen *son* und *sun* hier beabsichtigt. 30) Viele Recruten figuriren nominell auf der Musterrolle, also als Schatten, da sie in der That nicht vorhanden sind und der Werbehauptmann das für ihre Anwerbung empfangene Geld stillschweigend in seine Tasche gesteckt hat. 31) Nach der Interpunction der Q. Viele Hgg. interpungiren mit der Fol. *Prick the woman's tailor well, Master Shallow; deep, Master Shallow.* — *deep* ist dem *shallow* entgegengesetzt. 32) Feeble versteht offenbar das Wort *suffice* nicht. 33) *gown* = Hauskleid, Friedenskleid, im Gegensatz zu der Uniform. 34) Ich werde solche Anstalten treffen, dass Deine Freunde für Dich läuten sollen; zweideutig = an Deiner Statt, und = weil Du in der Schlacht gefallen bist. 35) Capell wollte *two* streichen, weil nur fünf Recruten im Ganzen genannt werden, nach Shallow's Rechnung aber sechs herauskämen. Indess ist diese Unachtsamkeit wohl dem Dichter zur Last zu legen, und nicht dem Texte der Fol. und Q. 36) Sie konnte nie mit mir fertig werden. 37) Vgl. Anm. 5 dieser Scene. 38) So die

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, Sir John, we have. Our watchword was, »Hem, boys!« — Come, let 's to dinner; come, let 's to dinner. — O, the days that we have seen! — Come, come.

[Exeunt Falstaff, Shallow, *and* Silence.

Bull. Good master corporate[40] Bardolph, stand my friend, and here is four Harry ten shillings in French crowns[41] for you. In very truth, Sir, I had as lief be hanged, Sir, as go: and yet, for mine own part, Sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends: else, Sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Moul. And good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend: she has nobody to do anything about her, when I am gone; and she is old, and cannot help herself. You shall have forty,[42] Sir.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Fee. By my troth, I care not; a man can die but once; — we owe God a death. I 'll ne'er bear a base mind: — an 't be my destiny,[43] so; an 't be not, so. No man 's too good to serve his prince; and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said; thou art a good fellow.

Fee. 'Faith, I 'll bear no base mind.

Re-enter Falstaff *and Justices.*[44]

Fal. Come, Sir, which men shall I have?

Shal. Four, of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you. — I have three pound[45] to free Mouldy and Bull-calf.

Fal. Go to; well.

Shal. Come, Sir John, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you choose for me.

Shal. Marry then, — Monldy, Bull-calf, Feeble, and Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy, and Bull-calf: — for you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service: — and, for your part, Bull-calf, grow till you come unto it:[46] I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong. They are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes,[47] the stature, bulk, and big assemblance[48] of a man? Give me the spirit, Master Shallow. — Here 's Wart; — you see what a ragged appearance it is: he shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer;[49] come off,[50] and on, swifter than he that gibbets-on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-faced[51] fellow, Shadow, — give me this man: he presents no mark to the enemy; the foeman[52] may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife. And, for a retreat, — how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off! O, give me the spare men, and spare me[53] the great ones. — Put me a caliver[54] into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold, Wart, traverse;[55] thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So: — very well: — go to: — very good: — exceeding good. — O, give me always a little, lean, old, chapped, bald shot.[56] — Well said, i' faith, Wart: thou 'rt a good scab; hold, there 's a tester for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft's master, he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end green,[57] (when I lay at Clement's-inn,) I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show, there was a little quiver[58] fellow, and he would manage you his piece thus: and he would about, and about, and come you in: »rah, tah, tah,« would he say; »bounce,« would he say; and away again would he go, and again would he come. — I shall never see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, Master Shallow. — God keep you, Master Silence: I will not use many words with you. — Fare you well, gentlemen both: I thank

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Fol.; die Q. *year.* 39) d. h. wir sind die Nächte über zusammen wach geblieben, wir haben bis über die Mitternacht hinaus geschwärmt. — Zu dem *Hem, boys!* in Shallow's nächster Rede bemerkt Staunton, dass *hem, boys, hem!* der Refrain eines alten Trinkliedes war, von dem sich nur folgende Strophe in Brome's Lustspiel A Jovial Crew erhalten hat: *There was an old fellow at Waltham-cross,* || *Who merrily sung when he liv'd by the loss.* || *He never was heard to sing with heigh-ho,* || *But sent it out with a heigh trolly-lo.* || *He cheer'd up his heart, when his goods went to wrack,* || *With a hem, boys, hem! and a cup of sack.* 40) Er will *corporal* sagen. 41) Sh. überträgt hier die erst zur Zeit Heinrich's VII. und VIII. geprägten Zehnschillingstücke anachronistisch auf die Zeit Heinrich's IV. — *a crown* ist eigentlich ein Fünfschillingstück. 42) scil. *shillings.* 43) Wenn es mein Geschick ist, dass ich sterben soll, so ist es gut. 44) Das Wiederauftreten Falstaff's und der Friedensrichter, sowie deren Weggang vorher, ist nur in der Q. notirt. 45) Bardolph will, wie es scheint, von den zur Bestechung erhaltenen vier Pfund Sterling ein Pfund unterschlagen, da er seinem Herrn nur von dreien sagt. 46) Anspielung auf die eigentliche Bedeutung von *bull-calf* = Bullkalb, das erst wachsen muss, bis es dienstfähig wird. — Wie Bull-calf zu Hause bleiben soll, bis er dienstfähig wird, so soll, im scherzhaften Gegensatze, Mouldy, = Schimmelicht, zu Hause bleiben, bis er dienstunfähig ist. 47) *thewes* = Sehnen. Sh. hat das jetzt nicht mehr gebräuchliche Wort in Julius Cæsar (A. 1, Sc. 3) und Hamlet (A. 1, Sc. 3). 48) *assemblance* = Anschein, ein älteres, dem Altfranzösischen entlehntes Wort für das jetzige *semblance.* 49) *you* ist ethischer Dativ: er lädt und schiesst los, so rasch, wie der Hammer eines Zinngiessers auf und nieder geht. 50) scil. *he shall come off etc.:* er kommt und geht rascher als Jemand, der die Bierbrauereimer an den Schwengel hängt, — was fast gleichzeitig geschehen muss, da die beiden Eimer das Gleichgewicht halten sollen. 51) *half-faced* = der gleichsam nur ein halbes Gesicht hat, mit schmächtigem Gesicht, kümmerlich von Ansehen. 52) *foeman,* ein veralteter Ausdruck für *enemy.* 53) Wortspiel zwischen *spare* = spärlich, mager, und *to spare* = verschonen. 54) *caliver* = Hakenbüchse, leichter als eine Muskete, erhielt der schmächtige Wart, weil er sie besser handhaben konnte. 55) *traverse,* ein altes Commandowort, das auch in Othello (A. 1, Sc. 3) vorkommt, von einem alten Lexikographen erklärt mit *march up and down.* 56) *shot* = Schütze, eigentlich = Schuss. 57) Die Londoner Schützencompagnie stellte bei ihren Schiessübungen auf der Gemeindewiese von Mile-end bei der Stadt unter anderm Mummenschanz auch einen Aufzug des fabelhaften Königs Arthur und seiner Ritter vor, und dem damals in Clement's-inn die Rechtswissenschaft studirenden Shallow war die Rolle des Hofnarren Arthur's, des Sir Dagonet, zugefallen. 58) *quiver* = gewandt, beweglich. — Im Folgenden schildert Shallow pantomimisch die Gewandtheit,

you: I must a dozen mile to-night. — Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

Shal. Sir John, the Lord bless you, and God prosper your affairs, and send us peace! As you return, visit my house.[59] Let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure, I will with you to the court.

Fal. 'Fore God, I would you would.

Shal. Go to; I have spoke at a word. Fare you well.

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. *[Exeunt* Shallow *and* Silence.*]* On, Bardolph; lead the men away. *[Exeunt* Bardolph, *Recruits, etc.]* As I return, I will fetch off[60] these justices: I do see the bottom of justice Shallow. Lord, Lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull-street;[61] and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute.[62] I do remember him at Clement's-inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife: he was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invincible:[63] he was the very genius of famine;[64] yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores called him — mandrake. He came ever in the rearward of the fashion,[65] and sung those tunes to the over-scutched huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware — they were his fancies, or his good-nights.[66] And now is this Vice's dagger[67] become a squire, and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt, as if he had been sworn brother to him; and I 'll be sworn he never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then he burst his head, for crowding among the marshal's men.[68] I saw it, and told John of Gaunt, he beat his own name;[69] for you might have truss'd him, and all his apparel, into an eel-skin: the case of a treble hautboy[70] was a mansion for him, a court; and now has he land and beeves. Well, I will be acquainted with him, if I return; and it shall go hard, but I will make him a philosopher's two stones[71] to me. If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason in the law of nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end. *[Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A Forest in Yorkshire.

Enter the Archbishop of York, Mowbray, Hastings, *and Others.*

Arch. What is this forest call'd?

Hast. 'T is Gualtree forest, an 't shall please your grace.

Arch. Here stand, my lords, and send discoverers forth,
To know the numbers of our enemies.

Hast. We have sent forth already.

Arch. 'T is well done. —
My friends and brethren in these great affairs,
I must acquaint you, that I have receiv'd
New-dated letters from Northumberland;
Their cold intent, tenour and substance, thus: —
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers
As might hold sortance[1] with his quality;
The which he could not levy; whereupon
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland; and concludes in hearty prayers,
That your attempts may overlive the hazard
And fearful meeting of their opposite.[2]

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground,
And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now, what news?

Mess. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy:

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mit welcher der Schütze das Manœuvre des Schiessens ausführte. 59) So die Fol. in besserer Uebereinstimmung mit Falstaff's folgenden Worten: *As I return, I will etc.* Die Q. liest *At your return, visit our house.* — Falstaff's Antwort lautet in der Fol. *I would you would, Master Shallow.* 60) *to fetch off* = ausbeuten. — *bottom* in Bezug auf *shallow* = seicht. 61) *Turnbull-street*, eigentlich *Turnmill-street*, eine übelberüchtigte Strasse in London, wird auch bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen in ähnlicher Beziehung erwähnt. 62) Die dem Sultan zu zahlende Jahressteuer, mit der die seefahrenden Nationen sich von den Belästigungen der Piraten loskauften. 63) *invincible*, scherzhaft gebraucht = er war so verkommen, dass ein kurzsichtiges Auge seiner Dimensionen nicht habhaft werden, ihn nicht wahrnehmen konnte. Für *were invincible*, das Malone richtig mit *could not be mastered* erklärt, lesen manche Hgg. mit Rowe *invisible*, wodurch die komische Hyperbel beeinträchtigt wird. 64) Die Q. hat *gemies of famine.* — Die folgenden Worte *yet lecherous — — mandrake* fehlen in der Fol. — Zu *mandrake* vgl. A. 1, Sc. 2, Anm. 5. 65) Das Folgende bis zu *his good-nights* fehlt wieder in der Fol. — *over-scutched* = ausgepeitscht, wie die liederlichen Weibsbilder bestraft wurden. *huswives* ist daher ironisch, nicht im eigentlichen Sinne, zu fassen, wie in Othello (A. 4, Sc. 1) die Bianca charakterisirt wird: *A housewife, that by selling her desires || Buys herself bread and clothes.* 66) *his fancies, or his good-nights* = von ihm selbst gedichtete Liebeslieder oder Ständchen. 67) Der dürre Shallow wird mit der hölzernen Pritsche verglichen, welche die lustige Figur des altenglischen Theaters, der *Vice*, handhabte. Dieser Vorläufer des Sh.'schen Clown wird auch in Twelfth-Night (A. 4, Sc. 2) damit charakterisirt: *Like to the old Vice — — Who with dagger of lath, || In his rage and his wrath, || Cries, Ah ha! to the devil.* 68) Shallow sah den grossen Helden John von Gent, Herzog von Lancaster, den Vater Heinrich's IV., nur einmal auf dem Turnierplatz in Westminster, und wurde damals von ihm auf den Kopf geschlagen, weil er sich unter die Diener des Marschalls, der das Turnier beaufsichtigte, gedrängt hatte. 69) Wortspiel zwischen *Gaunt* = Gent, und *gaunt* = hager, dürre. — Gleich darauf hat die Q. *thrust* für das *truss'd* der Fol. 70) Es gab damals drei Arten von Hoboen: *treble, tenor* und *bass hautboy.* 71) d. h. ich will so viel Gold aus ihm machen, wie sich vermittelst mehr als eines, vermittelst eines doppelten Steines der Weisen, herstellen lässt. — Zugleich liegt in *two stones* ein obscöner Nebensinn, wie in Timon of Athens (A. 2, Sc. 2) *like a philosopher, with two stones more than his artificial one.*

1) *to hold sortance*, eine Umschreibung des einfachen *to sort:* der Graf von Northumberland möchte gern in Person hier sein mit solcher Truppenmacht, wie sie seinem Range entspricht, die er aber nicht zusammen-

And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thousand.
Mowb. The just proportion that we gave them out.[3]
Let us sway on,[4] and face them in the field.

Enter WESTMORELAND.

Arch. What well-appointed[5] leader fronts us here?
Mowb. I think it is my lord of Westmoreland.
West. Health and fair greeting from our general,
The prince, Lord John and duke of Lancaster.
Arch. Say on, my lord of Westmoreland, in peace,
What doth concern your coming?[6]
West. Then, my lord,
Unto your grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion
Came like itself,[7] in base and abject routs,
Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rage,
And countenanc'd by boys, and beggary;
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,[8]
In his true, native, and most proper[9] shape,
You, reverend father, and these noble lords,
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form
Of base and bloody insurrection
With your fair honours. You, lord archbishop,
Whose see is by a civil[10] peace maintain'd;
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd;[11]
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd;
Whose white investments figure innocence,[12]
The dove and very blessed spirit of peace:
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself,
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,
Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war?
Turning your books to graves,[13] your ink to blood,
Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet, and a point of war?[14]

Arch. Wherefore do I this? — so the question stands.
Briefly to this end: — we are all diseas'd;[15]
And, with our surfeiting, and wanton hours,[16]
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
And we must bleed[17] for it: of which disease
Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.
But, my most noble lord of Westmoreland,
I take not on me here as a physician,[18]
Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,
Troop in the throngs of military men;
But, rather, show awhile like fearful war,
To diet rank minds, sick of happiness,
And purge the obstructions, which begin to stop
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer.
And find our griefs[19] heavier than our offences.
We see which way the stream of time doth run,
And are enforc'd from our most quiet sphere[20]
By the rough torrent of occasion;
And have the summary of all our griefs,
When time shall serve, to show in articles,
Which, long ere this, we offer'd to the king,
And might by no suit gain our audience.
When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our griefs,
We are denied access unto his person,
Even by those men that most have done us wrong.
The dangers of the days but newly gone,
Whose memory is written on the earth
With yet-appearing blood, and the examples
Of every minute's instance,[21] present now,
Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms;
Not to break peace, or any branch of it,
But to establish here a peace indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality.[22]

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bringen konnte. 2) *opposite* = Gegner, Widersacher. 3) Gerade die Zahl, die wir als unsere Vermuthung ausgesprochen. — *proportion* ist der Ueberschlag der in's Feld zu stellenden Mannschaft. 4) *to sway on* bezeichnet die schwunghafte und nachdrückliche Fortbewegung grosser Massen. So in K. Henry VI. Third Part (A. 2, Sc. 5), ebenfalls von einer Schlachtreihe: *Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,* || *Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind.* 5) *well-appointed* = in voller Rüstung. 6) *your coming* ist Subject. — *then, my lord* fehlt in der Q. 7) *like itself* = in dem entsprechenden Aussehen, wie die Rebellion aussehen muss. — Dieses natürliche Aussehen der Rebellion wird dann näher beschrieben: sie erscheint in niederträchtigen Rotten, angeführt von blutdürstiger Jugend, verbrämt, d. h. begleitet oder umschwärmt von der Wuth des Pöbels, und unterstützt durch unreife Knaben und Bettlervolk. — Für *rage* in Q. und Fol. corrigirte Sidney Walker *rags*, was vorzuziehen wäre, wenn *rags* nicht das erst folgende *beggary* anticipirte, während *rage* = blinde Wuth, in der Charakteristik der Rebellion nicht fehlen darf. 8) So emendirte Pope das *appear* der Q. und Fol., der Grammatik gemäss, welche aber vielleicht Sh. selbst hier vernachlässigte. 9) *proper* = eigenthümlich. 10) *civil* ist hier wohl nicht, wie Steevens erklärt, *grave, decent, solemn*, sondern in seinem eigentlichen Sinne zu fassen: der Stuhl des Erzbischofs wird nur durch bürgerlichen Frieden aufrecht erhalten. 11) Der Bart des Erzbischofs ist in einer langen Friedenslaufbahn silberweiss geworden. 12) Die bischöflichen Gewänder zeigen das Weiss, die Farbe der Unschuld, und die Unschuld in ihrer Harmlosigkeit ist die Friedenstaube, ja als solche der verkörperte Geist des Friedens selbst. — Weiss war damals die allgemeine und beständige Tracht der englischen Bischöfe, auch ausserhalb der Kirche. 13) Für *graves*, die Lesart der Q. und Fol., wollte Warburton *glaives* = Schwerter, und Steevens *greaves* = Beinharnisch, lesen. Jedenfalls ist *turning* nicht wörtlich zu verstehen, sondern sagt nur, dass der Erzbischof sich, statt mit Büchern, Tinte und Federn, jetzt mit Gräbern, Blutvergiessen und Lanzen zu schaffen mache. 14) *point of war* = Schlachtsignal, erhält seine nähere Erklärung durch das vorhergehende *loud trumpet*, das, nach dem Sh.'schen Gebrauche der Copula *and*, damit zu einem Begriff zu verbinden ist: die laute Trompete, die das Zeichen zur Schlacht giebt. 15) Die folgenden fünf und zwanzig Zeilen fehlen in der Q. 16) Die Zeit, die wir in Schwelgerei und Ueppigkeit zugebracht. — So in K. Richard II. (A. 5, Sc. 1) *our profane hours.* 17) *to bleed* doppelsinnig = zur Ader gelassen werden, und = bluten im Kampfe. 18) Ich masse mir nicht die Rolle eines Arztes an. 19) *griefs* = Beschwerden. Unsere Beschwerden über den König wiegen schwerer als die Kränkungen, die wir mit diesem Aufstande dem Könige anthun. 20) *sphere* ist Warburton's Emendation des *there* der Fol. — Der Strom der Zeit macht sich auch dem Erzbischofe fühlbar, und aus der ruhigen Bahn, in der er sich seinem geistlichen Amte gemäss bewegte, ist er herausgedrängt worden durch den wilden Andrang äusserer Veranlassung oder Noth. — Für *there* vermuthete Theobald *chair*. 21) Die Beispiele, welche

West. When ever yet was your appeal denied?
Wherein have you been galled by the king?
What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you,
That you should seal this lawless bloody book
Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine,
And consecrate commotion's bitter edge? [23]
Arch. My brother general, the commonwealth,
To brother born an household cruelty, [24]
I make my quarrel in particular.
West. There is no need of any such redress;
Or, if there were, it not belongs to you.
Mowb. Why not to him, in part, and to us all,
That feel the bruises of the days before,
And suffer the condition of these times
To lay a heavy and unequal hand [25]
Upon our honours? [26]
West. O! my good lord Mowbray,
Construe the times to their necessities, [27]
And you shall say indeed, it is the time,
And not the king, that doth you injuries.
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,
Either from the king, or in the present time, [28]
That you should have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on. Were you not restor'd
To all the duke of Norfolk's signiories,
Your noble and right-well-remember'd father's?
Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my father lost,
That need to be reviv'd, and breath'd [29] in me?
The king, that lov'd him, as the state stood then,
Was, force perforce, compell'd to banish him:
And then that [30] Harry Bolingbroke, and he,
Being mounted, and both roused in their seats,
Their neighing coursers daring of the spur, [31]
Their armed staves in charge, their beavers down, [32]
Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel,
And the loud trumpet blowing them together;
Then, then, when there was nothing could have stay'd
My father from the breast of Bolingbroke, [33]
O! when the king did throw his warder down,
His own life hung upon the staff he threw:
Then threw he down himself, [34] and all their lives,
That, by indictment, and by dint of sword,
Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.
West. You speak, Lord Mowbray, now you know not what.
The earl of Hereford was reputed then
In England the most valiant gentleman:
Who knows, on whom fortune would then have smil'd?
But if your father had been victor there,
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry; [35]
For all the country, in a general voice,
Cried hate upon him; and all their prayers, and love,
Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on,
And bless'd, and grac'd indeed, [36] more than the king.
But this is mère digression from my purpose.
Here come I from our princely general,
To know your griefs; to tell you from his grace,
That he will give you audience; and wherein
It shall appear that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them; every thing set off,
That might so much as think you enemies.
Mowb. But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer,
And it proceeds from policy, not love.
West. Mowbray, you overween, to take it so.
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear;
For, lo! within a ken [37] our army lies,
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.

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jede Minute als Beweise bringt. — *example* ist einfach = Beispiel, Probe; *instance* = Beispiel, das zu einem Belege dient, zu einer Beweisführung gehört. 22) Sh. hat für diese Rede des Erzbischofs Manches aus Holinshed entlehnt. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 708. 23) Dieser Vers findet sich nur in der Q. 24) Diese Zeile fehlt in der Fol., und, wie es scheint, auch in einzelnen Exemplaren der Q.; sie erläutert das erst nachfolgende *my quarrel in particular*. Der Erzbischof erwiedert auf Westmoreland's Frage nach seinen Beschwerden: Meinen allgemeinen, das Volk umfassenden Bruder, den Staat, mache ich zum Träger der Beschwerde, die ich privatim gegen den König wegen der an meinem leiblichen Bruder geübten häuslichen Grausamkeit habe. — Die Häufung der Antithesen, *brother general* gegen *brother born*, *general* gegen *particular*, *commonwealth* gegen *household cruelty*, hat in den Satz eine Undeutlichkeit gebracht, die vielleicht Sh. selbst durch Streichung des zweiten Verses heben wollte. — Malone vermuthet dagegen, dass zwischen der ersten und zweiten Zeile ein Vers ausgefallen sei, dessen Sinn in Verbindung mit dem vorhergehenden dieser gewesen: *My general brother, the commonwealth, is the general ground of our taking up arms.* — Der besondere Klagepunkt des Erzbischofs ist die auf Befehl des Königs vollzogene Hinrichtung des Lord Scroop, seines Bruders. Vgl. K. Henry IV. First Part (A. 1, Sc. 3) *The archbishop — — who bears hard || His brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop.* 25) *heavy and unequal* = mit ungerechtem, parteiischem Drucke. 26) Die folgenden 36—37 Zeilen bis *more than the king* fehlen wieder in der Q. 27) Deutet die Zeiten nach dem Drange, den sie ausüben, und von dem sie selbst beherrscht werden. 28) Das *either — — or* bezieht sich auf das Folgende: ich sehe nicht, dass Ihr vom Könige oder in der jetzigen Zeit den mindesten Grund zur Beschwerde erhalten hättet. 29) *to be breathed* = Leben einhauchen lassen. 30) So die Fol.; Rowe setzte *when, that* und Pope *then, when* dafür. — Auch Dyce und Staunton behalten die alte Lesart bei, doch möchte der Letztere lieber lesen *and when, that Harry Bolingbroke* und dem entsprechend acht Zeilen weiter: *O, then the king did throw his warder down.* 31) Sie spornten ihre wiehernden Renner zum Zweikampf in die Schranken. Mowbray bezieht sich auf die Ereignisse, welche Sh. in K. Richard II. (A. 1, Sc. 3) vorgeführt hat. 32) Mit eingelegter Lanze, mit niedergelassenem Visir. — Ueber *beaver* vgl. K. Henry IV. First Part A. 4, Sc. 1, Anm. 32. — Durch das geschlossene Visir, wie durch ein stählernes Gesicht, funkelten dann ihre Augen wie Feuer. 33) Als nichts meinen Vater hätte hindern können, mit seiner Lanze gegen Bolingbroke loszustürzen. 34) Als König Richard seinen Commandostab in die Schranken warf und so durch Vereitelung des Zweikampfs Bolingbroke's Leben rettete, warf er mit dem Stabe zugleich sich selbst darnieder, und das Leben aller Derer, die seitdem u. s. w. 35) *it* bezieht sich auf ein in *victor* steckendes Wort *victory*. — Coventry war der Ort, wo der Zweikampf vor sich gehen sollte. — Der *earl of Hereford* hiess in K. Richard II. überall richtiger *duke of Hereford*. 36) *indeed* ist Thirlby's Emendation für *and did* der Fol. — Vielleicht schrieb Sh. *and bid*. 37) *within a ken* = in der Sehweite eines Blicks, den Ihr hinwerfen könnt.

Our battle is more full of names[38] than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best;
Then, reason wills,[39] our hearts should be as good:
Say you not then, our offer is compell'd.

Mowb. Well, by my will, we shall admit no parley.

West. That argues but the shame of your offence:
A rotten case abides no handling.[40]

Hast. Hath the prince John a full commission,
In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear, and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon?

West. That is intended in the general's name.[41]
I muse you make so slight a question.

Arch. Then take, my lord of Westmoreland, this schedule,
For this contains our general grievances:
Each several article herein redress'd;
All members of our cause, both here and hence,
That are insinew'd to this action,
Acquitted by a true substantial form;[42]
And present execution of our wills
To us, and to our purposes, consign'd;[43]
We come within our awful banks[44] again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

West. This will I show the general. Please you, lords,
In sight of both our battles we may meet:
And either[45] end in peace, which God so frame,
Or to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it.

Arch. My lord, we will do so.

[Exit WESTMORELAND.

Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom tells me,
That no conditions of our peace can stand.

Hast. Fear you not that: if we can make our peace
Upon such large terms, and so absolute,
As our conditions shall consist upon,[46]
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

Mowb. Ay, but our valuation shall be such,[47]
That every slight and false-derived cause,
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason,
Shall to the king taste of this action:
That, were our royal faiths[48] martyrs in love,
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.

Arch. No, no, my lord. Note this, — the king is weary
Of dainty and such picking[49] grievances:
For he hath found, to end one doubt by death,
Revives two greater in the heirs of life.[50]
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean,
And keep no tell-tale to his memory,[51]
That may repeat and history[52] his loss
To new remembrance. For full well he knows,
He cannot so precisely weed this land,
As his misdoubts present occasion:
His foes are so enrooted with his friends,
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfasten so, and shake a friend.
So that this land, like an offensive wife,[53]
That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holds his infant up,
And hangs[54] resolv'd correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.

Hast. Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastisement;
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
May offer, but not hold.[55]

Arch. 'T is very true:
And therefore be assur'd, my good lord marshal,
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.[56]

Mowb. Be it so.
Here is return'd my lord of Westmoreland.

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38) Unsere Schlachtreihen sind reicher an Leuten, deren Namen einen guten Klang hat. 39) *wills* verbesserte Pope das *will* der Q. und Fol. 40) Eine faule Sache verträgt nicht wohl, dass man sie mit dem Finger viel anfasst. — *handling* ist dreisylbig = *handeling* zu lesen. 41) Diese Vollmacht des Prinzen Johann ist schon einbegriffen in dem Namen General, den er führt; und ich wundere mich, dass Ihr eine so nichtige, grundlose Frage thut. 42) Wenn alle Theilnehmer unserer Sache, die anwesenden wie die abwesenden, welche zu dieser Kriegsunternehmung sich organisch verbunden haben, freigesprochen werden durch eine ächte, gültige Erklärung von Seiten des Königs. 43) Die Q. hat *confinde*, und bei dem Drucke der Fol. ist es zweifelhaft, ob *confin'd* oder *consin'd* zu lesen ist. — *consign'd* ist Johnson's Verbesserung, und in dem von Sh. auch sonst gebrauchten Sinne = bestätigen, unterzeichnen, zu fassen: und wenn die augenblickliche Ausführung Dessen, was wir wollen, uns und unsern Absichten bestätigt ist. — Staunton und Dyce lesen nach Capell's Vorgang *purposes confirm'd.* 44) Das Bild ist von einem aus seinen Ufern getretenen Flusse entlehnt, der nachher wieder in dieselben zurückkehrt. — *awful banks* sind die Ufer des dem Könige gebührenden Respects *(awe).* 45) *and either* verbesserte Thirlby das *at either* der Q. und Fol. 46) *to consist upon* = auf Etwas beruhen, auf Etwas fussen. 47) Man wird uns in Zukunft so taxiren, dass Alles, was wir thun, und sei es auch das Geringfügigste, falsch ausgelegt werden, und bei dem König nach diesem Aufstande schmecken wird. 48) *our royal faiths* = unsere Königstreue. — *royal* ist hier = royalistisch, gut königlich gesinnt. So in K. Henry VIII. (A. 4, Sc. 1) *the citizens have shown at full their royal minds.* 49) *to pick*, als intransitives Verbum, = mühsam, kleinlich verfahren: der König ist solcher delicaten und scrupulösen Beschwerden satt. 50) Wenn man eine Furcht durch den Tod endet, d. h. indem man den Gefürchteten aus dem Wege räumt, so ruft man dafür in dem lebendigen Erben des Getödteten zwei grössere Besorgnisse wach. 51) *tell-tale to his memory* = Zuträger für sein Gedächtniss, sind eben die Schreibtafeln, die er rein abwischen will von den Namen seiner Feinde. 52) *to history* = zur Geschichte machen, geschichtlich verzeichnen. 53) In diesem Gleichniss wird das weiblich personificirte Land als die böse Frau, der König als der Mann gefasst, der, von ihr zu Schlägen gereizt, im Augenblicke des Schlagens von der beabsichtigten Züchtigung dadurch zurückgehalten wird, dass die Frau ihm sein Kind entgegenhält. 54) *to hang* = in der Schwebe halten, nicht niederfallen lassen. 55) Seine Macht mag wohl die Miene machen, als wolle sie zupacken, aber in der That fasst sie ihr Opfer nicht. 56) So in Othello (A. 2, Sc. 3) *This broken joint, between you and her husband, entreat her to splinter; and — — this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.*

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

West. The prince is here at hand. Pleaseth your lordship,
To meet his grace just distance 'tween our armies?
Mowb. Your grace[57] of York, in God's name then, set forward.
Arch. Before, and greet his grace, my lord: we come.
[Exeunt.[58]

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter, from one side, MOWBRAY, *the Archbishop,* HASTINGS, *and Others: from the other side, Prince* JOHN *of* LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, *Officers, and Attendants.*

P. John. You are well encounter'd here, my cousin Mowbray. —
Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop;
And so to you, Lord Hastings, — and to all. —
My lord of York, it better show'd with you,
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Encircled you, to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text,
Than now to see you here an iron man,[1]
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword,[2] and life to death.
That man, that sits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
Alack! what mischiefs might he set abroach,
In shadow of such greatness. With you, lord bishop,
It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken,
How deep you were within the books of God?[3]
To us, the speaker in his parliament;[4]
To us, the imagin'd[5] voice of God himself;
The very opener and intelligencer,
Between the grace,[6] the sanctities of heaven,
And our dull workings: O! who shall believe,
But you misuse the reverence of your place,
Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,
As a false favourite doth his prince's name,
In deeds dishonourable? You have taken up,[7]
Under the counterfeited zeal of God,[8]
The subjects of his substitute, my father;
And, both against the peace of heaven and him,
Have here up-swarm'd[9] them.
Arch. Good my lord of Lancaster,
I am not here against your father's peace;
But, as I told my lord of Westmoreland,
The time misorder'd doth, in common sense,[10]
Crowd us, and crush us to this monstrous form,
To hold our safety up. I sent your grace
The parcels and particulars[11] of our grief,
(The which hath been with scorn shov'd from the court,)
Whereon this Hydra son of war[12] is born;
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep,
With grant of our most just and right desires,
And true obedience, of this madness cur'd,
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.
Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the last man.
Hast. And though we here fall down,
We have supplies to second our attempt;
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them;
And so success of mischief[13] shall be born,
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,
Whiles England shall have generation.
P. John. You are too shallow, Hastings, much too shallow,
To sound the bottom of the after-times.
West. Pleaseth your grace, to answer them directly,
How far-forth you do like their articles?
P. John. I like them all, and do allow[14] them well:
And swear here by the honour of my blood,
My father's purposes have been mistook;
And some about him have too lavishly
Wrested his meaning and authority. —
My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd;

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57) *grace* ist sowohl der Titel des Prinzen Johann von Lancaster als auch des Erzbischofs von York. 58) In der Q. und Fol. ist kein *Exeunt* verzeichnet, weil zu den auf der Bühne Anwesenden in dem Augenblicke, da sie dem Prinzen entgegengehen wollen, dieser selbst auftritt: *Enter Prince John and his army* in der Q., und *Enter Prince John* in der Fol. — Eine neue Scene mit veränderter Localität lassen erst die spätern Hgg. hier beginnen.

1) Die Q. fügt hier noch ein sinnloses *talking* hinzu. 2) Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 1, Anm. 13. 3) Wie tief Ihr eingedrungen waret in das Verständniss der Bibel. 4) Prinz Johann denkt dabei an den Sprecher in dem englischen Reichsparlament. Als ein solcher Sprecher, der die Beschlüsse des göttlichen Rathes zu verkünden hatte, erschien der Erzbischof den Andern. 5) *imagin'd* verbesserte Pope das *imagine* der Q. und Fol.: die bildlich dargestellte Stimme Gottes. 6) *grace* ist wie *sanctities* mit *of heaven* zu verbinden. — Der Erzbischof stand als erklärender Dolmetsch zwischen der göttlichen Gnade, den Heiligkeiten des Himmels, und dem dumpfen Thun und Treiben der Sterblichen, die ohne solchen Vermittler sich vergebens um das Verständniss bemüht hätten. 7) *to take up* = in Bewegung setzen, in die Höhe bringen. 8) Der Erzbischof schützte einen frommen Eifer für Gottes Ehre vor, als er den Aufstand förderte. — *zeal* ist bei Sh. vorzugsweise religiöser Eifer. — Die Fol., welcher die Theatercensur den Namen Gottes nicht passiren liess, setzt hier ungeschickt genug dreimal hintereinander *heaven: zeal of heaven, heaven's substitute,* und *peace of heaven.* — Für *zeal* vermuthete schon Capell, wie die Cambridge Edd. nachgewiesen haben, *seal.* Auch Sidney Walker las so. 9) *to up-swarm* = zum Schwärmen bringen, in Masse in Bewegung setzen, eigentlich von Bienen oder andern Insecten. 10) *in common sense* erklärt Johnson mit *general sense of general danger,* Mason mit *according to the dictates of reason.* Es ist wohl einfach = natürlicher Weise. Der Erzbischof will sagen, dass sein und seiner Freunde Benehmen nichts Wunderbares sei. 11) Die einzelnen Stücke und Details unserer Beschwerden. 12) Da *war* personificirt männlichen Geschlechtes ist, so fasst Sh. auch *Hydra* als ein männliches Ungeheuer. Der Krieg selbst ist die sich vielfach fortzeugende Hydra, deren tausendfache Augen sich wie durch Zauber einschläfern lassen durch Gewährung der begehrten Bewilligungen. 13) *success of mischief* = eine Erbfolge von Unheil. — *success* haben in diesem Sinne auch Sh.'s Zeitgenossen; so Spenser in der Faerie Queene: *All the sons of these five brethren reign'd || By due success.* 14) *to allow* = gelten lassen. 15) Bei Holinshed macht Westmoreland diesen Vorschlag. Vgl. Ein-

Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you,[15]
Discharge your powers unto their several counties,
As we will ours; and here, between the armies,
Let 's drink together friendly, and embrace,
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home,
Of our restored love and amity.

Arch. I take your princely word for these redresses.

P. John. I give it you, and will maintain my word:
And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

Hast. [To an Officer.] Go, captain, and deliver to the army
This news of peace: let them have pay, and part.[16]
I know, it will well please them: hie thee, captain.
[Exit Officer.

Arch. To you, my noble lord of Westmoreland.

West. I pledge your grace: an if you knew what pains
I have bestow'd to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely; but my love to you
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

Arch. I do not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it. —
Health to my lord, and gentle cousin Mowbray.

Mowb. You wish me health in very happy season;
For I am, on the sudden, something ill.

Arch. Against ill chances men are ever merry,
But heaviness foreruns the good event.

West. Therefore be merry, coz; since sudden sorrow
Serves to say thus, — Some good thing comes to-morrow.

Arch. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

Mowb. So much the worse, if your own rule be true.[17]
[Shouts within.

P. John. The word[18] of peace is render'd: hark, how they shout!

Mowb. This had been cheerful after victory.

Arch. A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser.

P. John. Go, my lord,
And let our army be discharged too. —
[Exit Westmoreland.
And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains[19]
March by us, that we may peruse the men
We should have cop'd withal.

Arch. Go, good Lord Hastings,
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.
[Exit Hastings.

P. John. I trust, lords, we shall lie[20] to-night together. —

Re-enter Westmoreland.

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

West. The leaders, having charge from you to stand,
Will not go off until they hear you speak.

P. John. They know their duties.

Re-enter Hastings.

Hast. My lord, our army is dispers'd already.[21]
Like youthful steers unyok'd, they take their courses
East, west, north, south; or, like a school broke up,
Each hurries toward his home, and sporting-place.

West. Good tidings, my lord Hastings; for the which
I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason: —
And you, lord archbishop, — and you, Lord Mowbray,
Of capital treason I attach you both.

Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honourable?

West. Is your assembly so?

Arch. Will you thus break your faith?

P. John. I pawn'd thee none.
I promis'd you redress of these same grievances,
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,
I will perform with a most christian care.
But, for you, rebels, look to taste the due
Meet for rebellion,[22] and such acts as yours.
Most shallowly did you these arms commence,
Fondly brought here, and foolishly[23] sent hence. —
Strike up our drums! pursue the scatter'd stray;[24]
God, and not we, hath safely fought to-day. —
Some guard these traitors to the block of death;
Treason's true bed, and yielder up of breath.[25] *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Part of the Forest.

Alarums: excursions. Enter Falstaff *and* Coleville, *meeting.*

Fal. What 's your name, Sir? of what condition are you, and of what place, I pray?

Cole. I am a knight, Sir; and my name is Coleville of the dale.[1]

Fal. Well then, Coleville is your name, a knight is your degree, and your place, the dale: Coleville shall still be your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place, — a place deep enough; so shall you be still Coleville of the dale.[2]

Cole. Are not you Sir John Falstaff?

Fal. As good a man as he, Sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, Sir, or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers,[3] and they weep for thy death: therefore, rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.[4]

Cole. I think, you are Sir John Falstaff, and in that thought yield me.

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leitung pag. 708. 16) scil. *let them part* = lasst sie auseinander gehen. 17) Was der Erzbischof als Regel aufgestellt hatte, dass nämlich vor einem kommenden Unglück die Menschen fröhlich sind, dass aber einem glücklichen Ausgange eine melancholische Stimmung (*heaviness*) vorauszugehen pflegt. 18) Die Losung, welche auf Frieden lautet. 19) *our trains* sind beide nunmehr versöhnte Heere, sowohl sein eigenes, wie das aufständische. 20) *to lie* = im Quartier liegen. 21) *already* fehlt in der Fol. 22) Der Rest des Verses fehlt in der Q. 23) *fondly* und *foolishly* sind Synonyme. 24) Die feindlichen Soldaten, welche nach Auflösung des Heeres sich nach allen Seiten hin zerstreut haben. 25) Der Richtblock ist das rechte Bett, auf dem der Hochverrath zu liegen kommt, und auf dem er seinen Lebensathem aufgeben muss.

1) Holinshed zählt unter den Aufständischen, welche gefangen genommen und hingerichtet wurden, auch *Sir John Coleville of the dale* auf. 2) Da *dungeon* und *dale* beide tief gelegen sind, betrachtet Falstaff sie als sinnverwandte Begriffe. — Tyrwhitt vermuthet *a dale deep enough*. 3) Wenn ich im Gefecht mit Dir Schweisstropfen vergiesse, so sind das Tropfen Deiner Freunde, die um Deinen Tod weinen. — Zu *they are* ist aus dem *do sweat* ein Substantiv derselben Bedeutung hinzuzudenken. — *lovers* = Freunde, ist Sh.'sch. 4) Huldige meiner

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifferency,[5] I were simply the most active fellow in Europe: my womb,[6] my womb, my womb undoes me. — Here comes our general.

Enter Prince JOHN *of* LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, *and Others.*

P. John. The heat[7] is past, follow no further now. — Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland. —

[Exit WESTMORELAND.

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?
When every thing is ended, then you come:
These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,
One time or other break some gallows' back.[8]

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus: I never knew yet but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility:[9] I have foundered nine-score and odd posts,[10] and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken Sir John Coleville of the dale, a most furious knight, and valorous enemy. But what of that? he saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome,[11] I came, saw, and overcame.

P. John. It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

Fal. I know not: here he is, and here I yield him, and I beseech your grace, let it be booked with the rest of this day's deeds; or, by the Lord,[12] I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top of it,[13] Coleville kissing my foot. To the which course if I be enforced, if you do not all show like gilt twopences to me,[14] and I, in the clear sky of fame, o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element,[15] which show like pins' heads to her, believe not the word of the noble. Therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

P. John. Thine 's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine then.

P. John. Thine 's too thick[16] to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

P. John. Is thy name Coleville?[17]

Cole. It is, my lord.

P. John. A famous rebel art thou, Coleville.

Fal. And a famous true subject took him.

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are,
That led me hither: had they been rul'd by me,
You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves: but thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away gratis,[18] and I thank thee for thee.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

P. John. Now, have you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

P. John. Send Coleville, with his confederates,
To York, to present execution.
Blunt, lead him hence, and see you guard him sure.

[Exit COLEVILLE, *guarded.*

And now despatch we toward the court, my lords.
I hear, the king my father is sore sick:
Our news shall go before us to his majesty,
Which, cousin, you shall bear, — to comfort him;
And we with sober speed will follow you.

Fal. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go through Glostershire; and, when you come to court, stand my good lord,[19] 'pray, in your good report.

P. John. Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my condition,[20]
Shall better speak of you than you deserve. *[Exit.*

Fal. I would, you had but the wit:[21] 't were better than your dukedom.[22] — Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me, nor a man cannot make him laugh; but that 's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There 's never any of these demure boys come to any proof;[23] for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness;[24] and then, when they marry, they get wenches. They are generally fools and cowards, which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack[25] hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me[26] into the brain; dries me there all the foolish,

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Barmherzigkeit, wende Dich demüthig an mein Erbarmen. 5) Wenn ich nur einen Bauch von irgend einem mittleren Umfange hätte. 6) Mit *my womb* bezeichnet Falstaff scherzhaft seinen Bauch, weil er so dick ist, wie ein schwangerer Leib. 7) Die Hetze, hier die Verfolgung des Feindes. 8) So hiess der schwere Falstaff in K. Henry IV. First Part (A. 2, Sc. 4) *horse-back-breaker*, und nach Analogie von *horse-back* ist hier *gallows' back* gesagt. 9) Ich bin hierher geeilt, so rasch sich nur möglicher Weise auf's Aeusserste eilen liess. — *inch* ist hier das emphatisch so bezeichnete Mass der Bewegung. 10) *posts* = Eilpferde. 11) Die Q. fügt hinter *Rome* noch die Worte *there cosin* ein, was in der Handschrift vielleicht *your cousin* hiess, so dass Julius Cäsar hier scherzhaft als Vetter des Prinzen bezeichnet wurde. 12) So die Q.; die Fol. vertauscht diese profane Betheuerung mit *I swear*. 13) Von den Bänkelsängerliedern, die in den Strassen von London gesungen wurden, verkaufte man zugleich gedruckte Exemplare mit einem Titelblatte, das den Gegenstand der Ballade darstellte. 14) Wenn Ihr Alle dann im Verhältniss zu mir nicht erscheint wie übergoldete Kupfermünzen. 15) Die Sterne werden hier gesucht und affectirt die Funken, glühende Asche, der Luft genannt. — *element* ist auch sonst bei Sh. vorzugsweise die Luftregion. 16) *thi k* = dick, und = trübe, undurchsichtig. 17) Der Name scheint von Sh. dreisylbig ausgesprochen zu sein. 18) *gratis* fehlt in der Fol. 19) So bewährt Euch als meinen Gönner in dem vortheilhaften Berichte, den Ihr über mich abstattet. — So sagt Imogen in Cymbeline (A. 2, Sc. 3) von ihrer Stiefmutter ironisch: *she 's my good lady.* — Die Q. lässt *'pray* aus. 20) In meiner Stellung; wenn ich durch meine Stellung veranlasst werde, von Euch zu sprechen. 21) scil. *to speak better of me etc.* 22) Sh. vergass hier, dass Johann nur Prinz von Lancaster, nicht Herzog von Lancaster war. Der König selbst hatte das Herzogthum Lancaster inne. 23) *proof* = Tüchtigkeit, die sich bewährt, ursprünglich von Waffen gebraucht. 24) *green-sickness* = Bleichsucht, eigentlich die Krankheit junger Mädchen, weshalb Falstaff das Beiwort *male* hinzufügt. 25) *sherris-sack* = Sekt aus Xerez in Spanien, dasselbe was Falstaff sonst einfach *sack* nennt. 26) *me*, hier und im Folgenden, ethischer Dativ, ohne eigentliche Bezugnahme auf den Redenden selbst. Eben so pleonastisch steht nachher *your*

and dull, and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive,[27] full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which, deliver'd o'er to the voice, the tongue, which[28] is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is, the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice:[29] but the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards[30] to the parts extreme. It illumineth the face, which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm; and then the vital commoners, and inland petty spirits,[31] muster me all to their captain, the heart, who, great, and puffed up with this retinue,[32] doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work; and learning, a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil,[33] till sack commences it,[34] and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it, that prince Harry is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, steril, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled, with excellent endeavour of drinking good, and good store of fertile[35] sherris, that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them should be, to forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to sack.

Enter Bardolph.

How now, Bardolph?

Bard. The army is discharged all, and gone.

Fal. Let them go. I 'll through Glostershire; and there will I visit Master Robert Shallow, esquire: I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb,[36] and shortly will I seal with him. Come away.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Westminster. The Jerusalem Chamber.

Enter King Henry, Clarence, *Prince* Humphrey, Warwick, *and Others.*

K. Hen. Now, lords, if God doth give successful end
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no swords but what are sanctified.
Our navy is address'd,[1] our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence well invested,
And every thing lies level to our wish:
Only, we want a little personal strength,
And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.

War. Both which we doubt not but your majesty
Shall soon enjoy.

K. Hen. Humphrey, my son of Gloster,
Where is the prince your brother?

P. Humph. I think, he 's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.

K. Hen. And how accompanied?

P. Humph. I do not know, my lord.

K. Hen. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him?

P. Humph. No, my good lord; he is in presence here.

Clar. What would my lord and father?

K. Hen. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.
How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother?
He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas.
Thou hast a better place in his affection,
Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy,
And noble offices thou may'st effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatness and thy other brethren:
Therefore, omit him not; blunt not his love,
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace,
By seeming cold, or careless of his will;
For he is gracious, if he be observ'd:[2]
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity;
Yet, notwithstanding, being incens'd, he 's flint,
As humorous[3] as winter, and as sudden
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.[4]
His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd:
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood[5] inclin'd to mirth;
But, being moody, give him line and scope,[6]
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working. Learn this, Thomas,

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in *your excellent sherris.* 27) *apprehensive* = leicht auffassend; *forgetive* = schöpferisch, phantasiereich, erfinderisch. 28) *which* bezieht sich auf *deliver'd o'er*, nicht auf *voice* oder *tongue* allein. 29) Eine weisse, blutleere Leber als Symptom der Feigheit kommt bei Sh. häufig vor, auch in Epithetis, wie *white-livered, milk-livered, lily-livered.* 30) *inwards* = das Innere, die innern Theile, sind hier den *parts extreme* = Extremitäten, gegenübergestellt. 31) Die auch in Coriolanus (A. 1, Sc. 1) ähnlich ausgeführte Vergleichung des menschlichen Organismus mit dem Staatsorganismus fasst hier die einzelnen Lebensorgane und Lebensgeister als Plebejer, Gemeindeglieder und als Binnenländer, die, von dem Antlitz, wie von einem Wachtfeuer, aufgerufen, dem Aufgebot des Herzens, als des Führers, Folge leisten. 32) Die Fol. hat *his retinue.* 33) Die vergrabenen Schätze werden von einem Dämon gehütet, dass sie Niemandem zu Gute kommen. 34) *to commence* = für reif erklären, eigentlich ein akademischer Ausdruck = promoviren. So in Pasquil's Jests (1604) *a doctor that was newly commenced at Cambridge.* 35) *fertile* = fruchtbar machend, befruchtend. — Zwei Zeilen weiter lässt die Fol. *human* aus. 36) Anspielung auf das Wachs, das zwischen den Fingern erweicht werden musste, ehe man damit siegeln konnte. So will Falstaff auch den Friedensrichter Shallow zu seinen Zwecken dienstbar machen.

1) *addressed* = zugerichtet, fertig. — *power* = Landmacht, ist dem *navy* entgegengesetzt. 2) Wenn man ihm huldigt, wenn man ihm Respect erweist. 3) *humorous* = launisch, plötzlichem Wechsel unterworfen. 4) *flaws* erklärt Warburton = plötzliche Windstösse, die sich aus den in der Frühe gefrorenen Dünsten entwickeln sollen, wenn die warme Sonne sie aufthaut. Eher ist aber das dünne Eis gemeint, das sich eben so rasch durch die Kälte des Morgens aus dem Thau oder sonstiger Feuchtigkeit bildet, wie es sich nachher auflöst. — Mit solchem jähen Wechsel wird das Temperament des Prinzen verglichen. 5) *blood* ist die aus dem Blute hervorgehende leichte oder schwere Stimmung. 6) So die Fol. Das Bild ist von einem Wallfisch hergenommen, den man schon mit der Harpune getroffen, und dem man an dem daran geknüpften Seile freien Spielraum gönnt, bis er sich

And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends,
A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,
That the united vessel of their blood,[7]
Mingled with venom of suggestion
(As, force perforce, the age will pour it in),
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
As aconitum,[8] or rash gunpowder.

Clar. I shall observe him with all care and love.

K. Hen. Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas?

Clar. He is not there to-day: he dines in London.

K. Hen. And how accompanied?[9] canst thou tell that?

Clar. With Poins, and other his continual followers.

K. Hen. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds;
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is overspread with them: therefore, my grief
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death.
The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape,
In forms imaginary,[10] the unguided days,
And rotten times, that you shall look upon
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
When means and lavish manners meet together,
O, with what wings shall his affections fly
Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay![11]

War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite.
The prince but studies his companions,
Like a strange tongue: wherein, to gain the language,[13]
'T is needful, that the most immodest word
Be look'd upon and learn'd; which once attain'd,
Your highness knows, comes to no further use,
But to be known and hated. So, like gross terms,
The prince will, in the perfectness of time,[14]
Cast off his followers; and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
By which his grace must mete the lives of others,[15]
Turning past evils to advantages.

K. Hen. 'T is seldom when the bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carrion.[16]

Enter Westmoreland.

Who 's here? Westmoreland?

West. Health to my sovereign, and new happiness
Added to that that I am to deliver!
Prince John, your son, doth kiss your grace's hand:
Mowbray, the bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all,
Are brought to the correction of your law.
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,
But peace puts forth her olive every where.
The manner how this action hath been borne,
Here at more leisure may your highness read,
With every course in his particular.[17]

K. Hen. O Westmoreland! thou art a summer bird,
Which ever in the haunch[18] of winter sings
The lifting up of day.

Enter Harcourt.

Look! here 's more news.

Har. From enemies heaven keep your majesty;
And, when they stand against you, may they fall
As those that I am come to tell you of.
The earl Northumberland, and the lord Bardolph,
With a great power of English, and of Scots,
Are by the sheriff[19] of Yorkshire overthrown.
The manner and true order of the fight,
This packet, please it you, contains at large.

K. Hen. And wherefore should these good news make me sick?
Will Fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?[20]
She either gives a stomach, and no food, —
Such are the poor, in health;[21] or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach, — such are the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.
I should rejoice now at this happy news,
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy. —
O me! come near me, now I am much ill. *[Swoons.*[22]

P. Humph. Comfort, your majesty!

Clar. O my royal father!

West. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself: look up!

War. Be patient, princes: you do know, these fits
Are with his highness very ordinary.
Stand from him, give him air; he 'll straight be well.

Clar. No, no; he cannot long hold out these pangs.
The incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure,[23] that should confine it in,
So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.[24]

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austobt. — Die Q. hat *time and scope.* 7) *united* gehört dem Sinne nach zu *blood:* das Gefäss, das ihr gesammtes Geblüt enthält, das Gefäss ihrer Blutsverwandtschaft und Blutsfreundschaft, wie auch das Gift böser Einflüsterungen *(suggestion)* hineingegossen wird, soll nie leck werden, wenn selbst dieses Gift so stark wirkt, wie Wolfswurz oder Schiesspulver. 8) *aconitum*, in der älteren Sprache für *aconite* gebraucht. 9) Der Rest dieser Zeile fehlt in der Fol. 10) Wenn ich mir in Bildern der Phantasie die zügellosen Tage u. s. w. vorstelle. — *unguided* = der Leitung beraubt, anarchisch. 11) Mit welchem Fluge werden seine Triebe der entgegentretenden Gefahr und dem vorgehaltenen Sturze zueilen. — Der König deutet hier auf den Ruin seines Sohnes und des Staates zugleich hin. 12) Ihr seht nicht ihn an, sondern blickt in eine ganz andere Richtung, die jenseits liegt. 13) *tongue* ist die fremde Sprache selbst, *language* das Sprechen derselben. 14) Wenn die Zeit dazu reif ist. 15) *to mete* = messen. berechnen. — Der Prinz wird nach dem Muster oder Mass, das er von dem Leben seiner früheren Gefährten im Gedächtniss hat, das Leben Anderer beurtheilen. 16) Wie die Biene sich schwer von dem Aase trennt, in dem sie einmal ihre Honigscheibe angelegt hat, so wird auch der Prinz sich schwer von seiner bisherigen schlechten Gesellschaft losreissen können. — Singer fasst *seldom-when* als Compositum = selten. 17) *his particular* wollte Henley auf *prince John* beziehen = seine brieflich detaillirte Darstellung; natürlicher verbindet es sich aber mit dem nächst Vorhergehenden, mit *every course* = jeder Sachverlauf in seinen Einzelnheiten. — *here* geht auf den Brief des Prinzen, den er überreicht. 18) *haunch* = das hintere Ende. 19) Die Q. hat *shrieve.* 20) So die Fol.; die Q. hat *wet* für *write* und *terms* für *letters.* 21) So geht es den Armen, die zugleich gesund sind. 22) Diese Bühnenweisung ist modern. 23) *wrought* ist mit *thin* zu verbinden: Die beständige Arbeit des Geistes hat die Mauer, die ihn einschliessen sollte, d. h. den Leib, so abgenutzt, dass das Leben aus dieser dünnen Umhüllung herausblickt und sie bald durchbrechen wird. — *mure* = Mauer, Umwallung, kommt bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen häufig vor; Sh. selbst hat sonst nur das synonyme *immure* in Troilus and Cressida (Prologue).

P. Humph. The people fear me;[25] for they do observe
Unfather'd heirs, and loathly births of nature:
The seasons change their manners, as the year
Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them over.[26]
Clar. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between;[27]
And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
Say, it did so, a little time before
That our great-grandsire, Edward, sick'd and died.
War. Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.
P. Humph. This apoplexy will, certain, be his end.
K. Hen. I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence
Into some other chamber: softly, pray.[28]
[They place the King *on a bed in an inner part of the room.*
Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;
Unless some dull[29] and favourable hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.
War. Call for the music in the other room.
K. Hen. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.[30]
Clar. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.
War. Less noise, less noise!

Enter Prince Henry.

P. Hen. Who saw the duke of Clarence?
Clar. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.
P. Hen. How now! rain within doors,[31] and none abroad!
How doth the king?
P. Humph. Exceeding ill.
P. Hen. Heard he the good news yet?
Tell it him.
P. Humph. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.
P. Hen. If he be sick with joy,
He will recover without physic.
War. Not so much noise, my lords. — Sweet prince, speak low;
The king your father is dispos'd to sleep.
Clar. Let us withdraw into the other room.
War. Will 't please your grace to go along with us?
P. Hen. No; I will sit and watch here by the king.
[Exeunt all but Prince Henry.
Why doth the crown lie there, upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?
O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
That keep'st the ports of slumber[32] open wide
To many a watchful night! — sleep with it now!
Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,
As he, whose brow with homely biggin[33] bound,
Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety.[34] By his gates of breath
There lies a downy feather, which stirs not:
Did he suspire,[35] that light and weightless down
Perforce must move. — My gracious lord! my father! —
This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep,
That from this golden rigol[36] hath divorc'd
So many English kings. Thy due from me
Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,
Shall, O dear father! pay thee plenteously:
My due from thee is this imperial crown,
Which, as immediate[37] from thy place and blood,
Derives itself to me. Lo! here[38] it sits,
[Putting it on his head.
Which heaven shall guard; and put the world's whole strength
Into one giant arm, it shall not force
This lineal honour from me. This from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 't is left to me. *[Exit.*
K. Hen. Warwick! Gloster! Clarence!

Re-enter Warwick *and the rest.*

Clar. Doth the king call?

— Sh. hatte wahrscheinlich eine Stelle in Daniel's Civil Wars im Auge, wo es von der Krankheit Heinrich's IV. in demselben Gleichnisse heisst: *Wearing the wall so thin, that now the mind || Might well look thorough, and his frailty find*, wo *his* sich auf *wall* bezieht. 24) *and will break out* fehlt in der Q. 25) Das Volk flösst mir Besorgniss ein mit seinen Beobachtungen von Naturphänomenen, die sich, wie vaterlose Kinder, auf keine nachweisliche Ursache zurückführen lassen, und von widerlichen Erscheinungen. — *of nature* ist mit *unfather'd heirs* wie mit *loathly births* zu verbinden, und Beides erhält seine nähere Erklärung im Folgenden. — Eine andere Erklärung von *unfather'd heirs* giebt Staunton: *certain so-called prophets, who pretended to have been conceived by miracle, like Merlin, and assumed on that account, to be endowed like him with the prophetic character.* — Ferner citirt Staunton aus Florio's Montaigne: *In Mahomet's religion, by the easie beliefe of that people, are many Merlins found: that is to say, fatherless children, spiritual children, conceived and borne devinely in the wombs of virgins, and that in their language beare names importing as much.* 26) Als ob das Jahr einige Monate schlafend gefunden und sie übersprungen hätte. 27) Sh. fand diese Notiz in Holinshed: *In this year (1412) and upon the twelfth day of October, were three floods in the Thames, the one following upon the other, and no ebbing between, which thing no man living could remember the like to be seen.* 28) *softly, pray* fehlt in der Q. — Zwei Zeilen vorher setzen viele Hgg. *apoplex* für *apoplexy*, im Widerspruch mit Q. und Fol. — Die folgende Bühnenweisung ist modern. — Dyce fügt hinter *on a bed* hinzu: *a change of scene being supposed here*, und die Cambridge Edd. beginnen deshalb hier eine neue, fünfte Scene: *Another Chamber.* 29) *dull* = einschläfernd, dumpf oder schläfrig machend. So wurde A. 3, Sc. 1 der Gott des Schlafes *O thou dull god* apostrophirt. 30) Dieser Zug, sowie das sich weiter daran Knüpfende, ist aus Holinshed entlehnt. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 709. 31) Er meint die Thränen, welche er in den Augen der Anwesenden bemerkt. 32) *ports of slumber* = die Pforten des Schlafes, d. h. die Augen, die sich schliessen sollten beim Einzuge des Schlafes, bleiben offen für manche durchwachte Nacht. 33) *biggin* eigentlich = Beguinenmütze, dann überhaupt = Nachtmütze. 34) Ein Panzer, welcher mit der Sicherheit, die er gewährt, auch zugleich eine grosse Hitze erzeugt. 35) Wenn er athmete, so müsste sich die leichte Flaumfeder bewegen. — Der Prinz schliesst aus diesem Symptom, dass sein Vater bereits gestorben ist. 36) *rigol* = Cirkel, Kreis. Da das Wort sich nur bei Sh. findet, und in Nashe's Lenten Stuff dafür *ringoll* vorkommt, so wollen manche Hgg. auch hier *ringol* dafür lesen. 37) *immediate* = unmittelbar nächster Erbe, gehört zu dem folgenden *to me*. — So in Hamlet (A. 1, Sc. 2) *You are the most immediate to our throne.* 38) So die Fol.; die Q. hat *where*.

War. What would your majesty? How fares your grace?[39]
K. Hen. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?
Clar. We left the prince, my brother, here, my liege,
Who undertook to sit and watch by you.
K. Hen. The prince of Wales? Where is he? let me see him:
He is not here.[40]
War. This door is open; he is gone this way.
P. Humph. He came not through the chamber where we stay'd.
K. Hen. Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?
War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.
K. Hen. The prince hath ta'en it hence: — go, seek him out.
Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose
My sleep my death? —
Find him, my lord of Warwick, chide him hither.
[Exit Warwick.
This part of his conjoins with my disease,
And helps to end me. — See, sons, what things you are!
How quickly nature falls into revolt,
When gold becomes her object!
For this the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleeps[41] with thoughts,
Their brains with care, their bones with industry;
For this they have engrossed and pil'd up
The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;[42]
For this they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts, and martial exercises:
When, like the bee, culling[43] from every flower
The virtuous sweets,
Our thighs packed with wax, our mouths with honey,
We bring it to the hive, and, like the bees,
Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste
Yield[44] his engrossments to the ending father. —

Re-enter Warwick.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long,
Till his friend sickness hath determin'd me?[45]
War. My lord, I found the prince in the next room,
Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks;
With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,
That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife
With gentle eyedrops. He is coming hither.
K. Hen. But wherefore did he take away the crown?

Re-enter Prince Henry.

Lo, where he comes. — Come hither to me, Harry. —
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.
[Exeunt Clarence, *Prince* Humphrey, *Lords, etc.*
P. Hen. I never thought to hear you speak again.
K. Hen. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought:
I stay too long by thee,[46] I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for mine empty chair,
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.
Thou hast stol'n that, which, after some few hours,
Were thine without offence; and at my death
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:[47]
Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour[48] of my life.
What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself,
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.[49]
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse,
Be drops of balm,[50] to sanctify thy head;
Only[51] compound me with forgotten dust:
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form.[52]
Harry the Fifth is crown'd! — Up, vanity![53]
Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence!
And to the English court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness!
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum:
Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,
Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
England shall double gild his treble guilt,[54]
England shall give him office, honour, might;
For the fifth Harry from curb'd license plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog[55]
Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!

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39) *How fares your grace?* fehlt in der Q. 40) *He is not here* fehlt in der Fol. 41) *sleeps* in der Fol., *sleep* in der Q. 42) *strange-achieved gold* = ungehörig erworbenes Gold, Gold, das ihnen eigentlich nicht gehörte. 43) So die Fol.; die Q. hat *tolling*. 44) Q. und Fol. haben *yields*, als ob *taste* das Subject wäre, da es doch nur Object sein kann: Solchen bittern Nachgeschmack gewähren dem sterbenden Vater seine Erwerbungen. — Rowe änderte *yield*. 45) *to determine* = zum Abschluss bringen, beenden. — Für *sickness hath* der Fol. hat die Q. *sickness' hands*. 46) *by thee* = nach Deiner Meinung oder Ansicht, das französische *selon toi*. 47) Du hast durch Dein Benehmen bei meinem Tode das, was ich von Dir bei Lebzeiten erwartete, bestätigt. 48) *hour* ist hier, wie oft bei Sh., zweisylbig, weshalb die Q. *hower* schreibt. — Die späteren Folioausgg. verkannten das und fügten zur vermeintlichen Vervollständigung des Verses *frail* vor *life* ein. 49) Zu *not that I am dead* ist aus dem Vorhergehenden nicht *the merry bells*, sondern nur *the bells* zu suppliren, da in diesem Falle das Todtengeläut, nicht das Jubelgeläut, verstanden wird. 50) Das Salböl, mit dem der König bei seiner Krönung geweiht wird. 51) *only* = einfach, ohne weitere Ceremonieen. 52) *form* = die hergebrachte Form, das Geziemende, der Anstand. 53) So in K. Richard II. (A. 3, Sc. 4) *In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,* || *And some few vanities that make him light.* 54) Das Wortspiel zwischen *guilt, gilt* und *gild* ist nicht nur Sh., z. B. in Macbeth (A 2, Sc. 2); sondern auch seinen Zeitgenossen geläufig. So kommt in dem Gedicht Ghost of Richard III., das Sh. gekannt haben muss, vor: *O, gild my guilt.* 55) *the wild dog* ist dasselbe, was eben *curb'd license* hiess. 56) *riot*, das in der vorigen Zeile pluralisch die Wirren des Bürgerkriegs bedeutete, ist hier die in dem

When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?[56]
O! thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants.
P. Hen. [Kneeling.] O, pardon me, my liege! but for
my tears,
The moist[57] impediments unto my speech,
I had forestall'd this dear and deep[58] rebuke,
Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown:
And He that wears the crown immortally,
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more
Than as your honour and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience[59] rise,
Which my most true and inward duteous spirit
Teacheth, this prostrate and exterior bending.
God witness with me, when I here came in,
And found no course of breath within your majesty,
How cold it struck my heart! if I do feign,
O! let me in my present wildness die,
And never live to show the incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed.
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,
I spake unto the crown as having sense,[60]
And thus upbraided it: »The care on thee depending
Hath fed upon the body of my father;
Therefore, thou, best of gold,[61] art worst of gold.
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
Preserving life in medicine potable:
But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
Hast eat thy bearer up.« Thus, my most royal liege,
Accusing it, I put it on my head;
To try with it, as with an enemy
That had before my face murder'd my father,
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did, with the least affection of a welcome,
Give entertainment to the might of it,
Let God for ever keep it from my head,
And make me as the poorest vassal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!
K. Hen. O my son![62]
God put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou mightst win[63] the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.
Come hither, Harry: sit thou by my bed,
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my son,
By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,
I met this crown; and I myself know well
How troublesome it sat upon my head:
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the soil of the achievement[64] goes
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me
But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand,
And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances;
Which[65] daily grew to quarrel, and to bloodshed,
Wounding supposed peace.[66] All these bold fears,
Thou seest, with peril I have answered;[67]
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument,[68] and now my death
Changes the mode: for what in me was purchas'd,[69]
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;
So thou the garland wear'st successively.
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough; since griefs are green,
And all thy friends, which thou must make thy friends,[70]
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;
By whose fell working[71] I was first advanc'd,
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
To be again displac'd: which to avoid,
I cut them[72] off; and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land,
Lest rest, and lying still, might make them look
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course, to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,

Nachfolger des Königs personificirte Ausgelassenheit, welche als Regent für England zu sorgen haben werde. — Diese Erklärung Tyrwhitt's, welche *care* eben so personificirt fasst wie *riot*, ist der prosaischern Malone's vorzuziehen, welche die letzten Worte des Satzes so fasst: *when riot is thy regular business and occupation.* 57) So die Q.; die Fol. hat *most.* 58) *dear and deep* = tief zum Herzen dringend. 59) *obedience* = äusserliche Bezeugung des Gehorsams, demüthige Haltung, erhält seine nähere Erklärung durch das folgende *this — — bending*, dessen Epitheton *exterior* im Gegensatze steht zu *inward:* diese äussere Ehrfurchtsbezeugung ist ihm gelehrt worden durch die Pflichttreue des innern Geistes. 60) Ich sprach zur Krone, als ob sie mich verstehen könnte. 61) *best of gold* heisst die Krone, insofern zu ihr das feinste, kostbarste Gold verbraucht wird. — Diesem besten Golde wird das weniger feine entgegengestellt, das, in eine Goldtinctur, *Aurum potabile*, aufgelöst, für ein wunderbares Lebenselixir galt, und insofern für den kranken König kostbarer sein musste. 62) *O my son!* fehlt in der Q. 63) So die Q.; die Fol. hat *join.* 64) Der Flecken, welcher der Erwerbung der Krone durch mich anklebte. 65) *which* bezieht sich auf den ganzen vorhergehenden Satz, nicht auf ein einzelnes Substantiv: woraus täglich Zank und Blutvergiessen erwuchs. 66) *supposed peace* = ein vermeinter, kein wirklicher Friede. 67) Allen diesen dreisten Schrecken *(fears)* bin ich mit eigener Gefahr entgegengetreten. — Staunton vermuthet auch hier *all these bold feres.* Vgl. dazu K. Henry IV. First Part A. 1, Sc. 3, Anm. 26. 68) *argument* ist vorzugsweise der Stoff oder Inhalt eines Dramas. 69) *purchased* = selbstthätig erworben, ist dem durch Erbfolgerecht *(successively)* Gewonnenen entgegengestellt. — Anders erklärt M. Mason *purchased* = *acquired by unjust and indirect methods.* 70) Der Relativsatz bestimmt genauer, was unter *all thy friends* zu verstehen ist: alle Deine Freunde, die Du nämlich erst zu Deinen Freunden machen musst, da sie es bisher nicht waren. — Tyrwhitt las *and all my friends*, Dyce *and all my foes*, Sidney Walker endlich *and all thy foes.* 71) *fell working* ist das grausame Verfahren der Grossen gegen Richard II., das den König Heinrich auf den Thron brachte. 72) Für *them* wollte M. Mason *some* lesen. Indess ist *to cut off* nicht bloss = wegräumen, sondern = beschneiden, abschneiden. — Der König nahm den Aufständischen Grund und Boden oder ihr Wachsthum, so dass der Aufstand nicht gedeihen konnte. 73) Damit militärische Thatkraft, von hier in's Ausland

May waste the memory of the former days.[73]
More would I,[74] but my lungs are wasted so,
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
How I came by the crown, O God forgive;
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

P. Hen. My gracious liege,[75]
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain and right must my possession be:
Which I with more than with a common pain[76]
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter Prince John *of* Lancaster, Warwick, *Lords, and Others.*

K. Hen. Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.

P. John. Health, peace, and happiness to my royal father!

K. Hen. Thou bring'st me happiness, and peace, son John;
But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare, wither'd trunk: upon thy sight,
My worldly business makes a period.
Where is my lord of Warwick?

P. Hen. My lord of Warwick!

K. Hen. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?[77]

War. 'T is call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.

K. Hen. Laud be to God! — even there my life must end.
It hath been prophesied to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem,
Which vainly I suppos'd the Holy Land. —
But, bear me to that chamber; there I 'll lie:
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.[78] *[Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Glostershire. A Hall in Shallow's House.

Enter Shallow, Falstaff, Bardolph, *and Page.*

Shal. By cock and pie,[1] Sir, you shall not away to-night. — What, Davy, I say!

Fal. You must excuse me, Master Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused. — Why, Davy!

Enter Davy.

Davy. Here, Sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy, — let me see, Davy; let me see: — yea, marry, William cook,[2] bid him come hither. — Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Marry, Sir, thus; those precepts[3] cannot be served: and, again, Sir, — shall we sow the headland[4] with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook: — are there no young pigeons?

Davy. Yes, Sir. — Here is now the smith's note for shoeing, and plough-irons.

Shal. Let it be cast,[5] and paid. — Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Now, Sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had: — and, Sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day[6] at Hinckley fair?

Shal. 'A shall answer it. — Some pigeons, Davy; a couple of short-legged hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kick-shaws, tell William cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, Sir?

Shal. Yea, Davy. I will use him well. A friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse.[7] Use his men well, Davy, for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.[8]

Davy. No worse than they are backbitten, Sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy. About thy business, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, Sir, to countenance William Visor of Wincot against Clement Perkes of the hill.

Shal. There are many complaints, Davy, against that Visor: that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worship that he is a knave, Sir; but yet, God forbid, Sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, Sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have served your worship truly, Sir, these[9] eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, Sir; therefore, I beseech your worship,[10] let him be countenanced.

Shal. Go to; I say, he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. *[Exit* Davy.*]* Where are you, Sir John? Come, come, come; off with your boots. — Give me your hand, Master Bardolph.

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hinübergeführt, das Gedächtniss der früheren Tage verwischen möge. 74) scil. *more would I speak.* 75) *My gracious liege* fehlt in der Q. 76) Mit einer grösseren Anstrengung, als mit der eines gemeinen Mannes. 77) Vgl. Anm. 28 dieser Scene. 78) Sh. hat sich hier ziemlich genau an Holinshed gehalten. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 709.

1) Eine Betheuerung, die auch bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen vorkommt; wie es scheint, scherzhaft erweitert aus dem einfachen *by cock*, was aus *by God* entstellt ist; in dem alten Drama Soliman and Perseda findet sich derselbe Schwur noch weiter ausgeführt: *By cock and pie and mousefoot.* — Douce meint, es sei *peacock and magpie* gemeint. 2) Der Diener William wird so bezeichnet, weil er das Amt eines Kochs bei dem Friedensrichter bekleidet. — Zu Anfang dieser Rede hat die Q. *Davy* viermal, die Fol. dreimal. 3) *precepts* sind die Vorladungen, welche Shallow als Friedensrichter erlassen hatte und die er durch sein Factotum Davy vollziehen lassen wollte. 4) *headland* = der Streif Acker, der sich an den Hecken der Einfriedigung hinzieht. 5) *to cast* = summiren. 6) *the other day* fehlt in der Q. 7) Schon in Chaucer's Romaunt of the Rose kommt dieses Sprichwort vor: *For friend in court aye better is || Than penny is in purse, certis.* 8) Shallow fasst *to backbite* figürlich = afterreden, Davy wörtlich = den Rücken beissen, nämlich vom Ungeziefer, worauf der Friedensrichter mit *well conceited* ihm sein Compliment über diesen Wortwitz macht. — Die Fol. beeinträchtigt das Wortspiel, indem sie *bitten* für *backbitten* hat. — In Davy's folgender Rede haben Q. und Fol. *Woncot*, von Reed in *Wincot* verbessert. 9) *these* in der Fol., *this* in der Q. 10) *I beseech you* hat die Q. 11) Den hagern Shallow vergleicht Falstaff mit dem Stabe eines bärtigen Eremiten, oder eigentlich mit einem Stabe, an welchem ein Eremitenbart

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind Master Bardolph: — *[to the Page]* and welcome, my tall fellow. Come, Sir John.

Fal. I 'll follow you, good Master Robert Shallow. *[Exit* SHALLOW.*]* Bardolph, look to our horses. *[Exeunt* BARDOLPH *and Page.]* If I were sawed into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermit's staves[11] as Master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing, to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his: they, by observing of him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like serving-man.[12] Their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society, that they flock together in consent,[13] like so many wild-geese. If I had a suit to Master Shallow, I would humour his men with the imputation of being near their master:[14] if to his men, I would curry[15] with Master Shallow, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain, that either wise bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore, let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow, to keep prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing-out of six fashions, which is four terms, or two actions,[16] and he shall laugh without *intervallums.*[17] O! it is much, that a lie with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders.[18] O! you shall see him laugh, till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

Shal. [Within.] Sir John!

Fal. I come, Master Shallow: I come, Master Shallow. *[Exit.*

SCENE II.

Westminster. An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter WARWICK *and the Lord Chief Justice.*

War. How now, my lord chief justice? whither away?

Ch. Just. How doth the king?

War. Exceeding well: his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Just. I hope, not dead.

War. He 's walk'd the way of nature,
And to our purposes he lives no more.

Ch. Just. I would, his majesty had call'd me with him:
The service that I truly did his life,
Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed, I think the young king loves you not.

Ch. Just. I know he doth not, and do arm myself,
To welcome the condition of the time;
Which cannot look more hideously upon me
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

Enter Prince JOHN, *Prince* HUMPHREY, CLARENCE, WESTMORELAND, *and Others.*

War. Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry:
O! that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen![1]
How many nobles then should hold their places,
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!

Ch. Just. O God! I fear, all will be overturn'd.

P. John. Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good morrow.

P. Humph., Clar. Good morrow, cousin.

P. John. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.[2]

War. We do remember; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

P. John. Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy!

Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!

P. Humph. O! good my lord, you have lost a friend, indeed;
And I dare swear, you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow: it is, sure, your own.

P. John. Though no man be assur'd what grace to find,
You stand in coldest expectation.[3]
I am the sorrier; 'would, 't were otherwise.

Clar. Well, you must now speak Sir John Falstaff fair,
Which swims against your stream of quality.

Ch. Just. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honour,
Led by the impartial[4] conduct of my soul;
And never shall you see, that I will beg
A ragged and forestall'd remission.[5]
If truth and upright innocency fail me,
I 'll to the king, my master, that is dead,
And tell him who hath sent me after him.

War. Here comes the prince.

Enter King HENRY *the Fifth, attended.*

Ch. Just. Good morrow, and God save your majesty!

King. This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,
Sits not so easy on me as you think. —

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hängt. 12) Ein Diener, der das gravitätische Ansehen eines Friedensrichters hat. 13) *in consent* = einträchtig, übereinstimmend im Thun und Denken. 14) So würde ich seine Leute gut stimmen, indem ich ihnen zuerkennte, dass sie ihrem Herrn nahe ständen. 15) *to curry*, eigentlich = striegeln, streicheln, ist hier intransitiv mit *with* = sich einschmeicheln bei Jemandem. Gewöhnlich heisst es dafür *to curry favour*, was entstellt ist aus *to curry fabel* oder *favel* = ein gelbes Pferd. 16) Sechs Moden veralten, nach Falstaff's Ansicht, im Verlaufe von vier Gerichtsterminen und zwei Schuldklagen. 17) Die Fol. hat *with intervallums.* — Es sind die Intervalle zwischen den einzelnen *terms* und *actions* darunter verstanden. Daher der lateinische Ausdruck. 18) Falstaff malt sich im Voraus die Wirkung aus, welche seine Erzählungen auf den Prinzen, der noch von keinem Gliederweh, wie er selbst, geplagt ist, hervorbringen müssen, die Lügen, die er mit einem leicht hingeworfenen Schwur bekräftigt, und die Spässe, welche er mit ernster Miene vorbringt. Prinz Heinrich wird sein Gesicht darüber in so viel Runzeln lachen, als sei es ein schlecht zusammengelegter nasser Mantel. So in Merchant of Venice (A. 1, Sc. 1) *With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come.*

1) Hätte der lebende Heinrich doch die Sinnesart Desjenigen, der unter diesen drei Herren, seinen Brüdern, der schlechteste ist. — *heavy issue* = die leidtragende Nachkommenschaft. 2) Wir stehen so stumm bei einander, als hätten wir unsere Sprache vergessen. 3) Eure Erwartung ist die am wenigsten sanguinische von allen: Ihr habt den kältesten Empfang zu erwarten. 4) So die Q.; die Fol. hat *imperial.* — Der Oberrichter spielt auf die Strafe an, welche er einst über den Prinzen Heinrich verhängt hatte, geleitet, wie er sagt, von der unparteiischen Richtschnur seiner Seele. 5) Die Verzeihung, welche er erbetteln könnte, würde ihm selbst zuerst unwürdig, kümmerlich *(ragged)* erscheinen, und dann, in Betracht der Stellung des jetzigen Königs zu ihm, im Voraus abgeschnitten *(forestalled).* Er will also lieber gar keine Verzeihung erbetteln, da sie doch nur eine jämmerliche und

Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear:
This is the English, not the Turkish court;
Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,[6]
But Harry Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers,
For, to speak truth, it very well becomes you:
Sorrow so royally in you appears,
That I will deeply put the fashion on,[7]
And wear it in my heart. Why then, be sad;
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
Than a joint burden laid upon us all.
For me, by heaven, I bid you be assur'd,
I 'll be your father and your brother too;
Let me but bear your love, I 'll bear your cares:
Yet weep,[8] that Harry 's dead, and so will I;
But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears,
By number,[9] into hours of happiness.

P. John, etc. We hope no other from your majesty.

King. You all look strangely on me: — *[to the Chief Justice]* and you most;
You are, I think, assur'd I love you not.

Ch. Just. I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,
Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

King. No!
How might a prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?
What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
The immediate heir of England! Was this easy?[10]
May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your father;
The image of his power lay then in me:
And, in the administration of his law,
Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,
Your highness pleased to forget my place,
The majesty and power of law and justice,
The image of the king whom I presented,
And struck me in my very seat of judgment;
Whereon, as an offender to your father,[11]
I gave bold way[12] to my authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,[13]
To have a son set your decrees at nought;
To pluck down justice from your awful bench;
To trip the course of law,[14] and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person:
Nay, more; to spurn at your most royal image,
And mock your workings in a second body.[15]
Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours,
Be now the father, and propose[16] a son;
Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd,
And then imagine me taking your part,
And, in your power, soft silencing your son:
After this cold considerance,[17] sentence me;
And, as you are a king, speak in your state,[18]
What I have done, that misbecame my place,
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

King. You are right, justice; and you weigh this well;
Therefore still bear the balance and the sword:[19]
And I do wish your honours may increase,
Till you do live to see a son of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
So shall I live to speak my father's words: —
»Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
That dares do justice on my proper son;
And not less happy, having such a son,
That would deliver up his greatness so
Into the hands of justice.« — You did commit me:
For which, I do commit[20] into your hand
The unstained sword that you have used to bear;
With this remembrance,[21] — that you use the same
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit,
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand;
You shall be as a father to my youth:
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear,
And I will stoop and humble my intents
To your well-practis'd, wise directions. —
And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you;
My father is gone wild into his grave,[22]
For in his tomb lie my affections;[23]
And with his spirit[24] sadly I survive,
To mock the expectation of the world,
To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out
Rotten opinion,[25] who hath writ me down
After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now:
Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea,[26]
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,

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nicht einmal zu erreichende wäre. — Unter *forestall'd remission* versteht Malone dagegen eine Verzeihung, die erbeten sein will, ehe sie gewährt wird. 6) Sh. spielt hier auf ein historisches Factum seiner eigenen Zeit an. Auf den im Jahre 1596 gestorbenen türkischen Kaiser Amurath den Dritten folgte dessen Sohn Mahomed, der unmittelbar nach seiner Thronbesteigung seine Brüder stranguliren liess. 7) Die Tracht der Trauer, die man sonst nur äusserlich anlegt, will er tief, im Herzen, tragen. 8) So die Q.; die Fol. *but weep.* 9) d. h. so viele Thränen, eben so viele Stunden. 10) *easy* = leicht zu handhaben, geringfügig; gering von Gewicht. In ähnlichem übertragenen Sinne hat Sh. das entgegengesetzte *difficult* in Othello (A. 3, Sc. 3) *difficult weight.* 11) *as an offender etc.* gehört zu dem folgenden *commit you.* 12) *bold* ist poetisch kühn mit *way* als Adjectiv verbunden, während genau construirt es als Adverbium *boldly* zu *gave way* gehören sollte. 13) *to wear the garland,* uneigentlich = die Krone tragen, kam schon A. 4, Sc. 4 vor: *So thou the garland wear'st successively.* 14) *to trip the course of law* = das Gesetz in dem Gange seiner Vollstreckung zu Fall bringen, vereiteln. 15) Mit den Attributen der königlichen Gewalt in dem Stellvertreter des Königs seinen Spott treiben. 16) *to propose* = in Gedanken annehmen, sich vorstellen. 17) *considerance* = Erwägung, ein Wort, das Sh. nur an dieser Stelle für das üblichere *consideration* hat. 18) *state* erhält seine nähere Bestimmung durch *as you are a king:* in Eurer Stellung und Würde als König. 19) Wage und Richtschwert als Embleme der Justiz. 20) *to commit* ist zuerst = verhaften, und dann = anvertrauen, übermachen. — Drei Zeilen vorher hat die Q. *not less,* die Fol. *no less.* 21) *remembrance* = Mahnung. 22) Meine Ausgelassenheit ist zugleich mit meinem Vater gestorben, also mit ihm begraben, als ob sie ein Theil von ihm selbst gewesen wäre. 23) *affections* euphemistisch hier für böse Neigungen, Triebe. 24) *spirit* verbessern die spätern Folioausgg. das *spirits* der Q. und Fol. — *sadly* = ernst, nachdenklich, ist Gegensatz zu *wild.* 25) *opinion* = die öffentliche Meinung, die sich in diesem Falle als *rotten* = faul, unächt, bewährt. — *rotten* ist dem *sound* = gesund, ächt, entgegengesetzt. 26) Sh. dachte hier an Fluth

And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
Now call we our high court of parliament,
And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
That the great body of our state may go
In equal rank with the best govern'd nation;
That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us;
[To the Lord Chief Justice] In which you, father,
shall have foremost hand. —
Our coronation done, we will accite,
As I before remember'd, all our state:
And (God consigning[27] to my good intents)
No prince, nor peer, shall have just cause to say,
God shorten Harry's happy life one day.[28] *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Glostershire. The Garden of Shallow's House.

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Silence, Bardolph, *the Page, and* Davy.

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine orchard, where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own graffing, with a dish of caraways,[1] and so forth; — come, cousin Silence; — and then to bed.

Fal. 'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, Sir John: — marry, good air. — Spread, Davy; spread, Davy; well said,[2] Davy.

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses: he is your serving-man, and your husband.[3]

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir John: — by the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper: — a good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down. — Come, cousin.

Sil. Ah, sirrah! quoth-a, — we shall
[Singing.] *Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,*
And praise heaven for the merry year;
When flesh is cheap and females dear,
And lusty lads roam here and there,
So merrily,
And ever among so merrily.[4]

Fal. There 's a merry heart! — Good Master Silence, I 'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give Master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

Davy. Sweet Sir, sit; I 'll be with you anon: — most sweet Sir, sit. — Master page, good master page, sit: proface![5] What you want in meat, we 'll have in drink. But you must bear: the heart 's all.[6] *[Exit.*

Shal. Be merry, Master Bardolph; — and my little soldier there, be merry.

Sil. [Singing.] *Be merry, be merry, my wife has all;*
For women are shrews, both short and tall:
'T is merry in hall, when beards wag all,[7]
And welcome merry shrove-tide.
Be merry, be merry, etc.

Fal. I did not think Master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

Sil. Who, I? I have been merry twice and once, ere now.

Re-enter Davy.

Davy. There is a dish of leather-coats[8] for you.
[Setting them before Bardolph.

Shal. Davy, —

Davy. Your worship? — I 'll be with you straight. — A cup of wine, Sir?

Sil. [Singing.] *A cup of wine, that 's brisk and fine,*
And drink unto the leman mine;
And a merry heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well said, Master Silence.

Sil. If we shall[9] be merry, now comes in the sweet of the night.[10]

Fal. Health and long life to you, Master Silence.

Sil. [Singing.] *Fill the cup, and let it come;*
I 'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.[11]

Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome: if thou wantest anything, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart. — Welcome, my little tiny thief; and welcome, indeed, too. — I 'll drink to Master Bardolph, and to all the cavaleroes[12] about London.

Davy. I hope to see London once ere I die.

Bard. If[13] I might see you there, Davy, —

Shal. By the mass, you 'll crack a quart[14] together: ha! will you not, Master Bardolph?

Bard. Yea, Sir, in a pottle-pot.

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und Ebbe in einem Strom wie die Themse bei London, wo zur Ebbezeit das Wasser in die See abläuft und sich in ihr mit dem allgemeinen Reiche der Fluthen vereinigt. — *state of floods* geht zugleich auf den *royal state*, den der neue König jetzt zu vertreten hat, und auf die Würdenträger des Reiches, die bald nachher collectiv *all our state* heissen. 27) Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 1, Anm. 43. 28) *one day* = um einen Tag.

1) *caraways* war zu Sh.'s Zeit ein Confect oder Eingemachtes, zu dem Kümmelsamen gethan wurde. — Es soll mit dem Pippinapfel u. s. w. in der Laube als Nachtisch verzehrt werden, nachdem sie im Hause ihr Abendessen eingenommen. Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 4, Anm. 1 u. 2. 2) *well said* = brav! 3) d. h. *husbandman*, indem zu *husband* aus dem vorhergehenden *serving-man* das *man* so zu ergänzen ist, wie ebenvorher *a goodly dwelling, and a rich* scil. *dwelling*. — Schon die spätern Folioausgg. verkannten diese Sh. eigenthümliche Licenz und lasen *husband-man*, was viele Hgg. dann beibehielten. 4) Q. und Fol. drucken dieses Bruchstück aus einem alten, unbekannten Liede als Prosa; ebenso die meisten folgenden Versfragmente. 5) *proface* = Prosit! ein aus dem altfranzösischen *prou fae* = wohl bekomm's! entlehnter Trinkspruch. 6) Ihr müsst Nachsicht haben mit der Bewirthung, es kommt allein auf's Herz an. 7) Diese Worte kommen als Refrain eines Rundgesangs schon sehr früh vor und werden als ein bekanntes Sprichwort in Stafford's Briefe Conceipte of English Pollicye (1561) erwähnt. — In der ersten Zeile dieser Strophe vermuthet Farmer sehr plausibel *my wife 's as all*. 8) *leather-coat*, ein hartschaliger Apfel, gewöhnlich *russetine* genannt. 9) So die Fol.; die Q. hat *and we shall*, da nach der alten Orthographie *and* für *an* = *if* steht. Die meisten Hgg. behalten *and* bei und interpungiren: *And we shall be merry; — now comes etc.* 10) So sagt Falstaff A. 2, Sc. 4: *now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night.* 11) Ich will Euch in dem Becher Bescheid thun, und wenn es auch eine Meile bis zum Grunde des Bechers wäre. 12) Eine aus dem Spanischen entlehnte affectirte Betitelung, die Sh. auch in Merry Wives of Windsor (A. 2, Sc. 1) anwendet, wo der Wirth den Friedensrichter *cavalero-justice* anredet. Hier sind »vornehme Lebemänner« damit gemeint. 13) Auch hier hat die Fol. *if*, die Q. *and*. Vgl. Anm. 9 dieser Scene. 14) scil. *a quart*

Shal. By God's liggens, I thank thee. — The knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that: he will not out; he is true bred.

Bard. And I 'll stick by him, Sir.

Shal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry. *[Knocking heard.]* Look, who 's at door there. Ho! who knocks? *[Exit* Davy.

Fal. [To Silence, *who drinks a bumper.]* Why, now you have done me right.

Sil. [Singing.] *Do me right,*
And dub me knight:
Samingo.[15]

Is 't not so?

Fal. 'T is so.

Sil. Is 't so? Why, then say, an old man can do somewhat.

Re-enter Davy.

Davy. If it please your worship, there 's one Pistol come from the court with news.

Fal. From the court? let him come in. —

Enter Pistol.

How now, Pistol?

Pist. Sir John, God save you, Sir.

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows no man to good.[16] — Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in the realm.

Sil. By 'r lady, I think he be, but goodman Puff of Barson.[17]

Pist. Puff?
Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base! —
Sir John, I am thy Pistol, and thy friend,
And helter-skelter have I rode to thee;
And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,
And golden times, and happy news of price.

Fal. I pr'ythee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Pist. A foutre for the world, and worldlings base!
I speak of Africa, and golden joys.

Fal. O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?[18]
Let king Cophetua know the truth thereof.

Sil. [Sings.] *And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.*

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?
And shall good news be baffled?
Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.[19]

Pist. Why then, lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, Sir: — if, Sir, you come with news from the court, I take it, there is but two ways: either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, Sir, under the king, in some authority.

Pist. Under which king, Bezonian?[20] speak, or die.

Shal. Under king Harry.

Pist. Harry the Fourth? or Fifth?

Shal. Harry the Fourth.

Pist. A foutre for thine office! —
Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;
Harry the Fifth 's the man. I speak the truth:
When Pistol lies, do this; and fig[21] me, like
The bragging Spaniard.

Fal. What! is the old king dead?

Pist. As nail in door:[22] the things I speak are just.

Fal. Away, Bardolph! saddle my horse. — Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 't is thine. — Pistol, I will double-charge[23] thee with dignities.

Bard. O joyful day! — I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

Pist. What! I do bring good news?

Fal. Carry Master Silence to bed. — Master Shallow, my lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am fortune's steward. Get on thy boots: we 'll ride all night. — O sweet Pistol! — Away, Bardolph. *[Exit* Bardolph.] — Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and, withal, devise something to do thyself good. — Boot,[24] boot, Master Shallow: I know, the young king is sick for me. Let us take any

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of sack, wie in Merry Wives of Windsor (A. 3, Sc. 5) *go fetch me a quart of sack. — by God's liggens* in Shallow's folgender Rede fehlt in der Fol. Es ist eine Betheuerung, wie es scheint, im Sinne von *God's lifelings*, das sonst vorkommt. 15) In Nashe's Drama Summer's Last Will and Testament kommt ein Trinklied vor, das Silence hier verstümmelt wiedergiebt. Es lautet: *Monsieur Mingo* || *For quaffing doth surpass* || *In cup, in can, or glass;* || *God Bacchus, do me right,* || *And dub me knight,* || *Domingo.* — *Mingo* und *Domingo* ist der spanische Name für Sonntag, doch lässt es sich auch auf den heil. Dominicus, den Schutzpatron der trinklustigen Dominicanermönche, deuten. — *to do right* = Einem beim Trinken Bescheid thun. 16) In dieser Gestalt, nicht in der modernen *which blows to no man good*, findet sich das Sprichwort bei ältern englischen Schriftstellern. — Für *no man* hat die Fol. *none*. — *to good* = zum Vortheil. 17) Silence versteht *greatest* von dem körperlichen Umfange Falstaff's. 18) Falstaff ahmt hier den bombastischen Tragödienton Pistol's nach. — Von dem König Cophetua, dessen Liebe zur Bettlerin Zenelophon in einer bekannten Ballade der Zeit gefeiert wurde, ist bei Sh. öfter die Rede. Vgl. K. Richard II. A. 5, Sc. 3, Anm. 15. — Der Name dieses Balladenkönigs bringt den Silence dann auf die nicht minder bekannte, in Percy's Reliques abgedruckte Ballade von Robin Hood and the Pindar of Wakefield. Der citirte Vers ist aus der Strophe: *All this beheard three wighty yeomen,* || *'T was Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John:* || *With that they espied the jolly Pindar,* || *As he sat under a throne.* 19) Zart und affectirt für: ich kenne Euch nicht, ich weiss nicht, wer Ihr seid. 20) *Bezonian* = Hungerleider, elender Wicht, vom italienischen *Besogno* erweitert, das Sh.'s Zeitgenossen in demselben Sinne gebrauchen. So in K. Henry VI. Second Part (A. 4, Sc. 1) *Great men oft die by vile Bezonians.* — Als ein tragisch bombastisches Wort wendet Pistol es hier auf den hagern Shallow an. 21) *to fig* = Jemandem den Daumen zeigen, als Zeichen der Verachtung; eine Handgeberde, die von den Italienern und Spaniern zu den Engländern kam und von Pistol selbst hier als eine spanische Sitte bezeichnet wird. — Schon zu *do this* ist diese entsprechende Pantomime hinzuzudenken. 22) Das sprichwörtliche *as dead as a door-nail* hat Sh. in K. Henry VI. Second Part (A. 4, Sc. 10). — Steevens erklärt den Ausdruck von den unaufhörlichen Schlägen, welche der Thürnagel von dem Hammer oder Thürklopfer erhält. 23) Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 4, Anm. 24. 24) *to boot* = Reitstiefeln anziehen. 25) Dasselbe Stück aus einem alten Liede trällert Petruchio in Taming of the Shrew (A. 4, Sc. 1). Das Lied selbst ist verloren gegangen, aber der eine Vers wird schon 1578 als eine bekannte Melodie angegeben.

man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends, and woe unto my lord chief justice!

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!
»Where is the life that late I led,« [25] say they;
Why, here it is: welcome these pleasant days! [26]

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

London. A Street.

Enter Beadles, dragging in Hostess QUICKLY *and* DOLL TEAR-SHEET. [1]

Host. No, thou arrant knave: I would to God I might die, that I might have thee hanged; thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

1. Bead. The constables have delivered her over to me, and she shall have whipping-cheer [2] enough, I warrant her. There hath been a man or two lately killed about her.

Doll. Nuthook, [3] nuthook, you lie. Come on: I 'll tell thee what, thou damned tripe-visaged rascal. An the child I now go with do miscarry, thou hadst better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-faced [4] villain.

Host. O the Lord, that Sir John were come! he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God the fruit of her womb miscarry! [5]

1. Bead. If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions again; you have but eleven now. [6] Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead, that you and Pistol beat among you.

Doll. I 'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a censer, [7] I will have you as soundly swinged for this, — you blue-bottle rogue! [8] you filthy famished correctioner! if you be not swinged, I 'll forswear half-kirtles. [9]

1. Bead. Come, come, you she knight-errant, come.

Host. O God, that right should thus overcome might! [10] Well, of sufferance comes ease.

Doll. Come, you rogue, come: bring me to a justice.

Host. Ay; come, you starved blood-hound.

Doll. Goodman death! goodman bones! [11]

Host. Thou atomy, [12] thou!

Doll. Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal! [13]

1. Bead. Very well. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A public Place near Westminster Abbey.

Enter Two Grooms, strewing rushes. [1]

1. Groom. More rushes, more rushes!

2. Groom. The trumpets have sounded twice.

1. Groom. It will be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation. Despatch, despatch. *[Exeunt Grooms.* [2]

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, *and the Page.*

Fal. Stand here by me, Master Robert Shallow; I will make the king do you grace. I will leer upon him, as he comes by, and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Pist. God bless thy lungs, good knight.

Fal. Come here, Pistol; stand behind me. — *[To* SHALLOW.*]* O! if I had had time to have made new liveries, [3] I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But 't is no matter; this poor show doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. It shows my earnestness of affection.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. My devotion.

Shal. It doth, it doth, it doth. [4]

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26) d. h. die vergnügten Tage, welche nun für Falstaff und seine Gesellen anbrechen sollen. — Mit diesem Sinne verträgt sich nicht wohl Hanmer's Conjectur, welcher, um einen Reim zu gewinnen, welchen Pistol in seinen bombastischen Reden niemals sucht, *this pleasant day* vorschlug.

1) Die Q. hat dafür: *Enter Sincklo, and three or four Officers* und bezeichnet die Reden des *1. Beadle* ebenfalls mit *Sincklo*, sowie diejenigen der *Doll Tear-sheet* mit *Whore.* — *Sincklo* ist der Name eines Schauspielers der Sh.'schen Truppe, der hier durch ein ähnliches Versehen in der Q. statt der Person, die er darstellt, genannt wird, wie in der Induction zu Taming of the Shrew einmal *Sincklo* statt *1. Player* vor eine Rede in der Fol. gesetzt wurde. 2) *whipping-cheer* = Peitschenkost. — Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 2, Anm. 65. — Steevens citirt aus einer Ballade: *And if he chance to scape the rope,* || *He shall have whipping-cheer.* — *enough* fehlt in der Q. 3) *nuthook*, eigentlich eine mit einem Haken versehene Stange, um die Nüsse damit von den Bäumen zu holen, kommt auch in Merry Wives of Windsor (A. 1, Sc. 1) als verächtliche Bezeichnung eines Häschers oder Büttels vor. 4) So heisst es in K. Henry V. (A. 2, Sc. 2) von blassen Wangen: *their cheeks are paper.* 5) Damit der Büttel deshalb bestraft werde. 6) Indem die Wirthin von den zwölf Kissen, welche sie besitzt, eines der Doll geliehen, damit diese, mit Hülfe des Kissens, eine Schwangerschaft fingiren könne. 7) Doll vergleicht den magern Büttel mit einer in Relief auf einer metallenen Räucherpfanne abgebildeten, also allerdings sehr dünnen Figur. 8) *blue-bottle* = Schmeissfliege, zugleich anspielend auf die blaue Tracht der Gerichtsdiener. 9) Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 4, Anm. 64. — So ist *half-kirtle* ein kurzes *kirtle*, eine Tracht, in der sich Doll vorzugsweise gern sehen liess. — Dass aber *half-kirtles* das Costüm der liederlichen Weibsbilder in jener Zeit gewesen, ist nur eine Vermuthung der Commentatoren, die nirgendwo belegt ist. 10) Sie will umgekehrt sagen *that might should overcome right.* 11) *bones* = Knochen, bezeichnet wieder die Magerkeit, wie *death* = Todtengerippe. 12) Die Wirthin meint *anatomy* = Skelett. — Die Fol. verwischt diese komische Verwechslung, indem sie *anatomy* für das *atomy* der Q. setzt. 13) *rascal* = mageres Reh, und = Spitzbube. Sh. hat in diesem Zusammenhange offenbar solchen Doppelsinn beabsichtigt.

1) Die Binsen werden gestreut, damit der Krönungszug darüber hinschreite. — Die Q. hat die Bühnenweisung: *Enter strewers of rushes.* 2) Die Q. lässt den Krönungszug schon hier über die Bühne ziehen: *Trumpets sound, and the king and his train pass over the stage: after them enter Falstaff etc.* — Die Fol. hat nichts davon, sondern lässt gleich nach dem Weggange der Grooms Falstaff und seine Gefährten auftreten. 3) Eigentlich *to have new liveries made*, d. h. für sich und seine Leute. 4) Die Q. giebt diese bekräftigende Bejahung, sowie die beiden vorhergehenden dem Pistol; die Fol. giebt die erste dem Shallow, die beiden andern dem

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me.

Shal. It is most certain.[5]

Fal. But to stand stained with travel,[6] and sweating with desire to see him: thinking of nothing else; putting all affairs else in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him.

Pist. 'T is *semper idem*, for *absque hoc nihil est*. 'T is all[7] in every part.

Shal. 'T is so, indeed.

Pist. My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver,
And make thee rage.
Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts,[8]
Is in base durance, and contagious prison;
Haul'd thither
By most mechanical and dirty hand: —
Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto's snake,
For Doll is in; Pistol speaks nought but truth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

[Shouts within, and trumpets sound.

Pist. There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor sounds.

Enter King *and his Train, including the Chief Justice.*

Fal. God save thy grace, king Hal! my royal Hal!

Pist. The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp[9] of fame!

Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy!

King. My lord chief justice, speak to that vain man.

Ch. Just. Have you your wits? know you what 't is you speak?

Fal. My king! my Jove![10] I speak to thee, my heart!

King. I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers;
How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!
I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;[11]
But, being awake, I do despise my dream.
Make less thy body, hence,[12] and more thy grace;
Leave gormandizing; know, the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men.
Reply not to me with a fool-born[13] jest:
Presume not that I am the thing I was;
For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,
That I have turn'd away my former self;
So will I those that kept me company.
When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots:
Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,
As I have done the rest of my misleaders,
Not to come near our person by ten mile.[14]
For competence of life I will allow you,
That lack of means enforce you not to evil:
And as we hear you do reform yourselves,
We will, according to your strength and qualities,
Give you advancement. — Be it your charge, my lord,
To see perform'd the tenour of our word.[15] —
Set on. *[Exeunt* King *and his Train.*

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shal. Ay, marry, Sir John; which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, Master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this: I shall be sent for in private to him. Look you, he must seem thus to the world. Fear not your advancement;[16] I will be the man yet that shall make you great.[17]

Shal. I cannot perceive how, unless you should give me your doublet, and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word: this that you heard was but a colour.[18]

Shal. A colour, I fear, that you will die in, Sir John.

Fal. Fear no colours: go with me to dinner. Come, lieutenant Pistol; — come, Bardolph: — I shall be sent for soon at night.

Re-enter Prince John, *the Chief Justice, Officers, etc.*

Ch. Just. Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet;[19]
Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord! —

Ch. Just. I cannot now speak: I will hear you soon.
Take them away.

Pist. *Si fortune me tormente, sperato me contente.*[20]

[Exeunt Falstaff, Shallow, Pistol, Bardolph, *Page, and Officers.*

P. John. I like this fair proceeding of the king's.
He hath intent, his wonted followers
Shall all be very well provided for;

Pistol. — Die obige Vertheilung, die dem Charakter am angemessensten erscheint, rührt von Hanmer her; jedenfalls scheinen die drei Reden einer und derselben Person anzugehören. 5) Die Q. hat *best certain*, und lässt auch die folgenden Worte Falstaff's von Shallow sprechen. 6) So stand *travel-tainted* in A. 4, Sc. 3. 7) *all* fehlt in der Q. — Pistol citirt einige lateinische Devisen oder Wappensprüche und giebt dann ihren Sinn, so weit er ihn versteht, in englischer Umschreibung an. 8) Doll ist gleichsam die griechische Helena, die gepriesene Schönheit für Falstaff's edle Gedanken. 9) *imp* = Sprössling, ein im tragischen Styl oft gebrauchtes Wort. So in Peele's Battle of Alcazar: *Amurath, mighty emperour of the east,* || *That shall receive the imp of royal race.* 10) In einem Gedichte von Daniel, betitelt Complaint of Rosamond (1594), ist Folgendes: *Dost thou not see, how that thy king, thy Jove,* || *Lightens forth glory on thy dark estate?* 11) *profane* = ausgelassen in Reden, lästerlich. So in Othello (A. 2, Sc. 1) *is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor?* 12) *hence* = von nun an. So gebraucht Sh. auch *here* oft im zeitlichen Sinne = jetzt, in diesem Augenblicke. — *body* = Leib, ist dem *grace* = Seelenheil, entgegengestellt, wie *make less* = verringern, dem *make more* = vermehren. 13) *fool-born* = als Narr geboren, oder = von Narren geboren. — Da die alte Orthographie zwischen *born* und *borne* nicht unterscheidet, so kann Sh. hier auch *fool-borne* = von Narren gehegt oder getragen, verstanden haben. 14) Sh. entlehnte den Stoff zu dieser Rede im Allgemeinen und diese Notiz insbesondere aus Holinshed. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 709. 15) *my word* in der Q. 16) Seid unbesorgt wegen Eurer Beförderung. 17) Dasselbe Wortspiel wie vorher. Vgl. A. 5, Sc. 3, Anm. 17. 18) *colour* = Vorwand. — Shallow fasst das Wort als *collar*, und Falstaff endlich als *colours* = Fahne, Kriegsdienst, wie in Twelfth-Night (A. 1, Sc. 5) *he that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colours.* 19) *Fleet* ist dasselbe Gefängniss in London, in welches vormals der Oberrichter den Prinzen Heinrich geschickt hatte. 20) Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 4, Anm. 41. 21) *conversation* =

But all are banish'd, till their conversations [21]
Appear more wise and modest to the world.
Ch. Just. And so they are.
P. John. The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord.
Ch. Just. He hath.
P. John. I will lay odds, that, ere this year expire,
We bear our civil swords, [22] and native fire,
As far as France. I heard a bird so sing, [23]
Whose music, to my thinking, pleas'd the king.
Come, will you hence? *[Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE. [1]

First my fear, then my courtesy, last my speech. My fear is your displeasure, my courtesy my duty, and my speech to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me; for what I have to say, is of mine own making; [2] and what indeed I should say, will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture. — Be it known to you (as it is very well), I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promise you a better. I did mean, indeed, to pay you with this; which, if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. [3] Here, I promised you, I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me some, [4] and I will pay you some; and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment, to dance [5] out of your debt. But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me: if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly. [6]

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, [7] and make you merry with fair Katharine of France: [8] where, for anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, [9] and this is not the man. My tongue is weary; when my legs are too, [10] I will bid you good night: and so kneel down before you; but, indeed, to pray for the queen. [11]

Verkehr, geselliges Leben. 22) *civil swords* = die bisher im Bürgerkriege verwandten Schwerter. 23) Diese Phrase kommt sprichwörtlich in einer alten Ballade, The Rising of the North, vor: *I hear a bird sing in mine ear, || That I must either fight or flee.*

1) Die meisten Hgg. fügen mit Pope hinzu: *Spoken by a Dancer*, weil in der That der Schauspieler, der den Epilog zu sprechen hat, nachher mit einem Tanze, einem gewöhnlichen Schlusse damaliger dramatischer Aufführungen, schliesst. 2) Der Schauspieler giebt sich die Miene, als habe er selbst, nicht der Dichter, den Epilog verfasst, und fürchtet deshalb, dass er sich damit in den Augen des Publicums Schaden thun werde. — *to make* = machen, schaffen, und *to mar* = verderben, sind gewöhnliche Gegensätze bei Sh. 3) Das Bild ist von einer kaufmännischen Unternehmung entlehnt, welche schlecht ausläuft, den Bankerott des Speculanten und damit den Geldverlust seiner Creditoren herbeiführt. — Das Bild wird noch weiter fortgeführt. 4) Erlasst mir einen Theil meiner Schuld, so will ich Euch einen andern Theil bezahlen, und, wie es die meisten Schuldner machen, Euch unendlich viel *(infinitely)* versprechen. 5) Eben so doppelsinnig ist *to dance* in Much Ado about Nothing (A. 2, Sc. 1) *and so dance out the answer.* 6) An die Nachsicht der Zuschauerinnen und an ihren günstigen Einfluss auf die Zuschauer appellirt auch der Epilog in K. Henry VIII. und in As you like it. — Die Q. lässt *before* aus. 7) Indem Sh. auf das folgende Drama K. Henry V., als auf eine Fortsetzung des so eben aufgeführten Schauspiels hindeutet, zeigt er durch das Versprechen, Falstaff abermals auftreten zu lassen, zugleich, dass jenes Drama in der That damals noch nicht geschrieben, sondern nur im Allgemeinen entworfen war. 8) Sh. hatte hier die Scene in K. Henry V. (A. 3, Sc. 4) im Sinne, wie die Prinzess Katharina sich bemüht, Englisch zu lernen, sowie die letzte Scene (A. 5, Sc. 2), wo Heinrich um die Prinzessin wirbt. — Vielleicht ist das folgende *where* auf *France* zu beziehen, so dass nach dem anfänglichen Plane Falstaff in Frankreich an einer Schwitzcur sterben sollte. Doch lässt *where* sich besser auf das angekündigte Schauspiel selbst beziehen. 9) Der historische Sir John Oldcastle starb als Anhänger der Lehre Wickleff's unter Heinrich V. den Märtyrertod, also in ganz anderer Weise, wie Sh. seinen Sir John Falstaff, den das Publicum fortwährend mit dem Sir John Oldcastle des alten Dramas The Famous Victories identificirte und auch ebenso benannte, sterben lassen will. Um solcher Verwechslung entgegenzutreten, fügt Sh. noch die bestimmten Worte hinzu: *this* (d. h. Falstaff) *is not the man* (d. h. Oldcastle); falls nicht zu *this is not the man* im Sinne des Dichters zu suppliren ist: *to die a martyr:* Falstaff ist nicht der Mann, als Märtyrer zu sterben, wie Oldcastle gethan. 10) d. h. wenn ich getanzt habe, so will ich Euch gute Nacht sagen. — Damit schliesst die Q. den Epilog, da sie das folgende *and so I kneel down etc.* schon vorher an *promise you infinitely* anschliesst. 11) Der Schauspieler kniet vor dem Publicum nieder, nicht, wie dasselbe vielleicht glauben möchte, aus Respect oder um dessen Gunst zu erflehen, sondern um für das Wohl der Königin Elisabeth zu beten. Ein solches Gebet bildete den herkömmlichen Schluss in vielen Dramen des älteren englischen Theaters und war meistens in die letzten Reden derselben mit einverflochten.

KING HENRY V.

Einleitung.

Im Jahre 1600 erschien The Chronicle History of Henry the fift, With his battell fought at Agin Court in France. Togither with Auntient Pistoll. As it hath bene sundry times playd by the Right honorable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. London, Printed by Thomas Creede, for Tho. Millington and John Busby. And are to be sold at his house in Carter Lane, next the Powle head. — Dieser ersten Ausgabe des Shakspere'schen Dramas King Henry V., welche auf dem Titel nicht den Namen des Verfassers, wohl aber den der Shakspere'schen Schauspielergesellschaft angiebt, folgte im Jahre 1602 eine zweite, ein blosser Abdruck der ersten, mit gleichlautendem Titel, nur dass sie statt Millington und Busby als Verleger Thomas Pavier namhaft macht; ebenso eine dritte, die im Jahre 1608 erschien und die 1766 von Steevens in seine Twenty of the Plays of Shakespeare aufgenommen wurde. — In der Gesammtausgabe der Shakspere'schen Dramen in Folio vom Jahre 1623 steht The Life of Henry the Fift als das fünfte Drama in der Reihe der Histories und ist daselbst in Acte, aber nicht in Scenen eingetheilt.

Zwischen dem Texte der oben erwähnten drei, kaum von einander abweichenden Ausgaben in Quarto (Qs.) und dem Texte der Folioausgabe (Fol.) besteht ein ähnliches Verhältniss, wie zwischen den Texten der ersten Quart- und Folio-Editionen von Shakspere's Hamlet und Romeo and Juliet. (Vgl. die Einleitungen zu den genannten Schauspielen.) Der Text der Qs., nach einem leichtfertig zusammengestoppelten Manuscript unrechtmässig von einem speculirenden und gewinnsüchtigen Verleger edirt, liegt in so vernachlässigter, verstümmelter und entstellter Gestalt vor, dass sich nicht mit voller Sicherheit darüber entscheiden lässt, ob der vollständige Text, wie ihn die Fol. enthält, schon ursprünglich vorhanden war, oder ob derselbe zu dieser Recension vom Dichter erst nachher durch vielfache Erweiterungen und Zusätze ausgearbeitet wurde aus einem ersten Entwurfe, den die Veranstalter der schlechten Quartausgabe in unverantwortlicher Weise mehr missbraucht als gebraucht haben. Wie bei Hamlet und Romeo and Juliet neigen sich die Kritiker theils der einen, theils der andern Ansicht zu, nur dass es bei King Henry V. noch misslicher als bei jenen beiden Dramen sein möchte, aus der verwahrlosten Form des Textes in den Qs. auf die eigentliche Beschaffenheit jener ersten vom Dichter entworfenen Skizze, wenn wirklich eine solche dem vollständigen Foliotexte überhaupt vorausgegangen war, Schlüsse zu ziehen. Um zunächst den materiellen Unterschied zwischen dem King Henry V. der Qs. und dem der Fol. zu constatiren, so enthält jener Text ungefähr 1800 Zeilen, dieser dagegen 3500. Es fehlen in den Qs. sämmtliche fünf Chorusreden mit dem Epilog; es fehlt von ganzen Scenen die erste Scene des ersten Actes, die erste Scene des dritten Actes, die zweite Scene des vierten Actes; und die übrigen den beiden Ausgaben gemeinsamen Scenen erscheinen in den Qs. in einer auf so arger Entstellung und Verstümmelung beruhenden Abweichung, dass davon nur Proben die richtige Vorstellung zu geben vermögen. Wir wählen dazu den Anfang und den Schluss des Dramas in den Qs. aus. Jener, der zweiten Scene des ersten Actes bis zum Auftreten der französischen Gesandten entsprechend, lautet in den Qs. so:

Enter king *Henry*, *Exeter*, two Bishops, *Clarence*, and other Attendants.

Exeter. Shall I call in th' ambassadors my liege?
King. Not yet my cousin, till we be resolu'd
Of some serious matters touching vs and France.
Bysh. God and his angels guard your sacred throne.
And make you long become it.
King. Sure we thanke you: and good my lord proceed
Why the law Salique which they haue in France,
Or should or should not stop in vs our claime:
And God forbid my wise and learned lord,
That you should fashion, frame, or wrest the same.
For God doth know how many now in health,
Shall drop their blood, in approbation
Of what your reuerence shall incite vs too.
Therefore take heede how you impawne our person,
How you awake the sleeping sword of warre:
We charge you in the name of God take heede.
After this coniuration, speake my lord:
And we will iudge, note, and beleeue in heart,
That what you speake, is washt as pure
As sin in baptisme.
Bish. Then heare me gracious soueraigne, and you peeres,
Which owe your liues, your faith, and seruices
To this imperiall throne:
There is no bar to stay your highnesse claime to France,
But one; which they produce from Faramount.
No female shall succeed in Salique land,
Which Salique land, the French vniustly gloze
To be the realme of France,

And Faramount the founder of this law and female
barre.
Yet their owne writers faithfully affirme,
That the land Salique lyes in Germany,
Betweene the flouds of Sabeck and of Elme,
Where Charles the fift hauing subdude the Saxons
There left behinde, and setled certaine French,
Who holding in disdaine the Germaine women,
For some dishonest manners of their liues,
Establisht there this law. To wit,
No female shall succeed in Salique land:
Which Salique land (as I haue sayd before)
Is at this time in Germany, call'd Mesene.
Thus doth it well appeare, the Salique law
Was not deuised for the realme of France:
Nor did the French possesse the Salique land,
Vntill foure hundred one and twenty yeares
After the function of king Faramount,
Godly supposd the founder of this law.
Hugh Capet also that vsurpt the crowne,
To fine his title with some shew of truth,
When in pure truth it was corrupt and naught:
Conuey'd himselfe as heire to the lady Inger,
Daughter to Charles the foresayd duke of Lorain,
So that as cleere as is the summers sun,
King Pipins title, and Hugh Capets claime,
King Charles his satisfaction, all appeare
To hold in right and title of the female:
So do the lords of France vntill this day,
Howbeit they would hold vp this Salique law
To barre your highnesse claiming from the female,
And rather choose to hide them in a net,
Then amply to imbace their crooked causes,
Vsurpt from you and your progenitors.
K. May we with right and conscience make this
claim?
Bi. The sin vpon my head dread soueraigne:
For in the booke of Numbers it is writ,
When the sonne dyes, let the inheritance
Descend vnto the daughter.
Noble lord, stand for your owne,
Vnwinde your bloody flagge,
Go my dread lord to your great grandsires graue,
From whom you claime:
And your great vnckle Edward the blacke prince,
Who on the French ground played a tragedy
Making defeate on the full power of France,
Whilst his most mighty father on a hill,
Stood smiling to behold his lyons whelpe,
Foraging blood of French nobility.
O noble English, that could entertaine
With halfe their forces the full power of France:
And let another halfe stand laughing by,
All out of worke, and colde for action.
King. We must not onely arme vs gainst the French,
But lay downe our proportion for the Scot,
Who will make rode vpon vs with all aduantages.
Bi. The marches gracious soueraigne, shal be sufficient
To guard your England from the pilfering borderers.
King. We do not meane the coursing sneakers
onely,
But feare the maine entendment of the Scot:
For you shall read, neuer my great grandfather
Vnmaskt his power for France,
But that the Scot on his vnfurnisht kingdome,
Came pouring like the tide into a breach,
That England being empty of defences,
Hath shooke and trembled at the brute heereof.
Bish. She hath bin then more fear'd then hurt
my lord:
For heare her but examplified by herselfe,
When all her chiualry hath bene in France,
And she a mourning widdow of her nobles,
She hath her selfe not onely well defended,
But taken and impounded (as a stray) the king of
Scottes,
Whom like a caytiffe she did leade to France,
Filling your chronicles as rich with praise,
As is the owse and bottome of the sea,
With sunken wracke, and shiplesse treasurie.
Lord. There is a saying very old and true
If you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin:
For once the eagle England being in pray,
To his vnfurnisht nest the weazle Scot
Would sucke her egges,
Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,
To spoyle and hauocke more then she can eat.
Exe. It followes then, the cat must stay at home,
Yet that is but a curst necessity,
Since we haue traps to catch the petty theeues:
Whilst that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
The aduised head controlles at home:
For gouernment though high or low, being put in
parts,
Congrueth with a mutuall consent like musicke.
Bish. True, therefore doth heauen
Diuide the fate of man in diuers functions:
Whereto is added as an ayme or but, obedience:
For so liue the hony bees, creatures that by awe
Ordaine an act of order to a peopled kingdome.
They haue a king, and officers of sort;
Where some like magistrates correct at home:
Others, like merchants venture trade abroad:
Others, like soldiours armed in their stings,
Make boot vpon the sommers veluet bud:
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royall of their emperor;
Who busied in his majesty, behold
The singing masons building roofes of gold,
The ciuill citizens lading vp the hony,
The sad-ey'd iustice with his surly humme,
Deliuering vp to executors pale, the lazie caning
drone,
Thus I inferre, that twenty actions once a foote,
May all end in one moment.
As many arrowes losed seuerall wayes, fly to one
marke:
As many seuerall wayes meete in one towne:
As many fresh streames run into one selfe-sea:
As many lines close in the diall center:
So may a thousand actions once a foote,
End in one moment, and be all well born without
defect.
Therefore my liege to France,
Diuide your happy England into foure,
Of which take you one quarter into France,
And you withall, shall make all Gallia shake.
If we with thrice that power left at home,
Cannot defend our owne doore from the dogge,
Let vs be beaten, and from henceforth lose
The name of policy and hardinesse.

Kin. Call in the messenger sent from the Dolphin,
And by your ayde, the noble sinnewes of our land
France being ours, weel bring it to our awe,
Or breake it all in peeces:
Either our chronicles shall with full mouth speake
Freely of our acts, or else like tonguelesse mutes,
Not worshipt with a paper epitaph.

Der Schluss des Dramas in den Qs., entsprechend der zweiten Scene des fünften Actes der vervollständigten Ausgabe, lautet folgendermassen:

Enter at one doore, the king of *England* and his lords.
And at the other doore, the king of *France*, queene *Katherine*, the duke of *Burbon*, and others.

Harry. Peace to this meeting,
Wherefore we are met,
And to our brother Francc, faire time of day.
Fair health unto our louely cousin Katherine,
And as a branch, and member of this stocke,
We do salute you, duke of Burgundy.
Fran. Brother of England,
Right ioyous are we to behold your face,
So are we princes English euery one.
Duke. With pardon vnto your mightinesse:
Let it not displease you, if I demaund
What rub or barre hath thus farre hindred you
To keepe you from the gentle speech of peace?
Har. If duke of Burgundy you would haue peace,
You must buy that peace
According as we haue drawn our articles.
Fran. We haue but with a cursorary eye
Ore-viev'd them; pleaseth your grace,
To let some of your counsell sit with vs,
We shall returne our peremptory answer.
Har. Go lords, and sit with them,
And bring vs answer backe.
Yet leaue our cousen Katherine heere behind.
Fran. Withall our hearts.
[Exit French king, and the lords.

Manet, king *Henry*, *Katherine*, and the *Gentlewoman*.

Har. Now Kate,
You haue a blunt wooer heere left with you.
If I could winne thee at leape-frog,
Or with vauting with my armour on my backe
Into my saddle,
Without bragge be it spoken,
Ide make compare with any
But leaving that Kate,
If thou takest me now,
Thou shalt have me at the worst,
And in wearing thou shalt haue me better and better,
Thou shalt haue a face that is not worth sunburning.
But doest thou thinke, that thou and I,
Betweene Saint Denis and Saint George,
Shall get a boy, that shall go to Constantinople,
And take the great Turke by the beard?
Ha, Kate.
Kate. Is it possible dat me sall
Loue de enemy de France?
Harry. No Kate,
It is vnpossible you should loue the enemy of France:
For Kate I loue France so well,
That ile not leaue a village,
Ile haue it all mine. Then Kate,
When France is mine,
And I am yours:
Then France is yours.
And you are mine.
Kate. I cannot tell what is dat.
Harry. No Kate,
Why ile tell you in French,
Which will hang vpon my tongue, like a bride
On her new married husband.
Let me see, saint Dennis be my speede.
Quan France & mon.
Kate. Dat is, when France is yours.
Harry. Et vous ettes a moy.
Kate. And I am to you.
Harry. Douck France ettes a vous.
Kate. Den France sall be mine.
Harry. Et ie suiues a vous.
Kate. And you will be to me.
Har. Wilt beleeue me Kate? Tis easier for me
To conquer the kingdome,
Then to speake so much more French.
Kate. A your maiesty.
Has false France enough, to deceiue
De best lady in France.
Harry. No faith Kate not I.
But Kate prethee tell me in plaine tearmes,
Dost thou loue me?
Kate. I cannot tell.
Harry. No: Can any of your neighbours tel,
Ile aske them.
Come Kate, I know you loue me.
And soone when you are in your closset,
Youle question this lady of me:
But I pray thee sweet Kate vse me mercifully,
Because I loue thee cruelly.
That I shall dye Kate, is sure:
But for thy loue by the Lord neuer.
What wench.
A straight backe will grow crooked,
A round eye will grow hollow,
A great legge will waxe small,
A curld pate prooue bald:
But a good heart Kate is the sun and the moon,
And rather the sun and not the moone:
And therefore Kate take me,
Take a souldier, take a souldier,
Take a king:
Therefore tell me Kate, wilt thou haue mee?
Kate. Dat is as please de king my father.
Harry. Nay it will please him,
Nay it shall please him Kate,
And vpon that condition Kate Ile kisse thee.
Ka. O mon du ie ne voudroy fair quelk chosse
Pour toute le monde,
Ce ne poynt votree fachion en fauor.
Harry. What sayes she lady?
Lady. Dat it is not de fasion in France
For de maides, befor da be married to
May foy ie oblye, what is to bassie?
Har. To kisse, to kisse.
O that tis not the fashion in France
For the maids to kisse before they are married.

Lady. Owye see votree grace.
Har. Well, weel breake that custome.
Therefore Kate patience perforce and yeelde.
Before God Kate you haue witchcraft
In your kisses:
And may perswade with me more
Then all the French Councell.
Your father is returned.

Enter the kings of *France*, and the lordes.

How now my lords?
Fran. Brother of England,
We haue ordered the articles,
And haue agreed to all that we in sedule had.
Exe. Onely he hath not subscribed this,
Where your maiesty demands,
That the king of France hauing any occasion
To write for matter of grant,
Shall name your highnesse in this forme:
And with this addition in French,
Nostre tresher filz, Henry Roy d' Angleterre,
E heare de France. And thus in latine:
Preclarissimus filius noster Henricus Rex Angliæ.
Et heres Franciæ.
Fran. Nor this haue we so nicely stood vpon.
But you faire brother may intreat the same.
Harry. Why then let this among the rest,
Haue his full course: And withall,
Your daughter Katherine in marriage.
Fran. This and what else
Your maiesty shall craue:
God that disposeth all giue you much ioy.
Har. Why then faire Katherine,
Come giue me thy hand:
Our marriage will we present solemnize,
And end our hatred by a bond of loue.
Then will I sweare to Kate, and Kate to me,
And may our vowes once made, vnbroken be.

FINIS.

Dass das Drama in solcher unfertigen Fassung, wie sie hier erscheint, niemals vom Dichter auf die Bühne gebracht sein kann, ist eben so klar, wie es unklar bleibt, in welcher Gestalt etwa den Herausgebern der Qs. das Schauspiel Shakspere's vorgelegen haben mag. Jedenfalls ist für die Feststellung eines gültigen Textes allein die Folioausgabe massgebend, und eine Hinzuziehung der Qs. zu diesem Behufe wäre, wenige vereinzelte Fälle abgerechnet, um so überflüssiger, je correcter im Ganzen King Henry V. in der Fol. gedruckt ist, je weniger Schwierigkeiten sich dem Verständniss darbieten.

Das Jahr der Abfassung des Dramas lässt sich ziemlich genau bestimmen nach einer in dem Chorus zum fünften Act angebrachten Zeitanspielung, die sich auf die Expedition des Grafen Essex nach Irland im Sommer 1599 bezieht. Die an sich schon wenig wahrscheinliche Annahme, dass das Drama schon früher aufgeführt und die Chorusreden etwa nach der ersten Aufführung hinzugefügt seien, wird noch unwahrscheinlicher durch den Umstand, dass Francis Meres 1598 in seinem mehr erwähnten Buche Palladis Tamia wohl King Henry IV., noch nicht aber King Henry V. unter den damals bekannten Schauspielen Shakspere's nennt. Ebenso fehlt es an andern Notizen vor 1599. Im Uebrigen hat der Dichter King Henry V., wie die andern Dramen desselben Cyklus, nicht als ein in sich abgeschlossenes, sondern mit den vorhergehenden innerlich verknüpftes Schauspiel geschrieben, wie, abgesehen von dem nur dann motivirten Auftreten so mancher aus jenen Stücken bekannter Personen, die Schilderung von Falstaff's Hinscheiden (A. 2, Sc. 3) deutlich zeigt. Natürlich benutzte Shakspere auch dieselbe Quelle wie bei jenen Dramen, Holinshed's Chronik, und zwar mit derselben Freiheit, deren er sich auch sonst bediente, dass er die Ereignisse, die auf eine ganze Reihe von Jahren sich vertheilten, hier mit Hülfe der Chorusreden in ein fünfactiges Drama zusammenzog. Einige Auszüge aus Holinshed, mit Verweisung auf die entsprechenden Acte und Scenen bei Shakspere, werden das näher zeigen.

Zu A. 1, Sc. 1 und 2. *In the second year of his reign King Henry called his high court of parliament, the last day of April, in the town of Leicester, in which parliament many profitable laws were concluded, and many petitions moved were for that time deferred. Amongst which one was that a bill exhibited in the parliament holden at Westminster, in the eleventh year of King Henry IV. (which by reason the king was then troubled by civil discord, came to none effect) might now with good deliberation be pondered and brought to some good conclusion. The effect of which supplication was that the temporal lands devoutly given, and disordinately spent by religious and other spiritual persons, should be seized into the king's hands, sith the same might suffice to maintain, to the honour of the king and defence of the realm, fifteen earls, fifteen hundred knights, six thousand and two hundred esquires, and a hundred almshouses for relief only of the poor impotent and needy persons, and the king to have clearly to his coffers twenty thousand pounds with many other provisions and values of religious houses which I pass over. —— This bill was much noted and much feared among the religious sort whom surely it touched very near; and therefore to find remedy against it, they determined to assay all ways to put by and overthrow this bill; wherein they thought best to try if they might move the king's mood with some sharp invention, that he should not regard the importunate petitions of the commons. Whereupon on a day in the parliament Henry Chichely Archbishop of Canterbury made a pithy oration wherein he declared how not only the duchies of Normandy and Aquitaine with the counties of Anjou and Maine and the country of Gascoigne were by undoubted title appertaining to the king as to the lawful and only heir of the same, but also the whole realm of France, as heir to his great grandfather King Edward the Third. Herein did he much inveigh against the surmised and false feigned law Salike which the Frenchmen allege ever against the kings of England in bar of their just title to the crown of France. The very words of that supposed law are these: In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant, that is to say: Into the Salike land let not women succeed. Which the French glossers expound to be the realm of France and that this law was made by King Pharamond, whereas yet their own authors affirm, that the land Salike is in Germany between the rivers of Elbe and Sala, and that when Charles the Great had overcome the Saxons, he placed there certain Frenchmen which, having in disdain the dishonest manners of the German women, made a law that the*

females should not succeed to any inheritance within that land which at this day is called Meisen, so that if this be true, this law was not made for the realm of France, nor the French men possessed the land Salike till four hundred and one and twenty years after the death of Pharamond the supposed maker of this Salike law, for this Pharamond deceased in the year 426 and Charles the Great subdued the Saxons and placed the Frenchmen in those parts beyond the river of Sala, in the year 805. Moreover, it appeareth by their own writers that King Pipin which deposed Childerich, claimed the crown of France as heir general, for that he was descended of Blithild daughter to King Clothair the First; Hugh Capet also who usurped the crown upon Charles Duke of Lorraine, the sole heir male of the line and stock of King Charles the Great, to make his title seem true and appear good, though indeed it was stark naught, conveyed himself as heir to the Lady Lingard, daughter to King Charlemain, son to Lewis the emperor that was son to Charles the Great. King Lewis also the Tenth, otherwise called Saint Lewis, being very heir to the said usurper Hugh Capet, could never be satisfied in his conscience how he might justly keep and possess the crown of France till he was persuaded and fully instructed that Queen Isabel, his grandmother, was lineally descended of the Lady Ermengard, daughter and heir to the above named Charles Duke of Lorraine, by the which marriage the blood and line of Charles the Great was again united and restored to the crown and sceptre of France; so that more clear than the sun it openly appeareth that the title of King Pepin, the claim of Hugh Capet, the possession of Lewis, yea, and the French kings to this day are derived and conveyed from the heir female, though they would under the colour of such a feigned law bar the kings and princes of this realm of England of their right and lawful inheritance. — The archbishop further alleged out of the book of Numbers the saying: When a man dieth without a son, let the inheritance descend to his daughter. — At length having said sufficiently for the proof of the king's just and lawful title to the crown of France, he exhorted him to advance forth his banner, to fight for his right, to conquer his inheritance to spare neither blood, sword, nor fire, sith his war was just, his cause good, and his claim true. And to the intent his loving chaplains and obedient subjects of the spiritualty might show themselves willing and desirous to aid his majesty, for the recovery of his ancient right and true inheritance, the archbishop declared that in their spiritual convocation they had granted to his highness such a sum of money, as never by no spiritual persons was to any prince before those days given or advanced. Auch zu den Reden Westmoreland's und Exeter's in A. 1, Sc. 2 fand Shakspere den Stoff in Holinshed; ebenso zu Heinrich's Antwort an die französischen Gesandten.

Zu A. 2, Sc. 2. *When King Henry had fully furnished his navy with men, munition and other provisions, perceiving that his captains misliked nothing so much as delay, determined his soldiers to go a shipboard and away. But see the hap, the night before the day appointed for their departure, he was credibly informed that Richard Earl of Cambridge, brother to Edward Duke of York, and Henry Lord Scroop of Masham, lord treasurer, with Thomas Grey, a knight of Northumberland, being confederate together, had conspired his death; wherefore he caused them to be apprehended. The said Lord Scroop was in such favour with the king that he admitted him sometime to be his bedfellow, in whose fidelity the king reposed such trust that when any private or public council was in hand this lord had much in the determination of it. For he represented so great gravity in his countenance, such modesty in behaviour, and so virtuous zeal to all godliness in his talk, that whatsoever he said was thought for the most part necessary to be done and followed. — — These prisoners upon their examination confessed that upon a great sum of money which they had received of the French king, they intended verily either to have delivered the king alive into the hands of his enemies, or else to have murthered him before he should arrive in the dutchy of Normandy. When King Henry had heard all things opened which he desired to know, he caused all his nobility to come before his presence, before whom he caused the offenders to be brought also and to them said: „Having thus conspired the death and destruction of me which am the head of the realm and governor of the people, it may be (no doubt) but that you likewise have sworn the confusion of all that are here with me, and also the desolation of your own country. To what horror (O lord) for any true English heart to consider that such an execrable iniquity should ever so bewray you, as for pleasing of a foreign enemy to imbrue your hands in your blood, and to ruin your own native soil. Revenge herein touching my person, though I seek not, yet for the safeguard of you, my dear friends, and for due preservation of all sorts I am by office to cause example to be shewed. Get ye hence therefore, ye poor miserable wretches, to the receiving of your just reward wherein God's majesty give you grace, of his mercy, and repentance of your heinous offences.“ And so immediately they were had to execution.*

Die ersten Ereignisse des Kriegs in Frankreich bis zur Schlacht bei Agincourt erzählt Shakspere nach Holinshed's Darstellung, wie u. A. folgende Bruchstücke zeigen:

Zu A. 3, Sc. 6. *The Englishmen were brought into some distress in this journey by reason of their vittels in manner spent and no hope to get more; for the enemies had destroyed all the corn before they came. Rest could they none take, for their enemies with alarms did ever so infest them; daily it rained, and nightly it freezed, of fewel there was great scarcity, of fluxes plenty; money enough, but wares for their relief to bestow it on had they none. Yet in this great necessity the poor people of the country were not spoiled, nor anything taken of them without payment, nor any outrage or offence done by the Englishmen, except one which was that a soldier took a pix out of a church, for which he was apprehended, and the king not once removed till the box was restored and the offender strangled. — — The French king being at Rone, and hearing that King Henry was passed the river of Somme, was much displeased therewith, and assembling his council to the number of five and thirty, asked their advice what was to be done. — — At length thirty of them agreed that the Englishmen should not depart unfought withal, and five were of a contrary opinion, but the greater number ruled the matter: and so Montjoie king-at-arms was sent to the*

king of England to defy him as the enemy of France and to tell him that he should shortly have battle. King Henry advisedly answered: „Mine intent is to do as it pleaseth God. I will not seek your master at this time; but if he or his seek me, I will meet them, God willing. If any of your nation attempt once to stop me in my journey now towards Calais, at their jeopardy be it; and yet wish I not any of you so unadvised, as to be the occasion that I dye your tawny ground with your red blood.“ — When he had thus answered the herald, he gave him a princely reward, and license to depart.

Zu A. 4, Sc. 3. *It is said that as he heard one of the host utter his wish to another thus: „I would to God there were now with us so many good soldiers as are at this hour in England,“ the king answered: „I would not wish a man more here than I have; we are indeed in comparison to the enemies but a few, but if God, of his clemency, do favour us and our just cause (as I trust he will), we shall speed well enough.“*

Zu A. 4, Sc. 7 und 8. *In the morning Montjoie king-at-arms and four other French heralds came to the king to know the number of prisoners, and to desire burial for the dead. Before he made them answer, (to understand what they would say) he demanded of them why they made to him that request, considering that he knew not whether the victory was his or theirs. — When Montjoie by just and true confession had cleared that doubt to the high praise of the king, he desired of Montjoie to understand the name of the castle near adjoining. When they had told him that it was called Agincourt, he said: „Then shall this conflict be called the battle of Agincourt.“ He feasted the French offficers-at-arms that day, and granted them their request, which busily sought through the field for such as were slain. But the Englishmen suffered them not to go alone, for they searched with them and found many hurt, but not in jeopardy of their lives, whom they took prisoners and brought them to their tents. When the king of England had well refreshed himself and his soldiers that had taken the spoil of such that were slain, he with his prisoners in good order returned to his town of Calais.*

Für eine Rede des Erzbischofs von Canterbury (A. 1, Sc. 2), in welcher der Bienenstaat als Muster einer geordneten Staatsverwaltung hingestellt wird, benutzte Shakspere ohne Zweifel folgende Stelle aus einem didaktischen Romane Lyly's, betitelt Euphues and his England (1580): *In like manner, Euphues, is the government of a monarchy, that it is neither the wise fox nor the malicious wolf, should venture so far as to learn whether the lion sleep or wake in his den, whether the prince fast or feast in the court; but this should be their order, to understand there is a king, but what he doth is for the gods to examine, whose ordinance he is, not for men whose overseer he is. Then how vain is it that the foot should neglect his office to correct the face; or that subjects should seek more to know what their princes do, than what they are; wherein they show themselves as bad as beasts, and much worse than my bees, who in my conceit observe more order than they. If I might crave pardon, I would a little acquaint you with the commonwealth of my bees. I have for the space of these twenty years dwelt in this place taking no delight in anything but in keeping my bees, and marking them; and this I find, which had I not seen I should hardly have believed, that they use as great wit by induction and art by workmanship as ever man hath or can, using between themselves no less justice than wisdom, and yet not so much wisdom as majesty; insomuch as thou wouldst think that they were a kind of people, a commonwealth of Plato, where they all labour, all gather honey, fly together in a swarm, eat in a swarm, and sleep in a swarm. They live under a law, using great reverence to their elder as to the wiser. They choose a king whose palace they frame, both braver in shew and stronger in substance. If their prince die, they know not how to live; they languish, weep, sigh, neither intending their work nor keeping their old society. And that which is most marvellous and almost incredible, if there be any that hath disobeyed his commandment, either of purpose or unwitting, he killeth himself with his own sting, as an executioner to his own stubbornness. The king himself hath a sting which he useth rather for honour than punishment. And yet, Euphues, albeit they live under a prince, they have their privileges and as great liberties as strait laws. They call a parliament wherein thy consult for laws, statutes, penalties, choosing officers, and creating their king. Every one hath his office, some trimming the honey, some working the wax, one framing hives, another the combs, and that so artificially that Dedalus could not with greater art or excellency better dispose the orders, measures, proportions, distinctions, joints and circles. Divers hew, others polish, and are careful to do their work as strongly as they may resist the craft of such drones as seek to live by their labours; which maketh them to keep watch and ward, as living in a camp to others, and as in a court to themselves. When they go forth to work, they mark the wind, the clouds, and whatsoever doth threaten either their ruin or rage; and having gathered out of every flower honey, they return, loaded in their mouths, thighs, wings and all the body; whom they that tarried at home, receive readily as easing their backs of so great burthens. The king himself, not idle, goeth up and down, entreating, threatening, commanding; using the counsel of a sequel, but not losing the dignity of a prince; preferring those that labour in greater authority, and punishing those that loiter with due severity.*

Das in der Einleitung zu King Henry IV. First Part bereits charakterisirte alte Drama The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth ist von Shakspere in den Scenen, welche seinem King Henry V. entsprechen, noch in weiterem Masse berücksichtigt worden, als in den beiden Theilen von King Henry IV. Die Gesandtschaft des Dauphins, die Einnahme von Harfleur, die Schlacht bei Agincourt in ihren verschiedenen Momenten, der Friedensschluss und die Verlobung Heinrich's mit der Prinzessin, Alles findet sich schon, freilich in der rohesten Gestalt, in den Famous Victories. So schliesst sich unmittelbar an die in der Einleitung zu King Henry IV. Second Part citirte Stelle folgende, dem Schlusse von A. 1, Sc. 2 bei Shakspere entsprechende, an:

Now my good Lord Archbishop of Canterbury,
What say you to our embassage into France?
Arch. Your right to the French crowne of France,
Came by your great grandmother Izabel,
Wife to king Edward the third,
And sister to Charles the French King:

Now if the French King deny it, as likely he will,
Then must you take your sword in hand,
And conquer the right.
Let the usurped Frenchman know,
Although your predecessors have let it passe, you will not:
For your Countreymen are willing with purse and men,
To ayde you.
Then my good Lord, as it hath been alwayes knowne,
That Scotland hath been in league with France,
By a sort of pensions which yearly come from thence,
I thinke it therefore best to conquere Scotland,
And then I thinke that you may go more easily into France:
And this is all that I can say, my good Lord.
Hen. 5. I thanke you, my good L. Archbishop of Canterbury.
What say you, my good Lord of Oxford?
Oxford. And please your Majestie,
I agree to my Lord Archbyshop, saving in this,
He that will Scotland winne, must first with France beginne:
According to the old saying.
Therefore my good Lord, I thinke it best first to invade France,
For in conquering Scotland, you conquer but one.
And conquere France, and conquere both.

Enter Lord of *Exeter*.

Exeter. And pleese your Majesty.
Hen. 5. Now trust me my Lord,
He was the last man that we talked of,
I am glad that he is come to resolve us of our answere,
Commit him to our presence.

Enter Duke of *Yorke*.

Yorke. God save the life of my soveraigne Lord the King.
Hen. 5. Now my good Lord the duke of Yorke,
What newes from our brother the French king?
Yorke. And please your Majestie,
I delivered him my embassage,
Whereof I tooke some deliberation,
But for the answere he hath sent
My Lord Embassador of Burges, the Duke of Burgony,
Monsieur le Cole, with two hundred and fiftie horsemen,
To bring the embassage.
Hen. 5. Commit my Lord Archbyshop of Burges unto our presence.

Enter Archbyshop of *Burges*.

Hen. 5. Now my Lord Archbyshop of Burges,
We doe learne by our Lord Embassador,
That you have our message to doo
From our brother the French king:
Here my good Lord, according to our accustomed order,
We give you free libertie and license to speake,
With good audience.
Arch. God save the mighty king of England,
My Lord and Master, the most Christian King,
Charles the seventh, the great and mighty king of France,
As a most noble and Christian king,
Not minding to shed innocent bloud, is rather content
To yeeld somewhat to your unreasonable demaunds.
That if fifty thousand crownes a yeare with his daughter
The sayde Lady Katheren, in marriage,
And some crownes which he may well spare,
Not hurting of his kingdome,
He is content to yeeld so far to your unreasonable desire.
Hen. 5. Why then belike your Lord and Master,
Thinkes to puffe me up with fifty thousand crowns a yere:
No, tell thy Lord and Master,
That all the crownes in France shall not serve me,
Except the crowne and kingdome it selfe:
And perchance hereafter I will have his daughter.
Arch. And it please your Majesty,
My Lord Prince Dolphin greetes you well,
With this present.
[He delivereth a Tunne of Tennis balles.
Hen. 5. What a guilded tunne?
I pray you my Lord of Yorke, looke what is in it.
Yorke. And it please your Grace,
Here is a Carpet, and a Tunne of Tennis balles.
Hen. 5. A tunne of tennis balles?
I pray you good my Lord Archbishop,
What might the meaning thereof be?
Arch. And it please you my Lord,
A messenger you know ought to keepe close his message,
And specially an embassador.
Hen. 5. But I know that you may declare your message
To a king, the law of armes allowes no lesse.
Arch. My Lord, hearing of your wildnesse before your
Fathers death, sent you this my good Lord,
Meaning that you are more fitter for a Tennis Court
Then a field, and more fitter for a Carpet then the Campe.
Hen. 5. My L. Prince Dolphin is very pleasant with me:
But tell him, that in steed of balles of leather,
We will tosse him balles of brasse and yron,
Yea, such balles, as never were tost in France,
The proudest Tennis Court shall rue it,
I, and thou Prince of Burges shall rue it.
Therefore get thee hence, and tell him thy massage quickly
Least I be there before thee: Away priest, be gone.
Arch. I beseech your Grace, to deliver mee your safe
Conduct under your broad seale Emanuel.
Hen. 5. Priest of Burges, know,
That the hand and seale of a King, and his word is all one,
And in stead of my hand and seale,
I will bring him my hand and sword.
And tell thy Lord and Master, that I Harry of England said it.
And I Harry of England, will performe it.
My Lord of Yorke, deliver him our safe conduct,
Under our broad seale Emanuel.
[Exeunt Archbishop and the Duke of *Yorke*.
Now my Lords, to Armes, to Armes,
For I vow by heaven and earth, that the proudest

French man in all France shall rue the time that ever
These tennis balles were sent into England.
My Lord, I will that there be provided a great navy of ships
With all speed, at South-Hampton.
For there I meane to ship my men,
For I would be there before him, if it were possible,
Therefore come.

Endlich möge hier der Schluss der Famous Victories zum Vergleiche mit dem Schluss des Shakspere'schen Dramas seinen Platz finden:

Enters King of *England*, Lord of *Oxford*, and *Exceter*, then the King of *France*, Prince *Dolphin*, and the Duke of *Burgondy*, and attendants.

Hen. 5. Now my good brother of France,
I hope by this time you have deliberated of your answere.
French King. I my wel beloved brother of England,
We have viewed it over with our learned Councell
But cannot finde that you should be crowned
King of France.
Hen. 5. What not King of France, then nothing,
I must be king: but my loving brother of France,
I can hardly forget the late injuries offered me,
When I came last to parley,
The French men had better a raked
The bowels out of their fathers carkasses,
Then to have fiered my Tentes.
And if I knew thy sonne Prince Dolphin for one,
I would to rowse him, as he was never so rowsed.
French King. I dare sweare for my sonnes Innocency in this matter.
But if this please you, that immediately you be
Proclaimed and crowned Heyre and Regent of France,
Not king, because I my selfe was once crowned king.
Henry 5. Heyre and Regent of France, that is well,
But that is not all that I must have.
French King. The rest my Secretary hath in writing.
Secretary. Item, that Henry king of England,
Be crowned Heyre and Regent of France,
During the life of king Charles, and after his death,
The Crowne with all rights, to remaine to King Henry
Of England, and to his heyres for ever.
Henry 5. Well, my good brother of France,
There is one thing I must needs desire.
French King. What is that, my good brother of England?
Henry 5. That all your Nobles must be sworne to be true to me.
French King. Whereas they have not stucke with greater matters, I know they will not sticke with such a trifle,
Beginne you my Lord Duke of Burgondie.
Henry 5. Come, my lord of Burgondie,
Take your oath upon my sword.
Burgondie. I Philip Duke of Burgondie,
Sweare to Henry King of England,
To be true to him, and to become his league-man,
And that if I Philip heare of any forraigne power,
Comming to invade the saide Henry, or his heyres,
Then I the sayde Philip to send him word,
And ayde him with all the power I can make,
And thereunto I take my oath. [He kisseth the sword.
Henry 5. Come, Prince Dolphin, you must sweare too. [He kisseth the sword.
Henry 5. Well, my brother of France,
There is one thing more I must needs require of you.
French King. Wherein is it that we may satisfie your Majestie?
Henry 5. A trifle my good brother of France.
I meane to make your daughter Queene of England,
If she be willing, and you therewith content:
How sayst thou Kate, canst thou love the King of England?
Kate. How should I love thee, which is my fathers enemie?
Henry 5. Tut stand not upon these points,
Tis you must make us friends:
I know Kate, thou art not a little proud, that I love thee,
What wench, the king of England.
French King. Daughter let nothing stand betwixt the king of England and thee, agree to it.
Kate. I had best whilst he is willing,
Lest when I would, he will not,
I rest at your Majesties commaund.
Henry 5. Welcome sweet Kate, but my brother of France
What say you to it?
French King. With all my heart I like it,
But when shall be your wedding day?
Henry 5. The first Sunday of the next moneth,
God willing. [Sound Trumpets. Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.[1]

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.
DUKE OF GLOSTER, } Brothers to the King.
DUKE OF BEDFORD, }
DUKE OF EXETER, Uncle to the King.
DUKE OF YORK, Cousin to the King.
EARLS OF SALISBURY, WESTMORELAND, and WARWICK.
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.
BISHOP OF ELY.
EARL OF CAMBRIDGE, } Conspirators.
LORD SCROOP, }
SIR THOMAS GREY, }
SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, GOWER, FLUELLEN, MACMORRIS, JAMY, Officers in King Henry's Army.
BATES, COURT, WILLIAMS, Soldiers.
PISTOL, NYM, BARDOLPH.
BOY, Servant to them. A Herald.

CHARLES THE SIXTH, King of France.
LEWIS, the Dauphin.
DUKES OF BURGUNDY, ORLEANS, and BOURBON.
The Constable of France.
RAMBURES and GRANDPRÉ, French Lords.
MONTJOY, a French Herald.
Governor of Harfleur.
Ambassadors to England.

ISABEL, Queen of France.
KATHARINE, Daughter of Charles and Isabel.
ALICE, a Lady attending on the Princess.
MISTRESS QUICKLY, a Hostess.

CHORUS.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, French and English Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.

SCENE, in England and in France.

ACT I.

Enter CHORUS.[2]

Chor. O, for a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention![3]
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene![4]
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,[5]
Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire,
Crouch for employment.[6] But pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraised spirits[7] that have dar'd
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object: can this cockpit[8] hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O[9] the very casques,[10]

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1) Das Personenverzeichniss, das in den alten Ausgg. fehlt, hat zuerst Rowe hinzugefügt in seiner Ausgabe (1709). 2) Die Fol., welche zuerst diese wie die übrigen Chorusreden bringt, hat hier *Enter Prologue*, während sie weiterhin immer *Enter Chorus* setzt. Es ist offenbar derselbe Schauspieler, der diese erklärenden Zwischenreden vorträgt, und der auch sonst in der Terminologie der damaligen Bühne *Chorus* heisst. So in Venus and Adonis: *And all this dumb play had his acts made plain || With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did rain.* 3) Der Dichter, im Bewusstsein der Schwäche seiner eigenen dichterischen Begabung und Phantasie, sehnt sich, um seinen Gegenstand würdig zu behandeln, nach einer Muse, die ganz voll vom Feuer der Begeisterung ist und damit das Höchste in poetischer Schöpfung *(invention)* erreicht. 4) *the swelling scene* = das sich pomphaft entwickelnde Schauspiel, ist Object zu *to act*, wie zu *to behold*. 5) *like himself* = wie er erscheinen sollte, in seiner eignen Art. So steht in einer Bühnenweisung zu Timon of Athens (A. 1, Sc. 2) *Apemantus, discontentedly, like himself*. 6) Der König, wie er in den Krieg zieht, wird aufgefasst als ein Jäger, um den sich die zusammengekoppelten Jagdhunde schmeichelnd drängen, dass er sie auf ihre Beute loslasse. — Holinshed erzählt von Heinrich V. bei Gelegenheit eines Bittgesuchs, das die Einwohner von Rouen an ihn gerichtet: *He declared that the goddess of battle, called Bellona, had three handmaidens, ever of necessity attending upon her, as blood, fire, and famine.* 7) *unraised* = der sich nicht vom Boden erheben lässt. So gebraucht Sh. u. A. *unvalued* in K. Richard III. (A. 1, Sc. 4) für *invaluable*. — Die Fol. liest *spirits* und *hath*, die späteren Ausgg. *spirit* und *hath*; Staunton besser *spirits* und *have*. 8) *cockpit* = Platz für Hahnenkämpfe, nennt Sh. hier verächtlich den beschränkten Raum des Globustheaters, auf welchem sein Drama wahrscheinlich zuerst zur Aufführung gelangte. — Die *cockpits* rivalisirten zu Sh.'s Zeit mit den Theatern um die Gunst des Publicums, und vertauschten bisweilen ihre ursprüngliche Bestimmung mit derjenigen eines eigentlichen Schauspielhauses. 9) *O* bezeichnet von der ovalen Gestalt dieses Buchstabens und zugleich dieser Ziffer auch sonst bei Sh. eine Rundung, einen Kreis oder eine Scheibe. So in Antony and Cleopatra (A. 5, Sc. 2) *the little O, the earth*, und in Midsummer Night's Dream (A. 3, Sc. 2) *all yon fiery O's and eyes of light*. — Näher ist hier mit *wooden O* der kreisförmige innere Raum des aus Holz gebauten Globustheaters gemeint. 10) Die Helme selbst, nur die Helme, die mit ihren wehenden Helmbüschen auf dem Schlachtfelde bei Agincourt der Luft sogar Schrecken einflössten, so

That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work. [11]
Suppose, within the girdle of these walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous, narrow ocean [12] parts asunder.
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man, [13]
And make imaginary puissance:
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth; [14]
For 't is your thoughts that now must deck our kings, [15]
Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times,
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass: [16] for the which supply,
Admit me chorus to this history; [17]
Who, prologue-like, [18] your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play. *[Exit.*

SCENE I.

London. An Antechamber in the King's Palace.

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury *and Bishop of* Ely.

Cant. My lord, I 'll tell you, that self bill is urg'd,
Which in the eleventh year of the last king's reign
Was like, [1] and had indeed against us pass'd,
But that the scambling [2] and unquiet time
Did push it out of further question.

Ely. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?
Cant. It must be thought on. If it pass against us,
We lose the better half of our possession; [3]
For all the temporal lands, which men devout
By testament have given to the church,
Would they strip from us; being valued thus, —
As much as would maintain, to the king's honour,
Full fifteen earls, and fifteen hundred knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;
And, to relief of lazars, and weak age,
Of indigent faint souls, [4] past corporal toil,
A hundred almshouses, right well supplied;
And to the coffers of the king beside,
A thousand pounds by the year. Thus runs the bill.
Ely. This would drink deep.
Cant. 'T would drink the cup [5] and all.
Ely. But what prevention?
Cant. The king is full of grace, and fair regard.
Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.
Cant. The courses of his youth promis'd it not.
The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seem'd to die too: [6] yea, at that very moment,
Consideration like an angel came, [7]
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him,
Leaving his body as a paradise,
To envelop and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made;
Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heady currance, scouring faults; [8]
Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat and all at once
As in this king.

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dass sie erzitterte. 11) Wie eine Ziffer, hier verächtlich als krumm bezeichnet, so wenig Platz sie auch einnimmt, doch eine Million bedeuten kann, so wollen wir Schauspieler, die wir zu dieser gewaltigen Summe von Kriegsthaten nur im Verhältniss von blossen Nullen stehen, die Kräfte Eurer Phantasie in Anspruch nehmen, dass sie Euch das vorstellen, was wir nur andeuten. — *imaginary* = auf der Einbildungskraft beruhend, zur Einbildungskraft gehörig, gebraucht Sh. in eigenthümlichem Sinne = *imaginative*, während es einige Zeilen weiter in dem gewöhnlichen Sinne steht. 12) Der Ocean bildet zwischen Frankreich und England eine Meerenge, welche die beiden Staaten um so mehr trennt, da sie nicht ohne Gefahr zu überschreiten ist. — *high upreared* geht auf die hohen Kalkfelsen der einander gegenüberliegenden Küsten von England und Frankreich, und zugleich bildlich auf die feindlich und drohend aufgerichtete Stellung, die sie gegen einander einnehmen. 13) Auf dem Sh.'schen Theater mussten oft vier bis fünf Statisten ein ganzes Kriegsheer vorstellen, und die Phantasie der Zuschauer musste also, um der Wirklichkeit nachzukommen, aus einem Mann tausend machen und so eine Truppenmacht *(puissance)* schaffen, die nur in der Einbildung existirte. — Ebenso liessen sich auf die Sh.'sche Bühne keine Pferde bringen, welche von den Zuschauern gleichfalls hinzugedacht werden mussten. 14) Die Erde, welche die Spur der Pferdehufen in ihrem weichen Boden aufnimmt. 15) *our kings* = die Könige, welche wir Euch vorführen, also in diesem Drama der König von England und der französische König. — Auf *our kings* bezieht sich auch das folgende *them*. 16) Die Vollbringung vieler Jahre, das, was viele Jahre vollbracht haben, müssen die Gedanken der Zuschauer in die Dauer einer Stunde oder in das so lange laufende Stundenglas einer Sanduhr verkehren. — In der That umfasst das Drama K. Henry V. die acht ersten Regierungsjahre des Königs. 17) Lasst mich als theatralischen Zwischenredner *(chorus)* Euch dieses historische Drama erklären. 18) Es war Sache des Prologs, um ein herablassendes Belieben *(humble patience)* der Zuschauer zu bitten.

1) Zu *like* ist aus dem folgenden *pass'd* das Verbum *to pass* zu suppliren. 2) *to scamble* = raffen, zerren, hin- und herreissen, daher *scambling* in neutralem Sinne = wirr, unruhig, zänkisch. So in Much Ado about Nothing (A. 5, Sc. 1) *Scambling, outfacing, fashion-mong'ring boys.* — Die stürmische Zeit des Bürgerkriegs unter Heinrich IV. hatte den Gesetzvorschlag zur Einziehung der Kirchengüter, so weit sie aus den Vermächtnissen der Laien herrühren, einer weiteren Inbetrachtziehung *(question)* überhoben. — Vgl. Einleitung pag. 760. 3) *possession* collectiv im Singular = Alles, was wir besitzen. 4) *faint souls* = arme, schwache Leute, wie in Macbeth (A. 4, Sc. 3) *a crew of wretched souls*, wo es sich gleichfalls um körperliche Gebrechen handelt. 5) Anspielung auf den Kelch, dessen Verwaltung der Kirche zusteht. 6) Die Ausgelassenheit des Prinzen Heinrich starb gleichsam zugleich mit seinem Vater, indem sie in seinem Innern abgetödtet war. 7) *consideration* = Besonnenheit, ist hier personificirt gedacht, wie der Engel, welcher den gefallenen, sündhaften Adam aus dem Paradiese verjagte. 8) Nach Johnson's Ansicht stellte sich Sh. die plötzliche Umwandelung und Besserung Heinrich's wie den Strom vor, den Hercules durch die Ställe des Augias leitete, um sie zu reinigen. Indess ist das

Ely. We are blessed in the change.
Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire the king were made a prelate:
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You would say, it hath been all-in-all his study:
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in music:[9]
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter; that, when he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,[10]
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences;
So that the art and practic part of life
Must be the mistress to this theoric:[11]
Which is a wonder, how his grace should glean it,
Since his addiction was to courses vain;[12]
His companies[13] unletter'd, rude, and shallow;
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports;
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity.[14]
Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best,
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality:[15]
And so the prince obscur'd his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet crescive in his faculty.[16]
Cant. It must be so; for miracles are ceas'd;
And therefore we must needs admit the means,
How things are perfected.
Ely. But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation[17] of this bill
Urg'd by the commons? Doth his majesty
Incline to it, or no?
Cant. He seems indifferent,
Or, rather, swaying[18] more upon our part,
Than cherishing the exhibiters against us;[19]
For I have made an offer to his majesty, —
Upon our spiritual convocation,[20]
And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his grace at large,
As touching France, — to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predecessors part withal.
Ely. How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord?
Cant. With good acceptance of his majesty;
Save, that there was not time enough to hear
(As, I perceiv'd, his grace would fain have done)
The severals, and unhidden passages[21]
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms,
And, generally, to the crown and seat of France,
Deriv'd from Edward, his great-grandfather.
Ely. What was the impediment that broke this off?
Cant. The French ambassador upon that instant
Crav'd audience; and the hour, I think, is come,
To give him hearing. Is it four o'clock?
Ely. It is.
Cant. Then go we in, to know his embassy,
Which I could with a ready guess declare,
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.
Ely. I 'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it.
[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The Same. A Room of State in the Same.

Enter King Henry, Gloster, Bedford, Exeter, Warwick, Westmoreland, *and Attendants.*

K. Hen. Where is my gracious lord of Canterbury?
Exe. Not here in presence.
K. Hen. Send for him, good uncle.
West. Shall we call in the ambassador, my liege?[1]
K. Hen. Not yet, my cousin: we would be resolv'd,
Before we hear him, of some things of weight,
That task[2] our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Bild auch ohne die specielle Bezugnahme auf jenen Mythus verständlich. — *current* änderte ohne Noth die zweite Folioausg. das *currance* der ersten. 9) Der König spricht so anziehend und schön vom Kriegswesen, dass der Hörer eine in Musik gesetzte Schlachtscene zu vernehmen glaubt. 10) Selbst die Luft, die sonst ein Privilegium hat, dreist umherzuschweifen und Lärmen zu machen, schweigt, von der Rednergabe des Königs gefesselt. — Dasselbe Bild erscheint weiter ausgeführt in As you like it (A. 2, Sc. 7) *I must have liberty* || *Withal, as large a charter as the wind,* || *To blow on whom I please.* 11) *theoric* ist das Sh.'sche Wort für *theory.* — Während sonst die Theorie die Lehrerin der Praxis ist, verhält es sich bei König Heinrich umgekehrt: seine Art, das Leben aufzufassen und einzurichten, ist so mustergültig, dass sich darauf eine Theorie begründen lässt. 12) So hiess es vorher *the courses of his youth.* 13) *companies* = Gefährten, Leute seines Verkehrs. 14) *popularity* = volksmässiges Wesen, bildet mit *open haunts* nach dem Sh.'schen Gebrauche der Copula *and* einen Begriff: offener, rückhaltloser Verkehr mit dem gemeinen Volk. 15) Insofern die Fruchtstauden gemeinerer Art in ihrem kräftigeren Wuchse den zarteren Beeren tragenden Pflanzen zum Schutze dienen. 16) Das Nachdenken und die Beschaulichkeit gedieh in der Seele des Prinzen zwar ohne dass man es merkte, aber doch in stetiger Zunahme. — *crescive* = im Wachsthum begriffen, hat Sh. nur an dieser Stelle, doch findet sich das seltene Wort schon in Drant's Uebersetzung des Horaz (1567) *lusty youths of crescive age.* — *his faculty* geht auf *the prince,* wie *his contemplation,* von welchem letzteren Worte *which* abhängt. 17) *mitigation* ist hier = Beschwichtigung einer drohenden Gefahr, wie sie in dem von dem Hause der Gemeinen betriebenen Gesetzvorschlage für den Clerus im Anzuge war. 18) *to sway* = in einem Schwunge oder Umschwunge begriffen sein, also hier in Verbindung mit *upon our part* = sich nach einer Seite hin neigen oder kehren. 19) *against us* ist mit *exhibiters* zu verbinden, nicht mit *cherishing.* 20) *convocation* ist die technische Bezeichnung des geistlichen Parlaments, in welchem die Bischöfe das Oberhaus, die niedere Geistlichkeit das Unterhaus bilden. Daselbst wurde u. A. auch über die Gelderstützungen berathen, welche der Clerus zu irgend einem besondern Zwecke dem Könige aus dem Kirchenvermögen bewilligte. — *withal,* für *with,* gehört zu *part.* 21) Die Einzelnheiten *(severals)* und die klar vor Augen liegenden Beziehungen seiner Rechtsansprüche auf einige französische Herzogthümer. — *of France* gehört zu *dukedoms,* wie zu *crown and seat* = Krone und Thron.

Enter the Archbishop of CANTERBURY *and Bishop of* ELY.

Cant. God and his angels guard your sacred throne,
And make you long become it!
K. Hen. Sure, we thank you.
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed,
And justly and religiously unfold,
Why the law Salique, that they have in France,
Or should, or[3] should not, bar us in our claim.
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,[4]
Or nicely charge your understanding soul,[5]
With opening titles miscreate, whose right
Suits not in native colours with the truth;
For God doth know, how many, now in health,
Shall drop their blood in approbation[6]
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.
Therefore, take heed how you impawn[7] our person,
How you awake our sleeping sword of war:
We charge you in the name of God, take heed;
For never two such kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of blood;[8] whose guiltless drops
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint,
'Gainst him whose wrongs give edge unto the swords
That make such waste in brief mortality.[9]
Under this conjuration, speak, my lord,
And we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd,
As pure as sin with baptism.[10]
Cant. Then hear me, gracious sovereign, and you peers,
That owe yourselves, your lives, and services,[11]
To this imperial throne. — There is no bar
To make against your highness' claim to France,
But this, which they produce from Pharamond, —
In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant,
»No woman shall succeed in Salique land:«
Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze[12]
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
The founder of this law, and female bar.[13]
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm,
That the land Salique is in Germany,
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe;
Where Charles the Great, having subdued the Saxons,
There left behind and settled certain French;
Who, holding in disdain the German women,
For some dishonest manners of their life,
Establish'd then this law, — to wit, no female
Should be inheritrix in Salique land:
Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen.
Then doth it well appear, the Salique law
Was not devised for the realm of France;
Nor did the French possess the Salique land
Until four hundred one-and-twenty years
After defunction of king Pharamond,
Idly suppos'd the founder of this law;
Who died within the year of our redemption
Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the Great
Subdued the Saxons, and did seat the French
Beyond the river Sala in the year
Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,
King Pepin, which[14] deposed Childeric,
Did, as heir general, being descended
Of Blithild, which was daughter to king Clothair,
Make claim and title to the crown of France.
Hugh Capet also, — who usurp'd the crown
Of Charles the duke of Lorain, sole heir male
Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great, —
To find his title[15] with some shows of truth,
Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,
Convey'd himself as the heir to the lady Lingare,[16]
Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son
Of Charles the Great. Also king Lewis the Tenth,[17]
Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied
That fair queen Isabel, his grandmother,
Was lineal[18] of the lady Ermengare,

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1) Mit dieser Zeile, oder doch mit der entsprechenden, beginnt das Drama in dem verstümmelten Texte, den die Qs. überliefern. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 757. 2) *to task* = in Anspruch nehmen, beschäftigen. 3) *or — or* für *either — or*. 4) *reading* = die Art und Weise, wie Ihr die betreffenden Urkunden leset und erklärt. 5) Oder dass Ihr spitzfindig, durch spitzfindige Deutungen, Eure Seele, die es besser weiss, belasten solltet, indem Ihr ungerechte Ansprüche darlegt, deren Recht in ihrer eigentlichen Farbe, beim Lichte betrachtet, nicht mit der Wahrheit übereinstimmt. 6) *approbation* ist das thatkräftige Auftreten für eine Sache zum Beweise ihrer Güte oder Gerechtigkeit. 7) *to impawn* = verpfänden, Jemanden in eine Lage bringen, aus der er sich lösen muss. — Der König deutet auf die Gefahr hin, welche für ihn selbst aus einer energischen Vertretung seiner vermeintlichen Ansprüche auf den französischen Thron hervorgehen kann. 8) *fall of blood* = Blutvergiessen. Das substantivische *fall* in diesem Sinne entspricht dem transitiven Verbum *to fall* = fallen lassen, vergiessen. 9) *brief mortality* ist das kurze Leben, das den Sterblichen bestimmt ist und das der Krieg noch kürzer macht. 10) Die Vergleichung ist insofern nicht ganz genau, als die Sünde durch die Taufe weggewaschen wird, während das Gewissen den erwarteten Ausspruch des Erzbischofs nur rein waschen soll. 11) So die Fol. — Manche Hgg. lesen mit den Qs. *your lives, your faith and services.* — Zu der folgenden Rede hat Sh. Manches fast wörtlich aus Holinshed entlehnt. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 760 u. 761. 12) *to gloze* = mit Glossen versehen, deuten. Holinshed hat an der entsprechenden Stelle: *which the French glossers expound etc.* 13) Dieses Gesetz, das die Frauen von der Thronfolge ausschliesst. 14) *which* für *who* entnahm Sh. hier aus Holinshed. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 761. 15) *to find*, im gerichtlichen Sinne = ein Urtheil finden oder erklären, oder, wie Johnson hier richtig erklärt: *to determine in favour of his title with some show of truth.* — Für das *find* der Fol. lesen viele Hgg. mit den Qs. *fine*, und fassen das Wort = verfeinern, verschönern, im Gegensatze zu dem folgenden *corrupt and naught. — shows of truth* = die einzelnen Darlegungen, welche die Wahrheit beweisen sollen, ist die Lesart der Fol.; *show of truth* = Anschein von Wahrheit, haben die Qs. und viele Hgg. 16) Er führte sich ein als Erben der Frau Lingare. — Auch diese Worte sind aus Holinshed, der jedoch den Namen *Lingard* liest, näher dem eigentlichen deutschen Luitgard, wie es heissen sollte. 17) Es sollte *Lewis the Ninth* sein, indess folgte Sh. in dieser falschen Angabe nur seinem Chronisten Holinshed. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 761. 18) *lineal* = in gerader Linie abstammend, zu dem

Daughter to Charles the foresaid duke of Lorain:
By the which marriage the line of Charles the Great
Was re-united to the crown of France.
So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,
King Lewis his satisfaction,[19] all appear
To hold in right and title of the female.
So do the kings of France unto this day;
Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law,
To bar your highness' claiming from the female;
And rather choose to hide them in a net,
Than amply to imbare[20] their crooked titles
Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

K. Hen. May I with right and conscience make this claim?

Cant. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign!
For in the book of Numbers[21] is it writ, —
When the man dies, let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;
Look back into your mighty ancestors:
Go, my dread lord, to your great-grandsire's tomb,
From whom you claim:[22] invoke his warlike spirit,
And your great uncle's, Edward the black prince,
Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
Making defeat on the full power of France;
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
Stood smiling, to behold his lion's whelp
Forage in blood of French nobility.
O noble English! that could entertain
With half their forces the full pride of France,
And let another half stand laughing by,
All out of work, and cold for action.[23]

Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
And with your puissant arm renew their feats.
You are their heir, you sit upon their throne;
The blood and courage, that renowned them,
Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege
Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

Exe. Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth
Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood.

West. They know, your grace hath cause, and means, and might: —
So hath your highness[24] — never king of England
Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects,
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England,
And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.[25]

Cant. O! let their bodies follow, my dear liege,
With blood,[26] and sword, and fire, to win your right:
In aid whereof, we of the spiritualty
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum,
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors.

K. Hen. We must not only arm to invade the French,
But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.

Cant. They of those marches,[27] gracious sovereign,
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

K. Hen. We do not mean the coursing snatchers only,
But fear the main intendment of the Scot,[28]
Who hath been still a giddy[29] neighbour to us:
For you shall read, that my great-grandfather[30]
Never went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom

Stamm gehörig; so in K. Henry IV. Second Part (A. 4, Sc. 4) *this lineal honour.* — Holinshed hat an der entsprechenden Stelle *was lineally descended of the lady Ermengard.* 19) *his satisfaction* bezieht sich auf das vorhergehende *till satisfied*: die Beruhigung, welche König Ludwig in Betreff der Rechtmässigkeit seines Erbrechtes sich verschaffte. — *Lewis his* steht für *Lewis'*, eine Umschreibung des Genitivs, die Sh. vorzugsweise bei Substantiven, die auf *s* auslauten, anwendet. 20) *imbare* ist Warburton's Conjectur für das *imbarre* der Fol., wofür die Qs. *imbace* und *embrace* haben. *to imbare*, was freilich sonst nicht nachweislich ist, würde = blosslegen, darlegen, sein. — *to imbar* wäre wie *to embar* = hemmen, einschliessen, und der Sinn des ganzen Satzes demnach: Die französischen Könige bergen sich lieber in ein Netz, als dass sie offen ihre falschen, Euch und Euren Vorfahren weggenommenen Rechtsansprüche darlegten *(imbare)*, oder, dieselben einstellten, ausser Kraft setzten *(imbar)*. — Rowe las *to make bare*. 21) Diese Bezugnahme auf das hebräische Erbrecht, wie es im vierten Buch Mose dargelegt wird, entlehnte Sh. ebenfalls aus Holinshed, wo es ausführlicher heisst: *When a man dieth without a son, let the inheritance descend to his daughter.* — Viele Hgg. lesen mit den Qs. *when the son dies.* 22) In der Westminsterabtei befindet sich das Grab seines Urgrossvaters, Eduard's III., von dem Heinrich's Ansprüche auf Frankreich sich herleiten. Eduard's und seines Sohnes, des schwarzen Prinzen, Heldenthaten in der Schlacht bei Crecy, auf welche der Erzbischof im Folgenden hindeutet, waren in dem Pseudo-Sh.'schen Drama K. Edward III. dem englischen Publicum bereits mehrere Jahre früher vorgeführt. Sh. kannte auch diese Geschichten aus Holinshed. Er spielt weiterhin (A. 2, Sc. 4) noch einmal darauf an. 23) *cold for action* erklärt Malone mit *cold for want of action*. Es ist genauer = kalt, theilnahmlos in Bezug auf die Schlacht. Die Kriegsarbeit hatte die eine unbeschäftigte Hälfte des englischen Heeres nicht warm gemacht. 24) Die Construction ist anakoluthisch, da Westmoreland eigentlich fortfahren sollte: *so hath your highness nobles richer and more loyal subjects than ever king of England had.* Das Wort *so*, das den Satz beginnt, knüpft nur allgemein an den vorhergehenden Satz an = ebenso, oder, auch hat Eure Hoheit u. s. w. — Staunton, der im Text ein Semicolon hinter *your highness* setzt, vermuthet, dass entweder *grace* und *cause* umzustellen sei, oder dass *so haste* für *so hath* gelesen werden müsse. 25) Die Engländer sind mit ihren Gedanken und Wünschen schon in Kriegszelten auf französischen Schlachtfeldern. 26) *blood* verbessert die dritte Folioausg. von 1664 das *bloods* der früheren Folioausgg. In Holinshed steht *to spare neither blood, sword, nor fire.* 27) Die Engländer, welche die Marken, die Grenzen zwischen England und Schottland besetzt halten. — Unter *borderers* sind dann die beutelustigen schottischen Grenzbewohner zu verstehen. 28) Den einzelnen Streifzügen, welche nur um Beute wegzuschnappen in das englische Gebiet von Schottland aus einfallen, wird ein feindlicher Anschlag gegenübergestellt, den die Schotten gemeinschaftlich als Nation in's Werk setzen könnten. — *the Scot* ist collectiv zu fassen. — Für *snatchers* haben die Qs. *sneakers*. 29) *giddy* = zum Drehen geneigt, unbeständig. 30) Vgl. Anm. 22 dieser

Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fulness[31] of his force,
Galling the gleaned land with hot essays,
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns;
That England, being empty of defence,
Hath shook and trembled at the ill neighbourhood.[32]
Cant. She hath been then more fear'd[33] than harm'd, my liege;
For hear her but exampled by herself:[34]
When all her chivalry hath been in France,
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herself not only well defended,
But taken, and impounded as a stray,[35]
The king of Scots; whom she did send to France,[36]
To fill king Edward's fame with prisoner kings,[37]
And make her chronicle[38] as rich with praise,
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wrack and sumless treasuries.
West.[39] But there 's a saying, very old and true, —
»If that you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin:«
For once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs;
Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,
To tear[40] and havoc more than she can eat.
Exe. It follows then, the cat must stay at home:
Yet that is but a crush'd[41] necessity;
Since we have locks to safeguard necessaries,
And pretty[42] traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
The advised head defends itself at home:
For government, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one concent,[43]
Congreeing[44] in a full and natural close,
Like music.
Cant. Therefore[45] doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,[46]
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience: for so work the honey-bees,
Creatures, that by a rule in nature teach
The act[47] of order to a peopled kingdom:
They have a king, and officers of sorts;[48]
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,[49]

Scene. 31) *brim*, das eigentlich mit *fulness* ein Wort bilden sollte, von *brimful* = bis zum Rande voll, wird hier als ein adjectivisches Epitheton betrachtet und deshalb mit *ample* durch die Copula *and* verbunden. So in Macbeth (A. 3, Sc. 4) *my strange and self-abuse.* 32) Für *at the ill neighbourhood,* die Lesart der Fol., adoptiren manche Hgg. willkürlich aus dem durchaus verschiedenen Texte der Qs. die Variante *at the bruit thereof.* 33) *to fear* = in Schrecken oder Furcht versetzen. 34) Der Erzbischof will ein Factum aus der früheren Geschichte Englands erzählen, an dem das jetzige England ein Muster besitzt, das es nachahmen kann. 35) *stray* ist ein in der Irre umherlaufendes Thier, das aufgegriffen und in den Pfandstall gesteckt *(impounded)* wird, aus dem es der Besitzer wieder auszulösen hat. 36) Die Qs. haben *Whom like a caitiff she did lead to France.* — Die Gefangennehmung des Königs David von Schottland und seine Wegschaffung nach Frankreich kannte das Sh.'sche Publicum ebenfalls aus dem oben erwähnten Drama K. Edward III. 37) Ausser dem schottischen Könige gerieth auch der französische König Johann in die englische Gefangenschaft. 38) *her chronicle* verbessert Capell das *their chronicle* der Fol. Viele Hgg. entlehnen dafür *your chronicles* aus den Qs., welche lesen *Filling your chronicles as rich with praise.* — Solcher Thatenglanz häuft sich so in den Chroniken auf, wie die unschätzbaren Güter versunkener Schiffbrüche in dem schlammigen Meeresgrunde. 39) Diese Rede theilte zuerst Malone mit Beziehung auf Holinshed's Darstellung dem Westmoreland zu, während Warburton sie dem Herzog von Exeter zuerkannte, der dafür seine folgende Rede dem Bischof von Ely abtreten sollte. — In der Fol. steht *Bish. Ely,* in den Qs. *Lord* davor. Dass der Bischof dem König nicht von dem Feldzug nach Frankreich abrathen kann, ist klar. 40) So verbessert Rowe das sinnlose *tame* der Fol., wofür Theobald *taint* lesen wollte. Vielleicht schrieb Sh. *tarre* = zerren, hin und her reissen. Die meisten Hgg. setzen mit den Qs. *to spoil and havoc.* 41) So die Fol., nach deren Lesart Exeter das Zuhausebleiben für eine bereits vernichtete, also in Wirklichkeit nicht mehr vorhandene Nothwendigkeit erklärt. — Die meisten Hgg. lesen für *crush'd* mit den Qs. *curs'd* = verflucht, schlimm, was weder in den Zusammenhang, noch zu dem *but* recht passen will. — M. Mason schlug vor, *not* für *but* zu lesen, und Collier erwähnt die Conjectur *a cur's necessity.* — Die vorhergehende Zeile interpungirt Staunton: *It follows then. the cat must stay at home?* 42) *pretty* = artig, gehörig, ist im Gleichklange dem *petty* gegenübergestellt. — *petty thieves* = kleine Diebe, verächtlich für die schottischen Raubzüge über die englische Grenze. 43) Die Sh.'sche Orthographie unterscheidet nicht zwischen *consent* und *concent,* doch ist das *consent* der Qs. und Fol. hier, wie auch Malone schreibt, *concent* = Harmonie in musikalischem Sinne. Mit musikalischem Nebensinne = Partitur, ist auch *parts* aufzufassen, und ebenso *close* = Cadenz. 44) *congreeing* ist die Lesart der Fol., wofür die meisten Hgg. mit Pope *congruing* setzen, nach dem *congrueth* der Qs. — *to congree* = übereinstimmen, scheint von Sh. nach Analogie von *to agree* gebildet zu sein. 45) Die meisten Hgg. fügen zur Vervollständigung des Verses aus dem Texte der Qs. vor *therefore* ein *true* ein. 46) Der Staat in den verschiedenen Functionen seiner Staatsgenossen wird verglichen mit einem menschlichen Organismus, dessen Functionen gleichfalls verschieden vertheilt sind. Die Bethätigung dieser Functionen beruht auf der fortgehenden Regsamkeit und auf dem Gehorsam, der Unterordnung, die als das leitende Princip, wie ein Ziel, nie aus den Augen verloren werden darf. 47) *act* erklärt Malone hier mit *law* und *statute,* mit Bezugnahme auf den entsprechenden Text der Qs., welcher lautet: *For so live the honey bees, creatures that by awe || Ordain an act of order to a peopled kingdom. — an act of order* ist aber vielleicht nur = ein ordnungsmässiges Thun, ein Verfahren, das die Ordnung leitet. — In der folgenden Darstellung des Bienenstaates hat Sh., wie Malone nachweist, eine Stelle aus Lyly's Euphues and his England (1580) im Sinne gehabt. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 762. 48) *officers of sorts* sind die Beamten aus den verschiedenen Ständen oder der verschiedenen Stände. — Manche Hgg. lesen dafür mit den Qs. *officers of sort* = Beamte von Rang und Ansehen. 49) Sich in Handelsgeschäfte nach aussen hin einlassen. — *venture* gebraucht Sh. als Substantiv und Verbum von Handelsunternehmungen, die mit einem Risico

Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor:
Who, busied in his majesty,[50] surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold,[51]
The civil citizens kneading up the honey,
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his[52] narrow gate,
The sad-ey'd[53] justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors[54] pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer, —
That many things, having full reference
To one concent, may work contrariously;
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Come[55] to one mark; as many ways meet in one town;
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;[56]
As many lines close in the dial's centre;
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
End[57] in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege.
Divide your happy England[58] into four;
Whereof take you one quarter into France,
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.
If we, with thrice such powers left at home,
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
Let us be worried, and our nation lose
The name of hardiness, and policy.

K. Hen. Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin.

[Exit an Attendant.

Now are we well resolv'd: and by God's help,
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
France being ours, we 'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces: or there we 'll sit,
Ruling in large and ample empery[59]
O'er France, and all her almost kingly dukedoms,
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombless,[60] with no remembrance over them:
Either our history shall with full mouth
Speak freely of our acts; or else our grave,
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,
Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.[61]

Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for, we hear,
Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

1. Amb. May 't please your majesty, to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge;
Or shall we sparingly show you far off
The Dauphin's meaning, and our embassy?

K. Hen. We are no tyrant, but a christian king,
Unto whose grace[62] our passion is as subject,
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons:
Therefore, with frank and with uncurbed plainness,
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

1. Amb. Thus then, in few.
Your highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predecessor, king Edward the Third.
In answer of which claim, the prince our master
Says, that you savour too much of your youth,
And bids you be advis'd, there 's nought in France
That can be with a nimble galliard[63] won:
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.[64]
He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this,[65]
Desires you, let the dukedoms, that you claim,
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

K. Hen. What treasure, uncle?

Exe. Tennis-balls, my liege.[66]

K. Hen. We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us.
His present, and your pains, we thank you for:
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
We will in France, by God's grace, play a set,
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.
Tell him, he hath made a match with such a wrangler,
That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
With chases.[67] And we understand him well,

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verknüpft sind. 50) Der Bienenkönig findet seine Beschäftigung in der Ausübung seiner Majestät, der Pflichten seiner Majestät. — *majesty* in den Qs., in der Fol. *majesties*. 51) Die Bienen, wie sie summend ihre Zellen von gelbem Wachs wölben, werden mit Maurern verglichen, die, bei der Arbeit singend, goldene Dächer bauen. — In der folgenden Zeile dachte Sh. an das Bäckerhandwerk und vermengte das Kneten des Teiges mit dem Bereiten des Honigs in dem Wachs. — *civil* = ehrbar, respectabel, von angesehenen Bürgern gebraucht, steht im Gegensatze zu *mechanic* = handwerksmässig, was eine geringere Classe, die Lastträger, charakterisirt. 52) *his* bezieht sich auf *tent-royal*, worunter der Bienenkorb verstanden ist. 53) *sad-eyed* = ernstblickend. 54) *executor*, mit dem Tone bald auf der ersten, bald auf der zweiten Sylbe, kommt mehrfach im Sinne des jetzigen *executioner* vor. 55) Die Pfeile gelangen alle zu einem Ziele. — Manche Hgg. vertauschen ungehörig das *come* der Fol. mit dem *fly* der Qs. und fügen eben so überflüssig aus den Qs. in dem Folgenden *several* vor *ways* ein. 56) Den Gegensatz, der in der Fol. zwischen *fresh streams* = Flüsse von süssem Wasser, und *salt sea* = salziges Meer, besteht, verwischen manche Hgg., indem sie mit den Qs. *one self sea* = ein und dasselbe Meer, lesen. 57) Die Fol. liest *and*, die Qs. lesen *end in one moment*, und in der folgenden Zeile *defect* für das *defeat* der Fol. 58) *England* ist hier das Volk, nicht das Land. 59) *empery* = Reichsherrschaft, Reichsherrlichkeit. 60) Seine Gebeine sollen unwürdig in einem blossen Aschenkrug bestattet werden und kein eigentliches Grabmal erhalten, worüber sich ein Erinnerungszeichen erhebt. 61) Sein Grab soll nicht einmal so viel Ehre erhalten, wie eine in Wachs, also in leicht verwischten, weichen Stoff geschriebene Grabschrift sie verleihen könnte. — Viele Hgg. lesen mit den Qs. *paper epitaph*. 62) *whose grace* ist *the grace that belongs to a christian king*: die himmlische Gnade, als deren Vertreter ein christlicher König erscheint, hält seine Leidenschaften in solcher Unterwürfigkeit, wie die armen Schelme, die in Haft und Banden liegen. 63) *galliard* = ein lustiger Tanz, den Sh. auch in Twelfth-Night (A. 1, Sc. 3) erwähnt. 64) Ihr könnt Euch in Frankreich nicht mit Gelagen und Lustbarkeiten in den Besitz von Herzogthümern setzen. 65) *in lieu of this* = auf Grund dieser Sendung, um dieser Sendung willen. 66) Exeter hat mittlerweile das von den Gesandten herbeigebrachte Fass Federbälle geöffnet. 67) Wie in den vorigen Zeilen werden auch in dieser die technischen Ausdrücke des Ballspiels bildlich auf den bevorstehenden Einfall Heinrich's in Frankreich angewandt. — *courts* ist abgekürzt aus *tennis-courts* = Hof zum Ballspielen, und *chase* ist die

How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not measuring what use we made of them. [68]
We never valu'd this poor seat of England;
And therefore, living hence, did give ourself
To barbarous license; as 't is ever common,
That men are merriest when they are from home.
But tell the Dauphin, — I will keep my state;
Be like a king, and show my sail of greatness, [69]
When I do rouse me in my throne of France:
For that [70] I have laid by my majesty,
And plodded like a man for working-days;
But I will rise there with so full a glory,
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.
And tell the pleasant prince, this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones; [71] and his soul
Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance [72]
That shall fly with them: for many a thousand widows
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands;
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down;
And some are yet ungotten and unborn,
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal; and in whose name,
Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on,
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
So, get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin,
His jest will savour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weep, more than did laugh at it. —
Convey them with safe conduct. — Fare you well.

[Exeunt Ambassadors.

Exe. This was a merry message.

K. Hen. We hope to make the sender blush at it.
Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour,
That may give furtherance to our expedition;
For we have now no thought in us but France,
Save those to God, [73] that run before our business.
Therefore, let our proportions for these wars
Be soon collected, and all things thought upon,
That may with reasonable swiftness [74] add
More feathers to our wings; for, God before, [75]
We 'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.
Therefore, let every man now task his thought, [76]
That this fair action may on foot be brought. *[Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter CHORUS. [1]

Chor. Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance [2] in the wardrobe lies:
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man.
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse;
Following the mirror of all christian kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercuries. [3]
For now sits Expectation in the air;
And hides a sword, from hilts [4] unto the point,
With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets,
Promis'd to Harry and his followers.
The French, advis'd by good intelligence
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear, and with pale policy [5]
Seek to divert the English purposes.
O England! model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart, [6]
What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural! [7]
But see thy fault! [8] France [9] hath in thee found out
A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
With treacherous crowns; [10] and three corrupted men,
One, Richard earl of Cambridge, and the second,
Henry Lord Scroop of Masham, and the third,

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einzelne Partie eines Ballspiels, während welcher der Ball von den Spielern um die Wette hin und her geschlagen wird. 68) Der Dauphin ermisst nicht, welchen Nutzen Heinrich für sich aus den ausgelassenen Tagen seiner Jugend gezogen hat. — In dem Folgenden erklärt der König, wie er den englischen Thron für zu armselig gehalten und deshalb, fern von ihm lebend *(living hence)*, sich einer rohen Zügellosigkeit hingegeben habe. Es liegt in dem *poor seat of England* schon die drohende Hindeutung auf den *throne of France*, den der König, als seiner würdiger, nun besteigen will. 69) Ich will das Segel meiner Grösse aufziehen, ich will mich in meiner königlichen Würde zeigen. — *to show a sail* ist der Gegensatz zu *to strike a sail.* 70) Die Qs. lesen *for this* = zu dem Zwecke, d. h. um desto glänzender auf dem französischen Throne zu erscheinen, habe ich mich früher meiner Majestät entäussert. 71) Das Geschütz wurde zuerst nicht mit eisernen, sondern mit steinernen Kugeln geladen. Zu solchen Kugeln sollen für den Dauphin die von ihm übersandten Federbälle werden. 72) *wasteful vengeance* = eine vernichtende, Menschenleben kostende Rache. 73) Mit Ausnahme derjenigen Gedanken, die Gott gewidmet sind oder ihm gebühren. 74) *reasonable swiftness* = eine Schnelligkeit, wie sie sich mit der Besonnenheit oder Vernunft verträgt. — Anders deutet es Staunton = *speed of thought.* 75) Wenn Gott vor uns hergeht. 76) Vgl. Anm. 2 dieser Scene.

1) Die Fol. hat *Flourish. Enter Chorus*, indem diese Zwischenrede durch einen Trompetenstoss eingeleitet wird, um ihren kriegerischen Inhalt anzudeuten. — Ebenso bei dem *Chorus*, der den dritten Act beginnt. — Manche Hgg. fügen dieses *Flourish* zu dem *Exeunt* am Schluss des ersten Actes. 2) Die seidenen Kleider, in denen sie ehemals getändelt, werden hier selbst als eine Tändelei aufgefasst. 3) In der leichtfüssigen Eile, mit der sie dem König nach Frankreich folgen, erscheinen sie gleichfalls mit Flügeln an den Fersen, wie der Götterbote Mercur. 4) *hilts* gebraucht Sh. als Plural auch von einem Degengriffe. — Jeder, der in diesem Kriege ein Schwert führt, erwartet damit in Frankreich eine grössere oder kleinere Herrschaft zu erobern. Die verschiedene Abstufung solcher Eroberungen wird in absteigender Reihenfolge durch *crowns imperial* = Reichskrone, *crowns* = gewöhnliche Krone, *coronets* = Herzogs- oder Grafenkrone, vertreten. 5) *pale policy* = blasse, feige Staatsklugheit. 6) England, vom Meere ringsum auf einen verhältnissmässig nicht umfangreichen Bezirk eingeschränkt, verhält sich zu der Heldengrösse seines Volks, von der es ein äusserliches Abbild im Kleinen ist, wie ein kleiner Menschenkörper zu dem mächtigen Herzen, das darin steckt. 7) *natural* ist der Gegensatz zu *unnatural* = unnatürlich, also = nicht entartet. 8) Sieh was Dir fehlt, sieh Dein Unglück, Deinen Schaden. 9) *France* = der französische König. 10) *treacherous crowns* sind die zur Anstiftung des Hochverraths gesandten französischen

Sir Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland,
Have, for the gilt [11] of France (O guilt, indeed!),
Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France;
And by their hands this grace of kings [12] must die,
If hell and treason hold their promises,
Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on: and we 'll digest
The abuse of distance; force a play. [13]
The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;
The king is set from London; and the scene
Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton:
There is the playhouse now, there must you sit,
And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,
We 'll not offend one stomach [14] with our play.
But, till the king come forth, and not till then, [15]
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene. *[Exit.*

SCENE I.

London. Eastcheap.

Enter Nym *and* Bardolph.

Bard. Well met, corporal Nym.

Nym. Good morrow, lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. What, are ancient Pistol and you friends yet?

Nym. For my part, I care not: I say little; but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles; [1] — but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink, and hold out mine iron. It is a simple one; but what though? it will toast cheese, [2] and it will endure cold as another man's sword will; and there 's an end. [3]

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends, and we 'll be all three sworn brothers to France: [4] let it be so, good corporal Nym.

Nym. 'Faith, I will live so long as I may, that 's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may: [5] that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it. [6]

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly; and, certainly, she did you wrong, for you were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell; things must be as they may: men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and some say, knives have edges. [7] It must be as it may: though patience be a tired mare, [8] yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. [9] Well, I cannot tell.

Enter Pistol *and Mistress* Quickly.

Bard. Here comes ancient Pistol, and his wife. — Good corporal, be patient here. — How now, mine host [10] Pistol?

Pist. Base tike, [11] call'st thou me host?
Now, by this hand I swear, I scorn the term;
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

Quick. No, by my troth, not long: for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen, that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-house straight. [Nym *draws his sword.*] O well-a-day, Lady! if he be not drawn! — Now we shall see wilful adultery and murder committed. [12]

Goldmünzen. 11) *gilt*, eigentlich = Vergoldung, gebraucht Sh. von jedem bearbeiteten, also hier von gemünztem Golde. — Wortspiele mit *to gild, gilt* und *guilt* kommen bei Sh. öfter vor; so in Macbeth (A. 2, Sc. 2) *I 'll gild the faces of the grooms withal;* || *For it must seem their guilt.* 12) *this grace of kings* = dieser König, der allen Königen zur Zier und Ehre gereicht. 13) Die meisten Hgg. lesen mit Pope *well digest* und schieben mit ihm ein *while we* vor *force* ein. Der Sinn dieser vielleicht an unrechter Stelle eingeschobenen beiden Verse, die Sh. möglicherweise nur aus Versehen in der Handschrift stehen liess, muss aber sein: Haltet Eure Geduld noch etwas hin, und wir werden die Täuschung der Ferne, den Wechsel der Scene, dramatisch vorbereiten und ein Schauspiel ausstatten, mit Inhalt erfüllen. — Da nach Holinshed der Plan zur Ermordung des Königs in Southampton angezettelt war, so würde, nach dem Ausfall dieser beiden vielleicht corrumpirten Verse, das Vorhergehende sich bequem an das Folgende schliessen: *and in Southampton the sum is paid etc.* — Vielleicht wäre auch statt des seltsamen Ausdrucks *force a play* eher zu lesen *for 't is* oder *for it is a play.* — Keightley wollte diese vermuthlich corrumpirte Stelle so verbessern: *and well digest* || *The abuse of distance, as we forge our play.* 14) Eine scherzhafte Anspielung auf die Seekrankheit, vor welcher die Zuschauer bewahrt bleiben sollen, obwohl das Drama sie über See führt. 15) Die Construction ist anakoluthisch, indem der Nachsatz *Unto Southampton do we shift our scene* nicht recht zu dem Vordersatze passt, dessen Sinn jedoch nur sein kann: Aber gegen die Zeit, dass der König selbst erscheint, und nicht bis zu dem Augenblick (d. h. nicht vorher), verlegen wir die Scene nach Southampton. — Einige Hgg. wollten *but till then*, andere *not till the king* lesen; indess ist solche Licenz und Ungenauigkeit des Ausdrucks Sh.'sch.

1) So werden wir vergnügt aussehen, so werden wir lustig sein. Farmer wollte *smites* für *smiles* lesen. 2) So wird in K. John (A. 4, Sc. 3) das Schwert verächtlich *your toasting-iron* genannt. 3) So die Fol.; die meisten Hgg. entlehnen aus den Qs. *and there 's the humour of it.* 4) *sworn brothers to France* ist = Waffenbrüder für die Expedition nach Frankreich. 5) So will ich fertig werden, wie ich kann. — M. Mason verwischte die charakteristische Redeweise Nym's und machte sie vernünftiger, als Sh. beabsichtigte, indem er verbesserte: *I will die as I may.* 6) *rest* = der letzte, übrig bleibende Satz im Kartenspiel. — Wenn Nym dieses Wort nicht etwa verkehrt anwendet, wie gleich nachher *rendezvous* = Ergebniss, Schluss, so will er damit sagen: darauf habe ich mein Alles gesetzt. 7) Eine dunkle Andeutung, dass er möglicherweise dem Pistol im Schlaf den Hals abschneiden werde. 8) So die Qs., in der Fol. zu *name* verdruckt. 9) *conclusion* ist zugleich = Experiment, und = Schluss, Abschluss. In welchem Sinne Nym das Wort fasst, muss zweifelhaft bleiben. 10) Er nennt ihn *mine host* als Mann der Wirthin Quickly. — Die Reden der Wirthin werden in Qs. und Fol. mit *Host.* und *Hoste se* bezeichnet, wenngleich das Auftreten derselben in den alten Ausgg. mit *Enter Pistol and Mrs. Quickly* angegeben steht. Dyce und Staunton setzen überall *Hostess* dafür. 11) *tike* = Köter, schlechter Hund, kommt als Schimpfwort für einen Tölpel auch in einer Q. der Merry Wives of Windsor (A. 4, Sc. 5) vor. 12) *drawn* verbessert Theobald das *hewn* der Fol. — *to be drawn* = das Schwert gezückt halten. — *Lady* ist eine Anrufung der Jungfrau Maria. — *adultery* gebraucht die Wirthin, ohne den Sinn des Wortes zu verstehen. — Viele Hgg. adoptiren

Bard. Good lieutenant, — good corporal, offer nothing here. [13]

Nym. Pish!

Pist. Pish for thee, Iceland dog! [14] thou prick-ear'd cur of Iceland!

Quick. Good corporal Nym, show thy valour, [15] and put up your sword.

Nym. Will you shog off? [16] I would have you *solus*.

[Sheathing his sword.

Pist. *Solus*, egregious dog? O viper vile!
The *solus* in thy most marvellous face;
The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy;
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!
I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels:
For I can take, [17] and Pistol's cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbason; [18] you cannot conjure me. I have an humour to knock you indifferently well. If you grow foul with me, Pistol, [19] I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms: if you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may; and that 's the humour of it.

Pist. O braggart vile, and damned furious [20] wight!
The grave doth gape, and doting [21] death is near;
Therefore exhale. [22] [Pistol *and* Nym *draw.*

Bard. Hear me, hear me what I say: — he that strikes the first stroke, I 'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier. *[Draws.*

Pist. An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate.
Give me thy fist, thy forefoot [23] to me give;
Thy spirits are most tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms; that is the humour of it.

Pist. *Coupe le gorge!* [24]
That is the word. I thee defy again.
O hound of Crete, [25] think'st thou my spouse to get?
No; to the spital go,
And from the powdering-tub of infamy
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind, [26]
Doll Tear-sheet she by name, and her espouse:
I have, and I will hold, the *quondam* Quickly
For the only she; and — *pauca*, [27] there 's enough.
Go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master, and your hostess. [28] — He is very sick, and would to bed. — Good Bardolph, put thy face between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan: 'faith, he 's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue!

Quick. By my troth, he 'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days: [29] the king has killed his heart. — Good husband, come home presently.

[Exeunt Mistress Quickly *and Boy.*

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together. Why, the devil, should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Pist. Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on!

Nym. You 'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. Base is the slave that pays. [30]

Nym. That now I will have; that 's the humour of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound. Push home.

[Draws.

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I 'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends: an thou wilt not, why, then be enemies [31] with me too. Pr'ythee, put up.

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statt des so verbesserten Textes der Fol. den der Qs.: *O Lord, here 's corporal Nim, now shall we have wilful adultery and murder committed.* 13) So die Fol. — Bardolph tritt beschwichtigend zwischen Pistol, den er freilich *lieutenant* statt *ancient* anredet, und zwischen Nym, den er als *good corporal* bezeichnet. — Malone ertheilt diese Rede noch der Wirthin zu und liest *good lieutenant Bardolph.* 14) *Iceland dog*, eine Hunderace mit weissem, langem Haar, bei den Damen damals beliebt, und als Schimpfwort auch sonst vorkommend. 15) So die Fol.; die Qs. haben *show the valour of a man*, was manche Hgg. in den Text setzen. 16) *to shog off* = sich trollen, sich packen. — Das lateinische *solus*, als Bühnenbezeichnung zu Sh.'s Zeit sehr gebräuchlich, hält Pistol für eine Beleidigung, die er dem Nym bis in sein Inneres, woher sie stammt, zurückgiebt. Eben so seltsam gebraucht er die Adjective *egregious* und *marvellous*. 17) *to take* scil. *fire*. Pistol spielt hier auf die eigentliche Bedeutung seines Namens = Pistole, an. — Die Qs. haben *talk* für *take*. 18) *Barbason* kommt als Name eines Dämons oder Teufels auch in Merry Wives of Windsor (A. 2, Sc. 2) vor. — Pistol führt so hochtrabende und haarsträubende Reden, als ob er Geister damit beschwören wollte. 19) Auch hier eine Anspielung auf *pistol* = Pistole, und ein Doppelsinn von *to grow foul* = schmutzig werden, und = grob werden gegen Einen. — Dem *foul* ist dann *in fair terms* entgegengestellt. 20) Pistol meint vielleicht *injurious*. 21) *to dote* = die Besinnung verlieren oder rauben. — Die Qs. haben *groaning death*. 22) *exhale* = verathme! ein gesuchtes Wort für: stirb! — Dyce erklärt: *out with your sword.* — Nur die Qs. haben hier die Bühnenweisung *They draw.* 23) Wie er den Nym vorher *dog* und *tike* genannt hatte, so spricht er jetzt von dessen *forefoot* = Hand. 24) Die Qs. schreiben *Couple-gorge*, die Fol. *Couple a gorge.* — Für *I thee defy* der Qs. hat die Fol. *I defy thee.* 25) Die Jagdhunde von der Insel Kreta werden als vorzüglich in Midsummer-Night's Dream (A. 4, Sc. 1) erwähnt. 26) Dieselbe Bezeichnung einer Metze hatte vor Sh. schon Gascoigne in seinem Don Bartholomew of Bathe (1587) gebraucht: *Nor seldom seen in kites of Cressid's kind.* Die so bezeichnete, aus K. Henry IV. Second Part dem Sh.'schen Publicum bekannte Doll Tear-sheet soll sich Nym aus dem Spital holen, wo sie gerade eine Schwitzcur durchmacht. So in Measure for Measure (A. 3, Sc. 2) *she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.* 27) *pauca* scil. *verba* = kurz und gut, kommt so wie hier auch in Merry Wives of Windsor (A. 1, Sc. 1) vor. — Die Fol. liest *there 's enough to go to.* — Die meisten Hgg. schliessen mit den Qs. die Rede mit *enough.* — Der gleich darauf erscheinende *Boy* ist derselbe, der in K. Henry IV. Second Part als *Page to Sir John Falstaff* bezeichnet wurde. 28) Hanmer änderte ohne Noth *and you, hostess.* 29) Die Wirthin wendet hier auf Falstaff an, was sich nur von einem Gehenkten sagen liesse, der am Galgen den Krähen zum Frass diente. 30) Steevens hält das für eine sprichwörtliche Redensart und citirt dazu aus Heywood's Drama The Fair Maid of the West: *My*

Nym. I shall have my eight shillings I won of you at betting?[32]

Pist. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay;
And liquor likewise will I give to thee,
And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood:
I 'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me.[33]
Is not this just? for I shall sutler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
Give me thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my noble?

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Nym. Well then, that 's the humour of it.

Re-enter Mistress Quickly.

Quick. As ever you came of women,[34] come in quickly to Sir John. Ah, poor heart! he is so shaked of a burning quotidian tertian,[35] that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The king hath run bad humours on the knight, that 's the even of it.

Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right;
His heart is fracted, and corroborate.[36]

Nym. The king is a good king; but it must be as it may: he passes some humours, and careers.

Pist. Let us condole the knight; for, lambkins, we will live. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Southampton. A Council-Chamber.

Enter Exeter, Bedford, *and* Westmoreland.

Bed. 'Fore God, his grace is bold to trust these traitors.[1]

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves,
As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,
Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty.

Bed. The king hath note of all that they intend,
By interception[2] which they dream not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,[3]
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd[4] with gracious favours,
That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
His sovereign's life to death and treachery!*[5]*

Trumpets sound. Enter King Henry, Scroop, Cambridge, Grey, *Lords, and Attendants.*

K. Hen. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
My lord of Cambridge, — and my kind lord of Masham, —
And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts.
Think you not, that the powers we bear with us
Will cut their passage through the force of France,
Doing the execution, and the act,
For which we have in head assembled them?[6]

Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.

K. Hen. I doubt not that: since we are well persuaded,
We carry not a heart with us from hence,
That grows not in a fair concent[7] with ours;
Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.

Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd[8] and lov'd
Than is your majesty: there 's not, I think, a subject,
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.

Grey. True: those[9] that were your father's enemies,
Have steep'd their galls in honey, and do serve you
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.[10]

K. Hen. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness,
And shall forget the office of our hand,[11]
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit,
According to the weight and worthiness.

Scroop. So service shall with steeled sinews toil,
And labour shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your grace incessant services.

K. Hen. We judge no less. — Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rail'd against our person: we consider,
It was excess of wine that set him on;
And, on his more advice,[12] we pardon him.

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motto shall be, Base is the man that pays. 31) *be enemies*, an einen Einzelnen gerichtet, bildet Bardolph nach Analogie von *be friends.* 32) Diese Wiederholung der früheren Frage fehlt in der Fol., vielleicht zufällig ausgelassen, und ist daher aus den Qs. entlehnt. — Pistol verspricht ihm statt der geforderten acht Schillinge etwas weniger, da *a noble* sechs Schillinge vier Pence betrug. 33) Wortspiel zwischen *Nym* und *to nim*, in der englischen Diebessprache = stehlen, stibitzen. 34) *came* in den Qs. und späteren Folioausgg.; die Fol. hat *come.* 35) scil. *fever*, was die Wirthin für identisch mit *tertian* zu halten scheint. 36) Er will *corrodiate* = angenagt, verzehrt, sagen. — Ebenso versteht er unter *condole* vielleicht das Gegentheil = trösten, aufheitern, was wenigstens zu dem Satz *for, lambkins etc.* besser passen würde. — *lambkin* = Lämmchen, eine zärtliche Anrede an Bardolph und Nym, die Pistol schon in K. Henry IV. Second Part (A. 5, Sc. 3) vom Prinzen Heinrich gebraucht hatte: *Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king.*

1) Vgl. A. 2, Chorus, Anm. 13. 2) *interception* ist die Auffangung von Briefschaften, die zwischen den Hochverräthern und Frankreich gewechselt wurden. 3) Sh. entnahm diese Notiz aus Holinshed: *The said Lord Scroop was in such favour with the king that he admitted him sometime to be his bedfellow.* — Auf diese Probe intimer Freundschaft spielen als auf eine gewöhnliche Sitte auch Sh.'s Zeitgenossen häufig an. 4) Der König hat den Lord Scroop mit Gunstbezeugungen so überhäuft, dass dieser ganz abgestumpft und übersättigt davon geworden ist. — Manche Hgg. vertauschen diesen Vers der Fol. mit dem entsprechenden der Qs.: *Whom he hath cloy'd and graced with princely favours.* 5) Die Qs. theilen diese Rede dem Gloster, der Bedford's Stelle in dieser Scene vertritt, zu, und lassen dann Exeter ausrufen: *O the lord of Masham.* 6) Die Ausführung des Thuns, zu welchem wir sie in bewaffneter Macht versammelt haben. 7) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 2, Anm. 43. 8) *to fear* bezieht sich auf die Ehrfurcht, welche die Unterthanen ihrem Könige zollen. 9) So die Fol.; manche Hgg. lesen mit den Qs. *Even those.* 10) Herzen, die ganz aus Pflichtgefühl und Pflichteifer geschaffen sind. 11) Wie Steevens meint, dachte Sh. hier an den Vers im 137sten Psalm: *If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning.* 12) Nach seiner bessern Ueberlegung, wenn er sich besonnen hat. — So in Two Gentlemen of Verona (A. 2, Sc. 4) *How shall I dote on her with more advice.* — Obwohl Sh. auch sonst *more* adjectivisch = grösser, anwendet, so ist doch vielleicht hier *more-advice* als Compositum zu fassen, wie *my more-having* in Macbeth (A. 4, Sc. 3). — Staunton erklärt *on his more advice* mit *on his further representations.*

Scroop. That 's mercy, but too much security:
Let him be punish'd, sovereign; lest example
Breed, by his sufferance,[13] more of such a kind.
K. Hen. O! let us[14] yet be merciful.
Cam. So may your highness, and yet punish too.
Grey. Sir, you show great mercy, if you give him life
After the taste of much correction.[15]
K. Hen. Alas! your too much love and care of me
Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch.
If little faults, proceeding on distemper,[16]
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye,[17]
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,
Appear before us? — We 'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their dear care
And tender preservation[18] of our person,
Would have him punish'd. And now to our French causes:
Who are the late commissioners?[19]
Cam. I one, my lord:
Your highness bade me ask for it[20] to-day.
Scroop. So did you me, my liege.
Grey. And I, my royal sovereign.
K. Hen. Then, Richard earl of Cambridge, there is yours; —
There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham; — and, sir knight,
Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours: —
Read them; and know, I know your worthiness.[21] —
My lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter,
We will aboard to-night. — Why, how now, gentlemen?
What see you in those papers, that you lose
So much complexion? — Look ye, how they change:[22]
Their cheeks are paper. — Why, what read you there,
That hath so cowarded and chas'd your blood
Out of appearance?
Cam. I do confess my fault,
And do submit me to your highness' mercy.
Grey, Scroop. To which we all appeal.
K. Hen. The mercy that was quick[23] in us but late
By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.[24]
See you, my princes, and my noble peers,
These English monsters![25] My lord of Cambridge here, —
You know how apt our love was, to accord
To furnish him[26] with all appertinents
Belonging to his honour; and this man
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd,
And sworn unto the practices[27] of France,
To kill us here in Hampton: to the which,
This knight, no less for bounty bound to us
Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. — But O!
What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop? thou cruel,
Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!
Thou, that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost mightst have coin'd me into gold,
Wouldst thou have practis'd on me for thy use!
May it be possible, that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil,
That might annoy my finger? 't is so strange,
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
As black and white,[28] my eye will scarcely see it.
Treason and murder ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
Working so grossly in a natural cause,
That admiration did not whoop at them:[29]
But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
Wonder to wait on treason, and on murder:
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was,
That wrought upon thee so preposterously,
Hath got the voice in hell for excellence:

— In der folgenden Zeile ist *security* = Sorglosigkeit. 13) Durch die Geduld und Nachsicht, welche diesem Manne erwiesen wird. 14) *us* bezieht sich auf den König: Verstattet mir diesmal noch Barmherzigkeit zu üben. 15) Nachdem Ihr ihn eine starke Züchtigung habt schmecken lassen. 16) *distemper* bezeichnet jede körperliche oder geistige Verstimmung und Störung, hier in Folge übermässigen Trinkens. So in Hamlet (A. 3, Sc. 2), wo Hamlet auf Guildenstern's Nachricht, der König sei *marvellous distempered*, fragt: *With drink, Sir?* und die Antwort erhält: *No, my lord, rather with choler.* 17) *to stretch* = anspannen, das sich eigentlich von den Sehnerven sagen liesse, wird hier auf das Auge selbst angewandt: Wenn wir bei kleinen Fehlern das Auge nicht zuthun dürfen, wie werden wir es aufreissen müssen bei Capitalverbrechen, die gründlich bedacht und lange überlegt sind. — Die Metaphern *to chew, to swallow* und *to digest* erweitern die gewöhnlichere des blossen *to digest*. 18) Auch hier ist die Copula *and* mit Sh.'scher Licenz benutzt: in ihrer angelegentlichen Sorge um die zärtliche Erhaltung unserer Person. 19) *late commissioners* = die jüngst ernannten Bevollmächtigten für den französischen Feldzug, welche jetzt ihre schriftliche Bestallung vom Könige empfangen sollen. 20) *it* bezieht sich auf ein Wort wie *commission*, das in dem vorigen Satze aus *commissioners* supplirt und hinzugedacht werden muss. — Das erhellt aus dem folgenden *there is yours* und *read them*. — Zwei Zeilen weiter haben die Qs. *And me, my Lord*. In Folge dessen änderte Capell das *and I* der Fol. in *and me* um. 21) Zweideutig, da der ostensible Sinn ist: ich weiss, wie sehr Ihr diese Bestallung verdient, und der tiefere Sinn: ich weiss, was Ihr taugt oder werth seid. 22) Wie sie ihre Gesichtsfarbe wechseln; indem ihre Wangen so bleich werden, wie das Papier, das sie in Händen halten. — So kommt *paper-faced* in K. Henry IV. Second Part (A. 5, Sc. 4) vor. 23) *quick* in seiner doppelten Bedeutung = rege, und = lebendig, hat seinen Gegensatz in *suppress'd* und in *kill'd*. 24) *worrying them* lesen viele Hgg. mit den Qs. 25) Sie sind englische Ungeheuer, insofern sie Engländer sind und unnatürlich gegen ihren angestammten König sich verschwören. 26) *him* ist zufällig in der Fol. ausgefallen, aber in der zweiten Folioausg. von 1632 ergänzt. Der verstümmelte Text der Qs. lautet: *You know how apt we were to grace him || In all things belonging to his honour.* 27) *practice* = hinterlistiger Anschlag, Nachstellung. — Ebenso bald nachher *to practise on* = Anschläge gegen Jemanden machen. 28) Die Wahrheit der Thatsache tritt so handgreiflich hervor, schattet sich so stark ab, wie Schwarz gegen Weiss absticht. — Manche Hgg. lesen mit den Qs. *as black from white*. 29) Hochverrath und Meuchelmord standen in einem so natürlichen Bündnisse und arbeiteten in einer ihnen gemässen Sache so selbstverständlich zusammen, dass kein Schrei der Verwunderung darüber laut wurde. Erst seitdem Du Dich unnatürlicher Weise zu ihnen gesellt hast, erstaunt man über Mord und Hochverrath. — *whoop* verbessert Theobald das *hoope* der Fol. Die Qs. lassen diese Stelle aus. 30) Andere Teufel, die in

And other devils, that suggest by treasons,[30]
Do botch and bungle up damnation
With patches, colours, and with forms, being fetch'd
From glistering semblances of piety;
But he that temper'd[31] thee bade thee stand up,
Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that same demon, that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
He might return to vasty Tartar[32] back,
And tell the legions, — I can never win
A soul so easy as that Englishman's.
O, how hast thou with jealousy[33] infected
The sweetness of affiance! Show men dutiful?
Why, so didst thou: seem they grave and learned?
Why, so didst thou: come they of noble family?
Why, so didst thou: seem they religious?
Why, so didst thou: or are they spare in diet;
Free from gross passion, or of mirth, or anger;[34]
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood;[35]
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement;[36]
Not working with the eye without the ear,[37]
And but in purged judgment trusting neither?
Such, and so finely bolted,[38] didst thou seem;
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To mark[39] the full-fraught man, and best indued,
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee;
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man. — Their faults are open:
Arrest them to the answer of the law,
And God acquit them of their practices!

Exe. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Richard earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry[40] Lord Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland.

Scroop. Our purposes God justly hath discover'd,
And I repent my fault more than my death;[41]
Which I beseech your highness to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me, — the gold of France did not seduce,
Although I did admit it as a motive,
The sooner to effect what I intended.[42]
But God be thanked for prevention;
Which I[43] in sufferance heartily will rejoice,
Beseeching God and you to pardon me.

Grey. Never did faithful subject more rejoice
At the discovery of most dangerous treason,
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
Prevented from a damned enterprise.
My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.[44]

K. Hen. God quit you in his mercy! Hear your sentence.
You have conspir'd against our royal person,
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers
Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death;
Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,
His princes and his peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt,
And his whole kingdom into desolation.
Touching our person, seek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
Poor miserable wretches,[45] to your death;
The taste whereof, God, of his mercy, give you
Patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences. — Bear them hence.

[Exeunt Cambridge, Scroop, *and* Grey, *guarded.*

Now, lords, for France; the enterprise whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous treason, lurking in our way
To hinder our beginnings: we doubt not now,
But every rub is smoothed on our way.
Then forth, dear countrymen: let us deliver

Angelegenheiten des Verrathes die Rolle des Versuchers oder Verführers spielen, statten die Verdammniss, die daraus folgt, mit Fetzen von allerlei scheinheiligen Vorwänden aus; aber der Teufel, der Dich verlockte, gab Dir keinen solchen Vorwand oder Beweggrund zur Verrätherei. 31) *to temper* = modeln, zubereiten zu einem Zwecke. — *instance* = Beweggrund, Antrieb. 32) *Tartar* = Tartarus, die Hölle. Sh. hat dieselbe abgekürzte Form in Twelfth-Night (A. 2, Sc. 5) *to the gates of Tartar.* 33) *jealousy* = Argwohn, Misstrauen, und *affiance* = Vertrauen, Zutrauen zu Jemandem, stehen sich gegenüber. 34) *or* (d. h. *either*) *of mirth, or anger* hängt von *gross passion* ab = ausgelassene Lustigkeit, und leidenschaftlicher Zorn. 35) Ein hitziges Geblüt führt sie nicht auf Abwege. — *spirit* ist einsylbig. 36) *modest complement* ist die harmonische Bildung und feine Manier des ganzen Menschen, innerlich wie äusserlich. — So in Othello (A. 1, Sc. 1) *in complement extern.* — Das Wort wird orthographisch und begrifflich vielfach mit dem ähnlichen *compliment* verwechselt. 37) Sie lassen sich nicht vom Augenschein blenden, sondern nehmen zu dem Auge auch das Ohr zur Hülfe, um zu prüfen, und verlassen sich auf beide Organe nur, indem sie für sich klar urtheilen. 38) *bolted* eigentlich = durchgesiebt, dann = geläutert, von allen Flecken gereinigt. So in Coriolanus (A. 3, Sc. 1) *ill-schooled in bolted language.* 39) Nach der Emendation Theobald's. — Die Fol. liest *To make thee full-fraught man, and best indued || With some suspicion.* — *full-fraught man* ist ein Mann, völlig ausgerüstet mit Allem, was zum Manne gehört, wie in Othello (A. 2, Sc. 1) *the man commands like a full soldier.* — *best-indued* = bestbegabt. 40) Der richtige Name steht in den Qs.; die Fol. hat durch eine Verwechslung mit dem Folgenden *Thomas* für *Henry.* 41) *to repent* lässt sich, genau genommen, nur von *my fault* sagen, und ist in Bezug auf *my death* etwas modificirt zu fassen = bedauern. — So bezieht sich auch das folgende *which* nur auf *my fault.* 42) Der eigentliche Sinn dieser Worte erhellt aus Holinshed. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 761. 43) Das in der Fol. zufällig ausgefallene *I* ergänzt die zweite Folioausg. — *to rejoice* hier als transitives Verbum = sich über Etwas freuen. So in Cymbeline (A. 5, Sc. 5) *Ne'er mother rejoic'd deliverance more.* — *sufferance* ist hier das Erleiden der Todesstrafe. 44) Reed citirt hierzu eine Sh. wahrscheinlich bekannte Stelle aus dem Briefe Percy's, der sich gegen die Königin Elisabeth verschworen hatte (1585): *Discharge me a culpa, but not a pœna, good ladie.* 45) Fast wörtlich aus Holinshed. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 761. 46) *to advance the signs of war* = die Fahnen in die Höhe heben. — *advance* ist Imperativ des transitiven Verbums.

Our puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance:[46]
No king of England, if not king of France. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

London. Mistress Quickly's House in Eastcheap.

Enter Pistol, *Mistress* Quickly, Nym, Bardolph, *and Boy.*

Quick. Pr'ythee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.[1]

Pist. No; for my manly heart doth yearn. —
Bardolph, be blithe; Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins;
Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead,
And we must yearn therefore.

Bard. 'Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either in heaven, or in hell.

Quick. Nay, sure, he 's not in hell: he 's in Arthur's bosom,[2] if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. 'A made a finer end,[3] and went away, an it had been any christom child;[4] 'a parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' the tide:[5] for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way;[6] for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a table of green fields.[7] »How now, Sir John?« quoth I: »what, man! be of good cheer.« So 'a cried out — God, God, God! three or four times: now I, to comfort him, bid him, 'a should not think of God; I hoped, there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So, 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and so upward, and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nym. They say, he cried out of sack.[8]

Quick. Ay, that 'a did.

Bard. And of women.

Quick. Nay, that 'a did not.

Boy. Yes, that 'a did; and said, they were devils incarnate.[9]

Quick. 'A could never abide carnation; 't was a colour he never liked.

Boy. 'A said once, the devil would have him about women.

Quick. 'A did in some sort, indeed, handle[10] women; but then he was rheumatic,[11] and talked of the whore of Babylon.

Boy. Do you not remember, 'a saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose, and 'a said it was a black soul burning in hell?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone that maintained that fire: that 's all the riches I got in his service.

Nym. Shall we shog?[12] the king will be gone from Southampton.

Pist. Come, let 's away. — My love, give me thy lips.
Look to my chattels, and my moveables:
Let senses rule,[13] the word is, »Pitch and pay;«[14]
Trust none;
For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,
And hold-fast is the only dog,[15] my duck:
Therefore, *caveto* be thy counsellor.[16]
Go, clear thy crystals.[17] — Yoke-fellows in arms,

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1) Die Wirthin will ihrem Mann, der mit seinen Gesellen nach Frankreich zieht, das Geleit bis nach Staines geben. 2) Sie will *Abraham's bosom* sagen. In K. Richard III. (A. 4, Sc. 3) *The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom.* 3) Sie will *final end* sagen und verbindet dasselbe mit dem Folgenden. — M. Mason wollte dagegen *fine end* lesen und wörtlich verstehen. 4) *christom child*, mit dem Anklang an *christian* verdreht aus *chrysom* oder *chrisom child* = ein Kind, das im ersten Monat stirbt, von *chrisom* = weisses Taufkleid. 5) Nach einem zu Sh.'s Zeit verbreiteten Aberglauben starb man nur in den Stunden der Ebbe. — Bei *tide* denkt sie an die Fluth und Ebbe in der Themse bei London. 6) Sprichwörtlich und familiär = es war keine Rettung mehr möglich. So in Holland's Uebersetzung des Plinius: *The leaf is also venomous as the grain: yet otherwhiles there ensueth thereof a flux and gurry of the belly, which saveth their life, or else there were no way but one.* — Die vorhergehenden und folgenden Symptome des annahenden Todes werden bei zeitgenössischen Schriftstellern öfter erwähnt. 7) *and a Table of greene fields* ist die vielleicht corrumpirte Lesart der Fol., deren Verbesserung, wenn eine nöthig sein sollte, um so misslicher erscheint, da Sh. der Wirthin so viel seltsame und missverständlich gebrauchte Reden in den Mund legt. So ist vielleicht hier zu construiren: *his nose was (as sharp as a pen and) a table of green fields:* Falstaff's Nase war ein Tisch mit grünen Feldern, d. h. missfarbig grün, wie *green and yellow melancholy* in Twelfth-Night (A. 2, Sc. 4). Das Komische und Charakteristische bestände neben dem scurrilen Vergleiche dann darin, dass die Wirthin die Nase zugleich mit einer spitzen Feder und mit einem flachen Tische vergleicht. — Vielleicht fasst die Wirthin das Wort *pen* = Feder, das sie aufgeschnappt hat, missverständlich = Schafhürde, und erweitert diesen Vergleich, um ihn zu verdeutlichen, mit *a stable of green fields* = so scharf wie eine Schafhürde und ein Stall auf grünen Feldern. — Die meisten Hgg. adoptiren Theobald's Conjectur *and 'a babbled of green fields.* — Die entsprechende Stelle der Qs. lautet: *His nose was as sharp as a pen:* || *For when I saw him fumble with the sheetes,* || *And talk of floures and smile upon his fingers ends* || *I knew there was no way but one.* 8) *of*, wie häufig in familiärer Redeweise, für *on:* er verwünschte den Sekt. 9) Der Page fasst *incarnate* = eingefleischt, Fleisch geworden; die Wirthin = fleischfarbig, roth. In letzterer Bedeutung war das Wort früher üblicher als jetzt. 10) *to handle*, zweideutig = handhaben in Reden, oder = sich mit Jemandem zu schaffen machen. 11) Sie will *lunatic* sagen. 12) Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 1, Anm. 16. — Viele Hgg. lesen hier unnöthig mit den Qs. *shog off.* 13) Lass die Vernunft die Oberhand behalten, will Pistol mit diesen affectirten Worten sagen. 14) Die Losung ist: Baar bezahlt. — In diesem Sinne kommt *pitch and pay* oft bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen vor. — *word* ist die richtige Lesart der Qs.; die Fol. hat dafür *world.* 15) Douce führt dazu das Sprichwort an: *Brag is a good dog, but hold-fast is a better.* 16) Die Qs. entstellen das lateinische *caveto* zu *Cophetua*, dem Namen des fabelhaften Balladenkönigs, der öfter bei Sh. vorkommt und den Pistol selbst in K. Henry IV. Second Part (A. 5, Sc. 3) erwähnt. 17) *crystals*, ein affectirter, in den Dramen der Zeit oft vorkommender Ausdruck = Augen, die in Romeo and Juliet (A. 1, Sc. 2) *crystal scales* genannt werden.

Let us to France: like horse-leeches, my boys,
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!
Boy. And that is but unwholesome food, they say.
Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.
Bard. Farewell, hostess. *[Kissing her.*
Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but adieu.
Pist. Let housewifery appear: keep close, I thee command.
Quick. Farewell; adieu. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

France. A Room in the French King's Palace.

Flourish. Enter the French King, attended; the Dauphin, *the Duke of* Burgundy, *the Constable, and Others.*

Fr. King. Thus come the English with full power upon us;
And more than carefully it us concerns,
To answer royally in our defences.[1]
Therefore the dukes of Berry, and of Bretagne,
Of Brabant, and of Orleans, shall make forth,
And you, prince Dauphin, with all swift despatch,
To line and new-repair our towns of war
With men of courage, and with means defendant:[2]
For England his approaches makes as fierce
As waters to the sucking of a gulf.
It fits us then to be as provident
As fear may teach us, out of late examples
Left by the fatal and neglected English[3]
Upon our fields.
Dau. My most redoubted father,
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe;
For peace itself should not so dull[4] a kingdom,
(Though war, nor no known quarrel, were in question,)[5]
But that defences, musters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,
As were a war in expectation.
Therefore, I say, 't is meet we all go forth,
To view the sick and feeble parts of France:
And let us do it with no show of fear;
No, with no more, than if we heard that England
Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance:[6]
For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,[7]
Her sceptre so fantastically borne
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
That fear attends her not.[8]
Con. O peace, prince Dauphin!
You are too much mistaken in this king.
Question your grace the late ambassadors,
With what great state he heard their embassy,
How well supplied with noble counsellors,
How modest in exception,[9] and, withal,
How terrible in constant resolution,
And you shall find, his vanities forespent
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,[10]
Covering discretion with a coat of folly;
As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
That shall first spring, and be most delicate.
Dau. Well, 't is not so, my lord high constable;
But though we think it so, it is no matter:
In cases of defence, 't is best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he seems:
So the proportions of defence are fill'd;
Which,[11] of a weak and niggardly projection,
Doth like a miser spoil his coat with scanting
A little cloth.
Fr. King. Think we king Harry strong;
And, princes, look you strongly arm to meet him.
The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us,
And he is bred out of that bloody strain,[12]
That haunted us in our familiar paths:
Witness our too much memorable shame,
When Cressy battle fatally was struck,[13]
And all our princes captiv'd, by the hand
Of that black name, Edward black prince of Wales;

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1) Es geht uns mit mehr als gewöhnlicher Sorge nah, den Engländern in unsern Vertheidigungsmassregeln so entgegenzutreten, wie es einem Könige geziemt. 2) *to line* = ausstatten, ist mit *with men of courage*, dagegen *to new-repair* = wieder herstellen, mit *with means defendant* zu verbinden. 3) Die Engländer, die wir gering geachtet hatten und die uns deshalb verderblich wurden. — *upon our fields* bezieht sich namentlich auf das Schlachtfeld von Crecy, von dem vorher und nachher die Rede ist. 4) *to dull* = abstumpfen, in Sicherheit einschläfern. 5) Wenn es sich auch um keinen Krieg, noch um eine offenkundige Streitsache handelte. — Die Negation, die vor *known quarrel* zweimal steht, ist vor *war* hinzuzudenken. 6) Der Mohrentanz, den der Dauphin hier als charakteristische Liebhaberei der Engländer aufführt, hielt seinen aus bestimmten stehenden Figuren bestehenden Aufzug durch die Strassen vornehmlich in der Pfingstzeit, sowie zum ersten Mai. Anspielungen darauf sind bei Sh. häufig; so in All 's well that ends well (A. 2, Sc. 2) *as fit as a morris for Mayday.* 7) *to be kinged* = mit einem Könige versehen, beherrscht sein. Das Adverbium *idly* sollte sich adjectivisch einem substantivischen *king* anschliessen: England hat einen so nichtsnutzigen König. So in Julius Cæsar (A. 2, Sc. 1) *Being so father'd, and so husbanded;* und in Macbeth (A. 4, Sc. 3) *O nation miserable,* || *With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd.* 8) England hat in seinem Gefolge nichts, was Schrecken oder Furcht erregen könnte. 9) Wie gemässigt er in dem Widerspruch auftrat, mit dem er die Erklärungen der Gesandten aufnahm. 10) Eine eingehende Charakteristik dieses Verfahrens gab Sh. in der Lucrece: *Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' side,* || *Seeing such emulation in their woe,* || *Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,* || *Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show etc.* 11) Die Construction wechselt, indem *which*, das sich auf *proportions of defence* bezieht, nachher in Verbindung mit *of a weak and niggardly projection* das Verbum *doth* hinter sich hat, als wenn von einer Person die Rede wäre. Indem man den Feind für mächtiger hält, als er sich zeigt, werden die Vertheidigungsrüstungen in genügendem Umfange hergestellt; wenn diese dagegen schwach und kärglich entworfen sind, so geht es wie bei einem Geizigen, der seinen Rock verdirbt, indem er ein wenig Zeug sparen will. — Die Schwierigkeit der Construction zu heben, ist für *which, of* sowohl *which, if* als auch *which oft* vorgeschlagen worden. 12) *strain* = Art, Stammeseigenthümlichkeit. — Hier sind wieder die tapfern Vorfahren Heinrich's, Eduard III. und dessen Sohn, der schwarze Prinz, gemeint, die schon einmal die Franzosen auf ihren heimischen, altvertrauten Pfaden heimsuchten, schon einmal in Frankreich Krieg führten. 13) *to strike a battle*

Whiles that his mountain sire, — on mountain standing,[14]
Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun, —
Saw his heroical seed, and smil'd to see him
Mangle the work of nature, and deface
The patterns that by God and by French fathers
Had twenty years been made. This is a stem
Of that victorious stock; and let us fear
The native mightiness and fate[15] of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Ambassadors from Harry king of England
Do crave admittance to your majesty.
Fr. King. We 'll give them present audience. Go, and bring them.
[Exeunt Messenger and certain Lords.
You see, this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.
Dau. Turn head, and stop pursuit; for coward dogs
Most spend their mouths,[16] when what they seem to threaten
Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,
Take up the English short, and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head:
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.

Re-enter Lords, with EXETER *and Train.*

Fr. King. From our brother England?[17]
Exe. From him; and thus he greets your majesty.
He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
That you divest yourself, and lay apart
The borrow'd glories, that by gift of heaven,
By law of nature, and of nations, 'long
To him, and to his heirs; namely, the crown,
And all wide-stretched honours that pertain,
By custom and the ordinance of times,
Unto the crown of France. That you may know,
'T is no sinister, nor no awkward claim,
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,
Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd,
He sends you this most memorable line,[18]
[Gives a pedigree.
In every branch truly demonstrative;
Willing you overlook this pedigree,
And when you find him evenly deriv'd
From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,
Edward the Third, he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him, the native and true challenger.
Fr. King. Or else what follows?
Exe. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it:
Therefore[19] in fierce tempest is he coming,
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a Jove,
That, if requiring fail, he will compel;
And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,[20]
Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy
On the poor souls, for whom this hungry war
Opens his vasty jaws; and on your head
Turning[21] the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
The dead men's blood, the pining[22] maidens' groans,
For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.
This is his claim, his threat'ning, and my message;
Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.
Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this further:
To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother England.
Dau. For the Dauphin,
I stand here for him: what to him from England?
Exe. Scorn and defiance, slight regard, contempt,
And anything that may not misbecome
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus says my king: an if[23] your father's highness
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
He 'll call you to so hot an answer of it,
That caves and womby vaultages of France
Shall chide your trespass, and return your mock
In second accent of his ordinance.[24]
Dau. Say, if my father render fair return,
It is against my will; for I desire
Nothing but odds with England: to that end,

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entspricht ganz dem deutschen: eine Schlacht schlagen. 14) Eduard III. erschien, auf dem Berge stehend und den tapfern Thaten seines Sohnes zuschauend, gleichsam selbst wie ein Berg emporragend. So in Spenser's Faerie Queene: *Where stretch'd he lay upon the sunny side || Of a great hill, himself like a great hill.* — Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 2, Anm. 22. — Diesem hyperbolischen Bilde, das den König zu einem Berge macht, entspricht es denn auch, dass die über ihm scheinende Sonne zu einer Krone gemacht wird, die er auf dem Haupte trägt. 15) *fate of him* ist die ihm vom Schicksal zuerkannte Bestimmung. 16) Feige Hunde bellen am lautesten, wenn das Wild, das sie verfolgen, schon weit vor ihnen läuft. — Der französische König solle nicht viel Federlesens mit den Engländern machen, sondern sie kurz abfertigen, empfiehlt der Dauphin in diesem von der Jagd entlehnten Gleichniss. 17) So die beiden ersten Qs.; die Fol. hat *brother of England.* Ebenso in der zweitfolgenden Rede des Königs von Frankreich: *back to our brother England.* 18) *memorable line* = eine zum Gedächtniss aufgezeichnete Linie oder Reihenfolge, ein Stammbaum *(pedigree)*, der in allen seinen Abzweigungen ächte Beweise enthält, d. h. von der Rechtmässigkeit der Erbansprüche Heinrich's. 19) Die meisten Hgg. lesen mit Rowe zur Verbesserung des Verses *and therefore.* Indess steht die Zeile so in Qs. und Fol. Vielleicht wäre *fierce* zweisylbig *(fi-erce* zu lesen. — Sidney Walker vermuthete *fiery* für *fierce.* 20) *in the bowels of the Lord* erhält seine Erklärung durch das folgende *to take mercy*, da *bowels* als Sitz des Erbarmens aufgefasst wird. — Sh. fand den Ausdruck bei Holinshed: *nevertheless exhorted the French king, in the bowels of Jesu Christ, to render him etc.* 21) *turning* ist Apposition zu dem freilich davon getrennt stehenden *he*, d. h. Heinrich. — Viele Hgg. lesen mit den Qs. *turns he.* 22) *pining* in den Qs. — *privy*, wie die Fol. dafür liest, müsste in Sh.'scher Construction mit *groans* verbunden werden = die geheimen, stillen Mädchenseufzer. — Am Schluss dieser Rede hat die Fol. *greeting to*, von der zweiten Folioausg. verbessert. 23) Das *and if* der Fol. ist hier, wie an manchen andern Stellen, wohl *an if* zu lesen. Die meisten Hgg. fassen es aber *and, if*, obwohl die Copula *and* hier wenig passen will. 24) *ordinance* = Geschütz, die alte Orthographie für das jetzige *ordnance*, die hier beizubehalten ist, da das Wort dreisylbig den Vers vervollständigt. — In der vorhergehenden Zeile ist, wie Staunton annimmt,

As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did present him with the Paris balls.[25]
Exe. He 'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,
Were it the mistress court of mighty Europe:
And, be assur'd, you 'll find a difference,
As we, his subjects, have in wonder found,
Between the promise of his greener days,[26]
And these he masters now. Now he weighs time,
Even to the utmost grain; that you shall read
In your own losses, if he stay in France.
Fr. King. To-morrow shall you know our mind at full.
Exe. Despatch us with all speed, lest that our king
Come here himself to question our delay;[27]
For he is footed in this land already.
Fr. King. You shall be soon despatch'd with fair conditions.
A night is but small breath, and little pause,
To answer matters of this consequence. *[Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies,
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose, that you have seen
The well-appointed king at Hampton pier[1]
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning.[2]
Play with your fancies,[3] and in them behold
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing;
Hear the shrill whistle,[4] which doth order give
To sounds confus'd; behold the threaden sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping[5] wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge. O! do but think,
You stand upon the rivage,[6] and behold
A city on the inconstant billows dancing;
For so appears this fleet majestical,
Holding due course to Harfleur.[7] Follow, follow!
Grapple your minds to sternage[8] of this navy.
And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women,
Either past, or not arriv'd to, pith and puissance:
For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege:
Behold the ordnance on their carriages,[9]
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
Suppose, the ambassador from the French comes back;
Tells Harry that the king doth offer him
Katharine his daughter; and with her, to dowry,
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
The offer likes not;[10] and the nimble gunner
With linstock[11] now the devilish cannon touches,
[Alarum, and chambers go off.
And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eke out[12] our performance with your mind. *[Exit.*

SCENE I.

France. Before Harfleur.

Alarums. Enter King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Gloster, *and Soldiers, with scaling-ladders.*

K. Hen. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall[1] up with our English dead!
In peace, there 's nothing so becomes a man,
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;

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to chide doppelsinnig gebraucht = *to rebuke*, und = *to echo*. Ob diese letztere Bedeutung statt der sonst dem Verbum zukommenden = lärmen, nachweislich ist, steht jedoch zu bezweifeln. 25) *Paris balls*, wie schon Holinshed sie nennt, sind die Federbälle, weil sie in Paris angefertigt waren. — Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 2, Anm. 66. — Es ist damit ein Gegensatz zwischen *Paris balls* und *Paris Louvre* gewonnen. 26) Ein Unterschied zwischen Dem, was seine unreifern, jüngeren Tage erwarten liessen, und zwischen den Tagen, die er jetzt zu seiner Verfügung hat und benutzt. 27) *to question our delay* = nach der Ursache unserer Säumniss forschen.

1) *well-appointed* = wohlgerüstet, vollständig in Ordnung und Bereitschaft. — *Hampton* (scil. *Southampton*) ist Theobald's Emendation für *Dover pier*, wie die Fol. liest, im Widerspruche mit dem Chronisten und mit Sh.'s vorhergehender Darstellung. 2) So verbesserte Rowe das *fayning* der Fol. — Die stattliche Flotte lässt ihre seidenen Wimpel in der Morgensonne flattern. 3) Die Phantasie der Zuschauer muss mitspielen und das Drama ergänzen, indem sie Das darstellt, was die Schauspieler nicht vorführen. 4) Die Pfeife des Bootsmanns, welche in den wirren Matrosenlärmen Ordnung bringt. 5) *invisible and creeping* ist nach dem Sh.'schen Gebrauche der Copula *and* etwa *invisibly creeping:* der Wind schleicht, ehe man es merkt, herbei und in die Segel, und diese, von ihm fortgetragen, schleppen ihrerseits die grossen Schiffe durch die von ihnen gefurchte See. 6) *rivage* = Strand, Ufer. Das zu Sh.'s Zeit schon veraltete Wort hat auch Spenser in der Faerie Queene von einem Flussufer: *Golden sand,* || *The which Pactolus with his waters shere* || *Throws forth upon the rivage round about him near.* 7) Qs. und Fol. nennen die Stadt *Harflew*, Holinshed *Harflue.* 8) *sternage*, ein sonst nicht vorkommendes Wort, = Steuerruder, oder = Schiffshintertheil, in welchen beiden Bedeutungen auch *stern* ehemals gebraucht wurde. — Malone vermuthet *steerage*, welche Bedeutung Staunton dem Worte *sternage* beilegen wollte. 9) Das Feldgeschütz auf seinen Rädergestellen. 10) Dieses Anerbieten sagt nicht zu, gefällt dem König Heinrich nicht. — So wird *to like* = gefallen, öfter construirt. 11) *linstock* = Luntenstock, der Stock, an dessen Ende der brennende Zunder befestigt wurde. — Die folgende Bühnenweisung, die sich bereits in der Fol. findet, besagt, dass auf dem Sh.'schen Theater kleine Böller gelöst wurden, um den hinter der Scene vor sich gehenden Angriff auf die Stadt Harfleur anzudeuten. Dabei wird die Bresche geschossen, zu deren Erstürmung in den ersten Worten der folgenden Scene Heinrich seine Soldaten auffordert. 12) *to eke out* = ausfüllen, vermehren, ergänzen. — Die Fol. schreibt das Wort *eech*, wie die veraltete Aussprache lautete, die z. B. Sh. geflissentlich in seinem Pericles (A. 3) beibehielt: *And time, that is so briefly spent,* || *With your fine fancies quaintly eche;* || *What 's dumb in show, I 'll plain with speech.*

Stiffen the sinews, summon[2] up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd[3] rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;[4]
Let it pry through the portage of the head,
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,[5]
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height![6] — On, on, you noblest[7] English!
Whose blood is fet[8] from fathers of war-proof,
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.[9]
Dishonour not your mothers: now attest,
That those, whom you call'd fathers, did beget you.[10]
Be copy now to men[11] of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war. — And you, good yeomen,[12]
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.[13]
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining[14] upon the start. The game 's afoot:
Follow your spirit; and upon this charge,
Cry — God for Harry! England and Saint George![15]

[Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off.

SCENE II.

The Same.

Enter NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, *and Boy.*

Bard. On, on, on, on, on! to the breach, to the breach!

Nym. Pray thee, corporal, stay: the knocks are too hot; and for mine own part, I have not a case of lives:[1] the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

Pist. The plain-song is most just, for humours do abound;
Knocks go and come, God's vassals drop and die;
And sword and shield,
In bloody field,
Doth win immortal fame.

Boy. 'Would I were in an ale-house in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale, and safety.

Pist. And I:
If wishes would prevail with me,
My purpose should not fail with me,
But thither would I hie.

Boy. As duly,
But not as truly,
As bird doth sing on bough.[2]

Enter FLUELLEN.

Flu. Up to the breach, you dogs! avaunt, you cullions![3] *[Driving them forward.*

Pist. Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould![4]
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage;
Abate thy rage, great duke!
Good bawcock, bate thy rage; use lenity, sweet chuck!

Nym. These be good humours![5] — your honour wins bad humours.

[Exeunt NYM, PISTOL, *and* BARDOLPH, *followed by* FLUELLEN.

Boy. As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers. I am boy to them all three, but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me;[6] for, indeed, three such anticks do not amount to a man. For Bardolph, he is white-livered, and red-faced; by the

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1) *the wall* ist dasselbe, was ebenvorher *the breach* hiess: die in die Mauer geschossene Bresche, die entweder von den Engländern erstürmt oder mit den Leibern ihrer Gefallenen ausgefüllt werden muss. 2) So verbesserte Rowe das *commune* der Fol. 3) *hard-favoured* = von hässlicher, unfreundlicher Miene. 4) *aspect*, von Sh. auf der zweiten Sylbe betont, ist hier = Blick des Auges. Das Auge soll so dräuend aus dem Kopfe herausblicken, wie das Geschütz aus den Schiessscharten einer Mauer. 5) *o'erhang and jutty* ist, da *to jutty* eigentlich ein intransitives Verbum ist, zu verbinden, = Etwas mit einem Vorsprung überragen. Die Stirn soll so drohend über das Auge vorspringen, wie ein vom Meer verwitterter Felsen über seine bereits von der Fluth vernichtete Basis hervorragt. — *confounded* = vernichtet, erhält seine nähere Erklärung in *Swill'd etc.* 6) Alle Lebensgeister sollen so hoch als möglich angespannt werden. Das Bild ist von dem Spannen eines Bogens entlehnt. 7) So verbessert die zweite Folioausg. von 1632 den Druckfehler *noblish* in der ersten. — Malone las dafür *noble*, Knight *nobless* = Adel, ein veraltetes, aber von Sh. auch sonst gebrauchtes Wort. 8) Eine alte Participialform für *fetched*. Sh. hat *deep-fet groans* in K. Henry VI. Second Part (A. 2, Sc. 4). 9) Sie steckten ihre Schwerter wieder ein aus Mangel an Stoff, weil es für die Schwerter nichts mehr zu thun gab. 10) Dass sie Euch wirklich erzeugten. 11) *men* in der vierten Folioausg.; die drei ersten haben *me*. 12) Nachdem der König zuerst die Adligen zur Tapferkeit aufgefordert, wendet er sich jetzt an die Soldaten niederen Ranges, denen er den, hier nicht wörtlich zu nehmenden, Ehrentitel *yeomen* ertheilt. 13) *your eyes* steht mit einer bei Sh. häufigen Attraction für *his eyes*. 14) *straining* verbessert Rowe das *straying* der Fol. Die kampfbegierigen Soldaten stehen da wie Jagdhunde an der Leine, die sich drängen, losgelassen zu werden zur Verfolgung des Wildes. Vgl. A. 1, Chorus, Anm. 6. 15) *England and Saint George!* ist ein zweiter Schlachtruf, der mit dem ersten *God for Harry!* in keiner nähern Verbindung steht.

1) *case of lives* ist humoristisch gesagt nach Analogie von *case of pistols* = Pistolenbehälter, worin zwei Pistolen stecken, dass, wenn die eine verbraucht ist, man die andere herausnehmen kann. Der einfache Sinn wäre also: ich habe nur ein Leben zu verlieren. 2) Diese Reime, welche Pistol citirt und der Page erwiedert, wahrscheinlich Bruchstücke aus jetzt verlorenen Balladen der Zeit, sind in der Fol. als Prosa gedruckt. 3) So die Fol. — Die meisten Hgg. entlehnen dafür willkürlich die entsprechende Stelle der Qs.: *God's plood! Up to the breaches, you rascals! will you not up to the breaches?* Zugleich suchen sie die Spracheigenthümlichkeiten des Wallisers consequenter durchzuführen, indem sie *preach* für *breach* schreiben. — Fluellen spricht oft *b* wie *p*, *d* wie *t*, *v* wie *f*, *s* wie *sh* aus und fehlt in der englischen Grammatik durch ungehörige Anwendung der Pluralformen der Nomina, sowie durch manche Missgriffe in der Flexion des Verbums, und durch Verwechslung der beiden Hülfs-

means whereof, 'a faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol, he hath a killing tongue, and a quiet sword; by the means whereof 'a breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym, he hath heard, that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds; for 'a never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk. They will steal anything, and call it purchase.[7] Bardolph stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three half-pence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching, and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel; I knew, by that piece of service, the men would carry coals.[8] They would have me as familiar with men's pockets, as their gloves or their handkerchiefs: which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket, to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs.[9] I must leave them, and seek some better service: their villany goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up.

[Exit.

Re-enter Fluellen, Gower *following.*

Gow. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines:[10] the duke of Gloster would speak with you.

Flu. To the mines! tell you the duke, it is not so good to come to the mines. For, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war; the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athversary (you may discuss unto the duke, look you) is digt[11] himself four yard under the countermines. By Cheshu, I think, 'a will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

Gow. The duke of Gloster, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman; a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

Flu. It is captain Macmorris, is it not?

Gow. I think it be.

Flu. By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the world.[12] I will verify as much in his peard: he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

Enter Macmorris *and* Jamy, *at a distance.*

Gow. Here 'a comes; and the Scots captain, captain Jamy, with him.

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition, and knowledge in the ancient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the world, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

Jamy. I say, gud day,[13] captain Fluellen.

Flu. God-den to your worship, good captain James.

Gow. How now, captain Macmorris! have you quit the mines? have the pioners[14] given o'er?

Mac. By Chrish la, tish ill done: the work ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over: I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la, in an hour. O! tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I beseech you now, will you vouchsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline: that is the point.

Jamy. It sall be very gud, gud feith, gud captains bath: and I sall quit you with gud leve,[15] as I may pick occasion; that sall I, marry.

Mac. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me. The day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes; it is no time to discourse. The town is beseeched, and the trumpet call us[16] to the breach, and we talk, and, be Chrish, do nothing: 't is shame for us all; so God sa' me, 't is shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand; and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done, and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la.

Jamy. By the mess, ere theise eyes of mine take themselves to slomber, aile de gud service, or aile lig[17] i' the grund for it; ay, or go to death; and aile pay it as valorously as I may, that sal I surely do, that is the breff and the long. Marry, I wad full fain heard some question 'tween you tway.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation —

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verba *to have* und *to be.* 4) *duke*, in dem alterthümlichen Sinne = Heerführer, Feldherr, und *men of mould* = Menschen aus Staub gebildet, sind charakteristisch für Pistol's bombastische, theilweise aus alten Tragödien entlehnte Redeweise. 5) Diese Worte sind ironisch gemeint und beziehen sich auf die Schläge, mit denen Fluellen diese Feiglinge in den Kampf treibt. — *Enter Fluellen and beats them in* ist die Bühnenweisung der Qs. 6) *boy to them*, doppelsinnig = ein Knabe im Verhältniss zu ihnen, und = ihr Page; ebenso *man* = Mann, und = Diener. — *all they three* = sie alle drei, in familiärem Sprachgebrauch. 7) Dieser Euphemismus für Diebstahl, Beute, kam schon in K. Henry IV. First Part (A. 2, Sc. 1) vor: *thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.* 8) *to carry coals* = Kohlen schleppen, in Bezug auf *fire-shovel*, und in übertragenem, sprichwörtlichem Sinne = schmutzige Arbeit verrichten, sich Alles bieten lassen. — Eben so doppelsinnig ist *piece of service* = ein Stück Hausrath, und = Stück vom Kriegsdienst. — Die Qs. haben einfach dafür: *I knew by that they meant to carry coals.* 9) *to pocket up wrongs*, doppelsinnig = Beleidigungen ruhig hinnehmen, und = verkehrte Dinge, fremdes Eigenthum, in die Tasche stecken. 10) Die Minen, welche die Belagerer graben, um die Mauern der Stadt in die Luft zu sprengen, oder um durch dieselben in die Stadt einzudringen. 11) Das *digt* der Fol., vielleicht für den Dialekt Fluellen's bezeichnend, ändern manche Hgg. stillschweigend in *dight* um. Die Qs. haben *digged.* — Fluellen will sagen, dass der Feind seine Contreminen vier Ellen tiefer als die Minen gegraben habe. 12) d. h. ein Esel, wie nur einer in der Welt ist. 13) Die Hgg. schreiben dem schottischen Dialekte gemäss *gude*. Vgl. Anm. 3 dieser Scene. — Weitere schottische Eigenthümlichkeiten, wie *bath* für *both*, *feith* für *faith* etc. finden sich jedoch schon in der Fol. 14) *pioners*, mit betonter erster Sylbe, ist das Sh.'sche Wort, das die meisten Hgg. in *pioneers* modernisiren. 15) Ich werde es Euch mit Erlaubniss vergelten, wie ich Gelegenheit dazu finde. — *to quit* = *to requite.* 16) Die Hgg. corrigiren einen geflissentlich angebrachten Sprachschnitzer und setzen *calls us.* 17) *de* für *do*, *lig* für *lie*, *breff* für *brief*, *wad* für *would.* — Am Schlusse dieser Rede setzen die

Mac. Of my nation! What ish my nation?[18] Ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal. What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, captain Macmorris, peradventure, I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being as good a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Mac. I do not know you so good a man as myself: so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

Gow. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Jamy. Au! that 's a foul fault. *[A parley sounded.*

Gow. The town sounds a parley.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of wars; and there is an end. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Same. Before the Gates of Harfleur.

The Governor and some Citizens on the walls; the English Forces below. Enter King Henry *and his Train.*

K. Hen. How yet resolves the governor of the town?
This is the latest parle we will admit:
Therefore, to our best mercy give yourselves;
Or, like to men proud of destruction,
Defy us to our worst: for, as I am a soldier,
A name that in my thoughts becomes me best,
If I begin the battery once again,
I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur,
Till in her ashes she lie buried.
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up;[1]
And the flesh'd soldier,[2] rough and hard of heart,
In liberty of bloody hand shall range
With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass
Your fresh-fair virgins, and your flowering infants.
What is it then to me, if impious war,
Array'd in flames like to the prince of fiends,
Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats
Enlink'd to waste and desolation?[3]
What is 't to me, when you yourselves are cause,
If your pure maidens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing violation?
What rein can hold licentious wickedness,
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
We may as bootless spend our vain command
Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil,[4]
As send precepts[5] to the leviathan
To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
Take pity of your town, and of your people,
Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command;
Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
Of heady[6] murder, spoil, and villany.
If not, why, in a moment look to see
The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
Defile[7] the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls;
Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,
Whiles the mad[8] mothers with their howls confus'd
Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry
At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.
What say you? will you yield, and this avoid?
Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?[9]

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end.
The Dauphin, whom of succour we entreated,[10]
Returns us, that his powers are yet not ready
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great king,
We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy.
Enter our gates; dispose of us and ours;
For we no longer are defensible.[11]

K. Hen. Open your gates! — Come, uncle Exeter,
Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain,
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French:
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,
The winter coming on, and sickness growing
Upon our soldiers, we will retire to Calais.
To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest;
To-morrow for the march are we addrest.[12]

[Flourish. The King, *etc., enter the town.*

SCENE IV.

Rouen. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Katharine *and* Alice.

Kath. *Alice, tu as esté en Angleterre, et tu bien parles le langaye.*[1]

Alice. *Un peu, Madame.*

Kath. *Je te prie, m'enseigniez; il faut que je apprend à parler. Comment appellez vous le main, en Anglois?*

Cambridge Edd. *hear* für *heard*. Plausibler fügt ein Anonymus *ha'* vor *heard* ein. 18) Macmorris versteht das Wort *nation* = Herkunft, Abstammung. — Knight setzt die Worte *ish a villain — — rascal* hinter *Who talks of my nation*, womit er sie zu einem Satze verbindet.

1) So in K. Henry VI. Third Part (A. 1, Sc. 4) *Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!* 2) *fleshed soldier* = der einmal in die Uebung gekommene, an's Gemetzel gewöhnte Soldat. 3) Alle grässlichen Thaten, die an die Verwüstung und Vernichtung festgekettet, mit der Erstürmung und Plünderung einer Stadt verknüpft sind. — *to enlink* ist nach Analogie von *to enchain* gebildet. 4) *enraged* ist mit *in their spoil* zu verbinden. — Drei Zeilen vorher ist *wickedness* poetisch als Masculinum gefasst. 5) *precept*, ein gerichtlicher Ausdruck, = Vorladungsbefehl, Citation. 6) So verbessert die Folioausg. von 1632 das *headly* der ersten Fol. — *heady* = gewaltsam, stürmisch, scheint ein geeigneteres Beiwort zu den drei folgenden Substantiven, als die von manchen Hggn. vorgezogene Conjectur *deadly*. 7) *defile* ist Rowe's Verbesserung für *desire* der Fol. 8) d. h. vom Schmerze wahnsinnig. 9) Die Qs. und Fol. haben erst hier *Enter Governor*, während die Fol. zu Anfang der Scene nur die Bühnenweisung hatte: *Enter the King and all his Train before the Gates.* 10) *to entreat, to desire* und ähnliche Verba werden bei Sh. oft mit dem Accusativ der Person und *of* der Sache construirt. — In der folgenden Zeile ändern viele Hgg. willkürlich *not yet ready* für *yet not ready*. 11) Wir sind nicht mehr in vertheidigungsfähigem Zustande. — Die Qs. haben *For we no longer are defensive now.* 12) *addrest for* = gerüstet, bereit zu Etwas.

Alice. *Le main? il est appellé*, de hand.
Kath. De hand. *Et les doigts?*
Alice. *Les doigts? ma foy, je oublie*[2] *les doigts; mais je me souviendray. Les doigts? je pense, qu'ils sont appellé* de fingres; *ouy*, de fingres.
Kath. *Le main*, de hand; *les doigts*, de fingres. *Je pense, que je suis le bon escolier. J'ai gagné deux mots d'Anglois vistement. Comment appellez vous les ongles?*
Alice. *Les ongles? les appellons*, de nails.
Kath. De nails. *Escoutez; dites moy, si je parle bien:* de hand, de fingres, et de nails.
Alice. *C'est bien dict, Madame; il est fort bon Anglois.*
Kath. *Dites moy l'Anglois pour le bras.*
Alice. De arm, *Madame.*
Kath. *Et le coude?*
Alice. De elbow.
Kath. De elbow. *Je m'en faitz la repetition de tous les mots, que vous m'avez apprins dès à present.*
Alice. *Il est trop difficile, Madame, comme je pense.*
Kath. *Excuse moy, Alice; escoute:* de hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de bilbow.
Alice. De elbow, *Madame.*
Kath. *O Seigneur Dieu! je m'en oublie;* de elbow. *Comment appellez vous le col?*
Alice. De nick, *Madame.*
Kath. De nick. *Et le menton?*
Alice. De chin.
Kath. De sin. *Le col*, de nick; *le menton*, de sin.
Alice. *Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur, en verité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droict que les natifs d'Angleterre.*
Kath. *Je ne doute point d'apprendre par la grace de Dieu, et en peu de temps.*
Alice. *N'avez vous deja oublié ce que je vous ay enseigné?*
Kath. *Non, je reciteray à vous promptement.* De hand, de fingre, de mails, —
Alice. De nails, *Madame.*
Kath. De nails, de arme, de ilbow.
Alice. *Sauf vostre honneur*, de elbow.
Kath. *Ainsi dis je;* de elbow, de nick, *et* de sin. *Comment appellez vous le pied et la robe?*
Alice. De foot, *Madame; et* de coun.[3]
Kath. De foot, *et* de coun? *O Seigneur Dieu! ils sont les mots de son mauvais, corruptible, grosse, et impudique, et non pour les dames de honneur d'user. Je ne voudrois prononcer ces mots devant les Seigneurs de France, pour tout le monde. Il faut* de foot, *et* de coun, *neant-moins.*[4] *Je reciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble:* de hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de coun.
Alice. *Excellent, Madame.*
Kath. *C'est assez pour une fois: allons nous à disner.*
[Exeunt.

SCENE V.

The Same. Another Room in the Same.

Enter the French King, the Dauphin, *Duke of* Bourbon, *the Constable of France, and Others.*

Fr. King. 'T is certain, he hath pass'd the river Somme.
Con. And if he be not fought withal, my lord,
Let us not live in France; let us quit all,
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.
Dau. *O Dieu vivant!* shall a few sprays of us,[1]
The emptying of our fathers' luxury,[2]
Our scions, put in wild and savage[3] stock,
Spirt up so suddenly into the clouds,
And overlook their grafters?
Bour. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards.
Mort de ma vie! if they march along
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,
To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm
In that nook-shotten[4] isle of Albion.
Con. *Dieu de battailes!* where have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull,
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,
A drench for sur-rein'd jades,[5] their barley-broth,

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1) Das Französische in dieser Scene, auf welche Sh. schon in dem Epilog zu K. Henry IV. hindeutet, sowie in einigen folgenden Scenen, darf, da es ohne Zweifel von Sh. selbst herrührt, nur in den Druckfehlern der Fol., nicht aber, wie manche Hgg., freilich unconsequent und nicht durchgreifend, es thun, auch in der Orthographie und in den Sprachfehlern verbessert werden. Abgesehen von diesen Eigenthümlichkeiten, die Sh. angehören, ist das Französisch der Fol. so leidlich, während das in den Qs., wie es scheint, von einem unwissenden Schreiber nach dem Gehör aufgezeichnet, kaum zu erkennen ist. — In der Vertheilung der Reden herrscht auch in der Fol. grosse Verwirrung, die Theobald zuerst gehoben hat. — Die Fol. hat *Enter Katharine and an old Gentlewoman*, bezeichnet aber die Reden der Letztern mit *Alice.* 2) So die Fol. Sh. wollte wahrscheinlich *j'ai oublié* sagen. — Das Französisch der Fol. enthält keinerlei Accente. 3) scil. *the gown.* In der Fol. steht *Le Foot et le Count.* 4) Die Fol. hat *toute le monde, fo le Foot et le Count, neantmoys, Je recitera etc.* Deshalb setzen die Cambridge Edd.: *Foh! le foot et le coun! Néanmoins, je reciterai etc.* Indess steht schon in der zweiten Folioausg. *il faut.*

1) Der Dauphin deutet in diesem Tropus auf die Einwanderung der normännischen Franzosen in England unter Wilhelm dem Eroberer, der selbst ein Bastard war, hin. 2) *luxury* = Ueppigkeit, Geilheit. 3) *savage*, hier von Pflanzen gebraucht = wildwachsend, uncultivirt. 4) *nook-shotten* bezieht Warburton auf die gezackte, allenthalben in Ecken und Winkel auslaufende Gestalt Englands, gleichsam = *projected into nooks.* — Der Verachtung, mit welcher Bourbon das Wort gebraucht, entspricht eher Knight's Erklärung: *an isle thrust or shot into a nook or corner*, also eine Insel, die an abgelegenem Orte, gleichsam am Ende der Welt, zum Vorschein gekommen ist. — Genauer erklärt Staunton *nook-shotten isle* = *an isle spawned in a corner* und erinnert dabei an *shotten herring* = ein Häring, der gelaicht hat. — Die Qs. haben *In that short-nook isle of England.* 5) Der Connetable spricht verächtlich von dem Bier, dem englischen Nationalgetränk, als von einem Gebräu, das füglich als Arznei für abgetriebene Pferde dienen könnte. — *sur-reined*, d. h. *overworked in the reins*, findet sich in Jack Drum's Entertainment (1601): *A sur-rein'd jaded wit, but he rubs on.* — Die Qs. haben die Stelle

Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty? O! for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like roping icicles
Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people
Sweat drops of gallant youth [6] in our rich fields;
Poor we may [7] call them in their native lords.

Dau. By faith and honour,
Our madams mock at us, and plainly say,
Our mettle is bred out; and they will give
Their bodies to the lust of English youth,
To new-store France with bastard warriors.

Bour. They bid us to the English dancing-schools,
And teach lavoltas high, and swift corantos; [8]
Saying, our grace is only in our heels,
And that we are most lofty runaways.

Fr. King. Where is Montjoy, the herald? speed him hence:
Let him greet England [9] with our sharp defiance. —
Up, princes! and, with spirit of honour edg'd
More sharper than your swords, hie to the field:
Charles Delabreth, high constable of France;
You dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berry,
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;
Jaques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,
Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Fauconberg,
Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois; [10]
High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights, [11]
For your great seats, now quit you of great shames,
Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land
With pennons [12] painted in the blood of Harfleur:
Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat
The Alps [13] doth spit and void his rheum upon:
Go, down upon him, — you have power enough, —
And in a captive chariot into Roan [14]
Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the great.
Sorry am I, his numbers are so few,
His soldiers sick, and famish'd in their march;
For, I am sure, when he shall see our army,
He 'll drop his heart into the sink of fear, [15]
And, for achievement, offer us his ransom. [16]

Fr. King. Therefore, lord constable, haste on Montjoy,
And let him say to England, that we send
To know what willing ransom [17] he will give. —
Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Roan.

Dau. Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain with us. —
Now, forth, lord constable, and princes all,
And quickly bring us word of England's fall. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The English Camp in Picardy.

Enter Gower *and* Fluellen.

Gow. How now, captain Fluellen? come you from the bridge?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent services committed at the pridge.

Gow. Is the duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermost power: he is not (God be praised and blessed!) [1] any hurt in the world, but keeps the pridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an aunchient lieutenant [2] there at the pridge, — I think, in my very conscience, he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony; and he is a man of no estimation in the world: but I did see him do as gallant service.

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so: *Can barley broth, a drench for swoln jades,* || *Their sodden water decoct such lively blood?* 6) *drops of youthful blood* ist die Lesart der Qs., die zur Erklärung der Lesart der Fol. dienen kann. 7) Das in der Fol. zufällig ausgefallene *may* ergänzt die zweite Folioausg. von 1632. — Die reich gesegneten französischen Gefilde sind nur darin arm, dass ihre angestammten Besitzer den Engländern gegenüber eine so klägliche Rolle spielen. 8) Die französischen Damen rathen höhnisch ihren Männern, da sie doch in keiner andern Weise es mit den Engländern aufnehmen können, den Letztern Unterricht im Tanzen zu ertheilen, da die Kraft den Franzosen doch vornehmlich in den Fersen steckt, mit denen sie davonlaufen. — *lavolta*, ein lebhafter Tanz mit hohen Sprüngen, wird ebenso in Troilus and Cressida (A. 4, Sc. 4) erwähnt: *I cannot sing, nor heel the high lavolt. — coranto*, ebenfalls ein rascher Tanz, wird in Twelfth-Night (A. 1, Sc. 3) und All's well that ends well (A. 2, Sc. 3) genannt. 9) *England* ist auch hier = König Heinrich, der nachher *Harry England* genannt wird. — Drei Zeilen weiter hat die Fol. in Uebereinstimmung mit Holinshed *Delabreth*, von Capell in *De-la-bret* corrigirt. Der eigentliche Name ist *D'Albret*. 10) Diese Namen entlehnte Sh. aus Holinshed. — Ebendaher ist auch *Fauconberg* und *Foix* emendirt, wofür die Fol. *Faulconbridge* und *Loys* hat. 11) *knights* verbesserte Theobald das *kings* der Fol. 12) *pennon* = Fähnchen. Steevens theilt aus einem alten Wappenbuche folgende Beschreibung davon mit: *a penon must be tow yardes and a halfe longe, made round at the end, and conteyn'th the armes of the owner, and servith for the conduct of fifty men.* 13) *Alps* wird von Sh. hier als ein Substantiv im Singular behandelt. 14) So, als einsylbiges Wort, steht der Name der Stadt überall bei Sh., wie auch Holinshed *Rone* schreibt. — Die Hgg. setzen stillschweigend überall das zweisylbige *Rouen* dafür. — *in a captive chariot* = in einem Wagen, wie er für Kriegsgefangene sich eignet. 15) Die Furcht wird verächtlich als eine Kloake bezeichnet, in welche Heinrich's Herz hineinfällt. — Der Connetable gebraucht geflissentlich ein so gemeines und widerliches Bild, wie in Antony and Cleopatra (A. 4, Sc. 7) *we 'll beat 'em into benchholes* vorkommt. 16) Er wird uns statt der Eroberung, die ihm misslingt, sein Lösegeld darbieten. — Staunton vermuthet *'fore achievement:* ehe wir uns seiner noch bemächtigt haben, wird er uns Lösegeld anbieten. 17) *willing ransom* = ein freiwillig dargebotenes, kein ihm auferlegtes, Lösegeld.

1) So die Fol., von manchen Hggn. in *plessed* umgeändert. Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 2, Anm. 3. — Die Brücke, von der die Beiden reden, ist laut Holinshed die bei Blangi über das Flüsschen Ternois führende, deren Uebergang die Franzosen dem englischen Heere auf seinem Marsche nach Calais verwehren wollten. 2) Der des Englischen nicht ganz kundige Fluellen häuft zwei verschiedene Titel, indem er Pistol als *ancient lieutenant* bezeichnet. —

Gow. What do you call him?
Flu. He is called aunchient[3] Pistol.
Gow. I know him not.

Enter Pistol.

Flu. Here is the man.[4]
Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours:
The duke of Exeter doth love thee well.
Flu. Ay, I praise God; and I have merited some love at his hands.
Pist. Bardolph, a soldier firm and sound of heart,
And of buxom[5] valour, hath, by cruel fate
And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That goddess blind,
That stands upon the rolling restless stone, —
Flu. By your patience, aunchient Pistol. Fortune is painted blind, with a muffler afore his eyes,[6] to signify to you that Fortune is blind. And she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you. which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation: and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls. In good truth, the poet makes[7] a most excellent description of it: Fortune is an excellent moral.
Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;
For he hath stol'n a pax,[8] and hanged must 'a be.
A damned death!
Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,
And let not hemp his wind-pipe suffocate.
But Exeter hath given the doom of death,
For pax of little price.
Therefore, go speak, the duke will hear thy voice,
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny cord, and vile reproach:
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.
Flu. Aunchient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.
Pist. Why then, rejoice therefore.[9]
Flu. Certainly, aunchient, it is not a thing to rejoice at; for if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the duke to use his good pleasure, and put him to execution; for discipline ought to be used.
Pist. Die and be damn'd; and figo[10] for thy friendship!
Flu. It is well.
Pist. The fig of Spain! *[Exit.*
Flu. Very good.
Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal: I remember him now; a bawd, a cutpurse.
Flu. I 'll assure you, 'a utter'd as prave words at the pridge, as you shall see in a summer's day. But it is very well; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.
Gow. Why, 't is a gull, a fool, a rogue; that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself at his return into London under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in the great commanders' names,[11] and they will learn you by rote where services were done; — at such and such a sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on; and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths:[12] and what a beard of the general's cut, and a horrid suit of the camp,[13] will do among foaming bottles, and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought on. But you must learn to know such slanders of the age,[14] or else you may be marvellously mistook.
Flu. I tell you what, captain Gower; I do perceive, he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the world he is: if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. *[Drum heard.]* Hark you, the king is coming, and I must speak with him from the pridge.[15]

Enter King Henry, Gloster, *and Soldiers.*[16]

Flu. God pless your majesty!
K. Hen. How now, Fluellen? cam'st thou from the bridge?
Flu. Ay, so please your majesty. The duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained the pridge: the French is gone off, look you, and there is gallant and most prave passages. Marry, th' athversary was have possession of

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Viele Hgg. lesen dafür mit den Qs. *an ensign.* 3) So die Fol., wie Fluellen *ish* für *is* etc. sagt. 4) Dafür entlehnen manche Hgg. aus den Qs. *Do you not know him? Here comes the man.* 5) *buxom*, eigentlich = fügsam, gelenkig, dann = geschickt, gewandt. 6) *his eyes* in der Fol. mit einem gewiss beabsichtigten Sprachfehler Fluellen's, den die Hgg. verwischen, indem sie mit den Qs. *her eyes* lesen. — *muffler* = Kopftuch, mit dem man theilweise das Gesicht verhüllte. 7) So die Fol.; die Qs. lesen *is make*, was die Hgg. theilweise unbedenklich, wie so manches Andere in diesen Reden, in ihren Text setzen. 8) *pax* = ein kleines, gemaltes Christusbild, das in der Kirche dargeboten wurde, um den Friedenskuss darauf zu drücken, ist die Lesart der Qs. *(packs)* und der Fol. *(pax)*. — Viele Hgg. lesen mit Theobald dafür *pix* = Hostienbüchse. Holinshed erzählt in der Darstellung dieses Krieges: *a soldier took a pix out of a church, for which he was apprehended, and the king not once removed till the box was restored and the offender strangled.* Vgl. Einleitung pag. 761. Sh., der diese Stelle vor Augen hatte, mochte *pax* und *pix* verwechseln. 9) Ein Citat aus Marlowe's Massacre of Paris: *The Guise is dead and I rejoice therefore.* 10) *figo* ist dasselbe, was Pistol nachher *fig of Spain* nennt: eine unanständige Handgeberde, welche die äusserste Verachtung und Beschimpfung ausdrückte. Wort und Sitte waren zu Sh.'s Zeit aus Spanien oder Italien eingeführt, und Anspielungen darauf sind auch bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen häufig. — Dieser Theil des Dialogs lautet in den Qs. so: Pist. *Die, and be damned, and a fig for thy friendship.* Flu. *That is good.* Pist. *The fig of Spain within thy jaw.* Flu. *That is very well.* Pist. *I say a fig within thy bowels and thy dirty maw.* [Exit Pistol.] Flu. *Captain Gower, cannot you hear it lighten and thunder?* Gow. *Why, is this the ancient you told me of? I remember him now, he is a bawd, a cutpurse.* 11) Sie wissen genau Bescheid in Namen von grossen Feldherren. 12) *new-tuned oaths*, eigentlich = Fluchwörter, nach neuer Melodie vorgebracht, daher = neuerfundene Fluchwörter. — *new-tuned* ist in Qs. und Fol. 13) Ein Bart, der militärisch so zugestutzt ist, wie der des Generals, und eine Tracht, die rauh und abstossend aussieht nach dem Lagerleben. 14) Ihr müsst solche Leute, die eine Schmach für unser Zeitalter sind, durchschauen lernen, oder Ihr könnt Euch auffallend täuschen. 15) *of the bridge* oder *about the bridge* will Fluellen sagen. 16) Die Bühnenweisung der Fol. *Drum and Colours. Enter the King and his poor Soldiers* bezeichnet den traurigen, abgerissenen Zustand, in welchem die von Krieg, Krankheit und Entbehrung mitgenommenen

the pridge, but he is enforced to retire, and the duke of Exeter is master of the pridge. I can tell your majesty, the duke is a prave man.

K. Hen. What men have you lost, Fluellen?

Flu. The perdition [17] of th' athversary hath been very great, reasonable great: marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church; one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames of fire; and his lips blows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue, and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire 's out.

K. Hen. We would have all such offenders so cut off: and we give express charge, that in our marches through the country there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for; none of the French upbraided, or abused in disdainful language; for when lenity [18] and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner. [19]

Tucket. Enter Montjoy.

Mont. You know me by my habit. [20]

K. Hen. Well then, I know thee: what shall I know of thee? [21]

Mont. My master's mind.

K. Hen. Unfold it.

Mont. Thus says my king: — Say thou to Harry of England, though we seemed dead, we did but sleep; advantage is a better soldier than rashness. [22] Tell him, we could have rebuked him at Harfleur; but that we thought not good to bruise an injury, till it were full ripe: [23] now we speak upon our cue, [24] and our voice is imperial. England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him, therefore, consider of his ransom; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which, in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. [25] For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add defiance; and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my king and master, so much my office.

K. Hen. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mont. Montjoy.

K. Hen. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,
And tell thy king, — I do not seek him now,
But could be willing to march on to Calais
Without impeachment; [26] for, to say the sooth,
Though 't is no wisdom to confess so much
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage, [27]
My people are with sickness much enfeebled,
My numbers lessen'd, and those few I have
Almost no better than so many French:
Who, when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
I thought upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen. — Yet, forgive me, God,
That I do brag thus! —. this your air of France [28]
Hath blown that vice in me: I must repent.
Go therefore, tell thy master, here I am:
My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk,
My army but a weak and sickly guard;
Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,
Though France himself, and such another neighbour,
Stand in our way. [29] There 's for thy labour, Montjoy. [30]
Go, bid thy master well advise himself:
If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
Discolour: [31] and so, Montjoy, fare you well.
The sum of all our answer is but this:
We would not seek a battle, as we are;
Nor, as we are, we say, we will not shun it:
So tell your master.

Mont. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness. [32]
[Exit.

Glo. I hope they will not come upon us now.

K. Hen. We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.
March to the bridge; it now draws toward night:
Beyond the river we 'll encamp ourselves,
And on to-morrow bid them march away. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The French Camp, near Agincourt.

Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Rambures, *the Duke of* Orleans, *the* Dauphin, *and Others.*

Con. Tut! I have the best armour of the world. 'Would it were day! [1]

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englischen Soldaten auf der Sh.'schen Bühne erschienen.. 17) *perdition* = Verlust, kommt auch in Tempest (A. 1, Sc. 2) vor: *No, not so much perdition as an hair || Betid to any creature in the vessel.* 18) Die Fol. hat den Druckfehler *levity;* doch steht schon in den Qs. das richtige Wort *lenity.* 19) *soonest,* als Adjectiv, kommt auch in Antony and Cleopatra (A. 3, Sc. 4) vor: *make your soonest haste.*. 20) An dem Kleide, das er trug, konnte Heinrich den im Völkerrecht unverletzlichen Herold erkennen. — *Montjoy* war der Name des französischen Wappenkönigs, nicht der Eigenname dieses Herolds. — Das Auftreten des Herolds wird durch einen Trompetenstoss *(Tucket)* eingeführt. 21) *to know thee* = Dich kennen, steht im Gegensatze zu *to know of thee* = von Dir, durch Dich Etwas erfahren, kennen lernen. 22) Das Abwarten günstiger Gelegenheiten thut im Kriege bessere Dienste als ein vorschnelles Handeln. 23) Unter *injury* = Plage, Beschwerde, ist hier wohl ein Geschwür zu verstehen, das man nicht eher aufbrechen darf, als bis es völlig reif ist. 24) Jetzt ist es für uns an der Zeit zu reden, und unsere jetzt erhobene Stimme hat ihr volles Gewicht. 25) Sollte König Heinrich nach vollem Gewichte den Schaden, den er uns zugefügt hat, wieder gut machen, so würde er, winzig wie er ist, unter der Last erliegen. 26) *impeachment* = Hinderniss kränkender oder angreifender Art. 27) Einem Feinde, der schlau ist und sich seinen Vortheil erspäht. 28) Die Franzosen erscheinen überall bei Sh. als geborene Prahler, und so ist Heinrich gleichsam von der französischen Luft angesteckt. 29) Wenn auch der König von Frankreich und ein zweiter eben so mächtiger Nachbar mir in den Weg träte. 30) Die Sitte, dem Herold für die überbrachte, freundliche oder feindliche Botschaft eine Erkenntlichkeit zu reichen, kommt in vielen Büchern vor. Sh. fand den Umstand an der entsprechenden Stelle bei Holinshed. 31) Die Worte sind theilweise aus Holinshed. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 762. 32) Der Dank bezieht sich auf das Geldgeschenk, das Heinrich ihm bei den Worten *there 's for thy labour* in die Hand gedrückt hatte.

Orl. You have an excellent armour; but let my horse have his due.

Con. It is the best horse of Europe.

Orl. Will it never be morning?

Dau. My lord of Orleans, and my lord high constable, you talk of horse and armour —

Orl. You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world.

Dau. What a long night is this! — I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns.[2] *Ça, ha!* He bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs;[3] *le cheval volant*, the Pegasus, *qui a les narines de feu!* When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn[4] of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

Orl. He 's of the colour of the nutmeg.

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Persens:[5] he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness, while his rider mounts him: he is, indeed, a horse; and all other jades you may call beasts.[6]

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys: his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

Orl. No more, cousin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey: it is a theme as fluent as the sea; turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all. 'T is a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world (familiar to us, and unknown)[7] to lay apart their particular functions, and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise, and began thus: »Wonder of nature!« —

Orl. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

Dau. Then did they imitate that which I composed to my courser; for my horse is my mistress.

Orl. Your mistress bears well.

Dau. Me well; which is the prescript[8] praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

Con. Nay, for methought yesterday,[9] your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

Dau. So, perhaps, did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. O! then, belike, she was old and gentle; and you rode, like a kern of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your strait strossers.[10]

Con. You have good judgment in horsemanship.

Dau. Be warned by me, then: they that ride so. and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs. I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

Con. I had as lief have my mistress a jade.[11]

Dau. I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears his[12] own hair.

Con. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a sow to my mistress.

Dau. *Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la truie lavée au bourbier:*[13] thou makest use of anything.

Con. Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress; or any such proverb,[14] so little kin to the purpose.

Ram. My lord constable, the armour, that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars, or suns, upon it?

Con. Stars, my lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.[15]

Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

Dau. That may be; for you bear a many superfluously, and 't were more honour some were away.

Con. Even as your horse bears your praises: who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

Dau. 'Would I were able to load him with his desert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.[16]

Con. I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way. But I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners?[17]

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1) Dieser Wunsch, sowie die folgenden ähnlich lautenden, charakterisirt die Ungeduld, mit welcher die siegesgewissen Franzosen der Schlacht entgegensehen. 2) So verbessern die spätern Folioausgg. das *postures* der ersten. 3) Wie ein mit Haar gefüllter Federball elastisch vom Boden abprallt. 4) *horn* doppelsinnig = die Hornhaut unter dem Hufe des Pferdes, und = Blashorn. 5) So heisst es von einem Schiffe in Troilus and Cressida (A. 1, Sc. 3) *Bounding between the two moist elements,* || *Like Perseus' horse* und (A. 4, Sc. 5) *I have seen thee,* || *As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed.* 6) Das Pferd des Dauphins verdient allein den Ehrennamen Pferd, alle andern sind Mähren, die man unterschiedslos als Vieh bezeichnen kann. 7) Die bekannte sowohl als die uns noch unbekannte Welt. — *world* steht collectiv = Bewohner der Welt. 8) *prescript*, nach der Interpunction der Fol. adjectivisch = vorschriftsmässig, liesse sich auch substantivisch = Muster, Vorschrift, fassen, und wäre dann mit *praise* und *perfection* coordinirt. 9) So die Fol.; manche Hgg. entlehnen dafür aus den Qs. *Ma foy! the other day, methought etc.* 10) Der Dauphin setzt die zweideutige Rede des Connetable fort, indem er scherzhaft insinuirt, er habe ohne Beinkleider geritten, wie die leichtbewaffneten Irländer, die Kernes, keine zu tragen pflegten. -- Unter den *strait strossers*, eigentlich = eng anschliessende Beinkleider, versteht er die blosse Haut. — *French hose* = ein weites, bauschiges und wattirtes Beinkleid, wird als eine in England importirte Mode auch sonst bei Sh. erwähnt, in Merchant of Venice (A. 1, Sc. 2) *I think, he bought his round hose in France*, und in Macbeth (A. 2, Sc. 3) *an English tailor come hither for stealing out of a French hose.* — Für das *strossers* der Fol. lesen die meisten Hgg. mit Theobald *trossers.* Doch kommt *strossers* auch bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen vor. 11) *jade* = Pferd, und = wildes, ausgelassenes Mädchen. 12) *his* in der Fol., weil der Dauphin von seinem Pferde spricht, das sich nicht mit falschem Haar schmückt, wie die Damen. — Die meisten Hgg. lesen mit den Qs. *her own hair.* 13) Der Dauphin citirt einen Spruch aus der französischen Bibel (2. Epist. Petri, Cap. 2, V. 22), weil der Connetable von *sow* gesprochen hatte, dem *la truie lavée* entspricht. 14) Solch ein Sprichwort, wie das von Euch angeführte, das nicht zur Sache gehört. 15) *to hope* = erwarten, sich auf Etwas gefasst machen. 16) Er will eine Meile weit über die aufwärts blickenden Leichen der im Kampfe gefallenen Engländer hinreiten. — Mit *faces* macht dann der Connetable das Wortspiel *to be faced* = trotzig angeblickt, durch

Con. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

Dau. 'T is midnight: I 'll go arm myself. *[Exit.*

Orl. The Dauphin longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the English.

Con. I think he will eat all he kills.[18]

Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he 's a gallant prince.

Con. Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

Orl. He is simply the most active gentleman of France.

Con. Doing is activity, and he will still be doing.[19]

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to-morrow: he will keep that good name still.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that, by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What 's he?

Con. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said, he cared not who knew it.

Orl. He needs not; it is no hidden virtue in him.

Con. By my faith, Sir, but it is; never any body saw it, but his lackey:[20] 't is a hooded valour; and when it appears, it will bate.[21]

Orl. Ill will never said well.

Con. I will cap[22] that proverb with — There is flattery in friendship.

Orl. And I will take up that with — Give the devil his due.

Con. Well placed: there stands your friend[23] for the devil: have at the very eye of that proverb, with — A pox of the devil.

Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by how much — A fool's bolt is soon shot.

Con. You have shot over.

Orl. 'T is not the first time you were overshot.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

Con. Who hath measured the ground?[24]

Mess. The lord Grandpré.

Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman. — 'Would it were day! — Alas, poor Harry of England! — he longs not for the dawning, as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peevish[25] fellow is this king of England, to mope with his fat-brained[26] followers so far out of his knowledge.

Con. If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

Ram. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures: their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Orl. Foolish curs! that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crushed like rotten apples. You may as well say, that 's a valiant flea, that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Con. Just, just; and the men do sympathize[27] with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives: and then give them great meals of beef,[28] and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

Orl. Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

Con. Then shall we find to-morrow, they have only stomachs[29] to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm; come, shall we about it?

Orl. It is now two o'clock: but, let me see, by ten,
We shall have each a hundred Englishmen.[30] *[Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now entertain conjecture[1] of a time,
When creeping murmur, and the poring dark,
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.[2]
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army stilly[3] sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive

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trotzigen Anblick weggescheucht werden. 17) Wer will mit mir würfeln um zwanzig englische Gefangene, die ich morgen in der Schlacht machen werde? — *hazard*, das Rambures vom Würfelspiel versteht, bezieht der Connetable auf die leibliche Gefahr, der sich Rambures erst aussetzen muss, ehe er die Engländer gefangen nimmt. 18) d. h. er wird keinen Feind erlegen. 19) *to do* mit dem obscönen Nebensinne wie hier kommt auch sonst bei Sh. vor. 20) Johnson erklärt dies: *he has beaten nobody but his footboy.* Der Sinn ist aber wohl der, dass der Dauphin seine Tapferkeit so verborgen an sich trägt, dass nur sein Lakei beim Auskleiden oder Ankleiden von der Existenz derselben Etwas gewahr wurde. 21) *hooded* und *bate* sind Ausdrücke der Falkenjagd, und letzteres wird doppelsinnig gebraucht: die Tapferkeit des Dauphins ist verhüllt, hat eine Kappe über dem Kopf, wie der Falke, ehe er losgelassen wird; und wenn sie sich enthüllt, so wird sie im Werthe sinken, zu Boden fallen. — *to bate* bedeutet zugleich das Flügelschlagen der Falken, ehe sie losfliegen. 22) *to cap*, eigentlich = eine Mütze aufsetzen, mit einer Mütze versehen, daher hier = ein Sprichwort auf das andere setzen. 23) *your friend* ist der Dauphin, zu dessen Gunsten Orleans gesprochen und das letzte Sprichwort angeführt hatte. — Dieses letzte Sprichwort fasst der Connetable scharf in's Auge und nimmt es vor, indem er sagt: Der Henker hole den Teufel! 24) Diese ironische Frage bezieht sich auf die Genauigkeit, mit welcher der Bote die Entfernung zwischen dem englischen und französischen Lager angiebt. 25) *peevish* = sonderbar, der nicht mit den Menschen fertig werden kann. 26) So *fat-witted* in K. Henry IV. First Part (A. 1, Sc. 2). 27) *to sympathize with* = eben so gestimmt oder geartet sein wie. 28) So sprechen die Franzosen von den englischen Soldaten auch in K. Henry VI. First Part (A. 1, Sc. 2) *They want their porridge, and their fat bull-beeves.* 29) *stomach* = Esslust, und = Muth, Kampflust, ein Sh. geläufiges Wortspiel. 30) Die Qs. schliessen diese Scene mit einem Reimpaar, das sich in der Fol. erst am Schluss der zweiten Scene des folgenden Actes findet.

1) *conjecture*, eigentlich = Vermuthung, ist hier in weiterem Sinn = unbestimmte Vorstellung. 2) *the wide vessel of the universe* kann hier nur den vom Himmel überwölbten Erdboden bedeuten, der so wie ein weites Gefäss von leisem Gemurmel und brütender Finsterniss erfüllt ist. — Dasselbe Bild wird etwas modificirt in dem folgenden *womb of night.* 3) *stilly* = nicht laut, also leise. — Das Gesumme, welches von dem einen Lager zu dem andern

The secret whispers of each other's watch:
Fire[4] answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face:
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,
The armourers,[5] accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.[6]
Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty[7] French
Do the low-rated English play at dice;[8]
And chide the cripple, tardy-gaited night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices,[9] by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger; and their gesture sad,
Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,
Presenteth[10] them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O! now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band,
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry — Praise and glory on his head!
For forth he goes, and visits all his host,
Bids them good-morrow with a modest smile,
And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note,
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night:
But freshly looks, and overbears attaint
With cheerful semblance, and sweet majesty;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.
A largess[11] universal, like the sun,
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear,[12] that mean and gentle all,
Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the night.
And so our scene must to the battle fly;
Where, O for pity! we shall much disgrace —
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill dispos'd in brawl ridiculous[13] —
The name of Agincourt. Yet, sit and see;
Minding true things by what their mockeries be.[14]

[Exit.

SCENE I.

The English Camp at Agincourt.

Enter King Henry, Bedford, *and* Gloster.

K. Hen. Gloster, 't is true that we are in great danger;
The greater therefore should our courage be. —
Good morrow, brother Bedford. — God Almighty!
There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out;[1]
For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthful and good husbandry:
Besides, they[2] are our outward consciences,
And preachers to us all; admonishing,
That we should dress[3] us fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himself.[4]

Enter Erpingham.

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham:
A good soft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churlish turf of France.
Erp. Not so, my liege: this lodging likes me better,
Since I may say, now lie I like a king.

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dringt, ist so leise, dass beinahe die vor beiden Lagern ausgestellten Wachtposten gegenseitig ihr heimliches Geflüster vernehmen. 4) Das eine Wachtfeuer liegt dem andern gegenüber. — So in Cymbeline (A. 4, Sc. 4) *behold their quarter'd fires.* — An dem blassen Wiederschein dieser Feuer erscheinen die Gesichter der Soldaten wie dunkelroth gefärbt. — *umber* als eine dunkle Schminke kommt auch in As you like it (A. 1, Sc. 3) vor: *And with a kind of umber smirch my face.* 5) Die Rüstknappen machen die Ritter für den Kampf fertig, indem sie mit ihren Hämmern die Nietlöcher an der Rüstung zuschlagen. — *armourer* = Rüstknappe, auch in Troilus and Cressida (A. 1, Sc. 2) *He chid Andromache, and struck his armourer.* 6) *name* verbesserte Tyrwhitt das *nam'd* der Fol., das Hanmer beibehielt, indem er *morning 's named* las. 7) *over-lusty* = ausgelassen übermüthig. 8) Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 7, Anm. 17. — Diesen Zug entlehnte Sh. aus Holinshed: *The Frenchmen in the mean while, as though they had been sure of victory, made great triumph, for the captains had determined before how to divide the spoil, and the soldiers the night before had played the English at dice.* 9) Dem Tode geweiht wie Schlachtopfer. 10) So verbesserte Hanmer das *presented* der Fol. 11) *largess* ist speciell die Freigebigkeit oder Gnadenspende eines Königs bei feierlichen Anlässen. 12) Die meisten Hgg. setzen mit Theobald hier ein Punctum und beginnen einen neuen Satz: *Then, mean and gentle all etc.*, den sie als eine Anrede des Chorus an die Zuschauer fassen. Gewiss aber bezieht sich *mean and gentle* = gemeine Leute und Adlige, auf das Heer Heinrich's, und wenn nicht etwa hinter *gentle all* eine Zeile, die das Verbum enthielt und den Satz abschloss, ausgefallen ist, so muss *behold a little touch etc.* Prädicat und Object zu *that mean and gentle all* sein. — Auch die Cambridge Edd. halten es für wahrscheinlich, dass hinter *gentle all* aus Versehen eine Zeile ausgefallen sei. Sie zweifeln ausserdem mit Recht, dass der Chorus die Zuschauer mit *mean and gentle all* angeredet haben würde. 13) Die vier bis fünf Rappiere, mit denen die Schlachtscenen dieses Actes auf der Sh.'schen Bühne, in lächerlichem Handgemenge schlecht verwandt, vorgestellt werden müssen, können dem glorreichen Namen Agincourt, nach dem die Schlacht benannt wird, nur Unehre bringen. 14) Denkt an die wirklich geschehenen Dinge nach Dem, was die Nachäffungen derselben auf unserer Bühne Euch zeigen werden.

1) Im Uebeln steckt doch ein Kern von etwas Gutem, wenn die Menschen nur durch sorgsame Beobachtung denselben herauspressen wollten; so stehen wir früh auf wegen der schlechten französischen Nachbarschaft. 2) *they* bezieht sich auf *our bad neighbour*, collectiv gefasst. 3) *to dress* = fertig machen, in Ordnung bringen, ist nicht aus *address* abgekürzt und braucht deshalb auch nicht, wie Malone schreibt, *'dress* gedruckt zu werden. 4) Wir können so, indem wir die französischen Feinde uns zur Lehre dienen lassen, gleichsam aus dem Teufel selbst eine moralische Nutzanwendung ziehen. — *devil*, wie bald nachher *spirit*, ist bei Sh. häufig einsylbig zu lesen.

K. Hen. 'T is good for men to love their present pains
Upon example; so the spirit is eased:
And when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move
With casted slough and fresh legerity.[5]
Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas.[6] — Brothers both,
Commend me to the princes[7] in our camp;
Do my good-morrow to them; and, anon,
Desire them all to my pavilion.

Glo. We shall, my liege.

[Exeunt Gloster *and* Bedford.

Erp. Shall I attend your grace?

K. Hen. No, my good knight;
Go with my brothers to my lords of England:
I and my bosom must debate awhile,
And then I would no other company.

Erp. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry!

[Exit.

K. Hen. God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speak'st cheerfully.

Enter Pistol.

Pist. *Qui va là?*

K. Hen. A friend.

Pist. Discuss unto me; art thou officer?
Or art thou base, common, and popular?

K. Hen. I am a gentleman of a company.

Pist. Trail'st thou the puissant pike?[8]

K. Hen. Even so. What are you?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the emperor.

K. Hen. Then you are a better than the king.

Pist. The king 's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp of fame;[9]
Of parents good, of fist most valiant:
I kiss his dirty shoe, and from heartstring[10]
I love the lovely bully. What 's thy name?

K. Hen. Harry *le Roy*.

Pist. *Le Roy!* a Cornish name: art thou of Cornish crew?[11]

K. Hen. No, I am a Welshman.

Pist. Know'st thou Fluellen?

K. Hen. Yes.

Pist. Tell him, I 'll knock his leek about his pate,
Upon Saint Davy's day.[12]

K. Hen. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.

Pist. Art thou his friend?

K. Hen. And his kinsman too.[13]

Pist. The figo for thee then![14]

K. Hen. I thank you. God be with you!

Pist. My name is Pistol called. *[Exit.*

K. Hen. It sorts well with your fierceness.

Enter Fluellen *and* Gower, *severally.*

Gow. Captain Fluellen!

Flu. So, in the name of Cheshu Christ, speak lower.[15] It is the greatest admiration in the universal world, when the true and aunchient prerogatifes and laws of the wars is not kept. If you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle, nor pibble pabble, in Pompey's camp; I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud; you hear him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an ass and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb? in your own conscience now?

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beseech you, that you will.

[Exeunt Gower *and* Fluellen.

K. Hen. Though it appear a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

Enter Bates, Court, *and* Williams.[16]

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be; but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Will. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but I think we shall never see the end of it. — Who goes there?

K. Hen. A friend.

Will. Under what captain serve you?

K. Hen. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

Will. A good old commander, and a most kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

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5) Die Lebensorgane des Menschen, die eine Zeitlang in Noth und Bedrängniss gleichsam regungslos und wie todt sich verhalten haben, bis der sich ermuthigende Geist sie wieder belebt, werden mit einer Schlange verglichen, die nach Abstreifung ihrer alten Haut sich mit frischer Leichtigkeit bewegt. — *with* verbindet sich, genau betrachtet, besser mit *fresh legerity* als mit *casted slough*. — Die Participialform *casted* kommt anderswo kaum vor; das ungebräuchliche *legerity* = Leichtigkeit, hat jedoch auch Ben Jonson in seinem gleichzeitigen Drama Every Man out of his Humour. 6) Erpingham's Mantel soll den König auf seiner nächtlichen Runde durch das Lager unkenntlich machen. Deshalb ist die Bühnenweisung der Q., wo diese Scene erst mit dem Zwiegespräch des Königs und Pistol's beginnt: *Enter the King disguised.* 7) *princes* sind die englischen Grossen im Lager, die sich zur Berathung über den bevorstehenden Kampf im Zelt des Königs versammeln sollen. 8) Pistol, welcher *gentleman of a company* = Zugführer, nicht versteht, fragt in seiner bombastischen Weise weiter, ob er im Kriegsdienst stehe. 9) *imp* = Schössling; so ist *imp of fame* = Sprössling des Ruhms. 10) So die Fol. Manche Hgg. lesen mit der Q. *from my heartstrings*, was weniger zu Pistol's gesuchter Redeweise passt. 11) *crew* gebraucht Pistol vielleicht affectirt in dem Sinne des französischen Stammwortes *crue* = Gewächs, Zucht. 12) Die Walliser trugen am St. Davidstage einen Lauch am Hute zur Erinnerung an die Schlacht von Crecy, wo ihre Landsleute sich tapfer hielten und aus einem Lauchgarten sich dann diese Siegeszeichen pflückten. 13) Der König, in Wales geboren, nennt sich deshalb einen Vetter Fluellen's. 14) Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 6, Anm. 10. — Drei Zeilen weiter ist *to sort with* = zu Etwas passen. 15) So verbessert die dritte Q. von 1608 das *lewer* der beiden frühern Qs., wofür die Fol. *fewer* hat. Die Lesart der Fol. könnte in Fluellen's ungrammatischem Englisch allenfalls: weniger, oder leiser, bedeuten, wenn nicht nachher Gower offenbar Fluellen's Worte wiederholte, da er sagt *I will speak lower*. — Dass das englische Heer auf Befehl des Königs sich im Lager in der Nacht vor der Schlacht bei Agincourt ruhig verhalten sollte, fand Sh. in Holinshed. 16) Die Bühnenweisung der Fol. macht auch die Vor-

K. Hen. Even as men wracked upon a sand, that look to be washed off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the king?

K. Hen. No; nor it is not meet he should. For, though I speak it to you, I think the king is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him, as it doth to me; the element[17] shows to him, as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions:[18] his ceremonies[19] laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man, and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing.[20] Therefore, when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear,[21] lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.

Bates. He may show what outward courage he will; but, I believe, as cold a night as 't is, he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck:[22] and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

K. Hen. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king: I think, he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

Bates. Then I would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved.

K. Hen. I dare say, you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this, to feel other men's minds. Methinks, I could not die any where so contented as in the king's company, his cause being just, and his quarrel honourable.[23]

Will. That 's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the king's subjects. If his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make: when all those legs, and arms, and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day,[24] and cry all — »We died at such a place;« some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon[25] their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left.[26] I am afeard there are few die well, that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of anything, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it, whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.[27]

K. Hen. So, if a son, that is by his father sent about merchandise,[28] do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him: or if a servant, under his master's command, transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers, and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation. But this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor[29] the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers.[30] Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace[31] with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law, and outrun native punishment,[32] though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is his beadle, war is his vengeance; so that here men are punished, for before-breach[33] of the king's laws, in now the king's quarrel:[34] where they feared the death, they have borne life away, and where they would be safe, they perish. Then, if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every moth[35] out of his conscience; and dying

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namen dieser Soldaten namhaft: *Enter John Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams.* 17) *element*, bei Sh. häufig = das Element der Luft, ist hier = Atmosphäre. — In einer vorhergehenden Antwort des Königs hat die Fol. *Under Sir John Erpingham*, das erst die spätern Hgg. verbesserten. 18) *condition* = Eigenschaft, Art. — Der König empfindet nur wie ein anderer, wie ein gewöhnlicher Mensch. 19) *his ceremonies* ist der feierliche Pomp, der Nimbus, der in herkömmlicher Weise den König umgiebt. 20) Das Bild ist von der Falkenjagd entlehnt, wie oft bei Sh.: wenn die Gedanken des Königs auch einen höheren Schwung nehmen, so müssen sie doch aus ihrer Höhe heruntersteigen, so gut wie unsere Gedanken. 21) Kein Soldat sollte vernünftiger Weise dem König auch nur einen Anschein von Furcht mittheilen. — *to possess with* = Jemanden in Besitz von Etwas setzen, Jemandem Etwas beibringen. 22) So kalt die Nacht auch ist, würde er doch lieber bis an den Hals im Wasser der Themse stecken, als dem französischen Feinde gegenüberstehen. 23) Bei Holinshed spricht der König vor der Schlacht zu den Kriegern: *if they would remember the good cause and quarrel for the which they fought.* 24) *latter day* = der jüngste Tag, der Tag des jüngsten Gerichts. 25) scil. *crying upon* = Einige laut wehklagend über ihre Weiber. 26) *rawly* bezieht Ritson auf *children* = ihre Kinder, die sie in unfertigem, unerzogenem Zustande zurückliessen. — Johnson verbindet *rawly* mit *left*, und erklärt es mit *hastily, suddenly*, wie in Macbeth (A. 4, Sc. 3) *Why in that rawness left you wife and child?* — Die erste Deutung scheint die vorzüglichere. 27) Gegen jede Norm des Unterthanenverhältnisses. 28) Wenn ein Sohn, der von seinem Vater in Handelsgeschäften ausgesandt ist, in seinen Sünden auf der See verunglückt. 29) *nor* ist schon vor *the father* zu suppliren. 30) Kein König kann auch die reinste Sache, wenn sie zur Entscheidung durch das Schwert gelangt, mit lauter unbefleckten Soldaten durch die Probe, auf die sie gestellt ist, durchführen. 31) So in K. Lear (A. 5, Sc. 3) *the gor'd state sustain.* 32) *native punishment* = heimische Bestrafung, die Strafe, welche sie in der Heimath getroffen hätte, wenn sie nicht mit einer Kriegsexpedition in die Fremde ausgezogen wären. So A. 4, Sc. 3 *native graves* = Gräber in der Heimath. 33) *before-breach* = ein vorhergegangener, früherer Bruch, ist gebildet wie in Coriolanus (A. 2, Sc. 2) *after-meeting* = eine spätere Zusammenkunft. 34) In der gegenwärtigen Streitsache des Königs. 35) *moth*, das Sh.'sche Wort für das jetzige *mote*, findet sich in Qs. und Fol. und wird von den Hggn. willkürlich in das moderne, in Schreibung und Aussprache davon verschiedene,

so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained: and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think, that making God so free an offer,[36] he let him outlive that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'T is certain, every man that dies ill, the ill[37] upon his own head: the king is not to answer it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Hen. I myself heard the king say, he would not be ransomed.[38]

Will. Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully; but when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Hen. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. You pay him then![39] That 's a perilous[40] shot out of an elder gun, that a poor and a private displeasure can do against a monarch. You may as well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You 'll never trust his word after! come, 't is a foolish saying.

K. Hen. Your reproof is something too round:[41] I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.[42]

K. Hen. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. Hen. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou darest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here 's my glove: give me another of thine.

K. Hen. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap: if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, »This is my glove,« by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

K. Hen. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou darest as well be hanged.

K. Hen. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends: we have French quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

K. Hen. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns[43] to one, they will beat us; for they bear them on their shoulders: but it is no English treason to cut French crowns, and to-morrow the king himself will be a clipper. *[Exeunt Soldiers.*

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives,
Our children, and our sins, lay on the king! —
We must bear all.[44] O hard condition,
Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath
Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel
But his own wringing! What infinite heart's ease
Must kings neglect, that private men enjoy![45]
And what have kings, that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?[46]
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs, than do thy worshippers?
What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?
O ceremony, show me but thy worth!
What is thy soul of adoration?[47]
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd,
Than they in fearing.[48]
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poison'd flattery? O! be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure.
Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?[49]
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,

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synonyme *mote* umgeändert. 36) Indem er sich so aus freien Stücken in Gottes Hand giebt. — *his greatness* bezieht sich, wie *he*, auf *God*. 37) scil. *is*, was manche Hgg. in den Text setzen. In den Qs. lautet die Stelle: *I' faith he says true,* || *Every man's fault is on his own head.* 38) Der König bezieht sich auf ein früher gesprochenes Wort von Bates: *so should he be sure to be ransomed.* 39) *to pay*, doppelsinnig = bezahlen, in Bezug auf *trust his word* = auf Credit geben, und = Jemanden züchtigen, durchprügeln; eigentlich = mit Jemandem quitt werden. — Viele Hgg. lesen hier mit den Qs. *'Mass, you 'll pay him then.* 40) *perilous* in ironischem Sinne = ungefährlich. — *elder gun* ist = eine Büchse aus einem Hollunderrohr, die also keinen ernstlichen Schaden stiften kann. So in Beaumont und Fletcher's Philaster: *if he give not back his crown upon the report of an elder gun, I have no augury.* — Die Qs. haben hier: *'T is a great displeasure that an elder gun can do against a cannon, or a subject against a monarch.* 41) *round* = gerade heraus gesagt, grob. In den Qs. *Your reproof is somewhat too bitter.* 42) d. h. wenn Ihr in der Schlacht am Leben bleibt. 43) Wortspiel zwischen *French crowns* = französische Münzen, und = französische Glatzen, Schädel, welche durch die Lustseuche kahl geworden sind. So in All 's well that ends well (A. 2, Sc. 2) *as your French crown for your taffeta punk.* — Das Wortspiel zwischen den beiden Bedeutungen wird fortgesetzt, in *to cut crowns*, da es wohl Hochverrath ist, englische Münzen zu beschneiden, aber kein Hochverrath, französische Münzen zu beschneiden, resp. Schädel abzuschneiden, und in *clipper* = Beschneider von Münzen in betrügerischer Absicht, Kipper, und = Abschneider von Köpfen. 44) scil. *we kings.* — Die späteren Folioausgg. lesen *he must bear all*, in Beziehung auf das vorhergehende *on the king.* 45) Diese richtige Abtheilung der fünf letzten Verse rührt von den Cambridge Edd. her. 46) Vgl. Anm. 19 dieser Scene. 47) *thy* gehört genauer zu *adoration* als zu *soul:* was ist der Kern, der eigentliche Gehalt Deines Cultus, der Anbetung, die man Dir zollt? Hier wie vorher und nachher wird *ceremony* apostrophirt, und die meisten Hgg. zerreissen diesen Zusammenhang, wenn sie mit Johnson lesen *What is thy soul, O adoration?* oder mit Malone: *What is the soul of adoration?* — *soul* = Kern, Quintessenz, kam in demselben Sinne als *soul of goodness* zu Anfang dieser Scene vor. Vgl. Anm. 1. 48) Die Andern sind glücklicher in dem Gefühl der Ehrfurcht, welche sie dem königlichen Glanze zollen, als der König selbst in dem Bewusstsein der ihm gezollten Ehrfurcht. 49) Wird das Fieber weichen vor Kniebeugung und tiefer Verneigung? So steht *flexure* in Troilus and Cressida (A. 2, Sc. 3) *his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.* 50) *it*, das sich eigentlich nur auf *beggar's knee* bezieht, muss in weiterem Sinn auch von dem

Command the health of it?[50] No, thou proud dream,
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose:
I am a king, that find thee; and I know,
'T is not the balm,[51] the sceptre, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The inter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farced title running 'fore the king,[52]
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world;
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,[53]
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,[54]
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread,[55]
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set,[56]
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,
Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse;[57]
And follows so the ever-running year
With profitable labour to his grave:
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,
Had[58] the forehand and vantage of a king.
The slave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots,
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.[59]

Enter Erpingham.

Erp. My lord, your nobles, jealous[60] of your absence,
Seek through your camp to find you.
K. Hen. Good old knight,
Collect them all together at my tent:
I 'll be before thee.
Erp. I shall do 't, my lord. *[Exit.*
K. Hen. O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts;
Possess them not with fear; take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them![61] — Not to-day, O Lord!
O! not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown.
I Richard's body have interred new,[62]
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears
Than from it issued forced drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul.[63] More will I do;
Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

Enter Gloster.

Glo. My liege!
K. Hen. My brother Gloster's voice? — Ay;
I know thy errand, I will go with thee: —
The day, my friends,[64] and all things stay for me.
[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The French Camp.

Enter Dauphin, Orleans, Rambures, *and Others.*

Orl. The sun doth gild our armour: up, my lords!
Dau. *Montez à cheval!* — My horse! *valet! lacquay!* ha!
Orl. O brave spirit!
Dau. *Via! — les eaux et la terre!*
Orl. *Rien puis? l'air et le feu!*
Dau. *Ciel!*[1] cousin Orleans.

Enter Constable.

Now, my lord constable!

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ganzen Leibe des Bettlers verstanden werden, dessen Gesundheit dem königlichen Pomp nicht zu Gebote, nicht zur Verfügung steht. 51) *balm* = das balsamische Oel, mit dem der König bei der Krönung gesalbt wird. — So werden auch die übrigen Attribute, die bei der Krönung zur Anwendung gelangen, hier namhaft gemacht. 52) Johnson erklärt: *the tumid, puffed titles with which a king's name is always introduced.* Indess scheint Sh. nur an die lange, pomphafte Reihe von Titeln des Königs, die bei seiner Krönung ausgerufen werden, gedacht zu haben. 53) *bed majestical* = Bett der Majestät, das Bett, in welchem der König schläft. 54) Der leere, auch von Sorgen leere, Geist wird dem mit Nahrung gefüllten, gesättigten Leibe entgegengesetzt. 55) *distressful bread* = Brod, das mit Mühe und Noth erworben wurde. 56) Dass zu *rise* und zu *set* ein *of the sun* zu suppliren ist, geht aus dem folgenden synonymen *eye of Phœbus* hervor. 57) Er steht so früh auf, dass er wie ein Reitknecht gleichsam dem Sonnengott bei dem Anschirren seiner Pferde behülflich sein kann. 58) *had* ist Conjunctiv in Verbindung mit *but for ceremony*: er würde haben, wenn nicht der königliche Pomp wäre. 59) *to advantage*, das sonst bei Sh. überall: fördern, zum Vortheil gereichen, heisst, muss in ungewöhnlichem Sinne hier, wo das Subject *the peasant*, das Object *whose hours* ist, = als Vortheil haben, benutzen, stehen. Indess mag auch *advantages* von dem Subject *hours* abhängig sein und wegen des vorantretenden Singulars *peasant* ungenau ebenfalls in der Singularform stehen, nach häufiger Sh.'scher Licenz. 60) *jealous of* = argwöhnisch wegen, besorgt wegen Etwas. 61) Wenn die Uebermacht des ihnen entgegentretenden Feindes ihnen den Muth rauben sollte, so nimm meinen Soldaten die Fähigkeit zu rechnen, diese Uebermacht zu berechnen. — *if* emendirt Tyrwhitt das *of* der Fol., welche ausserdem den Sinn dadurch verdunkelt, dass sie hinter *numbers* ein Semicolon setzt. — In den Qs. lautet die Stelle: *Take from them now the sense of reckoning,* || *That the opposed multitudes which stand before them* || *May not appal their courage*, und so, meinen die Cambridge Edd., liesse sich, falls ein Vers ausgefallen wäre in der Fol., derselbe ergänzen: *The sense of reckoning of the opposed numbers,* || *Lest that the multitudes which stand before them* || *Pluck their hearts from them.* 62) Den Leib Richard's II., der vorher schmucklos in Langley in Hertfordshire begraben war, liess Heinrich V. in der Westminsterabtei in einem prachtvollen Grabe feierlich beisetzen. 63) Die Capellen der zum Gedächtniss Richard's gestifteten beiden Klöster an der Themse oberhalb London. — Ausser den bereits erwähnten äusserlichen Sühnungen des an Richard vollstreckten Mordes will Heinrich noch mehr thun, obwohl er weiss, dass äussere Werkheiligkeit vor Gott nichts gilt, weshalb seine Reue und Busse hinterdrein kommt, um Verzeihung zu erflehen. — Für *since* vermuthet Theobald *save*. 64) *my friends* in den Qs., *my friend* in der Fol.

Con. Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh.[2]
Dau. Mount them, and make incision in their hides,[3]
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And dout[4] them with superfluous courage: ha!
Ram. What, will you have them weep our horses' blood?
How shall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The English are embattled, you French peers.
Con. To horse, you gallant princes! straight to horse!
Do but behold yon poor and starved band,
And your fair show shall suck away their souls,
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands;
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins,
To give each naked curtle-axe a stain,
That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,
And sheathe for lack of sport: let us but blow on them,
The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.
'T is positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,
That our superfluous lackeys, and our peasants,
Who, in unnecessary action,[5] swarm
About our squares of battle, were enow
To purge this field of such a hilding foe,[6]
Though we upon this mountain's basis by[7]
Took stand for idle speculation:
But that our honours must not. What 's to say?
A very little little let us do,
And all is done. Then, let the trumpets sound
The tucket-sonance,[8] and the note to mount:
For our approach shall so much dare[9] the field,
That England shall couch down in fear, and yield.

Enter Grandpré.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?
Yon island carrions,[10] desperate of their bones,
Ill-favour'dly become the morning field:[11]
Their ragged curtains[12] poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully.
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.
The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
With torch-staves in their hand;[13] and their poor jades
Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips,
The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes,
And in their pale dull mouths the gimmal'd bit[14]
Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless;
And their executors,[15] the knavish crows,
Fly o'er them all, impatient for their hour.[16]
Description cannot suit itself in words,
To demonstrate[17] the life of such a battle,
In life so lifeless as it shows itself.
Con. They have said their prayers, and they stay for death.
Dau. Shall we go send them dinners, and fresh suits,
And give their fasting horses provender,
And after fight with them?
Con. I stay but for my guard.[18] On, to the field!
I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And use it for my haste. Come, come, away!
The sun is high, and we outwear the day. *[Exeunt.*

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1) Das Französische ist in der Fol., welche allein diese Scene enthält, sehr entstellt: *Monte Cheval — Verlot Lacquay — Via les ewes & terre — Rien puis le air & feu — Cein.* — Der Sinn scheint zu sein, dass der Dauphin in seiner Streitlust ausruft: Fort über Wasser und Land! und Orleans ihn, wie in einer früheren Scene, persiflirt: Nicht auch durch die Luft und das Feuer? worauf der Dauphin in seinem Uebermuthe noch den Himmel hinzufügt. — *via!* = fort! ein Ausruf der Ermunterung. 2) Die Pferde wiehern vor Begierde, sogleich verwandt zu werden. 3) Sie sollen die Haut der Pferde mit den Sporen zerreissen, damit das Blut den Engländern in die Augen spritze und dieselben mit dem dergestalt überfliessenden Kampfmuthe der französischen Rosse auslösche, blind mache. — *to spin* gebraucht Drayton in seinem Nymphidion ebenso: *The blood out of their helmets span, || So sharp were their encounters.* 4) *doubt*, die Lesart der Fol., die manche Hgg. = besorgt machen, zweifelhaft machen, fassen, ist gewiss *dout* zu lesen, von *do out* gebildet, = auslöschen. So liest die Fol. in Hamlet (A. 4, Sc. 7) *but that this folly doubts it*, wo die Qs. *drowns it* lesen. 5) In einer Kampfthätigkeit, die nichts hilft, in einer überflüssigen Theilnahme an der Schlacht. So wimmeln die Trossbuben und die zum Dienst gepressten Bauern um die in regelmässiger Ordnung aufgestellten ordentlichen Truppen umher. 6) *hilding foe* = ein untergeordneter, gemeiner Feind. So *hilding fellow* in K. Henry IV. Second Part (A. 1, Sc. 1). 7) *by* ist adverbial = dabei, in der Nähe. 8) *tucket-sonance* und *note to mount* ist dasselbe: das Trompeterstück, das als Zeichen zum Aufsitzen geblasen werden soll. 9) *to dare* = scheuchen, bange machen, ein Ausdruck von der Falkenjagd, den der Connetable hier geflissentlich gebraucht, um den bevorstehenden Kampf wie ein Spiel vorzustellen. 10) Die Engländer werden im Voraus schon als die Leichen bezeichnet, welche auf dem Schlachtfelde liegen bleiben werden, und erhalten von ihrer insularischen Herkunft die nähere Bezeichnung *island*. 11) *ill-favouredly* = hässlich von Ansehen. — Sie gereichen dem Felde, wie es am Morgen erscheint, nicht zur Zierde. — *to become the field* steht in demselben Sinne in K. John (A. 5, Sc. 1) *like the god of war, || When he intendeth to become the field.* 12) Die Fahnen des englischen Heeres werden verächtlich als zerlumpte Vorhänge bezeichnet, die kümmerlich hin und her flattern in der Luft Frankreichs *(our air)*. 13) Anspielung auf Candelaber, wie sie in jener Zeit gebräuchlich waren, in Gestalt von gerüsteten und gepanzerten Männern, in deren ausgestreckten Händen die Lichter oder Fackeln befestigt wurden. — Die leblose und muthlose Haltung der englischen Reiter ist damit gemeint. 14) *gimmaled bit* = ein Gebiss, das aus kettenartig ineinander geschlungenen Ringen besteht. Die Fol. hat *Jymold*, woraus die Hgg. *gimmal* machen. So in dem Pseudo-Sh.'schen K. Edward III.: *Nor lay aside their jacks of gymold mail.* 15) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 2, Anm. 54. — Hier hat jedoch das Wort den Ton auf der zweiten Sylbe, wie in anderer Bedeutung in K. Richard II. (A. 3, Sc. 2) *Let 's choose executors, and talk of wills.* 16) So interpungiren die Hgg. mit der Fol. Vielleicht schrieb aber Sh. *Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour*, wo *all* adverbial stände. 17) *to demonstrate* betont Sh. bald auf der ersten, bald auf der zweiten Sylbe. — *lifeless in life* ist Apposition zu *battle* = ein Schlachtheer, das, obwohl lebendig, doch so leblos ist, wie dieses englische sich zeigt. 18) *guard* ist der wachthabende Geleitsmann, der das Banner des Connetable in der Schlacht zu tragen und zu wahren hat. Weil dieser *guard* mit dem Banner noch nicht zur Stelle ist, will der

SCENE III.

The English Camp.

Enter the English Host; Gloster, Bedford, Exeter, Salisbury, *and* Westmoreland.

Glo. Where is the king?
Bed. The king himself is rode to view their battle. [1]
West. Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand. [2]
Exe. There 's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.
Sal. God's arm strike with us! 't is a fearful odds.
God be wi' you, princes all; I 'll to my charge:
If we no more meet, till we meet in heaven,
Then, joyfully, — my noble lord of Bedford, —
My dear lord Gloster, — and my good lord Exeter, —
And my kind kinsman, [3] — warriors all, adieu!
Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck go with thee! [4]
Exe. Farewell, kind lord. Fight valiantly to-day:
And yet I do thee wrong, to mind thee of it,
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.
[Exit Salisbury.
Bed. He is as full of valour as of kindness;
Princely in both.

Enter King Henry.

West. O! that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England,
That do no work to-day!
K. Hen. What 's he, that wishes so? [5]
My cousin Westmoreland? — No, my fair cousin:
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold;
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me [6] not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But, if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have. O! do not wish one more:
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he, which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart, [7] his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy [8] put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company,
That fears his fellowship to die with us. [9]
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age, [10]
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say, — To-morrow is Saint Crispian:
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars. [11]
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he 'll remember with advantages, [12]
What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth [13] as household words, —
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster, —
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son,
And Crispin Crispian [14] shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,

Connetable in seiner Kampfbegierde das erste beste Banner eines Trompeters statt seines eigenen nehmen und damit in die Schlacht ziehen. — Sh. hatte dabei Holinshed im Auge: *some of them would not once stay for their standards: as amongst other the Duke of Brabant, when his standard was not come, caused a banner to be taken from a trumpet etc.* — An einer andern Stelle hat der Chronist: *Henry having felled the Duke of Alanson, the king's guard, contrary to his mind, outrageously slew him.* Damit ist der Sinn von *guard* hier belegt. — Rann liest *I stay but for my guidon. — To the field!* eine Lesart, welche auch Dyce und die Cambridge Edd. in ihren Text aufgenommen haben. — *guidon* ist ein französisches Wort = Standarte.

1) Das in Schlachtordnung aufgestellte französische Heer. — In den Qs. beginnt diese Scene mit den Worten Warwick's, der die Stelle des Westmoreland in der Fol. vertritt: *My lords, the French are very strong.* 2) *full forty thousand* in den Qs. 3) Als *kinsman* redet er Westmoreland an. 4) In der Fol. schliesst Bedford unmittelbar an diese Worte die folgenden *And yet I do — — truth of valour* an, worauf Exeter sagt *Farewell, kind lord. Fight valiantly to-day.* — Thirlby machte die Umstellung, die der Sinn verlangt, nach Massgabe der Qs., wo Clarence sagt: *Farewell, kind lords; fight valiantly to-day;* || *And yet in truth I do thee wrong,* || *For thou art made on the true sparks of honour.* 5) Dieser Zug ist aus Holinshed entlehnt. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 762. — Die Qs. haben natürlich *my cousin Warwick.* 6) *it yearns me* = es quält, bekümmert mich, hier unpersönlich, wie Sh. sonst *to yearn* persönlich gebraucht. 7) Die Construction ist anakoluthisch, da zu erwarten stände: *that he may depart.* 8) Münzen als Reisegeld. 9) In Gesellschaft des Mannes, dem vor der Genossenschaft, in welcher er mit uns sterben kann, bange ist. 10) Die Fol. hat *see this day and live old age.* Die Umstellung von *see* und *live* rührt von Pope her. — Die Qs. haben dafür den in der Fol. drei Zeilen vorher stehenden Vers *He that out-lives this day and comes safe home,* und an der Stelle jenes *He that out-lives this day and sees old age.* — In der folgenden Zeile haben die Qs. *friends* für das *neighbours* der Fol. 11) Malone fügt hier aus den Qs. einen Vers ein, der in ihrem Text nothwendig, hier aber durchaus überflüssig erscheint: *And say, these wounds I had on Crispin's day.* 12) Mit mancher Zuthat, manchen hinzutretenden Umständen. 13) *his mouth,* wie die Fol. liest, geht auf den Greis, der die Schlacht von Agincourt mitgemacht hat und davon seinen Nachbarn erzählt. — Aus diesem Grunde behalten auch die Cambridge Edd. die Lesart der Fol. *in his mouth* bei. Malone las dafür mit den Qs. *their mouths.* 14) Der Tag der Schlacht (25. October 1415) wird nach den beiden Märtyrern und Brüdern, Crispinus und Crispianus, vollständig hier so genannt, während vorher und nachher Sh. bald den einen Namen, bald den andern gebraucht. 15) Dieser Schlachttag wird, sei Einer

This day shall gentle his condition:[15]
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accurs'd, they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap, whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed:
The French are bravely[16] in their battles set,
And will with all expedience[17] charge on us.
K. Hen. All things are ready, if our minds be so.
West. Perish the man whose mind is backward now!
K. Hen. Thou dost not wish more help from England, cousin?
West. God's will! my liege, 'would you and I alone,
Without more help, could fight this royal battle![18]
K. Hen. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand men;[19]
Which likes me better than to wish us one. —
You know your places:[20] God be with you all!

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee, king Harry,
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured overthrow:
For, certainly, thou art so near the gulf,
Thou needs must be englutted.[21] Besides, in mercy,
The constable desires thee, thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance;[22] that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
From off these fields, where, wretches,[23] their poor bodies
Must lie and fester.
K. Hen. Who hath sent thee now?
Mont. The constable of France.
K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former answer back:
Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones.
Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?
The man, that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
A many of our bodies shall, no doubt,
Find native graves;[24] upon the which, I trust,
Shall witness live in brass of this day's work;
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
They shall be fam'd: for there the sun shall greet them,
And draw their honours reeking up to heaven,[25]
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.
Mark then abounding valour[26] in our English;
That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Break out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in relapse of mortality.[27]
Let me speak proudly: — tell the constable,
We are but warriors for the working-day;[28]
Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field;
There 's not a piece of feather in our host
(Good argument, I hope, we will not fly),[29]
And time hath worn us into slovenry:
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim;
And my poor soldiers[30] tell me, yet ere night
They 'll be in fresher robes, or they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,
And turn them out of service. If they do this
(As, if God please, they shall), my ransom then
Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labour;
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald:
They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints;
Which, if they have as I will leave 'em them,[31]
Shall yield them little, tell the constable.
Mont. I shall, king Harry. And so fare thee well:
Thou never shalt hear herald any more. *[Exit.*
K. Hen. I fear, thou 'lt once more come again for ransom.[32]

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auch noch so gering von Herkunft, seine Stellung adeln. — Sh. dachte an eine Verordnung Heinrich's V., welche den Kämpfern von Agincourt, auch wenn sie nicht durch Erbrecht oder besondere Vergünstigung dazu befugt waren, die Annahme eines Wappens gestattete. — *to gentle* = adeln, kommt bei Sh. sonst nicht vor. 16) *bravely* = stattlich, wird vom äusserlichen Ansehen gebraucht. 17) *expedience* ist auch hier, wie an andern Stellen, synonym mit *expedition*. 18) So die Fol.; manche Hgg. entlehnen mit Malone aus den Qs. dafür *might fight this battle out*. 19) Indem Westmoreland sich und den König als die einzigen Kämpfer anwesend wünscht, hat er damit das englische Heer fortgewünscht, oder dasselbe im Wunsche vernichtet. Dieses Heer giebt Heinrich, indem er eine runde, nicht buchstäblich zu fassende, Zahl nennt, auf fünftausend Mann an. 20) Die Stelle, die jeder Heerführer in der Schlachtordnung einzunehmen hat. 21) Das Bild ist von einer Wirbelströmung im Meere entlehnt, welche Alles, was sich ihr naht, in die Tiefe zieht. 22) *to mind* mit dem Accusativ der Person und *of* der Sache = Jemanden an Etwas mahnen. 23) *wretches*, ein parenthetischer Ausruf des Bedauerns, geht nicht auf *bodies*, sondern auf das in *their* steckende *they*. 24) Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 1, Anm. 32. — Auf den Gräbern, die sie in England finden werden, soll auf eherner Tafel ein Zeugniss Dessen, was sie in der Schlacht bei Agincourt gethan, nach ihrem Tode fortleben. 25) Wie ein Opfer, dessen Rauch gen Himmel steigt. 26) *abounding valour* in der Fol., wofür die Qs. *abundant valour* haben, bezeichnet den Ueberfluss des englischen Kriegsmuths, der sich gegen die Franzosen nicht nur im Leben bethätigt, sondern auch nach dem Tode noch einmal durch die verpestenden Ausdünstungen ihrer Leichen. — Theobald wollte dafür *a bounding valour* lesen. 27) Die Engländer, indem sie nach dem Kampfe als Leichen die Luft verpesten, tödten gleichsam in einem Rückfall der mörderischen Verderblichkeit, die sie als Lebende besessen. — *mortality* von *mortal* = tödtlich, verderblich. — Knight dagegen und Andere fassen *mortality* = *death*, und erklären *relapse of mortality* mit *the falling back from death, to a killing power approaching to vitality*. — Für *grazing* hat die Fol. *crasing*, was die zweite Folioausg. verbessert. 28) Die Engländer gehen in Werktagskleidern in die Schlacht, nicht in bunter Tracht *(gayness)* und in goldnem Waffenschmuck *(gilt)*. 29) Dass keine Feder, wie solche zum Helmschmuck dienen, in dem englischen Lager sich findet, ist ein guter Beweis, dass die Engländer nicht davonfliegen werden. — *to fly* doppelsinnig = fliegen, und = fliehen. 30) Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 6, Anm. 16. 31) So Qs. und Fol.; manche Hgg. ändern willkürlich *leave 'em to them*. 32) Die Fol. hat *for a ransom*, was Theobald verbesserte. Die Cambridge Edd. vermuthen *thou wilt once more come for a ransom*.

Enter the Duke of York.

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward.
K. Hen. Take it, brave York. — Now, soldiers, march away:
And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day! *[Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Field of Battle.

Alarums; excursions. Enter French Soldier, Pistol, *and Boy.*

Pist. Yield, cur!
Fr. Sold. *Je pense, que vous estes le gentilhomme de bonne qualité.*
Pist. Quality? *Callino, castore me!*[1] Art thou a gentleman?
What is thy name? discuss.[2]
Fr. Sold. *O seigneur Dieu!*
Pist. O, signieur Dew should be a gentleman.
Perpend my words, O signieur Dew, and mark: —
O signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox,[3]
Except, O signieur, thou do give to me
Egregious ransom.
Fr. Sold. *O, prenez misericorde! ayez pitié de moy!*
Pist. Moy shall not serve, I will have forty moys;[4]
For I will fetch thy rim[5] out at thy throat,
In drops of crimson blood.
Fr. Sold. *Est il impossible d'eschapper la force de ton bras?*
Pist. Brass, cur?
Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,
Offer'st me brass?
Fr. Sold. *O pardonne moy!*
Pist. Say'st thou me so? is that a ton of moys?[6]
Come hither, boy: ask me this slave in French,
What is his name.
Boy. *Escoutez: comment estes vous appellé?*
Fr. Sold. *Monsieur le Fer.*
Boy. He says, his name is Master Fer.
Pist. Master Fer! I'll fer him, and firk him, and ferret him.[7] — Discuss the same in French unto him.
Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firk.
Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.
Fr. Sold. *Que dit-il, monsieur?*
Boy. *Il me commande à vous dire que vous faites vous prest; car ce soldat icy est disposé tout à cette heure*[8] *de couper vostre gorge.*
Pist. *Ouy, couper le gorge,*[9] *par ma foy,* peasant,
Unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns;
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.
Fr. Sold. *O, je vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner! Je suis le gentilhomme de bonne maison: gardez ma vie, et je vous donneray deux cents escus.*
Pist. What are his words?
Boy. He prays you to save his life: he is a gentleman of a good house; and, for his ransom, he will give you two hundred crowns.
Pist. Tell him, — my fury shall abate, and I the crowns will take.
Fr. Sold. *Petit monsieur, que dit-il?*
Boy. *Encore qu'il est contre son jurement, de pardonner aucun prisonier; neantmoins, pour les escus que vous l'avez promis, il est content à vous donner la liberté, le franchisement.*
Fr. Sold. *Sur mes genoux, je vous donne mille remerciemens; et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, valiant, et très-distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.*
Pist. Expound unto me, boy.
Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks; and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of one (as he thinks) the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy[10] signieur of England.
Pist. As I suck blood, I will some mercy show.
Follow me! *[Exit.*
Boy. *Suivez vous le grand capitaine. [Exit French Soldier.]* I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart: but the saying is true, — the empty vessel makes the greatest sound.[11] Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i' the old play,[12] that every one may pare his nails with a

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1) Die Fol. hat *Qualitie calmie custure me*, was einige Hgg. lasen *Quality! calmly* (oder Andere *call you me*); *construe me etc.*, bis Malone darin die Anfangsworte eines alten irischen Liedes entdeckte, die wegen der Melodie in einem 1584 erschienenen Buche A Handful of Pleasant Delights so citirt werden: *A Sonet of a Lover in praise of his Lady to Calen o custure me, sung at every line's end.* — Pistol citirt die Worte, welche bedeuten *little girl of my heart, for ever and ever,* lediglich wegen des Gleichklangs mit dem französischen *qualité*, das er so missversteht. 2) Ein affectirtes Lieblingswort, das Pistol schon vorher = reden, gebraucht hat, und das der eben so bombastisch sprechende Wirth in Merry Wives of Windsor (A. 4, Sc. 5) gleichfalls im Munde führt: *speak, breathe, discuss.* 3) *fox* scherzhaft = Schwert, Degen, findet sich bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen häufig. — Wie Staunton angiebt, nannte man ein Schwert *fox*, weil auf den Schwertklingen mancher ausländischen Waffenschmiede ein laufender Fuchs als Abzeichen eingelegt erschien. 4) Pistol missversteht das französische *moi* als *moy*, abgekürzt aus *moidore*, eine Goldmünze. 5) *rim* = Netz der Eingeweide, ein Wort, das auch in Chapman's Homer vorkommt: *and struck him in his belly's rim.* Vielleicht geradezu = Eingeweide. — Theobald vermuthet *Or I will fetch etc.* für *For I will fetch etc.* der Fol. 6) Pistol hat das französische *bras* missverstanden für *brass* = Erz, und meint nun aus *pardonne-moi* die Worte *a tun of moys* herauszuhören. 7) *to fer* ist ein scherzhaft aus dem Namen *le Fer* gebildetes Verbum ohne bestimmten Sinn, wie in Coriolanus (A. 2, Sc. 1) *to fidius* von dem Namen *Aufidius; — to firk* = Jemanden vornehmen, durchprügeln, in trivialer Redeweise, und *to ferret* = aufjagen, aus dem Loche treiben, sind ebenfalls Wortspiele mit *le Fer.* 8) *tout asture* in der Fol., von Theobald verbessert. 9) Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 1, Anm. 24. 10) Bemerkenswerth ist hier, dass das französische *très-distingué* mit *thrice-worthy* übersetzt ist, vielleicht nach Sh.'s missverständlicher Auffassung des Adverbiums *très.* 11) So in K. Lear (A. 1, Sc. 1) *Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sound || Reverbs no hollowness.* 12) Pistol ist zugleich so grosssprecherisch und feige, wie die stehende Figur des Teufels in den alten englischen Moralitäten, die zum Ergötzen des Publicums von der stehenden lustigen

wooden dagger; and they are both hanged; and so would this be, if he durst steal anything adventurously. I must stay with the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp: the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it, but boys.[13] *[Exit.*

SCENE V.

Another Part of the Field of Battle.

Alarums. Enter Dauphin, Orleans, Bourbon, *Constable,* Rambures, *and Others.*

Con. *O diable!*
Orl. *O seigneur! — le jour est perdu! tout est perdu!*
Dau. *Mort de ma vie!* all is confounded, all!
Reproach and everlasting shame
Sit mocking in our plumes. — *O meschante fortune!*
Do not run away. *[A short alarum.*
Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.
Dau. O perdurable[1] shame! — let 's stab ourselves.
Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?[2]
Orl. Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?
Bour. Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame!
Let us die in honour! — Once more back again;[3]
And he that will not follow Bourbon now,
Let him go hence, and, with his cap in hand,
Like a base pander, hold the chamber-door,
Whilst by a slave,[4] no gentler than my dog,
His fairest daughter is contaminated.[5]
Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now!
Let us, in heaps, go offer up our lives.[6]
Orl. We are enough, yet living in the field,
To smother up the English in our throngs,
If any order might be thought upon.
Bour. The devil take order now! I 'll to the throng:
Let life be short, else shame will be too long. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Another Part of the Field.

Alarums. Enter King Henry *and Forces;* Exeter, *and Others.*

K. Hen. Well have we done, thrice-valiant countrymen:
But all 's not done; yet keep the French the field.
Exe. The duke of York commends him to your majesty.
K. Hen. Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour
I saw him down, thrice up again, and fighting;
From helmet to the spur all blood he was.
Exe. In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,
Larding the plain;[1] and by his bloody side
(Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing[2] wounds)
The noble earl of Suffolk also lies.
Suffolk first died; and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,
And takes him by the beard, kisses the gashes,
That bloodily did yawn upon his face;
He cries aloud, — »Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven:[3]
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine; then fly abreast,
As in this glorious and well-foughten field
We kept together in our chivalry!«
Upon these words I came and cheer'd him up:
He smil'd me in the face, raught[4] me his hand,
And, with a feeble gripe, says, »Dear my lord,
Commend my service to my sovereign.«
So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips;
And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament of noble-ending love.
The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
Those waters from me, which I would have stopp'd;

Person dieser alten Dramen, dem sogenannten *Vice*, mit einem hölzernen Dolche, einer Narrenpritsche, auf die Finger geschlagen wurde. — Genau construirt sollte es heissen *whose nails every one may pare with a wooden dagger.* Es liegt darin zugleich eine Anspielung auf die krallenartig langen Nägel dieser Theaterfigur. 13) Nur junge Burschen sind zur Bewachung des englischen Lagers zurückgeblieben; alle Männer sind mit zum Kampf ausgezogen.

1) *perdurable* = dauerhaft, andauernd. 2) Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 7, Anm. 17. 3) So verbessert Knight den Vers der Fol. *Let us die in once more back again*, wofür Theobald *Let us die instant: Once etc.*, und Malone *Let us die in fight: Once etc.* lesen wollte. — Knight's plausible Emendation wird unterstützt durch die Qs., wo der Connetable die Scene mit den Worten schliesst: *Let 's die with honour; our shame doth last too long.* — Wahrscheinlich überschlug der Setzer das Wort *honour*, indem er es mit dem folgenden *once more* verwechselte. 4) *by a slave*, das die Construction des Satzes fordert, entlehnte Pope mit Recht aus den Qs.; die Fol. hat *whilst a base slave*, indem aus Versehen *a base* aus der vorhergehenden Zeile in diese gerieth. 5) *contaminated* in der Fol.; manche Hgg. setzen dafür *contaminate*, weil Sh. auch anderswo Participe auf *—ate* hat, und weil in den Qs. der Druckfehler *contamuracke* steht. 6) Steevens rückte hinter dieser Zeile eine andere aus den Qs. in den Text: *Unto these English, or else die with fame. — in heaps* in den Qs., *on heaps* in der Fol.

1) Das Blut, das er verströmt, macht den Erdboden fett oder fruchtbar. 2) *honour-owing* = die Ehre als ihre Gebühr in Anspruch nehmend, entspricht dem Compositum *honour-giving* in K. John (A. 1, Sc. 1). 3) Derselbe Gedanke in Romeo and Juliet (A. 3, Sc. 1) *Mercutio's soul || Is but a little way above our heads, || Staying for thine to keep him company.* — Die Qs. haben *and cries aloud*, was viele Hgg. der Lesart der Fol. *he cries aloud* vorziehen. — Die Fol. hat *my Cousin Suffolk* für *dear cousin Suffolk* der Qs. 4) Dieses Präteritum von *to reach* hat Sh. auch in Love's Labour's Lost (A. 4, Sc. 2). 5) Das weiche Gemüth, das ihm diese unmännlichen Thränen entpresst, ist ein Erbtheil seiner Mutter. So in Hamlet (A. 4, Sc. 7) *when these are gone, the woman will be out.* — In der Fol. beginnt dieser Vers mit *and*, in den Qs. mit *but.* 6) *mistful*, wie Warburton das *mixful* der Fol. verbessert, bezeichnet das umflorte Auge, ehe die Thränen hervorgebrochen sind. 7) Dass der neue Schlachtlärm davon herrührt, dass die Franzosen mit neugesammelten Kräften das englische Lager angreifen, muss Heinrich entweder auf eine Vermuthung hin aussprechen oder aus der Ferne sehen. Dass, wie Malone will, ein Bote ihm die Nachricht bringe, ist im Text so wenig angedeutet, wie eine Bühnenweisung darauf hinweist.

But I had not so much of man in me,
And all my mother came into mine eyes,[5]
And gave me up to tears.
K. Hen. I blame you not;
For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
With mistful[6] eyes, or they will issue too. — *[Alarum.*
But, hark! what new alarum is this same? —
The French have reinforc'd their scatter'd men: [7] —
Then, every soldier kill his prisoners!
Give the word through. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Another Part of the Field.

Alarums. Enter Fluellen *and* Gower.[1]

Flu. Kill the poys and the luggage![2] 't is expressly against the law of arms: 't is as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offer't;[3] in your conscience now, is it not?

Gow. 'T is certain, there 's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly rascals. that ran from the battle, have done this slaughter: besides, they have burned and carried away all that was in the king's tent; wherefore the king most worthily hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O! 't is a gallant king.

Flu. Ay, he was porn at Monmouth,[4] captain Gower. What call you the town's name, where Alexander the Pig was born?

Gow. Alexander the Great.[5]

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think, Alexander the Great was born in Macedon: his father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

Flu. I think, it is in Macedon, where Alexander is porn. I tell you, captain, — if you look in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant, you shall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon, and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth: it is called Wye, at Monmouth; but it is out of my prains, what is the name of the other river; but 't is all one, 't is alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures[6] in all things. Alexander, (God knows, and you know,) in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales[7] and his angers, look you, kill his pest friend, Cleitus.

Gow. Our king is not like him in that: he never killed any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it: as Alexander killed his friend Cleitus, being in his ales and his cups, so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his good judgments, turned away[8] the fat knight with the great belly-doublet:[9] he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks; I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he. I 'll tell you, there is good men porn at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his majesty.

Alarum. Enter King Henry, *with a Part of the English Forces;* Warwick, Gloster, Exeter, *and Others.*[10]

K. Hen. I was not angry since I came to France
Until this instant [11] — Take a trumpet, herald;
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill:
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field; they do offend our sight.
If they 'll do neither, we will come to them,
And make them skirr [12] away, as swift as stones
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings.
Besides, we 'll cut the throats of those we have;
And not a man of them, that we shall take,
Shall taste our mercy. — Go, and tell them so.

Enter Montjoy.

Exe. Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.
Glo. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.
K. Hen. How now! what means this, herald? know'st thou not,
That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransom?
Com'st thou again for ransom?
Mont. No, great king:
I come to thee for charitable license,
That we may wander o'er this bloody field,
To book our dead, and then to bury them;
To sort our nobles from our common men;
For many of our princes, woe the while!
Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood [13]
(So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs

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1) Mit dieser Scene beginnt die Fol. den vierten Act. 2) Fluellen spricht von dem Tross des französischen Heeres, welcher während des Kampfes aus der Schlacht davon gelaufen und das nur von jungen Burschen bewachte englische Lager überfallen, jene getödtet und dieses geplündert hatte. Fluellen in seiner ungeschickten Ausdrucksweise wendet das *kill* auch auf *luggage* = Bagage, an. 3) Die Hgg. fügen aus dem Text der Qs. noch *in the 'orld* hinzu. 4) Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 1, Anm. 13. 5) Gower corrigirt den Fluellen, der in seiner mangelhaften Kenntniss des Englischen *great* und *big* verwechselt. 6) Er gebraucht *figures* für *likenesses*, das Bild und Aehnlichkeit zugleich bedeutet. 7) Fluellen spricht, als ob Alexander der Grosse sich in englischem Bier berauscht habe. — *Clitus* in den Qs., *Clytus* in der Fol. 8) Manche Hgg. machen Fluellen's Rede noch unenglischer, als sie ohnehin schon ist, indem sie hier aus den Qs. *is turn* für das *turned away* der Fol. setzen. 9) *belly-doublet* = Leibwamms, soll in Fluellen's Englisch *double belly* = doppelter Bauch, sein. 10) Die Fol. hat *Enter King Harry and Burbon with prisoners.* 11) Der Zorn des Königs gilt dem hinterlistigen Verfahren der Franzosen. Vgl. Anm. 2 dieser Scene. 12) *to skirr* gebrauchen auch Sh.'s Zeitgenossen als intransitives Verbum von dem Streifen eines im Fluge begriffenen Geschosses. — So in Arthur Hall's Uebersetzung des Homer: *It thee becomes with piercing gird to cause thy arrow skirr.* — In Macbeth (A. 5, Sc. 3) kommt *to skirr the country round* = rings das Land durchstreifen, vor. 13) *mercenary blood* ist das Blut der gefallenen Söldlinge, das auf dem Schlachtfeld die daneben gefallenen Adligen mit befeuchtet. — Drei Zeilen vorher ist *to book* = in die Todtenlisten eintragen. Von

In blood of princes); and their [14] wounded steeds
Fret fetlock deep in gore, and with wild rage
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. [15] O! give us leave, great king,
To view the field in safety, and dispose
Of their dead bodies.

K. Hen. I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not if the day be ours, or no;
For yet a many of your horsemen peer,
And gallop o'er the field.

Mont. The day is yours.

K. Hen. Praised be God, and not our strength, for it! —
What is this castle call'd, that stands hard by?

Mont. They call it Agincourt.

K. Hen. Then call we this the field of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, an 't please your majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the plack prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France. [16]

K. Hen. They did, Fluellen.

Flu. Your majesty says very true. If your majesties is remembered of it, the Welshmen did good service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps; [17] which, your majesty know, to this hour is an honourable badge of the service; and, I do believe, your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

K. Hen. I wear it for a memorable honour:
For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in Wye [18] cannot wash your majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that; Got pless it, and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his majesty [19] too!

K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Jeshu, I am your majesty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confess it to all the 'orld: I need not to be ashamed of your majesty, praised be God, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

K. Hen. God keep me so! — Our heralds go with him:
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead,
On both our parts. [20] — Call yonder fellow hither.

[*Points to* Williams. *Exeunt* Montjoy *and Others.*

Exe. Soldier, you must come to the king.

K. Hen. Soldier, why wear'st thou that glove in thy cap? [21]

Will. An 't please your majesty, 't is the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Hen. An Englishman?

Will. An 't please your majesty, a rascal that swaggered with me last night; who, if 'a live and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' the ear: or, if I can see my glove in his cap (which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear, if alive), I will strike it out soundly.

K. Hen. What think you, captain Fluellen? is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain else, an 't please your majesty, in my conscience.

K. Hen. It may be, his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree. [22]

Flu. Though he be as good a gentleman as the devil is, [23] as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath. If he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain, and a Jack-sauce, [24] as ever his black shoe trod upon God's ground and his earth, [25] in my conscience, la.

K. Hen. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

Will. So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. Hen. Who servest thou under?

Will. Under captain Gower, my liege.

Flu. Gower is a good captain, and is good knowledge, and literatured in the wars.

K. Hen. Call him hither to me, soldier

Will. I will, my liege. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me, and stick it in thy cap. When Alençon and myself were down together, [26] I plucked this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon, and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost me love.

Flu. Your grace does me as great honours as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggriefed at this glove, that is all; but I would fain see it once, and please God of his grace, that I might see.

K. Hen. Knowest thou Gower?

Flu. He is my dear friend, an 't please you.

K. Hen. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. My lord of Warwick, and my brother Gloster,
Follow Fluellen closely at the heels.
The glove, which I have given him for a favour,
May haply purchase him a box o' the ear:

Soldatenverzeichnissen wird das Wort auch sonst gebraucht, so in Udal's Acts: *As for others which had not yet by baptism booked themselves as soldiers to fight under the banner of Christ's captain, none durst company with them.* — Für das *book* der Fol. setzen einige neuere Hgg. *look.* 14) Die Fol. hat *with* für *their.* 15) *twice* ist hier = zum zweiten Male. Die zuerst vom Feinde getödteten Reiter werden gewissermassen noch einmal von ihren Pferden getödtet, welche mit den eisenbeschlagenen Hufen *(armed heels)* nach den Leichen schlagen. 16) Die Schlacht bei Crecy, auf welche schon die vorhergehenden Scenen mehrere geflissentliche Anspielungen enthalten. 17) Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 1, Anm. 12. — Monmouth in Wales war berühmt wegen der Fabrication seiner Mützen, die auch vorzugsweise von Soldaten getragen wurden. 18) Von dem Flusse Wye bei Monmouth, wo Heinrich geboren war, hatte Fluellen schon vorher gesprochen. 19) Fluellen fasst *his grace* nicht = Gnade Gottes, sondern als einen Titel, wie bei Fürsten, und fügt deshalb als zweiten, höhern Titel noch *his majesty* hinzu. 20) *on both our parts* = auf unser Beider, der französischen und der englischen, Seite, sagt Heinrich, weil er mit dem französischen Herold seine eigenen Herolde aussendet. 21) Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 1, Anm. 42. 22) Ein Herr von hohem Range, der weit davon entfernt ist, es mit Einem von seinem eigenen, so niedern Range aufzunehmen, ihm entgegenzutreten. — *his degree* geht wie *his enemy* auf *this soldier.* 23) So in K. Lear (A. 3, Sc. 4) *The prince of darkness is a gentleman.* 24) *Jack-sauce* = Hanswurst. 25) *and his earth* bezieht sich auf *God's ground.* 26) Von dem Handgemenge des Königs und des Herzogs von Alençon fand Sh. einen Bericht bei Holinshed. Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 2, Anm. 18. 27) d. h. des Soldaten Williams.

It is the soldier's;[27] I, by bargain, should
Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick:
If that the soldier strike him (as, I judge
By his blunt bearing, he will keep his word),
Some sudden mischief may arise of it;
For I do know Fluellen valiant,
And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,
And quickly will return an injury:
Follow, and see there be no harm between them. —
Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Before King Henry's Pavilion.

Enter Gower *and* Williams.

Will. I warrant it is to knight you, captain.[1]

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. God's will and his pleasure, captain, I beseech you now, come apace to the king: there is more good toward you, peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove? I know, the glove is a glove.

Will. I know this,[2] and thus I challenge it.

[Strikes him.

Flu. 'Sblood! an arrant traitor, as any 's in the universal 'orld, or in France, or in England.

Gow. How now, Sir! you villain!

Will. Do you think I 'll be forsworn?

Flu. Stand away, captain Gower: I will give treason his payment into plows,[3] I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That 's a lie in thy throat. — I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him: he is a friend of the duke Alençon's.

Enter Warwick *and* Gloster.

War. How now, how now! what 's the matter?

Flu. My lord of Warwick, here is (praised be God for it!) a most contagious[4] treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty.

Enter King Henry *and* Exeter

K. Hen. How now! what 's the matter?

Flu. My liege, here is a villain, and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

Will. My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it; and he that I gave it to in change promised to wear it in his cap:[5] I promised to strike him if he did. I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your majesty hear now, saving your majesty's manhood, what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lousy knave it is. I hope, your majesty is pear me testimony, and witness, and will avouchment,[6] that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me, in your conscience now.

K. Hen. Give me thy glove,[7] soldier: look, here is the fellow of it.
'T was I, indeed, thou promisedst to strike;
And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. An 't please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the 'orld.

K. Hen. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my lord, come from the heart: never came any from mine, that might offend your majesty.

K. Hen. It was ourself thou didst abuse.[8]

Will. Your majesty came not like yourself: you appeared to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments,[9] your lowliness; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you, take it for your own fault, and not mine: for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

K. Hen. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,
And give it to this fellow. — Keep it, fellow,
And wear it for an honour in thy cap,
Till I do challenge it. — Give him the crowns. —
And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his belly. — Hold, there is twelve pence for you, and I pray you to serve God, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions; and, I warrant you, it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a good will; I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes: come, wherefore should you be so pashful? your shoes is not so good: 't is a good silling,[10] I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter an English Herald.

K. Hen. Now, herald, are the dead number'd?

Her. Here is the number of the slaughter'd French.

[Delivers a paper.

K. Hen. What prisoners of good sort[11] are taken, uncle?

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1) Wie Williams meint, hat der König den Gower zu sich beschieden, um ihn wegen seiner in der Schlacht bewiesenen Tapferkeit zum Ritter zu schlagen. 2) scil. *this glove.* 3) Fluellen gebraucht irrthümlich *into* für *in:* ich will dem Verrath seinen Lohn in Schlägen *(in blows)* auszahlen. — Heath und Steevens verkannten das und lasen, Jener *in two plows*, Dieser *in due plows*, Letzteres, weil die Qs. lesen *I will give treason his due presently.* 4) Er will *outrageous* sagen und wendet das sprichwörtliche *as one can see in a summer's day* = an den längsten Tagen des Jahres, das Sh. in Midsummer-Night's Dream (A. 1, Sc. 2) hat, auf diesen vermeintlichen Hochverrathsfall an. 5) Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 1, Anm. 42. 6) So die Fol. — Fluellen meint *and your majesty will avouch* und gebraucht das substantivische *avouchment* statt des verbalen *avouch.* — Die Hgg. entlehnen dafür aus den Qs. *and avouchments* mit Auslassung von *will.* 7) *thy glove* = den Handschuh, den Du jetzt an der Mütze hast. Diesen hatte der König ihm (A. 4, Sc. 1) gegeben und den dazu gehörigen andern Handschuh behalten. 8) Du hast auf mich selbst als auf den König gescholten. 9) Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 1, Anm. 6. — *your lowliness* ist die demüthige Haltung, die der König in der Nacht annahm. 10) *twelve pence* und *a shilling* ist dasselbe, nur dass hier dieses Wort die Münze, jenes den Werth bezeichnet. 11) *of good sort* = von gutem Range, wie vorher *of great sort* (vgl. A. 4, Sc. 7, Anm. 22). — Die Namen und Zahlen, welche Exeter angiebt, sowie die, welche Heinrich aus der ihm vom Herold übergebenen Liste abliest, fand Sh. in Holinshed. 12) Vor

Exe. Charles duke of Orleans, nephew to the king;
John duke of Bourbon, and Lord Boucigualt:
Of other lords, and barons, knights, and squires,
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.
K. Hen. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French,
That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this number,
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty-six: added to these,
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which,
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights:[12]
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries;[13]
The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, squires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.
The names of those their nobles that lie dead, —
Charles Delabreth, high constable of France;
Jaques of Chatillon, admiral of France;
The master of the cross-bows,[14] Lord Rambures;
Great-master[15] of France, the brave Sir Guischard Dauphin;
John duke of Alençon; Antony duke of Brabant,
The brother to the duke of Burgundy;
And Edward duke of Bar: of lusty earls,
Grandpré, and Roussi, Fauconberg,[16] and Foix,
Beaumont, and Marle, Vaudemont, and Lestrale.
Here was a royal fellowship of death! —
Where is the number of our English dead?
[Herald presents another paper.
Edward the duke of York, the earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire:
None else of name; and of all other men,
But five-and-twenty. O God! thy arm was here,
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all. — When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock and even play of battle,[17]
Was ever known so great and little loss,
On one part and on the other?[18] — Take it, God,
For it is none but thine!
Exe. 'T is wonderful!
K. Hen. Come, go we in procession to the village:[19]
And be it death proclaimed through our host,
To boast of this, or take that praise from God,
Which is his only.
Flu. Is it not lawful, an 't please your majesty, to tell how many is killed?
K. Hen. Yes, captain; but with this acknowledgment,
That God fought for us.
Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us great good.
K. Hen. Do we all holy rites:
Let there be sung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum*,[20]
The dead with charity enclos'd in clay.
And then to Calais; and to England then,
Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men.
[Exeunt.

ACT V.

Enter CHORUS.

Chor. Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,
That I may prompt them: and of such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit the excuse
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here presented.[1] Now, we bear the king
Toward Calais: grant him there; there seen,[2]
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts,
Athwart the sea. Behold, the English beach
Pales in the flood with men, with[3] wives, and boys,
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea,
Which, like a mighty whiffler[4] 'fore the king,
Seems to prepare his way. So, let him land,
And, solemnly, see him set on[5] to London.
So swift a pace hath thought,[6] that even now
You may imagine him upon Blackheath;
Where that his lords desire him to have borne
His bruised helmet, and his bended sword,[7]
Before him, through the city: he forbids it,

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dem Beginne der Schlacht waren manche Kämpfer zu Rittern geschlagen worden. 13) *mercenaries* = gemeine Miethlinge, Soldaten, welche nicht der Lehnspflicht wegen mit in den Krieg gezogen, sondern geworben sind. Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 7, Anm. 13. 14) *cross-bows*, eigentlich = Armbrust, sind hier die Träger der Armbrust, die Bogenschützen selbst. 15) Eigentlich *grand-master* = Ordensgrossmeister. Sh. fand den Ausdruck bei Holinshed. 16) Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 5, Anm. 10. — Auch hier hat die Fol. *Fauconbridge.* 17) *stratagem* = ein mit Berechnung und Ueberlegung ausgeführter Schlag im Kriege, steht im Gegensatze zu *plain shock and even play of battle* = einfacher Zusammenstoss der feindlichen Heere und regelmässiges Kampfspiel, regelmässiger Verlauf der Schlacht. 18) *so great loss* gehört zu *one part*, d. h. die französische Seite, *so little loss* zu *the other*, d. h. die englische Seite. — In der folgenden Zeile hat die Fol. *none but thine;* die Qs., denen die meisten Hgg. folgen, haben *only thine.* 19) Die Qs. haben *on procession through the camp.* 20) Auch dies ist aus Holinshed: *the king gathering his army together, gave thanks to Almighty God for so happy a victory, causing his prelates and chaplains to sing this psalm: In exitu Israel de Aegypto, and commanded every man to kneel down on the ground at this verse: Non nobis, Domine, non nobis etc.* — Die Interpunction der Fol. verbindet richtig die folgende Zeile, die einen Participialsatz enthält, mit diesem Verse. Manche Hgg. setzen irrthümlich ein Punctum hinter *Te Deum* und ein Comma hinter *clay*, und lesen mit den Qs. *We 'll then to Calais.*

1) Der Chorus zum fünften Acte deutet sein Thema an, indem er das Publicum um die Vergünstigung bittet, dass er die Zuhörer, welche die Geschichte Heinrich's V. nicht in der Chronik gelesen haben, orientiren dürfe, und dass andererseits die Kenner der Geschichte es entschuldigen wollen, wenn die Ereignisse auf der Bühne nicht vollständig nach der Zeit, nach der dabei betheiligten Personenmenge und nach ihrem historischen Verlaufe vorgeführt werden. 2) Nachdem Ihr den König vermöge Eurer Einbildungskraft in Calais gesehen habt. 3) *with*, das in der Fol. fehlt, ergänzt die zweite Folioausg. von 1632. — Andere Hgg. setzen *and wives* dafür. 4) *whiffler*, eigentlich ein Pfeifer, sodann der Herold oder Stabträger, der bei Festzügen oder bei einer Procession des Königs voranschreitet und freie Bahn macht. — So kündet die See mit ihrem dumpfen Brausen das Nahen des Königs an und bahnt ihm den Weg zum Strande. 5) *set on* = weiter ziehen, sich in Bewegung setzen, ist Infinitiv. 6) *thought* = Einbildungskraft, ist Subject, *so swift a pace* Object. 7) Die Waffen des Königs trugen die Spuren des Kampfes in der Schlacht von Agincourt an sich. — Diese Waffen sollte, nach dem Wunsche der englischen Grossen, der König

Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride;
Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent,
Quite from himself, to God.[8] But now behold,
In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens.
The mayor, and all his brethren,[9] in best sort,
Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,
Go forth, and fetch their conquering Cæsar in:
As, by a lower but loving likelihood,[10]
Were now the general of our gracious empress[11]
(As, in good time, he may) from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,[12]
How many would the peaceful city quit,
To welcome him! much more (and much more cause)[13]
Did they this Harry. Now, in London place him;
As yet the lamentation of the French
Invites the king of England's stay at home
(The emperor[14] coming in behalf of France,
To order peace between them); and omit
All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd,
Till Harry's back-return[15] again to France:
There must we bring him; and myself have play'd
The interim, by remembering you 't is past.[16]
Then brook abridgment, and your eyes advance,
After your thoughts, straight back again to France.[17]

[Exit.

SCENE 1.

France. An English Court of Guard.

Enter Fluellen *and* Gower.

Gow. Nay, that 's right; but why wear you your leek to-day? Saint Davy's day is past.[1]

Flu. There is occasions, and causes, why and wherefore, in all things: I will tell you, as my friend, captain Gower. The rascally, scald, beggarly, lousy, pragging knave, Pistol, which you and yourself, and all the 'orld, know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits. he is come to me, and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek.[2] It was in a place where I could not breed no contention with him; but I will be so bold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

Enter Pistol.

Flu. 'T is no matter for his swellings, nor his turkey-cocks. — God pless you, aunchient Pistol! you scurvy, lousy knave, God pless you!

Pist. Ha! art thou Bedlam? dost thou thirst, base Trojan,[3]
To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?
Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu. I peseech you heartily, scurvy lousy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek; because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections, and your appetites, and your digestions,[4] does not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader,[5] and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you. *[Strikes him.]* Will you be so good, scald knave, as eat it?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scald knave, when God's will is. I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals: come, there is sauce for it. *[Striking him again.]* You called me yesterday mountain-squire, but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree.[6] I pray you, fall to:[7] if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

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bei seinem Einzug in London vor sich her tragen lassen. 8) Er stellt die volle Siegesehre in ihren Abzeichen und Darlegungen, indem er sie von sich ablehnt, allein Gott anheim. 9) d. h. die Aldermen der Stadt London, die dem Mayor als Municipalbehörde zur Seite stehen. 10) *likelihood* = Aehnlichkeit, Gleichniss. — Wenn der Dichter die bevorstehende siegreiche Rückkehr des Grafen Essex aus Irland mit der Rückkehr des Königs Heinrich aus Frankreich vergleicht, so geschieht dies vermittelst einer zwar geringeren Vergleichung — eines Unterthanen mit einem König —, aber doch einer freundlichen, liebevollen Vergleichung. — Die Fol. hat *but by loving*. Die Cambridge Edd. streichen das *by* mit Recht. 11) *empress* = Herrscherin, eine emphatische Bezeichnung der Königin Elisabeth, die auch Spenser in der Widmung seiner Faerie Queene so anredet. Auch in Antony and Cleopatra (A. 3, Sc. 9) wird die Königin *empress* genannt. 12) Die Expedition des Grafen Essex nach Irland zur Unterdrückung eines dort ausgebrochenen Aufstandes dauerte von April bis September des Jahres 1599. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 760. 13) *and much more cause* ist eine elliptische Parenthese, und zu *did* ist *welcome* zu suppliren: viel mehr, als sie den Grafen Essex bewillkommnen würden, — und viel mehr Ursache war vorhanden, — begrüssten sie diesen König Heinrich. 14) M. Mason's Emendation *emperor* für das *emperor's* der Fol. hilft dem unklaren und verwirrten Satze am besten auf: jetzt nehmt an, dass der König Heinrich in London sei, da doch das Wehklagen der nach Frieden und Ruhe begierigen, vor einem neuen Kriege bangen Franzosen den König von England auffordert, zu Hause zu bleiben, indem der Kaiser Sigismund im Interesse des französischen Königs herkommt, um Frieden zwischen Beiden zu stiften. — *coming* ist demnach Particip und steht in einem absoluten Participialsatze. — Das folgende *and omit* knüpft dann an *in London place him* wieder an. 15) Das tautologische Compositum *back-return* hat als Zusatz das adverbiale *again* = abermals nach Frankreich, hinter sich. 16) Ich als Chorus habe Euch die dazwischen liegenden Ereignisse vorgespielt, indem ich Euch daran mahnte, dass sie schon vorüber sind. 17) Lasst Euch die Abkürzung des Stoffes, die wir vorgenommen haben, gefallen; nehmt sie an.

1) Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 1, Anm. 12. 2) Fluellen sollte den Lauch zu dem Brod und Salz, das Pistol ihm zur Verhöhnung bringt, verzehren. 3) *Bedlam* = Tollhäusler, *Trojan* = Landstreicher, in Pistol's bombastischer Redeweise, der in simpler Prosa nur sagen will: Willst Du mich umbringen, indem Du mir Deinen Lauch vorhältst? 4) Die Fol. hat *disgestions*, was vielleicht kein Druckfehler, sondern ein Sprachfehler Fluellen's ist. 5) Cadwallader in Wales, wegen seines Reichthums an Ziegenheerden bekannt. — Mit ihren Ziegen und unfruchtbaren Bergen werden die Walliser auch sonst verhöhnt, z. B. in K. Henry IV. First Part (A. 3, Sc. 1) *the goats ran from the mountains*. — So hatte Pistol den Fluellen zur Verhöhnung auch *mountain-squire* genannt. 6) Anspielung auf die altenglische Ballade, die so anfängt: *It was a squire of low degree,* || *That loved the king's daughter of Hungry*. — Zugleich liegt darin ein Gegensatz zu *mountain-squire:* wenn ich ein Bergjunker bin, so sollt Ihr

Gow. Enough, captain: you have astonished him.[8]

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days. — Bite, I pray you; it is good for your green wound, and your ploody coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes, certainly, and out of doubt, and out of question too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge. I eat, and eat I swear[9] —

Flu. Eat, I pray you. Will you have some more sauce[10] to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel: thou dost see, I eat.

Flu. Much good do you,[11] scald knave, heartily. Nay, pray you, throw none away; the skin is good for your broken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em; that is all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is good. — Hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.[12]

Pist. Me a groat!

Flu. Yes, verily, and in truth, you shall take it, or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy groat, in earnest of revenge.[13]

Flu. If I owe you anything, I will pay you in cudgels: you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God be wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. *[Exit.*

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition, begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour, and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking[14] and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel: you find it otherwise; and, henceforth, let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition.[15] Fare ye well. *[Exit.*

Pist. Doth Fortune play the huswife[16] with me now?
News have I, that my Nell[17] is dead i' the spital
Of malady of France;
And there my rendezvous[18] is quite cut off.
Old I do wax, and from my weary limbs
Honour is cudgelled. Well, bawd I 'll turn,
And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.[19]
To England will I steal, and there I 'll steal:[20]
And patches will I get unto these cudgell'd[21] scars,
And swear, I got them in the Gallia[22] wars. *[Exit.*

SCENE II.

Troyes in Champagne. An Apartment in the French King's Palace.

Enter, at one door, King Henry, Bedford, Gloster, Exeter, Warwick, Westmoreland, *and other Lords; at another, the French King, Queen* Isabel, *the Princess* Katharine, *Lords, Ladies, etc., the Duke of* Burgundy, *and his Train.*

K. Hen. Peace to this meeting, wherefore[1] we are met!
Unto our brother France, and to our sister,
Health and fair time of day; — joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine; —
And, as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contriv'd,[2]
We do salute you, duke of Burgundy; —
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all!

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face,
Most worthy brother England; fairly met: —
So are you, princes English, every one.

Q. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother England,[3]
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes;
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Against the French, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks:[4]

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heute ein heruntergekommener Junker werden. 7) *to fall to* = zulangen beim Essen. 8) *to astonish* erklärt Johnson mit *to stun with the blow*, was indess aus dem Zusammenhange nicht bestätigt wird. Richtiger fasst M. Mason es in dem gewöhnlichen Sinne = *to confound.* 9) So die Fol. — Manche Hgg. lesen dafür willkürlich mit Johnson *I eat, and eke I swear.* — Vielleicht ist zu lesen *I eat, and* — || Flu. *Eat!* || Pist. *I swear.* — Zu der vorigen Rede Fluellen's fügen die Qs. die Bühnenweisung *He makes Ancient Pistol bite off the leek.* 10) Unter *sauce* versteht Fluellen die Prügel, mit denen er dem Pistol den Lauch aufnöthigt. 11) Er will sagen *much good do it you* = wohl bekomm' es Euch. 12) Den Schädel, den er ihm blutig geschlagen, und den er deshalb vorher beleidigend *ploody coxcomb* und *broken coxcomb* genannt hatte. 13) In den Qs. *I take thy shilling in earnest of reckoning* 14) *to gleek* = seinen Spass treiben mit Jemandem. 15) *condition* = Haltung, Stimmung, Art. 16) *huswife*, eigentlich eine sparsame, wirthschaftliche Hausfrau, wird hier in gehässigem Sinne gebraucht: Wird die Fortuna nun geizig gegen mich? — Johnson geht wohl zu weit, wenn er *huswife* mit *jilt* erklärt und auf die Untreue der Glücksgöttin gegen Pistol deutet. 17) Qs. und Fol. haben *Doll*, in Folge einer Verwechslung, die wahrscheinlich Sh. selbst beging. Es kann hier nicht Doll Tear-sheet gemeint sein, sondern die ehemalige Mrs. Quickly, welche Pistol geheirathet und in London zurückgelassen hatte. Dass sie *Nell* hiess, ergiebt sich aus A. 2, Sc. 1, wo Pistol sagt *Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers*, und vorher Bardolph von Pistol erzählt *he is married to Nell Quickly.* — Die Fol. hat *Of a malady of France.* 18) *rendezvous*, eigentlich = ein Sammelplatz, gebraucht Pistol hier = Zufluchtsort. Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 1, Anm. 6. 19) Pistol will den Kuppler *(bawd)* spielen und das Nebengewerbe eines fingerfertigen Beutelschneiders treiben. 20) *to steal* = sich schleichen, und = stehlen, ein Doppelsinn, den Sh. häufig anwendet. 21) Viele Hgg. lassen mit den Qs. das prägnante *cudgell'd* weg; das Wort besagt, dass Pistol's Narben nicht von dem Kampfe in der Schlacht, sondern von den Prügeln Fluellen's herrührten. 22) *Gallia* pomphaft für *France.* — Für das *swear* der Qs. hat die Fol. *swore.*

1) *wherefore* bezieht sich auf *peace.* 2) Der Herzog von Burgund, ein Mitglied der königlichen Familie von Frankreich, hat diese Zusammenkunft zu Wege gebracht, die von den Hggn. in den königlichen Palast verlegt ist, während Holinshed sagt, dass sie in der Peterskirche zu Troyes stattgefunden. 3) Die Fol. hat *brother Ireland*, was indess die spätern Folioausgg. verbessern. 4) Wortspiel zwischen *basilisk* = Basilisk, die Schlange, deren Auge tödten sollte, und = Geschütz. Ebenso ist *ball* zweideutig = Augapfel *(eyeball)*, und = Kugel

The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
Have [5] lost their quality, and that this day
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.
K. Hen. To cry amen to that, thus we appear.
Q. Isa. You English princes all, I do salute you.
Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love.
Great kings of France and England, that I have labour'd
With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours,
To bring your most imperial majesties
Unto this bar [6] and royal interview,
Your mightiness on both parts [7] best can witness.
Since then my office hath so far prevail'd,
That face to face, and royal eye to eye,
You have congreeted, let it not disgrace me, [8]
If I demand before this royal view,
What rub, or what impediment, there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
Should not in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?
Alas! she hath from France too long been chas'd,
And all her [9] husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.
Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies; her hedges even-pleached,
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair, [10]
Put forth disorder'd twigs; her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory, [11]
Doth root upon, while that the coulter [12] rusts,
That should deracinate [13] such savagery;
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all [14] uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness, and nothing teems, [15]
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility;
And as our vineyards, [16] fallows, meads, and hedges,
Defective in their natures, [17] grow to wildness;
Even so our houses, and ourselves, and children,
Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time,
The sciences that should become our country,
But grow, like savages, — as soldiers will, [18]
That nothing do but meditate on blood, —
To swearing, and stern looks, diffus'd attire, [19]
And every thing that seems unnatural.
Which to reduce into our former favour, [20]
You are assembled; and my speech entreats,
That I may know the let, why gentle peace
Should not expel these inconveniencies,
And bless us with her former qualities.
K. Hen. If, duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,
Whose want gives growth to the imperfections
Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
With full accord to all our just demands;
Whose tenours and particular effects
You have, enschedul'd briefly, in your hands.
Bur. The king hath heard them; to the which, as yet,
There is no answer made.
K. Hen. Well then, the peace,
Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer.
Fr. King. I have but with a cursorary [21] eye
O'erglanc'd the articles: pleaseth your grace
To appoint some of your council presently
To sit with us once more, with better heed
To re-survey them, we will suddenly
Pass our accept, [22] and peremptory answer.
K. Hen. Brother, we shall. — Go, uncle Exeter, —
And brother Clarence, — and you, brother Gloster, —
Warwick, — and Huntington, [23] — go with the king;
And take with you free power to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
Anything in, or out of, our demands,
And we 'll consign thereto. — Will you, fair sister,
Go with the princes, or stay here with us?
Q. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go with them.
Haply a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles, too nicely [24] urg'd, be stood on.

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5) Sh. construirt hier wie oft das Verbum im Plural, wenn auf das Subject im Singular *(venom)* noch ein pluralisches Wort *(looks)* folgt. — Mit gleicher Licenz hängt *that this day* von *we fairly hope* ab, das nicht mehr als Zwischensatz gefasst wird. 6) *bar* = ein abgegrenzter Bezirk zur Verhandlung streitiger Punkte. — Nach Sh.'scher Construction ist vielleicht zu verstehen *unto the bar of this royal interview.* 7) Eure Majestäten beiderseits. — Es sollte *your mightinesses* gesagt sein. 8) Möge es mir nicht übel gedeutet werden. 9) *her* und *she*, das bisher sich auf das weiblich personificirte *peace* bezogen hatte, scheint mit einer bei Sh. nicht auffallenden Verwechslung von hier an auf *France* zu gehen. — In der folgenden Zeile haben die beiden ersten Folioausgg. das ältere *it* für das spätere *its* und das frühere *his*. 10) Diese Zeile dient zum Vergleiche für die folgende, nicht für die vorhergehende: die Hecken, die sonst gleichmässig verflochten und unter der Scheere gehalten werden, lassen jetzt unordentlich ihre Zweige nach allen Seiten hin wachsen, wie Gefangene, denen im Gefängniss das Haar nicht geschnitten wird. 11) *her fallow leas* hängt von *root upon* ab. — Dieselben wildwuchernden Pflanzen wie hier erwähnt Sh. auch in K. Lear (A. 4, Sc. 4), woselbst *fumiter* zu *fenitar* in der Fol., wie hier *fumitory* zu *femetary* entstellt ist. 12) *coulter* = Pflugschaar. 13) *to deracinate* = entwurzeln, wird sonst nirgendwo im eigentlichen concreten Wortsinne gebraucht. 14) *all* emendirt Rowe das dem Sinne wie dem Versmass gleich widerstrebende *withal* der Fol. 15) *nothing* ist Object zu dem von dem Subject *the even mead* abhängigen Verbum *teems*. 16) Die Fol. hat *and all our vineyards*, und setzt demnach hinter *wildness* ein Punctum. — Die nothwendige Verbesserung rührt von Roderick her. 17) Die Weinberge u. s. w. werden ihrer ursprünglichen Natur ungetreu, entsprechen nicht mehr ihrer natürlichen Art. 18) Wie es die Art der Soldaten ist oder mit sich bringt. 19) *diffus'd attire* = entstellte, verwilderte Trachten. — In diesem Sinne wird *to diffuse* öfter gebraucht. 20) *favour* = Ansehen, Miene. 21) *cursorary*, wie es scheint, von Sh. aus *cursory* = flüchtig durchlaufend, erweitert, findet sich so in der spätern Q. von 1608; die Q. von 1600 hat *cursenary*, und die Fol. *curselary*. 22) Malone wollte dafür *pass or accept* lesen, wozu jedoch das folgende *and peremptory answer* sich schlecht fügen würde. Der Sinn ist: wir wollen, in Bezug auf die Friedensartikel, ohne Weiteres unsere Annahme der zu bewilligenden Artikel und unsere entscheidende Antwort auf sämmtliche Artikel erklären. 23) Malone macht darauf aufmerksam, dass weder Clarence noch Huntington beim Auftreten erwähnt werden, noch sonst in diesem Drama das Wort nehmen oder auch nur vorkommen. 24) *nicely* = pedantisch, scrupulös. 25) *your*

K. Hen. Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with us:
She is our capital demand, compris'd
Within the forerank of our articles.

Q. Isa. She hath good leave.

[Exeunt all but King Henry, Katharine, *and her Gentlewoman.*

K. Hen. Fair Katharine, and most fair!
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Kath. Your majesty shall mock at me; I cannot speak your England.[25]

K. Hen. O fair Katharine! if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Kath. *Pardonnez-moy*, I cannot tell vat is — like me.

K. Hen. An angel is like[26] you, Kate; and you are like an angel.

Kath. *Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les anges?*

Alice. *Ouy, vrayment, sauf vostre grace, ainsi dit-il.*

K. Hen. I said so, dear Katharine, and I must not blush to affirm it.

Kath. *O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.*

K. Hen. What says she, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

Alice. *Ouy;* dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de princess.

K. Hen. The princess is the better Englishwoman.[27] I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding: I am glad, thou canst speak no better English; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king, that thou wouldst think, I had sold my farm to buy my crown.[28] I know no ways to mince it in love,[29] but directly to say — I love you: then, if you urge me further than to say — Do you in faith? I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i' faith, do, and so clap hands and a bargain.[30] How say you, lady?

Kath. *Sauf vostre honneur*, me understand well.

K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to verses,[31] or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me: for the one, I have neither words nor measure; and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure[32] in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a jack-an-apes,[33] never off; but, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly,[34] nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of anything he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier:[35] if thou canst love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee, that I shall die, is true; but for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined[36] constancy, for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places; for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours,[37] they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall,[38] a straight back will stoop, a black beard will turn white, a curled pate will grow bald, a fair face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon, for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me; and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king. And what sayest thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of Fraunce?

K. Hen. No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate; but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France, for I love France so well, that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. Hen. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French, which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. — *Quand j'ay le possession de France, et quand vous avez le possession de moy,* (let me see, what then? Saint Dennis[39] be my speed!) — *donc vostre est France, et vous estes mienne.* It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom, as to speak so much more French.

English will sie sagen. 26) Das Wortspiel zwischen *to like* = lieben, und *like* = gleich, ähnlich, ist Sh. geläufig. 27) Die Prinzessin spricht, nach dem Urtheil des Königs, besser Englisch als ihre Dame und bedarf deshalb dieses Dolmetschers nicht. 28) Wenn die Prinzessin den König besser verstände, so würde er ihr so schlicht und einfach vorkommen, dass sie glauben müsste, er sei ursprünglich ein Landmann oder Pächter gewesen. 29) *to mince it* = zart thun, sich affectirt geberden. 30) Besiegle den abgeschlossenen Handel mit einem Handschlag. 31) Wenn Ihr mich veranlassen wolltet, Verse an Euch zu richten. 32) *measure* = Versmass, = Tanzmass, und = Mass, Quantum. Mit ähnlichem Wortspiel ist *strength* zuerst = Virtuosität, dann = körperliche Kraft. 33) *lay on* = loslegen, geht auf *buffet; sit like a jack-an-apes* = wie ein Affe festsitzen, geht auf *bound my horse.* 34) *greenly* ist schwerlich = *awkwardly*, wie Steevens deutet, sondern bezeichnet eher die bleichsüchtige Farbe, welche ein schmachtender Liebhaber haben muss, um seine Geliebte zu rühren. 35) Ich spreche zu Dir wie ein einfacher Soldat. — So hat Sh. in Twelfth-Night (A. 1, Sc. 5) *he speaks nothing but madman*, und in Othello (A. 2, Sc. 3) *drunk? and speak parrot?* 36) *uncoined* = ächt, wahr, von *to coin* = Etwas prägen, münzen, um es in Umlauf zu bringen, und so einer Sache einen conventionellen Werth geben. 37) Die Schwätzer, die sich mit Versen in die Gunst der Damen zu bringen verstehen, die bringen sich mit ihren Reden auch wieder aus ihr heraus. — Die Verba *to rhyme* und *to reason* bilden hier einen Gegensatz, wie sonst *rhyme and reason* zusammengefügt wird; so *neither rhyme nor reason* in Comedy of Errors (A. 2, Sc. 2). 38) *to fall* = in Verfall gerathen, einschrumpfen. 39) Um mit dem Französischreden fertig zu werden, ruft er den Schutzpatron Frankreichs, St. Dionys, an, wie er bald nachher den Schutzpatron Englands, St. Georg, als seinen Beistand erwähnt. 40) Vgl. A. 1,

I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Kath. *Sauf vostre honneur, le François que vous parlez est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.*

K. Hen. No, 'faith, is 't not, Kate; but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English? Canst thou love me?

Kath. I cannot tell.

K. Hen. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I 'll ask them. Come, I know, thou lovest me: and at night when you come into your closet, you 'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will, to her, dispraise those parts in me, that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou be'st mine, Kate, (as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt) I get thee with scambling,[40] and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder. Shall not thou and I, between Saint Dennis and Saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople, and take the Turk[41] by the beard? shall we not? what sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce?[42]

Kath. I do not know dat.

K. Hen. No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise: do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a boy, and for my English moiety take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, *la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très cher et divin déesse?*

Kath. Your *majesté* have *fausse* French enough to deceive de most *sage damoiselle* dat is *en France.*

K. Hen. Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honour I dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering[43] effect of my visage. Now beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me: therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty,[44] can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better. And therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say — Harry of England, I am thine: which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud — England is thine, Ireland is thine, France[45] is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music, and thy English broken; therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English: wilt thou have me?

Kath. Dat is, as it shall please de *roy mon père.*

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate: it shall please him, Kate.

Kath. Den it sall also content me.

K. Hen. Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.

Kath. *Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez! Ma foy, je ne veux point que vous abbaissez vostre grandeur, en baisant le main d'une vostre indigne serviteur: excusez moy, je vous supplie, mon très puissant seigneur.*

K. Hen. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kath. *Les dames, et damoiselles, pour estre baisées devant leur nopces, il n'est pas le costume de France.*

K. Hen. Madam my interpreter, what says she?

Alice. Dat it is not be de fashion *pour les* ladies of France, — I cannot tell what is *baiser* in English.

K. Hen. To kiss.

Alice. Your majesty *entendre* bettre *que moy.*

K. Hen. It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Alice. *Ouy, vraiment.*

K. Hen. O Kate! nice customs curtesy to great kings.[46] Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list[47] of a country's fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places[48] stops the mouths of all find-faults, as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently, and yielding. *[Kissing her.]* You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them, than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England, than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

Enter the French King and Queen, BURGUNDY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WESTMORELAND, *and other French and English Lords.*[49]

Bur. God save your majesty! My royal cousin,
Teach you our princess English?

K. Hen. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.

Bur. Is she not apt?

Sc. 1, Anm. 2. 41) *Turk* ist hier der sonst als *Grand-Turk* bezeichnete türkische Sultan, der freilich zu Heinrich's V. Zeit Constantinopel noch nicht inne hatte, wohl aber zu Sh.'s Zeit als eine gefürchtete Macht dort residirte. 42) Die Lilie im französischen Königswappen wird hier mit der französischen Prinzessin identificirt. 43) *untempering*, wofür Warburton *untempting* lesen wollte, ist = nicht umstimmend, nicht rührend. — So kommt *to temper* in Titus Andronicus (A. 4, Sc. 4) vor: *And temper him with all the art I have.* 44) Das Greisenalter, welches ein so schlechter Bewahrer oder Erhalter der Schönheit ist. 45) Insofern Heinrich den Besitz Frankreichs beansprucht und sich, wie nachher folgt, auch König von Frankreich nennt. — Am Ende dieser Rede schrieb Sh. vielleicht *queen of all Katharines*, wie auch Capell vermuthet hat. — *broken music* = Musik von Saiteninstrumenten im Gegensatz zu Musik von Blasinstrumenten, gebraucht Sh. hier zu einem Wortspiele, wie ähnlich in Troilus and Cressida (A. 3, Sc. 1) und in As you like it (A. 1, Sc. 2). 46) Pedantische Sitten und Gewohnheiten weichen der Macht der Könige, machen sich ihnen gegenüber nicht geltend. 47) Das Epitheton *weak* sagt, dass die Schranke einer Landessitte zu schwach sei, als dass ein König und eine Prinzessin sich darin bannen liessen. 48) Die Freiheit des Thuns, welche zu unserm hohen Range gehört. 49) Die Bühnenweisung der Fol. ist

K. Hen. Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condition[50] is not smooth; so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

Bur. Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle; if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked, and blind.[51] Can you blame her, then, being a maid yet rosed over[52] with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

K. Hen. Yet they do wink, and yield, as love is blind, and enforces.

Bur. They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do.

K. Hen. Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent winking.

Bur. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maids, well summered and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide,[53] blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which[54] before would not abide looking on.

K. Hen. This moral[55] ties me over to time, and a hot summer; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

Bur. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

K. Hen. It is so: and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair French city, for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively:[56] the cities turned into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden walls, that war hath never[57] entered.

K. Hen. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

K. Hen. I am content; so the maiden cities you talk of, may wait on her: so the maid, that stood in the way for my wish, shall show me the way to my will.

Fr. King. We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. Hen. Is 't so, my lords of England?

West. The king hath granted every article:
His daughter, first; and then,[58] in sequel, all,
According to their firm proposed natures.

Exe. Only, he hath not yet subscribed this: —
Where your majesty demands, — that the king of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form, and with this addition, in French, — *Notre très cher filz Henry roy d'Angleterre, heretier de France;* and thus in Latin. — *Præclarissimus*[59] *filius noster Henricus, rex Angliæ, et hæres Franciæ.*

Fr. King. Nor this I have not, brother, so denied,
But your request shall make me let it pass.

K. Hen. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,
Let that one article rank with the rest;
And, thereupon, give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair son; and from her blood raise up
Issue to me, that the contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale[60]
With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred; and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and christian-like accord
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Now welcome, Kate: — and bear me witness all,
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen. *[Flourish.*

Q. Isa. God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,
That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,
Thrust in between the paction[61] of these kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate league;
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other! — God speak this Amen!

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Prepare we for our marriage: — on which day,
My lord of Burgundy, we 'll take your oath,
And all the peers', for surety of our leagues.
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me;
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be!

[Exeunt.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Thus far, with rough and all-unable pen,
Our bending[62] author hath pursu'd the story;
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.[63]
Small time, but in that small most greatly liv'd
This star of England. Fortune made his sword,

Enter the French Power and the English Lords. 50) Vgl. A. 5, Sc. 1, Anm. 15. 51) Mit demselben frivolen Doppelsinn in Romeo and Juliet (A. 2, Sc. 1) *To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle || Of some strange nature, letting it there stand || Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down.* — Der Geisterbeschwörer zog zuerst einen Kreis, in welchem er dann seine Beschwörungen vornahm. 52) *to rose over* = mit Rosen bedecken, röthen, ein sonst bei Sh. nicht vorkommendes Verbum. 53) *Bartholomew-tide* = die Zeit um Bartholomäi, 24. August. 54) *which* hängt von *they* ab: dann dulden sie, dass man sie mit Händen anfasse, da sie vorher nicht ertragen konnten, dass man sie nur ansah. 55) *moral* ist die Nutzanwendung, welche Heinrich aus der Gleichnissrede Burgund's von den Fliegen entnimmt. 56) *perspectively* = durch ein Perspectiv, ein optisches Glas, das die Dinge anders erscheinen lässt, als sie sind. So hat Sh. das substantivische *perspective* öfter. 57) Das in der Fol. ausgefallene *never* ergänzte zuerst Rowe. 58) *then* fügt erst die zweite Folioausg. von 1632 ein. 59) Sh. fand dieses lateinische Wort, das eigentlich, dem französischen *très-cher* und dem Originaltext entsprechend, *præcarissimus* sein sollte, in Holinshed. 60) Anspielung auf die Kreidefelsen der englischen und französischen Küsten. 61) *paction* = Vertrag, Vergleich, emendirt Theobald das sinnlose *pation* der Fol., wofür die frühern Hgg. mit den spätern Folioausgg. *passion* lasen. 62) *bending* ist nach Steevens entweder *unequal to the weight of the subject*, oder, wie der Prolog in Hamlet (A. 3, Sc. 2) sagt, *stooping to your clemency.* — Die zweite Erklärung erscheint als die natürlichere. 63) Indem Sh. die Geschichte nur sprungweise darstellen konnte,

By which the world's best garden[64] he achiev'd,
And of it left his son imperial lord.
Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd king
Of France and England, did this king succeed;
Whose state so many had the managing,
That they lost France, and made his England bleed:
Which oft our stage hath shown;[65] and, for their sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take. *[Exit.*

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hat er dem vollen Glanze dieser grossen Männer Abbruch gethan. 64) So hatte Burgund schon vorher Frankreich *this best garden of the world* genannt. 65) Sh. deutet auf sein Jugenddrama K. Henry VI. First Part hin und auf den wiederholten Beifall, den dasselbe auf der Bühne gefunden, welche nun auch K. Henry V. zur Aufführung bringt.

KING HENRY VI. — PART I.

Einleitung.

Unter dem Titel The first Part of Henry the Sixt ist das nachstehende geschichtliche Drama zuerst gedruckt in der Folioausgabe sämmtlicher Shakspere'schen Dramen vom Jahre 1623, ohne dass sich von einer etwaigen früheren Einzelausgabe in Quarto bisher eine Notiz hätte auffinden lassen. Es steht daselbst als sechstes Stück in der Reihe der Histories, und es hat die dort vorgenommene Eintheilung in Acte, theilweise auch in Scenen, von Seiten der späteren Herausgeber mehrfacher Verbesserung und Vervollständigung bedurft. Im Uebrigen ist der Druck der Folioausgabe, was den ohnehin nicht schwierigen Text dieses Dramas betrifft, ziemlich correct; die hie und da aus Nachlässigkeit, wie es scheint, ausgelassenen Wörter lassen sich mit Hülfe der zweiten Folioausgabe, welche im Jahre 1632 erschien, theilweise ergänzen.

Die Shakspere'sche Autorschaft des King Henry VI. First Part, welche aus vermeintlichen inneren Gründen von manchen englischen Kritikern angezweifelt oder geleugnet wird, ist, wie u. A. Collier mit Recht bemerkt, schon äusserlich festgestellt durch die Thatsache, dass Heminge und Condell, die Freunde und Kunstgenossen unseres Dichters, dieses Drama in die von ihnen edirte erste Gesammtausgabe seiner Schauspiele aufgenommen haben. Dass Shakspere selbst der Verfasser, nicht etwa nur der hinzutretende spätere Bearbeiter dieses Dramas gewesen sein muss, beweist ferner der innere Zusammenhang, in welchem die drei Theile von King Henry VI. unter einander und mit dem unzweifelhaft ächten Shakspere'schen Drama King Richard III. stehen; ein Zusammenhang, so innig und organisch, wie er schon in dem ersten Plane und Entwurfe dieser vier Dramen als eines einheitlichen Ganzen gelegen haben muss, und nicht erst später von Shakspere in das ihm vorliegende Werk eines Vorgängers hineingearbeitet sein kann. Die von den englischen Kritikern hervorgehobenen innern Gründe, welche unserm Dichter das Drama King Henry VI. First Part ganz absprechen, und ihm für den Second Part und Third Part nur den Antheil eines Ueberarbeiters fremder Arbeit einräumen sollen, angebliche Mängel der Composition, Ungleichheiten des Styls, der theils bombastisch, theils allzu nüchtern sein soll, Ueberladung mit gelehrten, namentlich mythologischen Anspielungen u. s. w., Alles das sind, unbefangen betrachtet, wie bei dem gleichfalls bestrittenen Titus Andronicus, lediglich Merkmale einer Jugendarbeit des Dichters, der hier zuerst seine Kräfte versuchte auf einem Gebiete, wo es an Vorbildern und Leitern, die seiner würdig gewesen wären, bisher gänzlich gefehlt hatte. Diese Merkmale weisen auch ohne bestimmtere chronologische Fingerzeige dem First Part of King Henry VI. seine Stelle unter den frühesten Arbeiten unseres Dichters an, wahrscheinlich mehrere Jahre vor 1592. Da finden wir nämlich die erste Anspielung auf dieses Drama in einem Pamphlet von Thomas Nashe, betitelt Pierce Pennilesse His Supplication to the Devil, wo der Verfasser zur Vertheidigung der Theaterstücke u. A. Folgendes anführt: *Nay, what if I prove plays to be no extreme, but a rare exercise of virtue? First, for the subject of them, for the most it is borrowed out of our English chronicles, wherein our forefathers' valiant acts (that have lien long buried in rusty brass and worm-eaten books) are revived and they themselves raised from the grave of oblivion and brought to plead their aged honours in open presence; than which what can be a sharper reproof to these degenerate effeminate days of ours? How would it have joyed brave Talbot, the terror of the French, to think that after he had lien two hundred year in his tomb, he should triumph again on the stage, and have his bones new embalmed with the tears of ten thousand spectators at least, at several times, who in the tragedian that represents his person, imagine they behold him fresh bleeding?* — Dass der citirte Passus sich nicht auf Shakspere's Drama, sondern auf ein früheres, von ihm benutztes, beziehen sollte, zu dieser Hypothese, obgleich sie von manchen englischen Kritikern aufgestellt ist, liegt kein Grund vor, wenn es auch unentschieden bleiben muss, ob die Fol. den Text des King Henry VI. First Part in der ältesten Recension oder in einer von dem Dichter später für die Bühne bearbeiteten darbiete. Gerade die in dem Pierce Pennilesse wegen ihrer gewaltigen Wirkung auf das Publicum hervorgehobenen Talbotscenen tragen das Shakspere'sche Gepräge zu deutlich an sich, als dass Nashe im Jahre 1592 an andere als an diese, etwa an das Product eines untergeordneten Dichters, hätte denken können. Denn allerdings brachten andere Bühnen zu derselben Zeit, vielleicht auch schon vorher, denselben geschichtlichen Stoff in roh dramatisirter Gestalt auf die Bretter, ohne dass sich jedoch eine auch nur entfernte Benutzung solcher Erzeugnisse von Seiten Shakspere's nachweisen liesse, etwa in der Weise, wie er später die Famous Victories of Henry V. seinen Dramen King Henry IV. und King Henry V. zu Grunde gelegt hat. Vielmehr scheint für diese Jugenddramen nur die Chronik Holinshed's, vielleicht auch die von Holinshed selbst auszüglich benutzte Chronik Hall's seine Quelle gewesen zu sein, deren er sich denn mit grosser Freiheit bedient hat, ohne sich überall an die historische Reihenfolge der Thatsachen zu binden. Manches scheint freie Erfindung des Dichters, Anderes anders-

woher entlehnt und mit poetischer Willkür seinem Drama einverleibt zu sein, wie aus einer kurzen Musterung der Acte und Scenen unter fortlaufender Bezugnahme auf die etwaigen Quellen sich ergiebt.

King Henry VI. First Part fasst in seinen fünf Acten Ereignisse aus mehr als zwanzig Jahren der Regierung Heinrich's VI. zusammen, von dem Tode Heinrich's V., mit welchem das Drama beginnt (1422), bis zu der Verlobung Heinrich's VI. mit Margaretha (1443). Der bei Shakspere zwischen beide Punkte fallende Tod Talbot's ist in der That erst zehn Jahre später (1453) erfolgt. Auch an andern Anachronismen fehlt es nicht durch das ganze Drama hindurch, deren detaillirte Aufzählung indess zur Würdigung des Shakspere'schen Verfahrens kaum erforderlich erscheint.

A. 1, Sc. 1. Heinrich's V. letzte Verfügungen, auf welche mehrfach Bezug genommen wird, fand Shakspere in Holinshed: *When he saw them pensive for his sickness, and great danger of life wherein he presently lay, he, with many grave, courteous, and pithy words, re-conforted them the best he could, and therewith exhorted them to be trusty and faithful unto his son, and to see that he might be well and virtuously brought up. And as concerning the rule and governance of his realms during the minority and young years of his said son, he willed them to join together in friendly love and concord, keeping continual peace and amity with the Duke of Burgundy, and never to make treaty with Charles that called himself the Dauphin of Vienne, by the which any part either of the crown of France, or of the duchies of Normandy and Guienne, may be lessened or diminished; and further, that the Duke of Orleans and other princes should still remain prisoners, till his son came to lawful age, lest returning home again, they might kindle more fire in one day than might be quenched in three. He further advised them, that if they thought it necessary that it should be good to have his brother Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, to be protector of England during the non-age of his son; and his brother the Duke of Bedford, with the help of the Duke of Burgundy, to rule and to be Regent of France, commanding him with fire and sword to persecute the Dauphin, till he had either brought him to reason and obeisance, or else to drive and expel him out of the realm of France.*

A. 1, Sc. 2. Von der Pucelle fand Shakspere folgende Schilderung: *In time of this siege at Orleans, unto Charles the Dauphin, at Chinon, as he was in very great care and study how to wrestle against the English nation, by one Peter Badricourt, captain of Vacouleur (made after marshal of France by the Dauphin's creation), was carried a young wench of an eighteen years old, called Joan Arc, by name of her father (a sorry shepherd), James of Arc, and Isabella her mother, brought up poorly in their trade of keeping cattle, born at Domprin (therefore reported by Bale, Joan Domprin) upon Meuse in Lorraine, within the diocese of Thoule. Of favour was she counted likesome, of person strongly made and manly, of courage great, hardy, and stout withal, an understander of counsels though she were not at them, great semblance of chastity both of body and behaviour, the name of Jesus in her mouth about all her businesses, humble, obedient, and fasting divers days in the week. A person (as their books make her) raised up by power divine, only for succour to the French estate, then deeply in distress, in whom, for planting a credit the rather, first the company that towards the Dauphin did conduct her, through places all dangerous, as held by the English, where she never was afore, all the way and by nightertale safely did she lead: then at the Dauphin's sending by her assignment, from Saint Katherine's church of Fierbois in Touraine (where she never had been and knew not), in a secret place there, among old iron, appointed she her sword to be sought out and brought her, that with five fleurs-de-lis was graven on both sides, wherewith she fought and did many slaughters by her own hands. In warfare rode she in armour, cap-à-pie and mustered as a man, before her an ensign all white, wherein was Jesus Christ painted with a fleur-de-lis in his hand.*

Unto the Dauphin into his gallery when first she was brought, and he shadowing himself behind, setting other gay lords before him to try her cunning from all the company, with a salutation (that indeed was all the matter) she picked him out alone, who thereupon had her to the end of the gallery, where she held him an hour in secret and private talk, that of his privy chamber was thought very long, and therefore would have broken it off; but he made them a sign to let her say on. In which (among other, as likely it was, she set out unto him the singular feats (forsooth) given her to understand by revelation divine, that in virtue of that sword she should achieve, which were, how with honour and victory she would raise the siege at Orleans, set him in state of the crown of France, and drive the English out of the country, thereby he to enjoy the kingdom alone. Hereupon he hearkened at full, appointed her a sufficient army with absolute power to lead them, and they obediently to do as she bade them. — In Sc. 3 und der sich daran schliessenden Sc. 1 des A. 3 zog Shakspere Holinshed's ausführliche Berichte zusammen.

A. 1, Sc. 4 ist auf Holinshed's Darstellung gegründet: *In the tower that was taken at the bridge end (as before you have heard), there was an high chamber, having a grate full of bars of iron, by the which a man might look all the length of the bridge into the city; at which grate many of the chief captains stood many times, viewing the city, and devising in what place it was best to give the assault. They within the city well perceived this tooting-hole, and laid a piece of ordinance directly against the window. It so chanced, that, the nine-and-fiftieth day after the siege was laid, the Earl of Salisbury, Sir Thomas Gargrave, and William Glasdale, with divers other, went into the said tower, and so into the high chamber, and looked out at the grate; and, within a short space, the son of the master-gunner, perceiving men looking out at the window, took his match (as his father had taught him, who was gone down to dinner), and fired the gun; the shot whereof broke and shivered the iron bars of the grate, so that one of the same bars struck the earl so violently on the head, that it struck away one of his eyes and the side of his cheek. Sir Thomas Gargrave was likewise stricken, and died within two days. The earl was conveyed to Meun on Loire, where, after eight days, he likewise departed this world.*

A. 2, Sc. 1. Was Shakspere hier nach Orleans verlegt, erzählt Holinshed von der Einnahme der Stadt Mans. — A. 2, Sc. 2 und 3. Die Geschichte mit der Gräfin von Auvergne findet sich nicht in den Chroniken und ist wahrscheinlich vom Dichter anderswoher entlehnt und auf Talbot übertragen. — A. 2, Sc. 4. Die Scene im Tempelgarten scheint eine freie Erfindung des Dichters zu sein, entworfen im Hinblick auf die in den folgenden Dramen erst vorgeführten Ereignisse.

A. 3, Sc. 3. Von einer Einwirkung der Pucelle auf den Herzog von Burgund erwähnen Shakspere's Chronisten nichts, und der Dichter muss auf einem andern Wege Kunde erlangt haben von einem Briefe der Pucelle an den Herzog, der allerdings ähnlichen Inhalts ist wie ihre Rede bei Shakspere.

A. 4, Sc. 5—7. Der von Holinshed an dieser Stelle nur auszugsweise benutzte Chronist Hall erzählt von dem Ende Talbot's Folgendes: *This conflict continued in doubtful judgment of victory two long hours; during which fight the Lords of Montamban and Humadayre, with a great company of Frenchmen, entered the battle, and began a new field; and suddenly the gunners, perceiving the Englishmen to approach near, discharged their ordinance, and slew three hundred persons near to the earl, who, perceiving the imminent jeopardy and subtile labyrinth in the which he and his people were inclosed and illaqueate, despising his own safeguard, and desiring the life of his entirely and well beloved son the Lord Lisle, willed, advertised, and counselled him to depart out of the field, and to save himself. But when the son had answered that it was neither honest nor natural for him to leave his father in the extreme jeopardy of his life, and that he would taste of that draught which his father and parent should assay and begin, the noble earl and comfortable captain said to him, Oh, son, son! I, thy father, which only hath been the terror and scourge of the French people so many years, — which hath subverted so many towns, and profligate and discomfited so many of them in open battle and martial conflict, — neither can here die, for the honour of my country, without great laud and perpetual fame, nor fly or depart without perpetual shame and continual infamy. But because this is thy first journey and enterprise, neither thy flying shall redound to thy shame, nor thy death to thy glory: for as hardy a man wisely flieth as a temerarious person foolishly abideth, therefore the fleeing of me shall be the dishonour, not only of me and my progeny, but also a discomfiture of all my company: thy departure shall save thy life, and make thee able another time, if I be slain, to revenge my death, and to do honour to thy prince and profit to his realm. But nature so wrought in the son, that neither desire of life, nor thought of security, could withdraw or pluck him from his natural father; who, considering the constancy of his child, and the great danger that they stood in, comforted his soldiers, cheered his captains, and valiantly set on his enemies, and slew of them more in number than he had in his company. But his enemies, having a greater company of men, and more abundance of ordinance than before had been seen in a battle, first shot him through the thigh with a handgun, and slew his horse, and cowardly killed him, lying on the ground, whom they never durst look in the face while he stood on his feet: and with him there died manfully his son the Lord Lisle, his bastard son Henry Talbot, and Sir Edward Hull, elect to the noble Order of the Garter, and thirty valiant personages of the English nation: and the Lord Molyns was there taken prisoner with sixty other. The residue of the English people fled to Burdeaux and other places; whereof in the flight were slain above a thousand persons. At this battle of Chastillon, fought the 13th day of July, in this year, ended his life, John Lord Talbot, and of his progeny the first Earl of Shrewsbury, after that he with much fame, more glory, and most victory, had for his prince and country, by the space of twenty-four years and more, valiantly made war and served the king in the parts beyond the sea, whose corps was left on the ground, and after was found by his friends, and conveyed to Whitchurch in Shropshire, where it is intumulate.*

A. 5, Sc. 3 und 4. Von den abweichenden Versionen, welche Holinshed nach verschiedenen französischen und englischen Berichten über das Ende der Pucelle giebt, scheint Shakspere folgende besonders im Auge gehabt zu haben, obgleich er auch dieser nur theilweise gefolgt ist. Nachdem erzählt ist, wie die Pucelle in englische Gefangenschaft verkauft wurde, heisst es weiter: *In which for her pranks so uncouth and suspicious the lord regent by Peter Chauchon bishop of Beauvais, in whose diocese she was taken, caused her life and belief after order of law to be enquired upon and examined. Wherein found though a virgin, yet first shamefully rejecting her sex abominably in acts and apparel to have counterfeit mankind, and then all damnably faithless to be a pernicious instrument to hostility and bloodshed in devilish witchcraft and sorcery, sentence accordingly was pronounced against her. Howbeit upon humble confession of her iniquities, with a counterfeit contrition, pretending a careful sorrow for the same, execution spared, and all mollified into this that from henceforth she should cast off her unnatural wearing of man's habiliments, and keeping her to garments of her own kind, abjure her pernicious practices of sorcery and witchery, and have life and leasure in perpetual prison to bewail her misdeeds. Which to perform, according to the manner of abjuration, a solemn oath very gladly she took. But herein (God help us) she fully afore possest of the fiend, not able to hold her in any towardness of grace, falling straightway into her former abominations, and yet seeking to eech out life as long as she might, stake not, though the shift were shameful, to confess herself a strumpet, and (unmarried as she was) to be with child. For trial the lord regent's lenity gave her nine months' stay, at the end whereof she found therein as wicked as the rest, and eight days after upon a further definitive sentence declared against her to be relapse and renouncer of her oath and repentance was she thereupon delivered over to secular power and so executed by consumption of fire in the old market-place at Rone, her ashes afterwards without the town walls shaken into the wind. Now recounting all together, her pastoral bringing up, rude without any virtuous instruction, her campestral conversation with wicked spirits, whom in her first salutation to Charles the Dauphin, she uttered to be our Lady, Saint Katharine and Saint Anne, that in this behalf came and gave her commandments from God her maker, as she kept her father's lambs in the fields (where saints in wars amongst christen men were*

be we sure) never so partial patrons or partners to maintenance of horrible slaughters, rapine and bloodshed) — — her relapse at last and falling again into her abjured iniquities, by her virginity (if it were any), her fasting and prayers what they might be, sith Satan can change himself into an angel of light the deeplier to deceive.

A. 5, Sc. 5. Ueber die Verlobung Heinrich's mit Margarethe sagt Holinshed Folgendes: *In the treating of this truce, the Earl of Suffolk, extending his commission to the uttermost, without the assent of his associates, imagined in his fantasy that the next way to come to a perfect peace was to move some marriage between the French king's kinswoman, the Lady Margaret, daughter to Regner Duke of Anjou, and his sovereign lord King Henry. This Regner, Duke of Anjou, named himself King of Sicily, Naples, and Jerusalem, having only the name and style of those realms, without any penny profit, or foot of possession. This marriage was made strange to the carl at first, and one thing seemed to be a great hindrance to it, which was, because the King of England occupied a great part of the duchy of Anjou, and the whole county of Maine, appertaining (as was alledged) to King Regner. The Earl of Suffolk, (I can not say) either corrupted with bribes, or too much affection to this unprofitable marriage, condescended and agreed that the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine should be delivered to the king, the bride's father, demanding for her marriage neither penny nor farthing, as who would say that this new affinity passed all riches, and excelled both gold and precious stone. But although this marriage pleased the king and others of his counsel, yet Humfrey Duke of Gloucester, protector of the realm, was much against it, alledging that it should be both contrary to the laws of God and dishonourable to the prince if he should break that promise and contract of marriage made by ambassadors, sufficiently thereto instructed, with the daughter of the Earl of Arminack, upon conditions, both to him and his realm as much profitable as honourable. But the duke's words could not be heard, for the earl's doings were only liked and allowed. The Earl of Suffolk was made Marquis of Suffolk, which marquis, with his wife and many honourable personages of men and women, sailed into France for the conveyance of the nominated queen into the realm of England. For King Regner, her father, for all his long style, had too short a purse to send his daughter honourably to the king her spouse.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.[1]

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.
DUKE OF GLOSTER, Uncle to the King, and Protector.
DUKE OF BEDFORD, Uncle to the King, Regent of France.
THOMAS BEAUFORT, Duke of Exeter, Great-uncle to the King.
HENRY BEAUFORT, Bishop of Winchester.
JOHN BEAUFORT, Earl of Somerset.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York.
EARL OF WARWICK.
EARL OF SALISBURY.
EARL OF SUFFOLK.
TALBOT, afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury.
JOHN TALBOT, his Son.
EDMUND MORTIMER, Earl of March.
Mortimer's Keeper, and a Lawyer.
SIR JOHN FASTOLFE. SIR WILLIAM LUCY. SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE. SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE.
WOODVILLE, Lieutenant of the Tower.
Mayor of London.

VERNON, of the White-Rose or York Faction.
BASSET, of the Red-Rose or Lancaster Faction.

CHARLES, Dauphin, and afterwards King of France.
REIGNIER, Duke of Anjou, and titular King of Naples.
DUKE OF BURGUNDY. DUKE OF ALENÇON.
BASTARD OF ORLEANS.
Governor of Paris.
Master-Gunner of Orleans, and his Son.
General of the French Forces in Bourdeaux.
A French Sergeant. A Porter.
An old Shepherd, Father to Joan la Pucelle.

MARGARET, Daughter to Reignier.
COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE.
JOAN LA PUCELLE, commonly called Joan of Arc.

Fiends appearing to La Pucelle, Lords, Warders of the Tower, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and several Attendants both on the English and French.

SCENE, partly in England, and partly in France.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Westminster Abbey.

Dead March. The Corse of King Henry *the Fifth is discovered, lying in state;*[2] *attended on by the Dukes of* Bedford, Gloster, *and* Exeter; *the Earl of* Warwick, *the Bishop of* Winchester, *Heralds, etc.*

Bed. Hung be the heavens with black,[3] yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal[4] tresses in the sky,
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,
That have consented[5] unto Henry's death!
King Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.
Glo. England ne'er had[6] a king, until his time.
Virtue he had, deserving to command:
His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams;[7]
His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;[8]
His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,

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1) Das Personenverzeichniss fehlt in der Fol. und wurde zuerst von Rowe seiner Ausgabe (1709) beigegeben. 2) Diese Bühnenweisung ist von den spätern Hggn. in Uebereinstimmung mit der Theaterconvenienz entworfen. Die Fol. hat dafür nach Massgabe der alten Bühnenaufführung Folgendes: *Dead March. Enter the Funerall of King Henry the Fift, attended on by the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France; the Duke of Gloster, Protector; the Duke of Exeter; Warwick; the Bishop of Winchester, and the Duke of Somerset.* — Ritson macht auf die von Sh. selbst vielleicht nicht beachtete Thatsache aufmerksam, dass der hier auftretende Graf Warwick, Richard Beauchamp genannt, ein Anderer ist, als der im Verlaufe des Dramas erscheinende Graf Warwick, Richard Nevil, der erst durch Verheirathung mit einer Anna Beauchamp diesen Titel bekam. 3) Wie Steevens und Malone annehmen, dachte Sh. zugleich an die innere Decke des Theaters über der Bühne, die mit dem technischen Ausdruck *the heavens* bezeichnet wurde. So in Heywood's Apology for Actors (1612) *the coverings of the stage, which we call the heavens, were geometrically supported.* — Steevens citirt dazu aus Sidney's Arcadia eine Stelle, die gleichfalls darauf hinzudeuten scheint, dass man den Plafond der Sh.'schen Bühne bei vorkommenden Fällen schwarz verhängte: *There arose, even with the sun, a veil of dark clouds before his face, which shortly had blacked over all the face of heaven, preparing, as it were, a mournful stage for a tragedy to be played on.* 4) Das Epitheton *crystal* bezeichnet den durchsichtig hellen Glanz des Kometenschweifes. 5) *to consent* = im Einverständniss handeln, sich zu Etwas verschwören. — Die Sterne haben den Tod Heinrich's des Fünften nicht bloss geschehen lassen, sondern, nach den astrologischen Begriffen der Zeit, veranlasst, und werden deshalb abtrünnig *(revolting)* gescholten. In demselben Sinne spricht Exeter von *planets of mishap,* || *That plotted thus our glory's overthrow.* 6) *had* = besass, erlangte, ist Gegen-

More dazzled and drove back his enemies,
Than mid-day sun, fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:
He ne'er lift up his hand, but conquered.
Exe. We mourn in black: why mourn we not in blood? [9]
Henry is dead, and never shall revive.
Upon a wooden coffin we attend;
And death's dishonourable victory
We with our stately presence glorify,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
What! shall we curse the planets of mishap,
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
Conjurers and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,
By magic verses [10] have contriv'd his end?
Win. He was a king, bless'd of the King of kings.
Unto the French the dreadful judgment-day
So dreadful will not be, as was his sight.
The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought:
The church's prayers made him so prosperous.
Glo. The church! where is it? Had not churchmen pray'd,
His thread of life had not so soon decay'd:
None do you like but an effeminate prince,
Whom, like a school-boy, you may over-awe.
Win. Gloster, whate'er we like, thou art protector,
And lookest to command the prince and realm.
Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,
More than God or religious churchmen may.
Glo. Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh;
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,
Except it be to pray against thy foes.
Bed. Cease, cease [11] these jars, and rest your minds in peace!
Let 's to the altar: — heralds, wait on us. —
Instead of gold, we 'll offer up our arms,
Since arms avail not, now that Henry 's dead.
Posterity, await for wretched years,
When at their mothers' moist eyes babes shall suck, [12]
Our isle be made a marish [13] of salt tears,
And none but women left to wail the dead. —
Henry the Fifth! thy ghost I invocate:
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils!
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious star thy soul will make,
Than Julius Cæsar, or bright [14] —

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable lords, health to you all.
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture:
Guienne, Champaigne, Rheims, [15] Orleans,
Paris, Guysors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.
Bed. What say'st thou, man! before dead Henry's corse
Speak softly, or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead, and rise from death.
Glo. Is Paris lost? is Roan [16] yielded up?
If Henry were recall'd to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.
Exe. How were they lost? what treachery was us'd?
Mess. No treachery; but want of men and money.
Among the soldiers this is muttered, —
That here you maintain several factions;
And, whilst a field should be despatch'd and fought,
You are disputing of your generals. [17]
One would have lingering wars with little cost;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
A third man [18] thinks, without expense at all,
By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, English nobility!
Let not sloth dim your honours new-begot:
Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms;
Of England's coat one half is cut away. [19]
Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
These tidings would call forth their [20] flowing tides.
Bed. Me they concern; regent I am of France. —
Give me my steeled coat! I 'll fight for France. —
Away with these disgracefnl wailing robes!
Wounds will I lend the French, instead of eyes,
To weep their intermissive miseries. [21]

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satz zu dem vorhergehenden *lost* und deshalb nachdrücklich zu betonen. 7) *his beams* geht auf *sword* = das blitzende Leuchten des gezückten Schwertes. 8) So in Troilus and Cressida (A. 5, Sc. 9) *The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth.* 9) Indem wir für seinen Tod an den Franzosen blutige Rache nehmen. 10) Sh. fand in dem von ihm auch anderweitig benutzten Buche von Reginald Scot, Discovery of Witchcraft (1584): *The Irishmen — — will not stick to affirm that they can rime either man or beast to death.* 11) *to cease* = aufhören lassen, als transitives Verbum. 12) Die Säuglinge, die an den Brüsten ihrer Mütter keine Nahrung mehr finden, saugen statt dessen an deren bethränten Augen. — *moist* liest die Folioausg. von 1632 für das *moisten'd* der ersten Fol., das dem sonst so regelmässigen Verse dieses Dramas zuwider ist. 13) *marish* ist Pope's Emendation für *nourish* der Fol. — Ritson belegt sie mit einer Stelle aus Kyd's Spanish Tragedy: *Made mountains marsh with spring-tides of my tears.* 14) Der Bote, welcher auftritt, unterbricht in seiner Hast, die Unglücksnachrichten zu melden, rücksichtslos Bedford's Rede, so dass es ungewiss bleibt, welchem Gestirn Sh. das Epitheton *bright* beilegen wollte. 15) Die Fol. hat *Rheimes*, das Sh. vielleicht zweisylbig, so wie *Champaigne* dreisylbig las; der Vers würde alsdann vollständig sein ohne die von Capell vorgeschlagene Einfügung von *Rouen*, auf welche Stadt sich Gloster in seiner Erwiederung bezieht. 16) *Roan*, die ältere englische Bezeichnung der Stadt Rouen, ist bei Sh. gewöhnlich, sowohl in diesem Drama, wie in K. Henry V., einsylbig, nur hier ausnahmsweise zweisylbig gebraucht. — Holinshed schreibt *Rone* dafür. — Die Cambridge Edd. vermuthen *Rheims* (*Rheimes* in der Fol.) für *Roan*, — eine Vermuthung, die sowohl durch das Vorhergehende, wie durch das zweisylbige Wort, dem sonst einsylbigen *Roan* gegenüber, Gewicht erhält. 17) Ihr streitet unter einander in Betreff der Heerführer, die Ihr haben wollt. 18) Mit *man*, das in der Fol. fehlt, vervollständigt die zweite Folioausg. von 1632 den Vers. Vielleicht wäre statt dessen das *thinkes* der Fol. *thinketh* zu lesen. 19) Indem nach dem Verluste Frankreichs die Engländer die französischen Lilien nicht mehr im Wappen führen dürfen, ist von dem englischen Wappenrock gleichsam die eine Hälfte abgeschnitten. 20) *their* verbessert Theobald das *her* der Fol. 21) Bedford will die Franzosen so zu Boden schlagen, dass sie aus ihren Wunden, statt aus ihren Augen, ihr zu wiederholten Malen, erst unter Heinrich V., nun unter dem Regenten, sie überfallendes Elend beweinen

Enter another Messenger.

2. Mess. Lords, view these letters, full of bad mischance.
France is revolted from the English quite,
Except some petty towns of no import:
The Dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims;
The bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;
Reignier,[22] duke of Anjou, doth take his part;
The duke of Alençon flieth to his side.
Exe. The Dauphin crowned king! all fly to him!
O! whither shall we fly from this reproach?
Glo. We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats. —
Bedford, if thou be slack, I 'll fight it out.
Bed. Gloster, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?
An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is overrun.

Enter a Third Messenger.

3. Mess. My gracious lords, to add to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew king Henry's hearse,
I must inform you of a dismal fight
Betwixt the stout lord Talbot and the French.
Win. What! wherein Talbot overcame? is 't so?
3. Mess. O, no! wherein Lord Talbot was o'erthrown:
The circumstance[23] I 'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last, this dreadful lord,
Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
Having full[24] scarce six thousand in his troop,
By three-and-twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompassed and set upon.
No leisure had he to enrank his men;
He wanted pikes to set before his archers;[25]
Instead whereof, sharp stakes, pluck'd out of hedges,
They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued;
Where valiant Talbot, above human thought,
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him;
Here, there, and every where, enrag'd he flew.[26]
The French exclaim'd, the devil was in arms;
All the whole army stood agaz'd[27] on him.
His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,
A Talbot! a Talbot! cried out amain,
And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.[28]
Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,
If Sir John Fastolfe[29] had not play'd the coward.
He, being in the vaward,[30] plac'd behind
With purpose to relieve and follow them,
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the general wrack and massacre:
Enclosed were they with their enemies.
A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back;
Whom all France, with their chief assembled strength,
Durst not presume to look once in the face.[31]
Bed. Is Talbot slain? then I will slay myself,
For living idly here in pomp and ease,
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his bastard foemen is betray'd.
3. Mess. O, no! he lives; but is took prisoner,
And Lord Scales with him, and Lord Hungerford:
Most of the rest slaughter'd, or took, likewise.
Bed. His ransom there is none but I shall pay.
I 'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne;
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend:
Four of their lords I 'll change for one of ours. —
Farewell, my masters; to my task will I.
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great Saint George's feast withal:[32]
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.
3. Mess. So you had need; for Orleans is besieg'd.
The English army is grown weak and faint;
The earl of Salisbury craveth supply,
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.
Exe. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn,[33]
Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.
Bed. I do remember it; and here take my leave,
To go about my preparation. *[Exit.*
Glo. I 'll to the Tower, with all the haste I can,
To view the artillery and munition;
And then I will proclaim young Henry king. *[Exit.*
Exe. To Eltham will I, where the young king is,
Being ordain'd his special governor;
And for his safety there I 'll best devise. *[Exit.*
Win. Each hath his place and function to attend:
I am left out; for me nothing remains.
But long I will not be Jack-out-of-office.[34]
The king from Eltham I intend to steal,[35]
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal. *[Exeunt.*

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sollen. 22) Den Druckfehler *Reynold*, der durch alle Folioausgg. geht, verbesserte zuerst Rowe. 23) *circumstance* = die nähern, ein Ereigniss begleitenden Umstände. 24) *full* adverbial mit *scarce* verbunden = mit sehr genauer Noth. 25) Die Piken wurden wie Pallisaden zum Schutz vor den Bogenschützen aufgepflanzt, hinter denen diese dann losschossen; statt solcher Piken musste Talbot in der Eile sich mit Pfählen, aus den Zäunen losgerissen, begnügen, um den Andrang der feindlichen Reiterei abzuhalten. 26) *flew* setzte Rowe für *slew* der Fol. 27) *agazed* = mit starrem Blick, im Hinstarren verloren, ist mit *on* zu verbinden. 28) Sh. entlehnte diesen Ausdruck vielleicht aus Kyd's altem Drama First Part of Jeronimo: *Meet, Don Andrea! yes, in the battle's bowels.* 29) So lautet der Name bei Holinshed, während die Fol. hier und weiterhin *Falstaffe* daraus macht, einen Namen, den Sh. erst später dem von ihm erschaffenen Charakter in K. Henry IV. und V. gab und den das Sh.'sche Publicum mit dem hier erwähnten *Fastolfe* identificirte. 30) Für *vaward* = Vortrab, wollten einige Hgg. *rearward* = Nachtrab, lesen. Der Sinn scheint aber der zu sein, dass der Theil des Heeres, welcher gewöhnlich den Vortrab bildete, in diesem Falle, um später zur Hülfe verwandt zu werden, hinten aufgestellt war *(plac'd behind).* 31) *in the face* steht im Gegensatz zu dem vorhergehenden *into the back.* 32) Die von ihm in Frankreich angezündeten Dörfer und Städte sollen gleichsam zu Freudenfeuern dienen, wie sie in England am Vorabend des Festes St. Georg's, des englischen Nationalheiligen, angezündet wurden. 33) Den Eid, den sie dem sterbenden König Heinrich V. geschworen hatten. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 814. 34) *Jack-out-of-office* = Hans ausser Dienst, das Gegentheil des sonst gebräuchlichen *Jack-in-office* = Hans im Dienst. 35) *steal* vermuthete M. Mason mit Recht für *send* der Fol.

SCENE II.

France. Before Orleans.

Flourish. Enter CHARLES, *with his Forces;* ALENÇON, REIGNIER, *and Others.*

Char. Mars [1] his true moving, even as in the heavens,
So in the earth, to this day is not known.
Late did he shine upon the English side;
Now we are victors, upon us he smiles. [2]
What towns of any moment but we have?
At pleasure here we lie near Orleans;
Otherwhiles, the famish'd English, like pale ghosts,
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month. [3]

Alen. They want their porridge, and their fat bull-beeves:
Either they must be dieted like mules,
And have their provender tied to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look like drowned mice.

Reig. Let 's raise the siege. Why live we idly here?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont [4] to fear:
Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury,
And he may well in fretting spend his gall;
Nor men nor money hath he to make war.

Char. Sound, sound alarum! we will rush on them.
Now for the honour of the forlorn French!
Him I forgive my death, that killeth me,
When he sees me go back one foot, or fly. *[Exeunt.*

Alarums; excursions; afterwards a retreat. [5] *Re-enter* CHARLES, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, *and Others.*

Char. Who ever saw the like? what men have I! —
Dogs! cowards! dastards! — I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me 'midst my enemies.

Reig. Salisbury is a desperate homicide;
He fighteth as one weary of his life:
The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey. [6]

Alen. Froissart, a countryman of ours, records, [7]
England all Olivers and Rowlands bred [8]
During the time Edward the Third did reign.
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but Samsons, and Goliases,
It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten! [9]
Lean raw-bon'd rascals! [10] who would e'er suppose
They had such courage and audacity?

Char. Let 's leave this town; for they are hare-brain'd slaves,
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
The walls they 'll tear down than forsake the siege.

Reig. I think, by some odd gimmors, [11] or device,
Their arms are set like clocks still to strike on;
Else ne'er could they hold out so, as they do.
By my consent, we 'll e'en let them alone.

Alen. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of ORLEANS.

Bast. Where 's the prince Dauphin? I have news for him.

Char. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

Bast. Methinks, your looks are sad, your cheer [12] appall'd:
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:
A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which, by a vision sent to her from heaven,
Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,
And drive the English forth the bounds of France.
The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome; [13]
What 's past and what 's to come, she can descry.
Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words, [14]
For they are certain and unfallible.

Char. Go, call her in. *[Exit Bastard.]* But first, to try her skill,
Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place:
Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern.
By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.
[Retires.

Enter LA PUCELLE, [15] *Bastard of* ORLEANS, *and Others.*

Reig. Fair maid, is 't thou wilt do these wondrous feats?

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1) *Mars* ist doppelsinnig hier der Planet und der Kriegsgott. — Steevens citirt dazu aus einem Pamphlet von Nashe (1596) *You are as ignorant in the true movings of my muse, as the astronomers are in the true movings of Mars, which to this day they could never attain to.* — *Mars his* ist eine euphemische Umschreibung des Genitivs *Mars's*, die Sh. auch in Troilus and Cressida mehrmals anwendet: *Mars his gauntlet* (A. 4, Sc. 5), *Mars his heart* (A. 5, Sc. 2). 2) Jetzt, da wir Sieger sind, lächelt er auf uns herab. 3) Die Engländer, vor Orleans eingeschlossen, sind so matt und ausgehungert, dass sie in jedem Monat nur einmal auf eine Stunde sich zu einem Ausfall gegen das französische Lager aufraffen. — Für *otherwhiles* setzt Capell *the whiles*. 4) *wont* ist das Präteritum von *to wont* = pflegen, gewohnt sein. — In der folgenden Rede des Dauphins fasst Staunton *the forlorn French* in eigenthümlicher Bedeutung = *fore-lost, previously fallen.* Indess ist *forlorn*, wo es sonst bei Sh. vorkommt, auch auf der ersten Sylbe betont, überall entweder = verloren, oder = kümmerlich, verzweifelt; und letzterer Sinn scheint dem Worte auch hier zuzukommen. 5) Die Bühnenweisung der Fol. lautet *Here Alarum, they are beaten back by the English with great loss.* 6) *hungry* steht hier in uneigentlichem Sinne = hungrig empfangen, dem Hunger gebührend oder angehörig. 7) Sh. fand dieses Citat aus dem französischen Chronisten Froissart, der die Kämpfe Eduard's III. in Frankreich erzählt, bei Holinshed angeführt. — *Rowland* und *Oliver* gehörten zu den Helden Karl's des Grossen und wurden als solche in den altfranzösischen epischen Gedichten vielfach gefeiert. 8) *bred* ist Rowe's Emendation des *breed* der Fol. 9) Ein Engländer nimmt es mit zehn Franzosen auf. 10) *rascal* doppelsinnig = Schelm, Wicht, und = mageres Wild, das nur aus Knochen besteht *(raw-boned)*. 11) *gimmors*, wie die Fol. schreibt, oder *gimmals*, wie die späteren Folioausgg. und die meisten Hgg. lesen, ist die verbindende Kette oder der Ring in einem Uhrwerk oder sonstigen Mechanismus. — Sh. dachte wohl an solche Uhren, an denen eine menschliche Figur angebracht war, die mit aufgehobenem Arm den Stundenschlag andeutete. 12) *cheer* = Miene, Ansehen. So in Midsummer-Night's Dream (A. 3, Sc. 2) *All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer.* 13) Sh. meint die neun sibyllinischen Orakelbücher, die dem Tarquinius zum Kauf angeboten wurden. 14) Johnson schlug dafür *her words* vor.

Puc. Reignier, is 't thou that thinkest to beguile me?
Where is the Dauphin? — Come, come from behind;
I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amaz'd, there 's nothing hid from me:
In private will I talk with thee apart. —
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.
Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.
Puc. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate:
Lo! whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching head display'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me;
And, in a vision full of majesty,
Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
And free my country from calamity.
Her aid she promis'd, and assur'd success:
In complete glory she reveal'd herself;
And, whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays, which she infus'd on me,
That beauty am I bless'd with, which you see.[16]
Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated:
My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
Resolve on this, — thou shalt be fortunate,[17]
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.
Char. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms.
Only this proof I 'll of thy valour make:
In single combat thou shalt buckle with me,
And, if thou vanquishest, thy words are true;
Otherwise, I renounce all confidence.
Puc. I am prepar'd. Here is my keen-edg'd sword,
Deck'd with five[18] flower-de-luces on each side;
The which at Touraine,[19] in Saint Katharine's churchyard,
Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.
Char. Then come, o' God's name: I fear no woman.
Puc. And, while I live, I 'll ne'er fly from a man.
[They fight.[20]
Char. Stay, stay thy hands! thou art an Amazon,
And fightest with the sword of Deborah.
Puc. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.
Char. Whoe'er helps thee, 't is thou that must help me.
Impatiently I burn with thy desire;[21]
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdued.
Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,
Let me thy servant, and not sovereign, be:
'T is the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus.
Puc. I must not yield to any rites of love,[22]
For my profession 's sacred from above:
When I have chased all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompense.
Char. Meantime look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.
Reig. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.
Alen. Doubtless he shrives this woman to her smock;[23]
Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.
Reig. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean?[24]
Alen. He may mean more than we poor men do know:
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.
Reig. My lord, where are you? what devise you on?
Shall we give over Orleans, or no?
Puc. Why, no, I say: distrustful recreants!
Fight till the last gasp; I will be your guard.
Char. What she says, I 'll confirm: we 'll fight it out.
Puc. Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.
This night the siege assuredly I 'll raise:
Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days,[25]
Since I have entered into these wars.
Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.
With Henry's death the English circle ends;
Dispersed are the glories it included.
Now am I like that proud insulting[26] ship,
Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.
Char. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?[27]
Thou with an eagle art inspired then.
Helen, the mother of great Constantine,
Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters[28] were like thee.
Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,
How may I reverently worship thee enough?
Alen. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.
Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours.
Drive them from Orleans, and be immortaliz'd.
Char. Presently we 'll try. — Come, let 's away about it:
No prophet will I trust, if she prove false. *[Exeunt.*

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15) Die Fol. hat *Enter Joan Puzel*, und Sh. betont letzteres Wort stets auf der ersten Sylbe. In den Randglossen zu Holinshed wird sie *Jone le Puzell* genannt. 16) *you may see* in der Fol.; die zweite Folioausg. lässt *may* aus. — In der folgenden Zeile ist *possible* mit *question* zu verbinden. 17) *to resolve on* = über Etwas zum Abschluss gelangen, einer Sache gewiss sein. — *this* bezieht sich auf das Folgende. 18) Steevens verbesserte das *fine* der alten Ausgg. in *five*, nach Massgabe der entsprechenden Stelle bei Holinshed (vgl. Einleitung pag. 814). 19) Holinshed hat genauer *from Saint Katherine's church of Fierbois in Touraine.* 20) Die Bühnenweisung der Fol. lautet *Here they fight and Joan de Puzel overcomes.* 21) *thy desire* = das Verlangen nach Dir, die Liebe zu Dir. — So in Othello (A. 4, Sc. 1) *that by selling her desires buys herself bread.* 22) Die Fol. schreibt *rights of love*, was erst Pope verbesserte. 23) Mit frivolem Nebensinn: er nimmt sie in die Beichte bis auf's Hemd, lässt sie Alles beichten. 24) Wortspiel zwischen *mean* = Mass, Mittelstrasse, und *to mean* = meinen, im Sinne haben. 25) Das gute Wetter, das dem Sturme folgt, wie ein Spätsommertag, der erst im November zum Martinstage kommt. 26) *to insult* gebraucht Sh. im Sinne des jetzigen *to exult* = triumphiren, frohlocken, ohne den Nebenbegriff des Kränkenden. — Sh. fand diese Notiz in dem Leben Cäsar's von Plutarch, übersetzt von Thomas North, wo Cäsar dem besorgten Schiffer zuruft *Good fellow, be of good cheer, and fear not, for thou hast Cæsar and his fortune with thee.* — Sidney Walker vermuthete *proud-insulting ship.* 27) In Sir Walter Raleigh's History of the World fand Sh., dass Mahomed eine Taube hatte, *which he used to feed with wheat out of his ear; which dove, when it was hungry, lighted on Mahomet's shoulder, and thrust its bill in to find its breakfast; Mahomet persuading the rude and simple Arabians, that it was the holy ghost that gave him advice.* 28) In der Apostelgeschichte (Cap. 21, V. 9) werden vier Töchter des Philippus erwähnt, welche Jungfrauen waren und weissagten.

SCENE III.

London. Tower Hill.

Enter, at the gates, the Duke of GLOSTER, *with his Serving-men, in blue coats.*

Glo. I am come to survey the Tower this day;[1]
Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance.[2]
Where be these warders, that they wait not here?
Open the gates! 'T is Gloster that calls.

[Servants knock.

1. Ward. [Within.] Who 's there, that knocks so imperiously?

1. Serv. It is the noble duke of Gloster.

2. Ward. [Within.] Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.

1. Serv. Villains, answer you so the lord protector?

1. Ward. [Within.] The Lord protect him![3] so we answer him:
We do no otherwise than we are will'd.

Glo. Who willed you? or whose will stands but mine?
There 's none protector of the realm but I. —
Break up[4] the gates, I 'll be your warrantize.
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

GLOSTER's *Men rush at the Tower gates. Enter to the gates,* WOODVILLE, *the Lieutenant.*

Wood. [Within.] What noise is this? what traitors have we here?

Glo. Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear?
Open the gates! here 's Gloster that would enter.

Wood. [Within.] Have patience, noble duke; I may not open;
The cardinal of Winchester forbids:
From him I have express commandement,[5]
That thou, nor none of thine, shall be let in.

Glo. Fain-hearted Woodville, prizest him 'fore me?
Arrogant Winchester, that haughty prelate,
Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook?
Thou art no friend to God, or to the king:
Open the gates, or I 'll shut thee[6] out shortly.

1. Serv. Open the gates unto the lord protector,
Or we 'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter WINCHESTER, *attended by Servants in tawny coats.*[7]

Win. How now, ambitious Humphrey? what means this?

Glo. Peel'd[8] priest, dost thou command me to be shut out?

Win. I do, thou most usurping proditor,[9]
And not protector, of the king or realm.

Glo. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator,
Thou that contriv'dst to murder our dead lord;
Thou that giv'st whores indulgences to sin.[10]
I 'll canvass[11] thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

Win. Nay, stand thou back; I will not budge a foot:
This be Damascus,[12] be thou cursed Cain,
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.

Glo. I will not slay thee, but I 'll drive thee back.
Thy scarlet robes as a child's bearing-cloth
I 'll use to carry thee out of this place.

Win. Do what thou dar'st; I 'll beard thee to thy face.

Glo. What! am I dar'd, and bearded to my face? —
Draw, men, for all this privileged place;[13]
Blue-coats to tawny-coats.[14] Priest, beware your beard;

[GLOSTER *and his Men attack the Bishop.*

I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly.
Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat,
In spite of pope or dignities of church;
Here by the cheeks I 'll drag thee up and down.

Win. Gloster, thou 'lt answer this before the pope.

Glo. Winchester goose![15] I cry — a rope! a rope! —
Now beat them hence: why do you let them stay? —
Thee I 'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array. —
Out, tawny-coats! — out, scarlet hypocrite!

Here GLOSTER's *Men beat out the Cardinal's Men, and enter in the hurly-burly the Mayor of London and his Officers.*[16]

May. Fie, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates,
Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

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1) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1, wo Gloster sagt *I 'll to the Tower, with all the haste I can,* || *To view the artillery and munition.* 2) *conveyance* = heimliche Fortschaffung, Unterschleif, in Bezug auf das Geschütz und Rüstzeug im Tower. — In entsprechendem Sinne kommt auch *to convey* vor. — In den folgenden Versen setzte Pope zweimal das dreisylbige *Gloucester* für das zweisylbige *Gloster* der Fol. 3) Dasselbe Wortspiel kehrt wieder in K. Richard III. (A. 4, Sc. 1), wo Brakenbury sagt *I mean the lord protector* und die Königin erwiedert *The Lord protect him from that kingly title!* 4) *to break up* im älteren Englisch für *to break open.* 5) *commandement*, viersylbig zu lesen, ist Sh.'s Wort schon in der Fol. 6) Auf *thee* liegt der Nachdruck: ich will Dich bald aussperren, wie Du mich aussperrst. 7) In braunen Röcken gingen die Diener des geistlichen Gerichts, also auch des Bischofs von Winchester als der obersten geistlichen Gerichtsbehörde. — Gloster's Leute tragen dagegen blaue Röcke als Diener der weltlichen Gerichtsbarkeit. — In der folgenden Zeile emendirt Theobald in *Humphrey* das sinnlose, cursiv gedruckte *Umpheir* der Fol., woraus die späteren Folioausgg. *Umpire* machten, was Rowe beibehielt. Mit seinem Namen *Humphrey* wird der Herzog von Gloster namentlich in K. Henry VI. Second Part wiederholt genannt. 8) *piel'd* in der Fol. — *to peel* = rupfen, schälen, geht verächtlich auf die Tonsur des Bischofs. 9) *proditor* = Verräther, ein veraltetes, und auch bei Sh. sonst nicht vorkommendes Wort, hier im lautlichen Gegensatz zu *protector* gewählt. 10) Die Londoner Bordelle in der Vorstadt Southwark standen unter dem Schutze des Bischofs von Winchester, dem sie eine Abgabe zu entrichten hatten. 11) *to canvass* = hin- und herschütteln, eigentlich = beuteln. — Gloster verhöhnt den breiten Cardinalshut des Bischofs, indem er droht, in demselben ihn zu schütteln und zu rütteln, wie in einem Siebe. 12) In der Gegend von Damaskus sollte Cain seinen Bruder Abel erschlagen haben. 13) Gloster's Diener sollen die Schwerter ziehen, so verpönt auch jeder Streit auf dem Platz sein mag, wo sie sich befinden. — *privileged* ist viersylbig zu lesen. 14) Vgl. Anm. 7 dieser Scene. — Zwei Verse weiter ist vielleicht mit der zweiten Folioausg. *I 'll stamp* für *I stamp* der ersten Fol. zu lesen. 15) Anspielung auf die obenerwähnte Gerichtsbarkeit des Bischofs über die Bordelle, da *Winchester goose* = Freudenmädchen, und = Lustseuche, ist. So in Troilus and Cressida (A. 5, Sc. 11) *Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss.* 16) Diese Bühnenweisung, interessant durch das jetzt veraltete,

Glo. Peace, mayor! thou know'st little of my wrongs.
Here 's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king,
Hath here distrain'd the Tower to his use.
Win. Here 's Gloster,[17] a foe to citizens;
One that still motions war, and never peace,
O'ercharging your free purses with large fines;[18]
That seeks to overthrow religion,
Because he is protector of the realm;
And would have armour here out of the Tower,
To crown himself king, and suppress the prince.[19]
Glo. I will not answer thee with words, but blows.
[Here they skirmish again.
May. Nought rests for me, in this tumultuous strife,
But to make open proclamation. —
Come, officer: as loud as e'er thou canst:
Cry.
Off. All manner of men, assembled here in arms this day, against God's peace, and the king's, we charge and command you, in his highness' name, to repair to your several dwelling-places; and not to wear, handle, or use, any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.
Glo. Cardinal, I 'll be no breaker of the law;
But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.
Win. Gloster, we will meet;[20] to thy cost, be sure:
Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.
May. I 'll call for clubs,[21] if you will not away. —
This cardinal 's more haughty than the devil.
Glo. Mayor, farewell: thou dost but what thou may'st.
Win. Abominable Gloster! guard thy head;
For I intend to have it, ere long. *[Exeunt.*
May. See the coast clear'd,[22] and then we will depart. —
Good God! these[23] nobles should such stomachs bear!
I myself fight not once in forty year. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

France. Before Orleans.

Enter, on the walls,[1] *the Master-Gunner and his Son.*

M. Gun. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieg'd,
And how the English have the suburbs won.
Son. Father, I know; and oft have shot at them,
Howe'er, unfortunate, I miss'd my aim.
M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:
Chief master-gunner am I of this town;
Something I must do to procure me grace.
The prince's espials[2] have informed me,
How the English, in the suburbs close intrench'd,
Wont,[3] through a secret grate of iron bars
In yonder tower, to overpeer the city;
And thence discover, how, with most advantage,
They may vex us with shot, or with assault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd;
And fully even these three days have I watch'd,
If I could see them. Now, boy,[4] do thou watch,
For I can stay no longer.
If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word;
And thou shalt find me at the governor's. *[Exit.*
Son. Father, I warrant you; take you no care:
I 'll never trouble you, if I may spy them.

Enter, in an upper chamber of a tower, the Lords Salisbury *and* Talbot; *Sir* William Glansdale, *Sir* Thomas Gargrave, *and Others.*[5]

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy! again return'd?
How wert thou handled, being prisoner,
Or by what means gotst thou to be releas'd?
Discourse, I pr'ythee, on this turret's top.
Tal. The duke[6] of Bedford had a prisoner,
Called the brave lord Ponton de Santrailles;
For him I was exchang'd and ransomed.
But with a baser man of arms by far,
Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me:
Which I, disdaining, scorn'd; and craved death,
Rather than I would be so vile-esteem'd.[7]
In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.
But, O! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart:
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.
Sal. Yet tell'st thou not, how thou wert entertain'd.
Tal. With scoffs, and scorns, and contumelious taunts.
In open market-place produc'd they me,
To be a public spectacle to all:

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auch sonst bei Sh. vorkommende Wort *hurly-burly* = Tumult, Handgemenge, ist aus der Fol. entlehnt und wird mit Unrecht von den meisten Hggn. vernachlässigt. 17) Die Cambridge Edd. setzen dafür das dreisylbige *Gloucester* in den Text. Vgl. Anm. 2 dieser Scene. — Die zweite Folioausg. fügt *too* hinter *Gloster* ein. 18) *fines* sind die Gelder, mit denen die Londoner ihre Privilegien erneuern lassen oder erkaufen mussten, und von deren Bezahlung ihr Seckel rechtlich frei sein sollte. 19) So heisst der junge König Heinrich, weil er noch nicht gekrönt war. — Sechs Zeilen weiter hält Dyce das Wort *cry*, welches in der Fol. von dem vorhergehenden *canst* durch ein Comma geschieden ist, für eine Bühnenweisung, die er deshalb aus dem Texte streicht. 20) *we will*, mit dem Nachdrucke auf *will*, setzen zuerst die Cambridge Edd. für *we 'll* der Fol. und der Hgg. und machen damit die Ergänzung des Verses *to thy dear cost*, die sich zuerst in der zweiten Folioausg. findet, überflüssig. 21) d. h. Officianten, mit Keulen bewaffnet, um die Streitenden aus einander zu bringen. So in As you like it (A. 5, Sc. 2) *clubs cannot part them.* 22) *to clear the coast*, ein sprichwörtlicher Ausdruck, = den Platz räumen, säubern. 23) Für *these* setzen manche Hgg. mit Rowe ohne Autorität *that.* — *stomach* = Leidenschaft, Reizbarkeit.

1) *on the walls* ist mit Rücksicht auf die spätere Bühnenlocalität erst von den Hggn. hinzugefügt und fehlt in der Fol., da auf dem Sh.'schen Theater die beiden Genannten unten auf der Bühne erschienen und von dort ihr Geschütz emporrichteten nach dem erhöhten Standpunkte, den Salisbury und Talbot einnahmen. 2) *espial* = Späher, Spion. So in Hamlet (A. 3, Sc. 1) *Her father, and myself, lawful espials.* 3) *wont* verbesserte Tyrwhitt das *went* der Fol. — *wont* ist hier Präsens von *to wont* = pflegen, gewohnt sein. 4) Die zweite Folioausg., welche namentlich in dem Drucke dieses Dramas manche in der ersten Fol. ausgefallene Wörter richtig supplirt, hat auch in diesen beiden Sätzen zuerst *fully* und *boy*. Die erste Fol. liest, offenbar unvollständig, *And even these three days have I watch'd || If I could see them. Now do thou watch, || For I can stay no longer.* 5) Die alte Bühnenweisung lautet *Enter Salisbury and Talbot on the turrets, with others.* — Sie erscheinen auf dem Thurm, von dem vorher der Büchsenmeister sprach: *in yonder tower etc.* — Vgl. Einleitung pag. 814.

Here, said they, is the terror of the French,
The scarecrow that affrights our children so.
Then broke I from the officers that led me,
And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,
To hurl at the beholders of my shame.
My grisly countenance made others[8] fly;
None d urst come near, for fear of sudden death.
In iron walls they deem'd me not secure;
So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread,
That they suppos'd I could rend bars of steel,
And spurn in pieces posts of adamant:[9]
Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,
That walk'd about me every minute-while;
And if I did but stir out of my bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd;
But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.
Now, it is supper-time in Orleans:
Here, through this grate, I count each one,[10]
And view the Frenchmen how they fortify.
Let us look in; the sight will much delight thee.
Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glansdale,
Let me have your express opinions,
Where is best place to make our battery next.

Gar. I think, at the north gate; for there stand lords.

Glan. And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

Tal. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,
Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.[11]

[Shot from the town. Salisbury *and Sir* Thomas Gargrave *fall.*

Sal. O Lord! have mercy on us, wretched sinners!

Gar. O Lord! have mercy on me, woful man!

Tal. What chance is this, that suddenly hath cross'd us? —
Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak:
How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men?
One of thy eyes, and thy cheek's side struck off! —
Accursed tower! accursed fatal hand,
That hath contriv'd this woful tragedy!
In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;
Henry the Fifth he first train'd to the wars;
Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,
His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field. —
Yet liv'st thou, Salisbury? though thy speech doth fail,
One eye thou hast to look to heaven for grace:
The sun with one eye vieweth all the world. —
Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,
If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands! —
Bear hence his body, I will help to bury it.
Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?
Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.
Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort;
Thou shalt not die, whiles —[12]
He beckons with his hand, and smiles on me,
As who should say, »When I am dead and gone,
Remember to avenge me on the French.« —
Plantagenet, I will; and like thee, Nero,[13]
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:
Wretched shall France be only in my name.[14]

[An alarum; it thunders and lightens.

What stir is this? what tumult 's in the heavens?
Whence cometh this alarum, and the noise?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord! the French have gather'd head:
The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle[15] join'd, —
A holy prophetess, new risen up, —
Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

[Salisbury *groans.*[16]

Tal. Hear, hear, how dying Salisbury doth groan!
It irks his heart he cannot be reveng'd. —
Frenchmen, I 'll be a Salisbury to you,
Pucelle or puzzel, dolphin or dogfish,[17]
Your hearts I 'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains. —
Convey me Salisbury into his tent,
And then we 'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.

[Exeunt, bearing out the bodies.

SCENE V.

The Same. Before one of the Gates.

Alarum. Skirmishings. Talbot *pursues the* Dauphin, *drives him in and exit: then enter* Joan la Pucelle, *driving Englishmen before her, and exit after them. Then re-enter* Talbot.

Tal. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them;
A woman clad in armour chaseth them.

Re-enter La Pucelle.

Here, here she comes. — I 'll have a bout with thee;
Devil, or devil's dam, I 'll conjure thee:

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6) Die Fol. hat *earl of Bedford*, ein Versehen, das vielleicht Sh. selbst beging. 7) *vild-esteem'd*, die ältere Orthographie für *vile-esteem'd*, verbesserte Pope die Lesart der Fol. *pil'd esteem'd*. Sh. hat dasselbe Compositum in seinen Sonnets (121) *'T is better to be vile than vile-esteem'd*. 8) Die Einen wagten sich nicht nahe wegen der Steine, die er schleuderte, die Andern flohen schon vor seinem grässlichen Anblick. 9) *adaman* ist bei Sh. bald = Diamant, bald = Magnet, endlich auch, wie hier, = ein fabelhafter Stein von undurchdringlicher Festigkeit und Härte. 10) Die zweite Folioausg. vervollständigt diesen Vers so: *Here, through this grate, I can count every one.* 11) *enfeebled* ist viersylbig *(enfeebeled)* zu lesen. — Die folgende Bühnenweisung lautet in der Fol. *Here they shoot and Salisbury falls down*, und vor Salisbury's vorhergehender Rede hat die Fol. die Notiz *Enter the Boy with a linstock.* Vgl. Anm. 1 dieser Scene. 12) Den Satz, der etwa zu ergänzen wäre: so lange Dein Tod ungerochen bleibt, unterbricht die antwortende Geberde des sterbenden Salisbury. 13) Das Wort *Nero* ist zufällig in der ersten Fol. hinter *like thee* ausgefallen, und die zweite Folioausg. liest dafür: *Plantagenet, I will, and Nero-like will*, was die meisten Hgg., zum Theil mit Weglassung des letzten, überflüssigen *will*, beibehalten. 14) Frankreich soll schon elend sein, wenn es nur meinen Namen hört. 15) Auch hier hat die Fol. *Joan de Puzel*, eine Schreibweise, welche Talbot's folgendes Wortspiel mit *puzzel* = Vettel, verständlicher macht. 16) Die Fol. hat *Here Salisbury lifteth himself up and groans.* — Salisbury macht bei dieser Nachricht einen Versuch, sich vom Boden zu erheben, und stösst seinen letzten Todesseufzer aus. 17) *dolphin*, die alte Orthographie für *dauphin*, steht hier doppelsinnig = Delphin, und = Dauphin, und erhält in ersterem Sinne das ähnlich klingende *dogfish* = Seehund, zum Gegensatz.

Blood will I draw on thee,[1] thou art a witch,
And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.
Puc. Come, come; 't is only I that must disgrace thee.
[They fight.
Tal. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?
My breast I 'll burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.
Puc. Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come:
I must go victual Orleans forthwith.
O'ertake me, if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.
Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starved[2] men;
Help Salisbury to make his testament:
This day is ours, as many more shall be.
[PUCELLE *enters the town, with Soldiers.*
Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;
I know not where I am, nor what I do.
A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,[3]
Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists:
So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome stench,
Are from their hives and houses[4] driven away.
They call'd us for our fierceness English dogs;
Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.
[A short alarum.
Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
Or tear the lions out of England's coat;
Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead:
Sheep run not half so treacherous[5] from the wolf,
Or horse, or oxen, from the leopard,
As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.
[Alarum. Another skirmish.
It will not be. — Retire into your trenches:
You all consented[6] unto Salisbury's death,
For none would strike a stroke in his revenge. —
Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans
In spite of us, or aught that we could do.
O, 'would I were to die with Salisbury!
The shame hereof will make me hide my head.
[Alarum; retreat. Exeunt TALBOT *and his Forces.*

SCENE VI.

The Same.

Flourish. Enter, on the walls, PUCELLE, CHARLES, REIGNIER, ALENÇON, *and Soldiers.*

Puc. Advance our waving colours on the walls!
Rescu'd is Orleans from the English.[1]
Thus Joan la Pucelle[2] hath perform'd her word.
Char. Divinest creature,[3] Astræa's daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this success?
Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,[4]
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next. —
France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess! —
Recover'd is the town of Orleans:
More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.
Reig. Why ring not out the bells aloud throughout the town?
Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.
Alen. All France will be replete with mirth and joy,
When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.[5]
Char. 'T is Joan, not we, by whom the day is won:
For which I will divide my crown with her;
And all the priests and friars in my realm
Shall in procession sing her endless praise.
A statelier pyramis to her I 'll rear,
Than Rhodope's, or Memphis',[6] ever was:
In memory of her, when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich-jewell'd coffer of Darius,[7]
Transported shall be at high festivals
Before the kings and queens of France.
No longer on Saint Dennis will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
Come in; and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory. *[Flourish. Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The Same.

Enter to the gates, a French Sergeant, and Two Sentinels.

Serg. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant.
If any noise, or soldier, you perceive
Near to the walls, by some apparent sign
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.[1]
1. Sent. Sergeant, you shall. *[Exit Sergeant.]* Thus are poor servitors

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1) Man glaubte, dass, wer einer Hexe Blut abzapfen könnte, von ihrem Zauber frei sei. — *will I* gehört auch zu dem folgenden *give*. 2) *hunger-starved* verbesserte Rowe das *hungry-starved* der Fol., wofür Boswell *hungry, starved* lesen wollte. 3) Eine Anspielung auf Hannibal's Kriegslist, der den Römern entkam, indem er ihnen Ochsen mit brennenden Zweigen an den Hörnern festgebunden entgegentrieb. 4) *house* ist *dove-house* = Taubenschlag. 5) Wie Sh. häufig das Verglichene mit dem Bilde selbst vermengt, so bezieht sich auch hier das Epitheton *treacherous* nicht so sehr auf die Schafe, sondern auf die Engländer, die aus Feigheit verrätherisch handeln. — Die meisten Hgg. lesen mit Pope *timorous* für *treacherous*. 6) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1, Anm. 5.

1) Die zweite Folioausg. fügt hinter *English* noch *wolves* ein. — Vielleicht ist mit Malone und Sidney Walker besser *English* dreisylbig zu lesen *(Engelish)*. 2) Auch hier *Joane de Puzel* in der Fol.; ebenso nachher in dieser Scene. 3) Mit grosser Wahrscheinlichkeit ist *creature* dreisylbig *(crëature)* zu lesen, was die Hinzufügung von *bright* vor *Astræa* in der zweiten Folioausg. überflüssig macht. 4) Die Gärten des von der Venus geliebten Adonis werden schon bei Plutarch neben den eben so fabelhaften des Phäakenkönigs Alkinous erwähnt. — *gardens* setzt Hanmer für *garden* der Fol. 5) *to play the men* = sich wie Männer benehmen, Männer vorstellen. So in Tempest (A. 1, Sc. 1) *Play the men.* 6) Steevens wollte *Rhodope's of Memphis* lesen, weil die von der Rhodope, einer Buhlerin, errichtete Pyramide, von der Sh. wahrscheinlich durch Plutarch Kunde hatte, sich zu Memphis befand. — Indess kann Sh. sehr wohl zwei Pyramiden im Sinne haben, die der Rhodope, und eine andere zu Memphis. 7) Sh. fand in Puttenham's Arte of English Poesie (1589) Folgendes: *In what price the noble poems of Homer were holden with Alexander the Great, insomuch as every*

(When others sleep upon their quiet beds)
Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, *and Forces, with scaling-ladders; their drums beating a dead march.*[2]

Tal. Lord regent, and redoubted Burgundy,
By whose approach the regions of Artois,
Walloon, and Picardy, are friends to us,[3]
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day carous'd and banqueted:
Embrace we then this opportunity,
As fitting best to quittance their deceit,
Contriv'd by art, and baleful sorcery.
Bed. Coward of France! — how much he wrongs his fame,
Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,
To join with witches, and the help of hell!
Bur. Traitors have never other company.
But what 's that Pucelle, whom they term so pure?
Tal. A maid, they say.
Bed. A maid, and be so martial!
Bur. Pray God, she prove not masculine ere long;
If underneath the standard of the French
She carry armour, as she hath begun.
Tal. Well, let them practise[4] and converse with spirits;
God is our fortress, in whose conquering name
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.
Bed. Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow thee.
Tal. Not all together: better far, I guess,
That we do make our entrance several ways,
That if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their force.
Bed. Agreed. I 'll to yond corner.
Bur. And I to this.
Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make his grave. —
Now, Salisbury, for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.

[The English scale the walls, crying: Saint George! A Talbot! and all enter the town.

Sent. [Within.] Arm, arm! the enemy doth make assault!

The French leap over the walls in their shirts. Enter, several ways, BASTARD, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, *half ready, and half unready.*[5]

Alen. How now, my lords? what, all unready so?
Bast. Unready? ay, and glad we 'scap'd so well.
Reig. 'T was time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds,
Hearing alarums at our chamber-doors.
Alen. Of all exploits, since first I follow'd arms,
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprise
More venturous, or desperate, than this.
Bast. I think, this Talbot be a fiend of hell.
Reig. If not of hell, the heavens sure favour him.
Alen. Here cometh Charles: I marvel how he sped.[6]
Bast. Tut! holy Joan was his defensive guard.

Enter CHARLES *and* LA PUCELLE.

Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain,
That now our loss might be ten times so much?
Puc. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?
At all times will you have my power alike?
Sleeping or waking, must I still prevail,
Or will you blame, and lay the fault on me? —
Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,
This sudden mischief never could have fallen.
Char. Duke of Alençon, this was your default,
That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.
Alen. Had all your quarters been as safely kept,
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus shamefully surpriz'd.
Bast. Mine was secure.
Reig. And so was mine, my lord.
Char. And for myself, most part of all this night,
Within her quarter, and mine own precinct,
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,
About relieving of the sentinels:
Then how, or which way, should they first break in?
Puc. Question, my lords, no further of the case,
How, or which way: 't is sure, they found some place
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made.
And now there rests no other shift but this, —
To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispers'd,
And lay new platforms[7] to endamage them.

Alarum. Enter an English Soldier, crying: A Talbot! A Talbot! They fly, leaving their clothes[8] *behind.*

Sold. I 'll be so bold to take what they have left.
The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;
For I have loaden me with many spoils,
Using no other weapon but his name. *[Exit.*

SCENE II.

Orleans. Within the Town.

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, *a Captain, and Others.*

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.

[Retreat sounded.

Tal. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury;
And here advance it in the market-place,
The middle centre of this cursed town. —

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night they were laid under his pillow, and by day were carried in the rich jewel coffer of Darius, lately before vanquished by him in battle. — Auch aus dem Plutarch kannte Sh. diese Notiz.

1) *court of guard* entspricht dem jetzigen *guard-room.* 2) Die Trommeln schlagen im dumpfen Ton, damit der Feind sie nicht höre. 3) Bedford hat auf dem Marsche nach Orleans Artois, das wallonische Land und die Picardie der englischen Oberherrschaft gesichert. 4) *to practise* = Anschläge machen, vorzugsweise in böse Sinne. 5) *ready* = angekleidet, gerüstet, *unready* das Gegentheil. — Diese Bühnenweisung ist aus der Fol. — In den folgenden Wechselreden ist *unready* zugleich = unvorbereitet. 6) Mich wundert, wie er glücklich davon kam. 7) *platform* = Entwurf, Plan, Anschlag, das jetzige *plot.* 8) Ihre Kleider, die sie in der Eile noch nicht angelegt hatten, sondern in den Händen hielten.

Now have I paid my vow unto his soul; [1]
For every drop of blood was drawn from him,
There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-night.
And that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
Within their chiefest temple I 'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corse shall be interr'd:
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engrav'd the sack of Orleans,
The treacherous manner of his mournful death,
And what a terror he had been to France.
But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
I muse, we met not with the Dauphin's grace, [2]
His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc,
Nor any of his false confederates.

Bed. 'T is thought, Lord Talbot, when the fight began,
Rous'd on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
They did, amongst the troops of armed men,
Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

Bur. Myself, as far as I could well discern,
For smoke, and dusky vapours of the night,
Am sure I scar'd the Dauphin, and his trull;
When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves,
That could not live asunder, day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
We 'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my lords! Which of this princely train
Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of France?

Tal. Here is the Talbot; who would speak with him?

Mess. The virtuous lady, countess of Auvergne,
With modesty admiring thy renown,
By me entreats, great lord, thou wouldst vouchsafe
To visit her poor castle where she lies; [3]
That she may boast she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

Bur. Is it even so? Nay, then, I see, our wars
Will turn unto a peaceful comic sport,
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with. —
You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

Tal. Ne'er trust me then; for when a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-rul'd. —
And therefore tell her, I return great thanks,
And in submission will attend on her. —
Will not your honours bear me company?

Bed. No, truly, it is more than manners will; [4]
And I have heard it said, unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

Tal. Well then, alone, since there 's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.
Come hither, captain. *[Whispers.]* — You perceive my mind.

Capt. I do, my lord, and mean accordingly. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Auvergne. Court of the Castle.

Enter the Countess *and her Porter.*

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge;
And when you have done so, bring the keys to me.

Port. Madam, I will. *[Exit.*

Count. The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit,
As Scythian Tomyris by Cyrus' death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,
And his achievements of no less account:
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
To give their censure [1] of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger and Talbot.

Mess. Madam, according as your ladyship desir'd,
By message crav'd, [2] so is Lord Talbot come.

Count. And he is welcome. What! is this the man?

Mess. Madam, it is.

Count. Is this the scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad,
That with his name the mothers still their babes? [3]
I see, report is fabulous and false:
I thought, I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector, for his grim aspect, [4]
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas! this is a child, a silly [5] dwarf:
It cannot be, this weak and writhled [6] shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies.

Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you;
But, since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I 'll sort [7] some other time to visit you.

Count. What means he now? — Go ask him, whither he goes.

Mess. Stay, my lord Talbot; for my lady craves
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

Tal. Marry, for that she 's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her, Talbot 's here.

Re-enter Porter, with keys.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

Tal. Prisoner! to whom?

Count. To me, blood-thirsty lord;
And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.

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1) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 4, Anm. 12 und 13. 2) *grace* ist ein dem Dauphin ironisch beigelegter Ehrentitel. — Eben so ironisch ist in der folgenden Zeile *virtuous* gemeint. 3) *to lie* = residiren, sich aufhalten. 4) Wenn wir Euch zur Gräfin von Auvergne begleiteten, so überschritte dies die Gesetze der Höflichkeit, da wir nicht eingeladen sind.

1) *censure* = Urtheil, Meinungsäusserung. — Die Gräfin möchte gern mit Augen und Ohren bezeugen können, was von den auffallenden Berichten über die gewaltige Heldenkraft Talbot's zu halten sei. 2) *craved by message* ist participiale Apposition zu *Lord Talbot.* 3) In Hall's Chronik fand Sh. von Talbot folgende Schilderung: *This man was to the French people a very scourge and a daily terror, insomuch that as his person was fearful and terrible to his adversaries present, so his name and fame was spiteful and dreadful to the common people absent; insomuch that women in France, to fear their young children, would cry, the Talbot cometh, the Talbot cometh.* 4) *aspect* betont Sh. auf der letzten Sylbe. 5) *silly* = harmlos, simpel. 6) *writhled* = runzlicht, eingeschrumpft. Das veraltete Wort gebraucht u. A. Bishop Hall in Saint Paul's Combat: *The skin that was white and smooth is turned tawny and writhled.* 7) *to sort,* statt des gewöhnlichen *to*

Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs:
But now the substance[8] shall endure the like,
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
That hast by tyranny, these many years,
Wasted our country, slain our citizens,
And sent our sons and husbands captivate.[9]
Tal. Ha, ha, ha!
Count. Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth shall turn to moan.
Tal. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond,[10]
To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow,
Whereon to practise your severity.
Count. Why, art not thou the man?
Tal. I am, indeed.
Count. Then have I substance too.
Tal. No, no, I am but shadow of myself:
You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here;
For what you see, is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity.[11]
I tell you, Madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.
Count. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce;[12]
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can these contrarieties agree?
Tal. That will I show you presently.

He winds his horn. Drums strike up; a peal of ordnance. The gates being forced, enter Soldiers.

How say you,[13] Madam? are you now persuaded,
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?
These are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength,
With which he yoketh your rebellious necks,
Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,
And in a moment makes them desolate.
Count. Victorious Talbot, pardon my abuse:
I find, thou art no less than fame hath bruited,[14]
And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;
For I am sorry, that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.[15]
Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor misconster[16]
The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.
What you have done hath not offended me:
No other satisfaction do I crave,
But only, with your patience, that we may
Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have;
For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.
Count. With all my heart; and think me honoured
To feast so great a warrior in my house. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

London. The Temple Garden.

Enter the Earls of Somerset, Suffolk, *and* Warwick; Richard Plantagenet, Vernon, *and a Lawyer.*

Plan. Great lords, and gentlemen, what means this silence?
Dare no man answer in a case of truth?
Suf. Within the Temple hall we were too loud:
The garden here is more convenient.
Plan. Then say at once, if I maintain'd the truth,
Or, else, was wrangling Somerset in the error?[1]
Suf. 'Faith, I have been a truant in the law,
And never yet could frame my will to it;
And, therefore, frame the law unto my will.
Som. Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then between us.
War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,[2]
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,[3]
Between two blades, which bears the better temper,
Between two horses, which doth bear him best,[4]
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,
I have, perhaps, some shallow[5] spirit of judgment;
But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.
Plan. Tut, tut! here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appears so naked on my side,
That any purblind eye may find it out.
Som. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.
Plan. Since you are tongue-tied, and so loath to speak,
In dumb significants[6] proclaim your thoughts:

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sort out = aussuchen, auswählen. 8) Der Gegensatz von *shadow* und *substance*, von dem Bilde einer Person und der Person selbst, ist Sh. sehr geläufig. 9) *captivate* = kriegsgefangen. Dasselbe Adjectiv kehrt A. 5, Sc. 3 wieder. — *to send captivate* = in die Gefangenschaft schicken. 10) *fond* = thöricht, verblendet. 11) Der geringste körperliche Theil des gesammten Menschenwesens, das den Talbot ausmacht. 12) *merchant*, ein Ausdruck der Geringschätzung, gleichsam = Trödler, Krämer, wie in Romeo and Juliet (A. 2, Sc. 4) *what saucy merchant was this?* und in Webster's Law Case: *you have proved yourself a cunning merchant indeed.* — *for the nonce* = für das eine Mal, für den vorkommenden Fall. 13) Was sagt Ihr dazu? 14) *to bruit* = aussprengen, verkünden, vom Gerüchte. 15) *as thou art* = Dir entsprechend, wie Deine Person es verlangt. 16) *misconster* ist hier das Sh.'sche Wort, wofür die Hgg. meistens *misconstrue* setzen. — Die Fol. hat an andern Stellen übrigens auch *misconstrue* mit wechselnder Betonung.

1) Plantagenet fordert zur Entscheidung der Streitfrage zwischen ihm und Somerset die Schiedsrichter auf, entweder ihm ausdrücklich Recht zu geben oder sonst, wenn sie das nicht wollen, wenigstens zu sagen, ob Somerset Unrecht gehabt habe. — So erklärt, bedarf die alte Lesart weder der Emendation Johnson's, der *i' the right* für *in the error* vorschlug, noch auch der von Hanmer *And was not etc.* für *Or, else, was etc.* — Die Streitfrage dreht sich um die nähern Erbansprüche an den englischen Thron der von Plantagenet vertretenen Yorks, oder der Lancasters. 2) *pitch* ist die Höhe, bis zu welcher der von der Hand losgelassene Jagdfalke mit einem Male emporfliegt. 3) Welcher von zwei Hunden die tiefste Stimme zum Bellen hat. Derselbe Vorzug eines Jagdhundes wird auch in Taming of the Shrew (Induction Sc. 1) hervorgehoben: *the deep-mouth'd brach.* 4) Welches von zwei Pferden sich am besten trägt oder hält. So in Romeo and Juliet (A. 1, Sc. 5) *He bears him like a portly gentleman.* 5) *shallow* fügt Warwick in angenommener Bescheidenheit hinzu. 6) *significant* = Zeichen, Andeutung. Sh. hat dasselbe Wort als ein gesucht affectirtes für einen Brief in Love's Labour's Lost (A. 3,

Let him that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,[7]
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.
Som. Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.
War. I love no colours;[8] and, without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.
Suf. I pluck this red rose with young Somerset;
And say withal, I think he held the right.
Ver. Stay, lords and gentlemen, and pluck no more,
Till you conclude that he, upon whose side
The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.[9]
Som. Good Master Vernon, it is well objected:[10]
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.
Plan. And I.
Ver. Then, for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.
Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red,
And fall on my side so, against your will.
Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion[11] shall be surgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the side where still I am.
Som. Well, well, come on: who else?
Law. Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you held was wrong in you;
In sign whereof, I pluck a white rose too.
Plan. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?
Som. Here, in my scabbard; meditating that,
Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red.[12]
Plan. Meantime, your cheeks do counterfeit our roses;[13]
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.
Som. No, Plantagenet,
'T is not for fear, but anger, that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our roses,
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.
Plan. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?
Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?
Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth,[14]
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.
Som. Well, I 'll find friends to wear my bleeding roses,[15]
That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.
Plan. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy faction,[16] peevish boy.
Suf. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.
Plan. Proud Poole, I will; and scorn both him and thee.
Suf. I 'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.
Som. Away, away, good William de la Poole:[17]
We grace the yeoman by conversing with him.
War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somerset:
His grandfather was Lionel, duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward, king of England.
Spring crestless yeomen[18] from so deep a root?[19]
Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege,[20]
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.
Som. By him that made me, I 'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Christendom.
Was not thy father, Richard, earl of Cambridge,
For treason executed in our late king's days?
And by his treason stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt[21] from ancient gentry?
His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;
And, till thou be restor'd, thou art a yeoman.
Plan. My father was attached, not attainted,[22]
Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;
And that I 'll prove on better men than Somerset,
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.[23]
For your partaker[24] Poole, and you yourself,
I 'll note you in my book of memory,[25]
To scourge you for this apprehension:[26]
Look to it well, and say you are well warn'd.

Sc. 1) *bear this significant to the country maid Jaquenetta.* 7) *his birth* bezieht sich auf das vorhergehende *true-born gentleman:* wer diese seine adlige Abkunft behauptet oder vertritt. 8) *colour* doppelsinnig = Farbe, und = Beschönigung, Verstellung. 9) *right opinion* = die Ueberzeugung vom Recht, die Meinung, dass er Recht hat. 10) *to object* = vorhalten, vorlegen. 11) *opinion* ist zuerst = Vernon's Dafürhalten, dann = die öffentliche Meinung, das gute Ansehen, in welchem Vernon steht. 12) Eine Erwägung desjenigen Arguments, das in meiner Scheide steckt, d. h. meines Schwertes, wird Eure weisse Rose blutig roth färben; oder mit dem Wortspiel von *to die* und *to dye:* dies erwägend, wird Eure weisse Rose in blutigem Roth sterben. 13) *our roses* = die von mir und meinen Parteigenossen erkorenen weissen Rosen. 14) *his* vor *truth* wie vor *falsehood* geht auf das beiderseitige *thy rose:* das Recht der einen, weissen Rose, und das Unrecht der andern, rothen Rose. 15) *bleeding roses* = die blutigrothen Rosen. 16) *faction* ist Theobald's Emendation für *fashion* der Fol.; sie empfiehlt sich durch Suffolk's folgende Worte, der das *faction* auf sich bezieht, sowie durch Plantagenet's spätere Wiederholung *this pale and angry rose || Will I for ever, and my faction, wear.* — *fashion* würde die Mode Somerset's, der die rothe Rose trägt, bedeuten. 17) Er nennt ihn höhnisch bei seinem simplen Familiennamen und fügt in geflissentlicher Herablassung das Wort *good,* ein den Yeomen zukommendes Epitheton, hinzu. 18) Die Yeomen, die, im Gegensatz zum hohen Adel, keinen Helmschmuck über dem Wappen führen durften. 19) Das Königsgeschlecht reicht weit in die Vorzeit, in der es gleichsam mit tiefer Wurzel, wie ein alter Baum, wurzelt. 20) Der Bezirk des Tempels, als einer alten Stiftung, war geweiht und durfte durch keine Gewaltthätigkeit entweiht werden. Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 3, Anm. 13. 21) *exempt from* = losgelöst von Etwas, untheilhaft einer Sache. 22) *attached* = angeklagt, bildet auch lautlich einen Gegensatz zu *attainted* = überführt, schuldig befunden. 23) Wenn die Zeit in ihrem Wachsthum erst so reif ist, wie ich wünsche. 24) *partaker* = Parteigänger, der die Partei Jemandes ergreift, Anhänger. So in Sidney's Arcadia: *his obsequies being no more solemnized by the tears of his partakers than the blood of his enemies.* 25) Anspielungen auf die damals gebräuchlichen Notizenbücher, in die man Denksprüche, Namen und Dinge, die man nicht vergessen wollte, eintrug, kommen auch sonst bei Sh. vor; so in Hamlet (A. 1, Sc. 5) *from the table of my memory || I 'll wipe away all trivial fond records etc.* 26) *apprehension* = Argwohn, nachtheilige Auffassung. — Theobald wollte dafür *reprehension*

Som. Ay, thou shalt find us ready for thee still,
And know us by these colours for thy foes;
For these my friends, in spite of thee, shall wear.[27]
Plan. And, by my soul, this pale and angry[28] rose,
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever, and my faction, wear,
Until it wither with me to my grave,
Or flourish to the height of my degree.[29]
Suf. Go forward, and be chok'd with thy ambition:
And so farewell, until I meet thee next. *[Exit.*
Som. Have with thee,[30] Poole. — Farewell, ambitious Richard. *[Exit.*
Plan. How I am brav'd, and must perforce endure it!
War. This blot, that they object against your house,
Shall be wip'd[31] out in the next parliament,
Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloster;
And if[32] thou be not then created York,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
Meantime, in signal of my love to thee,
Against proud Somerset, and William Poole,
Will I upon thy party wear this rose.
And here I prophesy: — this brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction in the Temple garden,
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.
Plan. Good Master Vernon, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.
Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the same.
Law. And so will I.
Plan. Thanks, gentle Sir.[33]
Come, let us four to dinner: I dare say,
This quarrel will drink blood another day. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Same. A Room in the Tower.

Enter MORTIMER, *brought in a chair by Two Keepers.*

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself. —
Even like a man new haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment;
And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,[1]
Nestor-like aged, in an age of care,
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent;[2]
Weak shoulders, overborne with burdening grief,
And pithless[3] arms, like to a wither'd vine
That droops his sapless branches to the ground:
Yet are these feet, — whose strengthless stay is numb,[4]
Unable to support this lump of clay, —
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
As witting[5] I no other comfort have. —
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?
1. Keep. Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come:
We sent unto the Temple, unto his chamber,
And answer was return'd that he will come.
Mor. Enough; my soul shall then be satisfied. —
Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.
Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,
Before whose glory I was great in arms,
This loathsome sequestration have I had;
And even since then hath Richard been obscur'd,
Depriv'd of honour and inheritance:
But now, the arbitrator[6] of despairs,
Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence.
I would his troubles likewise were expir'd,
That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

1. Keep. My lord, your loving nephew now is come.
Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he come?
Plan. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your nephew, late-despised[7] Richard, comes.
Mor. Direct mine arms, I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp.
O! tell me, when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss. —
And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,
Why didst thou say, of late thou wert despis'd?
Plan. First, lean thine aged back against mine arm,
And in that ease I 'll tell thee my disease.[8]
This day, in argument upon a case,

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lesen. 27) Die Construction ist *for my friends shall wear these* scil. *colours.* 28) *pale and angry* ist, nach dem Sh.'schen Gebrauche der Copula *and*, zu verbinden: die Rose, die vor Zorn blass geworden ist. So ist die weisse Rose das Abzeichen des Hasses, der das Blut verzehrt und daher blass aussieht. So in Romeo and Juliet (A. 3, Sc. 5) *thou look'st pale — — Dry sorrow drinks our blood.* — Andere fassen dagegen *blood-drinking hate* = blutdürstiger Hass. 29) Die von ihm erwählte Rose soll entweder mit ihm selber dem Grabe zuwelken, oder so hoch emporwachsen, wie er selbst steigt, wenn seine Erbansprüche an den Thron sich verwirklichen. 30) Ich gehe mit, ich begleite Dich. 31) So verbessert die zweite Folioausg. das *whipt* der ersten. — Das Parlament war einberufen, um die Streitigkeiten zwischen Winchester und Gloster beizulegen, und wird in der ersten Scene des dritten Acts vorgeführt. 32) *and if*, in der Schreibart der Fol., ist auch hier vielleicht wie an manchen andern Stellen bei Sh. *an if* zu lesen. 33) Das in der ersten Fol. ausgefallene *Sir* ergänzt die zweite Folioausg. — Ein Anonymus vermuthet dafür *gentlemen.*

1) Die grauen Locken verkünden das Herannahen des Todes, wie Herolde, die etwa einem Könige voranschreiten. — Staunton interpungirt *Nestor-like, aged in an age of care.* 2) *exigent* = das Aeusserste, der entscheidende Augenblick. So in Julius Cæsar (A. 5, Sc. 1) *Why do you cross me in this exigent?* 3) *pithless* = marklos, kraftlos. 4) Auch der Chronist sagt: *Edmund Mortimer, the last Earl of March of that name, which long time had been restrained from his liberty, and finally waxed lame, deceased without issue, whose inheritance descended to Lord Richard Plantagenet.* — *unable* ist mit *strengthless stay*, dagegen *swift-winged* mit *these feet* zu verbinden: die lahmen Füsse sind doch vom Verlangen beflügelt, ein Grab zu finden, als ob sie wüssten, dass Mortimer keinen andern Trost mehr habe. 5) *witting*, als Particip des alten *to wit* = wissen, hat Sh. nur an dieser Stelle. 6) *arbitrator*, wie *umpire*, ist der Schiedsrichter, der durch seine Entscheidung eine Sache zu Ende bringt. 7) *late-despised* = jüngst geschmäht, jüngst entehrt. So kommt weiterhin (A. 3, Sc. 2) *late-betrayed* = kürzlich verrathen, vor. — Zwei Zeilen vorher lässt Hanmer das *my* vor *friend* aus.

Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me;
Among which terms he us'd his lavish tongue,
And did upbraid me with my father's death:
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him.
Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake,
In honour of a true Plantagenet,
And for alliance[9] sake, declare the cause
My father, earl of Cambridge, lost his head.
Mor. That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me,
And hath detain'd me all my flow'ring youth
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
Was cursed instrument of his decease.
Plan. Discover more at large what cause that was;
For I am ignorant, and cannot guess.
Mor. I will, if that my fading breath permit,
And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this king,
Depos'd his nephew[10] Richard, Edward's son,
The first-begotten, and the lawful heir
Of Edward king, the third of that descent:
During whose reign the Percies of the north,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne.
The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this,
Was, for that (young king[11] Richard thus remov'd,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body)
I was the next by birth and parentage;
For by my mother I derived am
From Lionel duke of Clarence, the[12] third son
To king Edward the Third; whereas he
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but fourth[13] of that heroic line.
But mark: as, in this haughty[14] great attempt
They laboured to plant the rightful heir,
I lost my liberty, and they their lives.
Long after this, when Henry[15] the Fifth
(Succeeding his father Bolingbroke) did reign,
Thy father, earl of Cambridge, then deriv'd
From famous Edmund Langley, duke of York,
Marrying my sister, that thy mother was,
Again, in pity of my hard distress,
Levied an army, weening to redeem[16]
And have install'd me in the diadem;
But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl,
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.[17]
Plan. Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.
Mor. True; and thou seest, that I no issue have,
And that my fainting words[18] do warrant death.
Thou art my heir: the rest, I wish thee gather;[19]
But yet be wary in thy studious care.
Plan. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me.
But yet, methinks, my father's execution
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.
Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politic:
Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster,
And, like a mountain, not to be remov'd.
But now thy uncle is removing hence,
As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a settled place.[20]
Plan. O, uncle! 'would some part of my young years
Might but redeem the passage of your age![21]
Mor. Thou dost then wrong me; as the slaughterer doth,
Which giveth many wounds, when one will kill.
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;
Only, give order for my funeral:
And so farewell; and fair be all thy hopes,[22]
And prosperous be thy life, in peace, and war! *[Dies.*
Plan. And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul!
In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,
And like a hermit overpass'd[23] thy days. —
Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;
And what I do imagine, let that rest. —
Keepers, convey him hence; and I myself
Will see his burial better than his life.[24] —
[Exeunt Keepers, bearing out the body of Mortimer.
Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort:[25]
And, for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,
I doubt not but with honour to redress;[26]

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8) *disease* = Beunruhigung, Qual, im Gegensatz zu *ease* = Ruhe, Behaglichkeit. — Häufiger findet sich das Verbum *to disease* = stören, quälen. 9) *alliance* = Verschwägerung, dann Verwandtschaft in weiterem Sinne. 10) *nephew* ist hier = Vetter. 11) *king*, das in der ersten Fol. fehlt, ergänzt die zweite Folioausg. 12) *the* findet sich erst in der zweiten Folioausg. 13) scil. *son*, das aus dem vorhergehenden *third son* hinzuzudenken ist. 14) *haughty* = stolz, in gutem Sinn. 15) *Henry* ist vielleicht hier dreisylbig *(Hennery)* zu lesen, wie A. 3, Sc. 1: *O, my good lords, and virtuous Henry* und A. 4, Sc. 7: *Great mareshal to Henry the Sixth.* 16) *to redeem* scil. *mé*, das aus dem Folgenden zu suppliren ist. 17) So wurden die Mortimers, in denen das Recht auf die englische Krone fortbestand, gewaltsam beseitigt. 18) *my fainting words:* die Ohnmacht, Mattigkeit meiner Rede verbürgt das Herannahen des Todes. 19) Was sich daran schliesst, dass Du mein Erbe bist, d. h. Deine künftigen Thronansprüche, spreche ich nicht aus, sondern überlasse ich Deiner eigenen Combination. 20) Mortimer vergleicht seinen bevorstehenden Abschied vom Leben und von seiner Haft mit der Uebersiedelung der Fürsten von einer Residenz in die andere, wenn sie der ersten überdrüssig sind. — *to remove* wird erst in intransitivem, dann in transitivem Sinne gebraucht. 21) Plantagenet möchte einen Theil seiner jungen Jahre dahingeben, um den Hingang des Greisenalters Mortimer's damit abzuwenden. 22) Mögen Deine Aussichten in die Zukunft günstig werden, ein glückliches Ansehen gewinnen. — Theobald wollte dafür lesen *fair befall thy hopes.* 23) *to overpass* gebraucht Sh. hier im Sinn von *to pass:* Du hast Deine Tage dahingelebt, verbracht wie ein Eremit. So auch in K. Richard III. (A. 4, Sc. 4) *in the time o'erpast.* 24) Ich will danach sehen, dass sein Begräbniss besser sei, als sein Leben in der Haft des Kerkers. 25) Mit *meaner sort* sind die Lancasters gemeint, die, obwohl von geringerer Herkunft als Mortimer, doch aus Ehrgeiz seine Lebensfackel gedämpft haben, bis dass sie erlosch. 26) *to redress* ist Verbum neutrum = sich wieder aufrichten, Genugthuung erhalten. 27) *my ill* verbessert Theobald das *my will* der Fol. und gewinnt damit den natürlichen Gegensatz zu *my good:* ich will entweder durch Parlamentsbeschluss in den Rang, der meinem Geblüte zukommt, wieder eingesetzt werden, oder das Leid, das ich erdulde, zu einer Gelegenheit machen, aus der mein Glück mir erwachsen soll.

And therefore haste I to the parliament,
Either to be restored to my blood,
Or make my ill the advantage of my good.[27] *[Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The Same. The Parliament-House.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Exeter, Gloster, Warwick, Somerset, *and* Suffolk; *the Bishop of* Winchester, Richard Plantagenet, *and Others.* Gloster *offers to put up a bill;* Winchester *snatches it, and tears it.*[1]

Win. Com'st thou with deep-premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets studiously devis'd,
Humphrey of Gloster? If thou canst accuse,
Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention[2] suddenly;
As I with sudden and extemporal speech
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.
Glo. Presumptuous priest! this place commands my patience,
Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonour'd me.
Think not, although in writing I preferr'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim[3] to rehearse the method of my pen:
No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,
Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks,
As very infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a most pernicious usurer,
Froward by nature, enemy to peace;
Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
A man of thy profession and degree:
And for thy treachery, what 's more manifest?
In that thou laidst a trap to take my life,
As well at London bridge, as at the Tower.
Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt
From envious[4] malice of thy swelling heart.
Win. Gloster, I do defy thee. — Lords, vouchsafe
To give me hearing what I shall reply.
If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse,
As he will have me, how am I so poor?
Or how haps it, I seek not to advance
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?
And for dissension, who preferreth[5] peace
More than I do, except I be provok'd?
No, my good lords, it is not that offends;
It is not that that hath incens'd the duke:
It is, because no one should sway but he;
No one but he should be about the king;
And that engenders thunder in his breast,
And makes him roar these accusations forth.
But he shall know, I am as good —
Glo. As good!
Thou bastard of my grandfather![6] —
Win. Ay, lordly Sir; for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne?
Glo. Am I not protector,[7] saucy priest?
Win. And am not I a prelate of the church?
Glo. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,
And useth it to patronage[8] his theft.
Win. Unreverent Gloster!
Glo. Thou art reverent,
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.
Win. Rome shall remedy this.
War. Roam[9] thither then.
Som. My lord, it were your duty to forbear.
War. Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.
Som. Methinks, my lord should be religious,
And know the office that belongs to such.
War. Methinks, his lordship should be humbler;[10]
It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.
Som. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near.
War. State holy, or unhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his grace[11] protector to the king?
Plan. [Aside.] Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue,
Lest it be said, »Speak, sirrah,[12] when you should;
Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?«
Else would I have a fling at Winchester.
K. Hen. Uncles of Gloster, and of Winchester,
The special watchmen of our English weal,
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.
O! what a scandal is it to our crown,
That two such noble peers as ye should jar.
Believe me, lords, my tender years[13] can tell,
Civil dissension is a viperous worm,
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth. —
[A noise within: Down with the tawny-coats![14]
What tumult 's this?
War. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the bishop's men.
[A noise again: Stones! stones!

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1) Die Bühnenweisung ist aus der Fol. — Die Bill, welche Gloster einreichen will, ist seine gegen Winchester gerichtete Klageschrift. Statt solcher schriftlichen Verhandlungen dringt der Cardinal auf mündliche Anklage, gegen die er sich dann aus dem Stegreif verantworten will. 2) *invention* ist hier = überlegte Einkleidung, oder gekünstelte Abfassung. 3) *verbatim*, das eigentlich = Wort für Wort, ist, gebraucht Sh., wie es scheint, = mündlich, in Worten. — Die verschiedenen Anklagepunkte sind aus Holinshed's Erzählung entnommen und aus der Anklageacte, die der Chronist ausführlich mittheilt. 4) *envious* = boshaft, tückisch. 5) *to prefer* = fördern, zur Schau tragen, empfehlen. 6) Der Bischof von Winchester war ein unebenbürtiger Sohn des Herzogs von Lancaster, John von Gent. 7) Steevens schob zur Regulirung des Verses ein *the* vor *protector* ein. 8) *to patronage* = in Schutz nehmen, ein ungewöhnliches Verbum, das Sh. weiterhin (A. 3, Sc. 4) noch einmal gebraucht. 9) Dasselbe, wie es scheint, für Landstreicher sprichwörtliche Wortspiel hat Nashe in seinem Pamphlet Lenten Stuff (1599) *three hundred thousand people roamed to Rome for purgatory pills*. Die folgende Zeile wird in der Fol. ebenfalls dem Warwick zuertheilt und die nächsten drei Verse von *ay, see* bis *to such* dem Somerset. Theobald stellte die richtige Vertheilung der Reden wieder her. 10) *humbler* ist dreisylbig zu lesen *(humbeler)*. 11) *his grace* ist der dem Herzog von Gloster gebührende Ehrentitel. 12) *sirrah*, die an einen Niedern gerichtete Anrede, gebraucht Plantagenet, um seine gegenwärtige untergeordnete Stellung unter den Lords zu bezeichnen. Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 5, Anm. 27. 13) Der König war fünf Jahre alt, als das Parlament zur Schlichtung der Streitigkeiten zwischen Gloster und Winchester versammelt wurde. 14) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 3, Anm. 7. 15) Auch hier

Enter the Mayor of London, attended.

May. O, my good lords, and virtuous Henry,[15]
Pity the city of London, pity us!
The bishop[16] and the duke of Gloster's men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,[17]
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble-stones;
And banding themselves in contrary[18] parts,
Do pelt so fast at one another's pate,
That many have their giddy brains knock'd out.
Our windows are broke down in every street,
And we, for fear, compell'd to shut our shops.

Enter, skirmishing, the Retainers of Gloster *and* Winchester, *with bloody pates.*

K. Hen. We charge you, on allegiance to ourself,
To hold your slaught'ring hands, and keep the peace.
Pray, uncle Gloster, mitigate this strife.
1. Serv. Nay, if we be
Forbidden stones, we 'll fall to it with our teeth.
2. Serv. Do what ye dare; we are as resolute.
[Skirmish again.
Glo. You of my household, leave this peevish broil,
And set this unaccustom'd[19] fight aside.
1. Serv. My lord, we know your grace to be a man
Just and upright, and, for your royal birth,
Inferior to none but to his majesty;
And ere that we will suffer such a prince,
So kind a father of the commonweal,
To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate,[20]
We, and our wives, and children,[21] all will fight,
And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.
3. Serv. Ay, and the very parings of our nails
Shall pitch a field, when we are dead.[22]
[Skirmish again.
Glo. Stay, stay, I say!
And, if you love me, as you say you do,
Let me persuade you to forbear awhile.
K. Hen. O, how this discord doth afflict my soul! —
Can you, my lord of Winchester, behold
My sighs and tears, and will not once relent?
Who should be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who should study to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?
War. Yield, my lord protector; — yield, Winchester;
Except you mean, with obstinate repulse,
To slay your sovereign, and destroy the realm.
You see what mischief, and what murder too,
Hath been enacted through your enmity;
Then, be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.
Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.
Glo. Compassion on the king commands me stoop;
Or I would see his[23] heart out, ere the priest
Should ever get that privilege of me.
War. Behold, my lord of Winchester, the duke
Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,
As by his smoothed brows it doth appear:
Why look you still so stern, and tragical?[24]
Glo. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.
K. Hen. Fie, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you preach,
That malice was a great and grievous sin;
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same?
War. Sweet king! — the bishop hath a kindly gird.[25] —
For shame, my lord of Winchester, relent:
What, shall a child instruct you what to do?
Win. Well, duke of Gloster, I will yield to thee;
Love for thy love,[26] and hand for hand I give.
Glo. [Aside.] Ay; but, I fear me, with a hollow heart. —
See here, my friends, and loving countrymen,
This token[27] serveth for a flag of truce
Betwixt ourselves and all our followers.
So help me God, as I dissemble not!
Win. [Aside.] So help me God, as I intend it not!
K. Hen. O loving uncle, kind duke of Gloster,
How joyful am I made by this contract![28] —
Away, my masters: trouble us no more;
But join in friendship, as your lords have done.
1. Serv. Content: I 'll to the surgeon's.
2. Serv. And so will I.[29]
3. Serv. And I will see what physic the tavern affords.
[Exeunt Mayor, Servants, etc.
War. Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign,
Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet
We do exhibit to your majesty.
Glo. Well urg'd, my lord of Warwick: — for, sweet prince,
An if your grace mark every circumstance,
You have great reason to do Richard right;
Especially for those occasions
At Eltham-place[30] I told your majesty.

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scheint *Henry* dreisylbig gelesen zu sein. Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 5, Anm. 15. 16) scil. *the bishop of Winchester's.* — Sh. fügt das *s* zur Bezeichnung des Genitivs nur einmal zu *Gloster.* 17) Diese Notiz bezieht sich auf die A. 1, Sc. 3 gegen das Ende verlesene Proclamation. 18) *contrary* betont Sh. bald auf der ersten, bald auf der zweiten Sylbe. 19) *unaccustomed* = ungewöhnlich, der gewohnten Ordnung widersprechend. 20) *inkhorn mate* = Federfuchser, Einer, der stets sein Tintenfass bei sich führt, Pedant. So kommt bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen öfter *inkhorn terms* = pedantische, gelehrte Ausdrücke, vor. 21) Boswell wiederholt ohne Grund das *our* vor *children.* 22) Gloster's Diener sind so kampfbegierig, dass nach ihrem Tode das Geringste, was von ihnen übrig bleibt, selbst der Abfall ihrer Nägel, sich gegen den Feind richten soll, ihm bekämpfen soll. 23) *his* bezieht sich auf das folgende *the priest:* ich wollte eher ihm das Herz aus dem Leibe gerissen sehen, ehe der Pfaff u. s. w. 24) *tragical* = finster, unheilvoll, ohne Bezug auf die Bühne, hat auch Marlowe in seinem Massacre of Paris: *though I seem mild and calm,* || *Think not but I am tragical within.* 25) *gird* = Seitenhieb, versteckter Spott oder Tadel. Der Bischof hat in den so eben gesprochenen Worten des Königs eine entsprechende, sachgemässe Zurechtweisung erhalten. So in Taming of the Shrew (A. 5, Sc. 2) *I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.* 26) *thy love* ist ironisch gemeint: die Liebe, die Gloster ihm darbietet, eben die will Winchester ihm erwiedern. — Zu dem folgenden *hand* ist *hollow heart* der Gegensatz. 27) Worin *this token* besteht, erhellt nicht aus dem Zusammenhange. 28) Sh. betont *contract* bald auf der ersten, bald auf der zweiten Sylbe. 29) Um sich den im Handgemenge blutig geschlagenen Schädel heilen zu lassen. 30) *at Eltham-place* gehört zu *I told your majesty,* nicht zu *those occasions.* — Gloster hatte dem jungen König schon in Eltham, wo er erzogen wurde, die Motive auseinandergesetzt, welche eine Wiedereinsetzung Plantagenet's in seine Würden empfahlen. 31) Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 5,

K. Hen. And those occasions, uncle, were of force:
Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is,
That Richard be restored to his blood.[31]
War. Let Richard be restored to his blood;
So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.
Win. As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.
K. Hen. If Richard will be true, not that alone,[32]
But all the whole inheritance I give,
That doth belong unto the house of York,
From whence you spring by lineal descent.
Plan. Thy humble servant vows obedience,
And humble service, till the point of death.
K. Hen. Stoop then, and set your knee against my foot;
And, in reguerdon[33] of that duty done,
I girt thee with the valiant sword of York.
Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet,
And rise created princely duke of York.
Plan. And so thrive Richard as thy foes may fall!
And as my duty springs, so perish they
That grudge one thought against your majesty!
All. Welcome, high prince, the mighty duke of York!
Som. [Aside.] Perish, base prince, ignoble duke of York!
Glo. Now will it best avail your majesty,
To cross the seas, and to be crown'd in France.
The presence of a king engenders love
Amongst his subjects, and his loyal friends,
As it disanimates[34] his enemies.
K. Hen. When Gloster says the word, king Henry goes;
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.
Glo. Your ships already are in readiness.
[Flourish. Exeunt all but Exeter.
Exe. Ay, we may march in England, or in France,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue.
This late dissension, grown betwixt the peers,
Burns under feigned[35] ashes of forg'd love,
And will at last break out into a flame:
As fester'd members rot but by degree,
Till bones, and flesh, and sinews, fall away,
So will this base and envious discord breed.[36]
And now I fear that fatal prophecy,
Which, in the time of Henry nam'd the Fifth,
Was in the mouth of every sucking babe,
That Henry born at Monmouth should win all,
And Henry born at Windsor should lose all:[37]
Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish
His days may finish ere that hapless time. *[Exit.*

SCENE II.

France. Before Rouen.

Enter La Pucelle, *disguised, and Soldiers dressed like countrymen, with sacks upon their backs.*[1]

Puc. These are the city gates, the gates of Roan,[2]
Through which our policy[3] must make a breach.
Take heed, be wary how you place your words;
Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men,
That come to gather money for their corn.
If we have entrance (as I hope we shall),
And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
I 'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.[4]
1. Sold. Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,[5]
And we be lords and rulers over Roan;
Therefore we 'll knock. *[Knocks.*
Guard. [Within.] *Qui est là?*
Puc. *Paisans, pauvres gens de France:*[6]
Poor market-folks, that come to sell their corn.
Guard. [Opens the gates.] Enter, go in: the market-bell is rung.
Puc. Now, Roan, I 'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground.
[Pucelle, *etc., enter the city.*

Enter Charles, *Bastard of* Orleans, Alençon, *and Forces.*

Char. Saint Dennis bless this happy stratagem,
And once again we 'll sleep secure in Roan.
Bast. Here enter'd Pucelle, and her practisants;[7]
Now she is there, how will she specify
Where[8] is the best and safest passage in?
Alen. By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower;
Which, once discern'd, shows that her meaning is, —
No way to that, for weakness, which she enter'd.[9]

Enter La Pucelle *on a battlement, holding out a torch burning.*

Puc. Behold! this is the happy wedding torch,
That joineth Roan unto her countrymen,
But burning fatal to the Talbotites.[10]

Anm. 27. 32) Die Fol. hat *not that all alone.* Die zweite Folioausg. streicht das *all* mit Recht. 33) *reguerdon* = Vergeltung, Wiedervergeltung. — Sh. hat das veraltete Wort als Verbum in A. 3, Sc. 4. 34) *to disanimate* = entmuthigen, wie Sh. sonst das synonyme *to dishearten* gebraucht. 35) Das Epitheton *feigned* bezieht sich auf das mit *ashes* verknüpfte *forg'd love*, nicht auf *ashes* allein. 36) Wie die eiternden Glieder nur allmählich wegfaulen, bis nach einander Knochen, Fleisch und Sehnen schwinden, so wird diese schlimme und boshafte Zwietracht in sich fortwuchern, sich entwickeln. 37) Diese Prophezeiung legt der Chronist Heinrich V. selbst in den Mund, als gesprochen bei der Nachricht, dass ihm in Windsor ein Sohn geboren sei. — Das vor *losé* in der Fol. zufällig ausgefallene *should* ergänzt die zweite Folioausg.

1) Die alte Bühnenweisung lautet *Enter Pucell disguised, with four soldiers with sacks upon their backs.* 2) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1, Anm. 16. 3) *policy* = List, Verschlagenheit. 4) *them* bezieht sich auf kein bestimmtes, vorhergehendes Wort, sondern bezeichnet den Feind, die Engländer, die Rouen besetzt hatten. 5) Ein ähnliches Wortspiel mit *sack* = Sekt, kommt in K. Henry IV. First Part (A. 5, Sc. 3) vor: *there 's that will sack a city.* 6) Frage und Antwort lauten in der Fol.: *Che la. — Peasauns la pouure gens de Fraunce.* — Holinshed erzählt diese hier von der Pucelle angewandte List an einer andern Stelle seiner Chronik von der Einnahme der Stadt Evreux, und zwar durch die Engländer. 7) *practisant*, ein Sh.'sches Wort, gebildet von *to practise* = einen Anschlag vollführen, also wohl = thätiges Werkzeug, Helfershelfer. — Hanmer setzte *partizans* dafür. 8) *where* verbesserte Rowe das *here* der Fol. 9) Kein Weg in der Stadt lasse sich, in Betreff seiner schwachen, schutzlosen Lage, mit dem vergleichen, auf dem sie selbst eindrang. — Die folgende Bühnenweisung lautet in der Fol. *Enter Pucell on the top, thrusting out a torch burning.* 10) *Talbotites* = die

Bast. See, noble Charles, the beacon of our friend,
The burning torch in yonder turret stands.
Char. Now shine it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes!
Alen. Defer no time; delays have dangerous ends:
Enter, and cry, *The Dauphin!* presently,
And then do execution on the watch.[11] *[They enter.*

Alarums. Enter Talbot *and English Soldiers.*

Tal. France, thou shalt rue this treason[12] with thy tears,
If Talbot but survive thy treachery.
Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
That hardly we escap'd the pride of France.[13]
[Exeunt to the town.

Alarum: excursions. Enter, from the town, Bedford, *brought in sick in a chair, with* Talbot, Burgundy, *and the English Forces. Then, enter on the walls,* La Pucelle, Charles, *Bastard,* Alençon, Reignier, *and Others.*

Puc. Good morrow, gallants. Want ye corn for bread?[14]
I think, the duke of Burgundy will fast,
Before he 'll buy again at such a rate.
'T was full of darnel:[15] do you like the taste?
Bur. Scoff on, vile fiend, and shameless courtezan!
I trust, ere long, to choke thee with thine own,
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.
Char. Your grace may starve, perhaps, before that time.
Bed. O! let no words, but deeds, revenge this treason.
Puc. What will you do, good grey-beard? break a lance,
And run a tilt at death within a chair?
Tal. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despite,
Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours,[16]
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardice a man half dead?
Damsel, I 'll have a bout with you again,
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.
Puc. Are you so hot, Sir? — Yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace:
If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow. —
[Talbot, *and the rest, consult together.*[17]
God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker?
Tal. Dare you come forth, and meet us in the field?
Puc. Belike, your lordship takes us then for fools,
To try if that our own be ours, or no.

Tal. I speak not to that railing Hecate,[18]
But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest.
Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?
Alen. Signior,[19] no.
Tal. Signior, hang! — base muleters[20] of France!
Like peasant footboys[21] do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.
Puc. Away, captains![22] let 's get us from the walls,
For Talbot means no goodness by his looks. —
God be wi' you, my lord: we came but to tell you
That we are here.
[Exeunt La Pucelle, *etc., from the walls.*
Tal. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame.[23]
Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,
Prick'd on by public wrongs, sustain'd in France,
Either to get the town again, or die;
And I, as sure as English Henry lives,
And as his father here was conqueror,
As sure as in this late-betrayed[24] town
Great Cordelion's[25] heart was buried,
So sure I swear, to get the town, or die.
Bur. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.
Tal. But ere we go, regard this dying prince,
The valiant duke of Bedford. — Come, my lord,
We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for sickness, and for crazy age.
Bed. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me;
Here will I sit before the walls of Roan,
And will be partner of your weal or woe.
Bur. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you.
Bed. Not to be gone from hence; for once I read,
That stout Pendragon, in his litter, sick,
Came to the field, and vanquished his foes.[26]
Methinks, I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
Because I ever found them as myself.
Tal. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast! —
Then, be it so: — heavens keep old Bedford safe! —
And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
But gather we our forces out of hand,
And set upon our boasting enemy.
[Exeunt Burgundy, Talbot, *and Forces, leaving* Bedford *and Others.*

Alarum: excursions. Enter Sir John Fastolfe *and a Captain.*

Cap. Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?
Fast. Whither away? to save myself by flight:
We are like to have the overthrow again.

Anhänger Talbot's in der Stadt. 11) Und dann macht die Wache nieder, schlagt die Wachtposten zu Boden. 12) So in K. John (A. 3, Sc. 1) *France, thou shalt rue this hour.* 13) *pride* erklärt Warburton richtig mit *haughty power*, wie A. 4, Sc. 6: *from the pride of Gallia rescu'd thee.* 14) Die Pucelle spielt auf die Verkleidung an, mittelst welcher sie in die Stadt eingedrungen ist. 15) Lolch, in Brod gebacken, erzeugt Schwindel und schwächt die Sehkraft. So hatte auch vermittelst ihrer Verkleidung die Pucelle die Engländer geblendet, dass sie ungesehen in die Stadt gelangte. 16) *paramour* = Buhle, gebraucht Sh. hier von Männern, sonst überall von Weibern. 17) Die Fol. hat dafür *They whisper together in counsel.* — In Bezug auf diese leise Berathung der Engländer unter sich, sagt dann die Pucelle ironisch: *God speed the parliament etc.* — Das englische Parlament hatte bei seiner Zusammenkunft zunächst einen Sprecher zu wählen. Deshalb steht auch *the speaker* mit dem bestimmten Artikel. 18) Hekate wird hier, wie in Macbeth, als Hexe, und zwar als die oberste der Hexen aufgefasst. 19) Alençon wählt geflissentlich wie zum Hohn die modische ausländische Anrede mit *Signior*, und Talbot hebt dieselbe in seiner Erwiederung ebenso hervor. 20) *muleter* oder *muliter*, mit betonter erster Sylbe, ist Sh.'s Wort, hier wie in Antony and Cleopatra (A. 3, Sc. 7) *your mariners are muliters.* Die meisten Hgg. setzen *muleteers* dafür. 21) *peasant footboys* = gemeine Trossbuben. 22) Rowe, dem die meisten Hgg. folgen, änderte des Verses wegen *captains, away.* 23) Sonst soll der grösste Ruhm, den Talbot gewonnen, sich in Schmach verwandeln. 24) Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 5, Anm. 7. 25) So wird auch in K. John der König Richard

Cap. What! will you fly, and leave Lord Talbot?
Fast. Ay,
All the Talbots in the world, to save my life. *[Exit.*
Cap. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee! *[Exit.*

Retreat: excursions. Enter, from the town, La Pucelle, Alençon, Charles, *etc., and exeunt, flying.*

Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven please,
For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.
What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
They, that of late were daring with their scoffs,
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.
[Dies, and is carried off[27] *in his chair.*

Alarum. Enter Talbot, Burgundy, *and Others.*

Tal. Lost, and recover'd in a day again!
This is a double honour, Burgundy;
Yet heavens have glory for this victory!
Bur. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy
Enshrines thee in his heart, and there erects
Thy noble deeds, as valour's monument.
Tal. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now?
I think her old familiar is asleep:[28]
Now where 's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his gleeks?[29]
What, all a-mort?[30] Roan hangs her head for grief,
That such a valiant company are fled.
Now will we take some order[31] in the town,
Placing therein some expert officers,
And then depart to Paris to the king;
For there young Henry with his nobles lie.[32]
Bur. What wills Lord Talbot pleaseth Burgundy.
Tal. But yet, before we go, let 's not forget
The noble duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,
But see his exequies fulfill'd in Roan.
A braver soldier never couched lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in court;
But kings, and mightiest potentates, must die;
For that 's the end of human misery. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Same. The Plains near the City.

Enter Charles, *the Bastard,* Alençon, La Pucelle, *and Forces.*

Puc. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Roan is so recovered:
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things[1] that are not to be remedied.
Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while,
And like a peacock sweep along his tail;
We 'll pull his plumes, and take away his train,
If Dauphin and the rest will be but rul'd.
Char. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence:
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.
Bast. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.
Alen. We 'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed saint:
Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.
Puc. Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise:
By fair persuasions, mix'd with sugar'd words,
We will entice the duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot, and to follow us.
Char. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,
France were no place for Henry's warriors;
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirped[2] from our provinces.
Alen. For ever should they be expuls'd[3] from France,
And not have title of an earldom here.
Puc. Your honours shall perceive how I will work,
To bring this matter to the wished end.
[Drums heard afar off.
Hark! by the sound of drum you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.[4]

An English March. Enter, and pass over, Talbot *and his Forces.*

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread,
And all the troops of English after him.

A French March. Enter the Duke of Burgundy *and Forces.*

Now, in the rearward comes the duke, and his:
Fortune in favour makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley; we will talk with him.
[Trumpets sound a parley.
Char. A parley with the duke of Burgundy.
Bur. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?
Puc. The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.
Bur. What say'st thou, Charles? for I am marching hence.
Char. Speak, Pucelle, and enchant him with thy words.
Puc. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France,
Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.
Bur. Speak on; but be not over-tedious.
Puc. Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
And see the cities and the towns defac'd
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe.

Löwenherz genannt. 26) Die altenglische Sage erzählt das sowohl von Uther Pendragon, dem Vater des Königs Arthur, als auch von seinem Bruder Aurelius. 27) Die Fol. hat *Bedford dies and is carried in by two in his chair.* 28) Da Talbot die Pucelle für eine Hexe hält, schreibt er ihr als solcher auch einen *spiritus familiaris,* einen begleitenden Geist, zu, der ihr bei ihren Zaubereien behülflich ist. — In Talbot's vorhergehender Rede vermuthet Dyce *Let heavens have glory etc.* für *Yet etc.* 29) *braves* = prahlerische Reden; *gleeks,* in der Fol. *glikes,* = Spottreden. — Zu *Charles his* für *Charles'* vgl. A. 1, Sc. 2, Anm. 1. 30) *a-mort* = am Verenden, todt. Sh. hat denselben von der Jagd und von dem Verenden des Wildes entlehnten Ausdruck in demselben scherzhaft übertragenen Sinne = niedergeschlagen, muthlos, in Taming of the Shrew (A. 4, Sc. 3). 31) *to take some order* = einige Anstalten treffen. 32) Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 2, Anm. 3. — Das *lie* der Fol. behält Dyce mit Recht bei wegen des zwischen *young Henry* und das Verbum tretenden Plurals *his nobles.*

1) *for things* ist mit *care* zu verbinden. 2) *to extirp* = ausrotten, vertilgen. Im abstracten Sinn kommt das Wort in Measure for Measure (A. 3, Sc. 2) vor: *it is impossible to extirp it quite.* 3) *to expulse* = vertreiben, verjagen; ein bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen sehr gebräuchliches Verbum. 4) In der Richtung gegen Paris. Diese doppelte Bezeichnung mit *to* und *ward* hat Sh. auch sonst, z. B. in Coriolanus (A. 1, Sc. 6) *to bedward.*

As looks the mother on her lowly babe,[5]
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see the pining malady of France;[6]
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
Which thou thyself hast given her woful breast.
O! turn thy edged sword another way;
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help.
One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's bosom,
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore:
Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots.

Bur. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,
Or nature[7] makes me suddenly relent.

Puc. Besides, all French and France exclaims on thee,
Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.
Who join'st thou with, but with a lordly[8] nation,
That will not trust thee but for profit's sake?
When Talbot hath set footing once in France,
And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,
Who then but English Henry will be lord,
And thou be thrust out like a fugitive?[9]
Call we to mind, and mark but this for proof,
Was not the duke of Orleans thy foe,
And was he not in England prisoner?
But, when they heard he was thine enemy,
They set him free, without his ransom paid,
In spite of Burgundy, and all his friends.
See then, thou fight'st against thy countrymen,[10]
And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.
Come, come, return; return, thou wand'ring lord:
Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms.

Bur. I am vanquished: these haughty[11] words of hers
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,
And made me almost yield upon my knees. —
Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen!
And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:
My forces and my power of men are yours. —
So, farewell, Talbot; I 'll no longer trust thee.

Puc. *[Aside.]* Done like a Frenchman: turn, and turn again![12]

Char. Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship makes us fresh.

Bast. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

Alen. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,
And doth deserve a coronet[13] of gold.

Char. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers,
And seek how we may prejudice the foe. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Paris. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, *and other Lords;* VERNON, BASSET, *etc. To them* TALBOT *and some of his Officers.*

Tal. My gracious prince, and honourable peers,
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have awhile given truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my sovereign:
In sign whereof, this arm — that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience fifty fortresses,
Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of strength,
Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem[1] —
Lets fall his sword before your highness' feet;
[Kneeling.
And, with submissive loyalty of heart,
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got
First to my God,[2] and next unto your grace.

K. Hen. Is this the lord Talbot, uncle Gloster,
That hath so long been resident in France?

Glo. Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.

K. Hen. Welcome, brave captain, and victorious lord.
When I was young (as yet I am not old),
I do remember how my father said,[3]
A stouter champion never handled sword.
Long since we were resolved of your truth,[4]
Your faithful service, and your toil in war;
Yet never have you tasted our reward,
Or been reguerdon'd with so much as thanks,[5]
Because till now we never saw your face:
Therefore, stand up; and, for these good deserts,
We here create you earl of Shrewsbury;
And in our coronation take your place.[6]

[Flourish. Exeunt King HENRY, GLOSTER, TALBOT, *and Nobles.*

Ver. Now, Sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,
Disgracing of these colours,[7] that I wear
In honour of my noble lord of York,
Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st?

Bas. Yes, Sir; as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your saucy tongue
Against my lord, the duke of Somerset.

Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

Bas. Why, what is he? as good a man as York.

Ver. Hark ye; not so: in witness, take ye that.
[Striking him.

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5) *lowly*, wofür Warburton *lovely* lesen wollte, erklärt Johnson *lying low in death*. Es ist vielleicht eher = still, schwach. 6) *malady of France* steht hier in allgemeinem, weiterem Sinne = das Siechthum, an welchem Frankreich krankt, nicht in dem speciellen Sinne, wie in K. Henry V. (A. 5, Sc. 1). 7) *nature* = die natürliche Empfindung, die ihn zu seinen Landsleuten zieht. 8) *lordly* = herrschsüchtig, herrisch. 9) *fugitive* = Ueberläufer. 10) *countrymen* und *slaughter-men* stehen in einem auch lautlichen Gegensatze zu einander. 11) Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 5, Anm. 14. — Zu der Rede der Pucelle vgl. Einleitung pag. 815. 12) Wankelmuth und Unbeständigkeit führt Sh. auch sonst als charakteristisch für die Franzosen an. So in K. John (A. 3, Sc. 1) *O foul revolt of French inconstancy!* und in vorliegendem Drama (A. 4, Sc. 1) *In France, among a fickle wavering nation.* 13) *coronet* ist eine Grafen- oder Herzogskrone.

1) Kriegsgefangene von Rang und Würde. 2) Die Construction würde, genau genommen, *his God* verlangen. Da aber Sh. hier nicht mehr Talbot's Arm im Sinne hat, sondern Talbot, den Redenden, selbst, so vertauscht er mit einem ihm geläufigen Wechsel das eine Pronomen mit dem andern. 3) Malone erinnert dabei, dass Heinrich VI. bei dem Tode seines Vaters erst neun Monate alt war. 4) Wir waren lange schon überzeugt von Eurer Treue u. s. w. — Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 2, Anm. 17. 5) *to reguerdon* = belohnen, als Vergeltung ertheilen. — Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 1, Anm. 33. — *thanks* ist = mündlich ausgesprochener Dank. 6) Der König ist im Begriff, sich als König von Frankreich krönen zu lassen. 7) Vernon meint die weisse Rose, die er in einer frühern Scene (A. 2, Sc. 4) als Anhänger Plantagenet's sich zum Abzeichen gewählt. 8) Nach dem Waffenrecht hat, wer in der Residenz

Bas. Villain, thou know'st, the law of arms is such,
That, whoso draws a sword, 't is present death,[8]
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.[9]
But I 'll unto his majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong;
When thou shalt see, I 'll meet thee to thy cost.
Ver. Well, miscreant, I 'll be there[10] as soon as you;
And, after, meet you sooner than you would. *[Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

The Same. A Room of State.

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, EXETER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WINCHESTER, WARWICK, TALBOT, *the Governor of Paris, and Others.*

Glo. Lord bishop, set the crown upon his head.
Win. God save king Henry, of that name the sixth!
Glo. Now, governor of Paris, take your oath, —
[Governor kneels.
That you elect no other king but him,
Esteem none friends, but such as are his friends,
And none your foes, but such as shall pretend[1]
Malicious practices against his state:
This shall ye do, so help you righteous God!
[Exeunt Governor and his Train.

Enter Sir JOHN FASTOLFE.

Fast. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais,
To haste unto your coronation,
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your grace from the duke of Burgundy.
Tal. Shame to the duke of Burgundy, and thee!
I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the garter from thy craven's leg;[2]
[Plucking it off.
Which I have done, because unworthily
Thou wast installed in that high degree. —
Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest.
This dastard, at the battle of Patay,[3]
When but in all I was six thousand strong,
And that the French were almost ten to one,
Before we met, or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trusty squire, did run away:
In which assault we lost twelve hundred men;
Myself, and divers gentlemen beside,
Were there surpris'd, and taken prisoners.
Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;
Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea, or no.
Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,
And ill beseeming any common man,
Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.
Tal. When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,
Knights of the garter were of noble birth,
Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,[4]
Such as were grown to credit by the wars;
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in most extremes.[5]
He then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
Profaning this most honourable order,
And should (if I were worthy to be judge)
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain[6]
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.
K. Hen. Stain to thy countrymen! thou hear'st thy doom.
Be packing therefore, thou that wast[7] a knight.
Henceforth we banish thee on pain of death. —
[Exit FASTOLFE.
And now, my lord protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle duke of Burgundy.
Glo. What means his grace, that he hath chang'd his style?
No more but, plain and bluntly, — »To the king!«
Hath he forgot, he is his sovereign?
Or doth this churlish superscription
Pretend[8] some alteration in good will?
What 's here? *[Reads.]* »I have upon especial cause,
Mov'd with compassion of my country's wrack,
Together with the pitiful complaints
Of such as your oppression feeds upon,
Forsaken your pernicious faction,
And join'd with Charles, the rightful king of France.«
O monstrous treachery! Can this be so,
That in alliance, amity, and oaths,
There should be found such false dissembling guile?
K. Hen. What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?
Glo. He doth, my lord, and is become your foe.
K. Hen. Is that the worst this letter doth contain?
Glo. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.
K. Hen. Why then, Lord Talbot there shall talk with him,
And give him chastisement for this abuse. —
How say you, my lord?[9] are you not content?
Tal. Content, my liege? Yes: but that I am prevented,[10]
I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

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des Königs das Schwert zieht, augenblicklich den Tod verdient. Zu *present death* ist etwa *to him* zu suppliren. 9) *dearest blood* = Herzblut. 10) *there* bezieht sich auf *unto his majesty*, und *to meet* bezeichnet in Basset's wie in Vernon's Munde ein feindliches Begegnen im Zweikampf.

1) *to pretend* = vorhaben, erstreben: Die, welche böse Anschläge gegen sein Königthum im Sinne haben. 2) Der Hosenbandorden, der höchste Orden Englands, weshalb Talbot ihn als *that high degree* bezeichnet, wird am Bein oberhalb des Kniees getragen. 3) So verbesserte, mit Bezugnahme auf Holinshed's Angabe, Malone den Text der Fol., der *Poictiers* liest. Vielleicht rührt die Verwechslung von Sh. selbst her. *a village in Beauce, called Patay*, sagt Holinshed, der erzählt, dass der Herzog von Bedford dem Fastolfe wegen seiner dort bewiesenen Feigheit den Orden abgenommen habe. 4) *haughty courage* = stolze Gesinnung, hoher Muth. 5) *in most extremes* = in den schlimmsten Nöthen. — *most* für *greatest* setzt Sh. hier, als ob *extreme* adjectivisch stände, wie etwa *most extreme cases*. Doch wird im ältern Englisch, z. B. bei Chaucer, auch das alleinstehende *most* für *greatest* gebraucht. 6) So in K. Henry VI. Second Part (A. 4, Sc. 2) *there was he born, under a hedge*. 7) Der Nachdruck liegt auf *wast*: Du warest ein Ritter, bist es nicht mehr. — Zwei Verse weiter fügt erst die zweite Folioausg. *my* vor *lord protector* ein. 8) *to pretend* = im Sinne haben, meinen, bedeuten. Rowe änderte ohne Grund *portend* dafür. 9) Hanmer stellte die Worte um: *my lord, how say you?* = was

K. Hen. Then gather strength, and march unto him straight.
Let him perceive, how ill we brook his treason;
And what offence it is, to flout his friends.
Tal. I go, my lord; in heart desiring still,
You may behold confusion of your foes. *[Exit.*

Enter VERNON *and* BASSET.

Ver. Grant me the combat,[11] gracious sovereign!
Bas. And me, my lord; grant me the combat too!
York. This is my servant: hear him, noble prince!
Som. And this is mine: sweet Henry, favour him!
K. Hen. Be patient, lords; and give them leave to speak. —
Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?
Ver. With him, my lord; for he hath done me wrong.
Bas. And I with him; for he hath done me wrong.
K. Hen. What is that wrong whereof you both complain?
First let me know, and then I 'll answer you.
Bas. Crossing the sea from England into France,
This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;
Saying, the sanguine colour of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,
When stubbornly he did repugn[12] the truth,
About a certain question in the law,
Argu'd betwixt the duke of York and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms:
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my lord's worthiness,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.
Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord:
For though he seem, with forged quaint conceit,
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him,
And he first took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing, that the paleness of this flower
Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.
York. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?
Som. Your private grudge, my lord of York, will out,
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.
K. Hen. Good Lord! what madness rules in brain-sick men,
When, for so slight and frivolous a cause,
Such factious emulations[13] shall arise! —
Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,
Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.
York. Let this dissension first be tried by fight,
And then your highness shall command a peace.
Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;
Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.
York. There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset.
Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.
Bas. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.
Glo. Confirm it so? Confounded be your strife!
And perish ye, with your audacious prate!
Presumptuous vassals! are you not asham'd,
With this immodest clamorous outrage[14]
To trouble and disturb the king and us?
And you, my lords, methinks you do not well,
To bear with their perverse objections;
Much less, to take occasion from their mouths
To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves:
Let me persuade you, take a better course.
Exe. It grieves his highness: — good my lords, be friends.
K. Hen. Come hither, you that would be combatants.
Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel, and the cause. —
And you, my lords, remember where we are;
In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation.
If they perceive dissension in our looks,
And that within ourselves we disagree,
How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd
To wilful disobedience, and rebel!
Beside, what infamy will there arise,
When foreign princes shall be certified,
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King Henry's peers, and chief nobility,
Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France!
O! think upon the conquest of my father,
My tender years; and let us not forego
That for a trifle that was bought with blood.
Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.
I see no reason, if I wear this rose,
[Putting on a red rose.
That any one should therefore be suspicious
I more incline to Somerset than York:
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both.
As well they may upbraid me with my crown,
Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crown'd.[15]
But your discretions better can persuade,
Than I am able to instruct or teach:
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let us still continue peace and love. —
Cousin of York, we institute your grace
To be our regent in these parts of France:
And, good my lord of Somerset, unite
Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot;
And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
Go cheerfully together, and digest
Your angry choler on your enemies.
Ourself, my lord protector, and the rest,
After some respite, will return to Calais;
From thence to England, where I hope ere long
To be presented, by your victories,
With Charles, Alençon, and that traitorous rout.
[Flourish. Exeunt King HENRY, GLOSTER, SOMERSET, WINCHESTER, SUFFOLK, *and* BASSET.

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sagt Ihr dazu? 10) Wenn man mir nicht zuvorgekommen wäre. In diesem Sinne = *to anticipate*, gebraucht Sh. *to prevent* häufig. 11) Er meint die Erlaubniss zum Zweikampf mit Basset, die nach dem *law of arms* in einer königlichen Residenz vom König eingeholt werden musste. Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 4, Anm. 8. In demselben Sinne fordert nachher Basset *the benefit of law of arms*. 12) *to repugn* = Etwas bekämpfen, häufiger mit *to* = widerstreben, gebraucht, steht hier transitiv, mit dem Accusativ. 13) Umgekehrt steht in Troilus and Cressida (A. 2, Sc. 3) *emulous factions*. 14) *outrage* hat sonst bei Sh. die gewöhnliche Betonung auf der ersten Sylbe, wird jedoch im ältern Englisch, wie hier, auf der zweiten accentuirt. 15) Heinrich steckt die rothe Rose an, ohne Rücksicht darauf, dass Somerset sie zum Abzeichen gewählt hat, wie er die Krone aufgesetzt hat, ohne Rücksicht darauf, dass auch der Erbfeind Englands, der König von Schottland, eine Krone trägt. 16) *wist*

War. My lord of York, I promise you, the king
Prettily, methought, did play the orator.
York. And so he did: but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of Somerset.
War. Tush! that was but his fancy, blame him not;
I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.
York. An if I wist,[16] he did, — but let it rest;
Other affairs must now be managed.

[Exeunt York, Warwick, *and* Vernon.

Exe. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice;
For, had the passions of thy heart burst out,
I fear, we should have seen decipher'd there
More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,
Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd.
But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of nobility,
This shouldering of each other in the court,
This factious bandying of their favourites,
But that it doth presage some ill event.[17]
'T is much,[18] when sceptres are in children's hands,
But more, when envy breeds unkind division:[19]
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion. *[Exit.*

SCENE II.

France. Before Bourdeaux.

Enter Talbot, *with his Forces.*

Tal. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter:
Summon their general unto the wall.

Trumpet sounds a parley. Enter, on the walls, the General of the French Forces, and Others.

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to Harry king of England;
And thus he would. — Open your city gates,
Be humble to us, call my sovereign yours,
And do him homage as obedient subjects,
And I 'll withdraw me and my bloody power;
But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;[1]
Who, in a moment, even with the earth
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
If you forsake the offer of their love.[2]
Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror, and their[3] bloody scourge!
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canst not enter but by death;
For, I protest, we are well fortified,
And strong enough to issue out and fight:
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee:
On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'd,
To wall thee from the liberty of flight;
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,[4]
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament,
To rive[5] their dangerous artillery
Upon no christian soul but English Talbot.
Lo! there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible[6] unconquer'd spirit:
This is the latest glory of thy praise,
That I, thy enemy, 'due[7] thee withal;
For ere the glass, that now begins to run,
Finish the process of his sandy hour,[8]
These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,[9]
Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.

[Drum afar off.

Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
Sings heavy music[10] to thy timorous soul,
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

[Exeunt General, etc., from the walls.

Tal. He fables not, I hear the enemy. —
Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings. —
O, negligent and heedless discipline![11]
How are we park'd, and bounded in a pale!

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ist Capell's Emendation für *wish* der Fol.: Wenn ich wüsste, dass der König Uebles im Sinne hatte, als er die rothe Rose nahm — den Nachsatz, der eine Drohung enthalten sollte, unterdrückt York. — Johnson wollte die alte Lesart durch eine veränderte Interpunction retten: *And if — I wish, he did* = Und wenn — scil. der König Uebles im Sinne gehabt — ich wollte, er hätte es gehabt, scil. dann würde es sogleich zum Bruch zwischen mir und ihm kommen. 17) Die Construction ist, wie häufig bei der Anwendung längerer Relativsätze bei Sh., ungenau. Der Sinn ist: Selbst jeder einfältige, schlichte Mann, der dieses Parteitreiben u. s. w. sieht, sieht auch, dass es einen schlimmen Ausgang weissagt. — Das Verbum *sees* ist mit einer Negation begleitet vor *but that* wiederholt zu denken. — Malone dagegen wollte ein auf *no simple man* bezügliches *to him* zu *presage* suppliren. — Rowe wollte der Dunkelheit der Construction abhelfen, indem er *But that he doth etc.* las. — Staunton vermuthet *But feels it doth etc.* 18) *'t is much* = es macht viel aus, es ist von Gewicht, hier im schlimmen Sinne, der gesteigert wird in dem folgenden *more.* 19) *envy* = Gehässigkeit, Feindseligkeit. — *unkind division* = unnatürliche Spaltung, Zwietracht in demselben Volke oder Geschlechte.

1) So in K. Henry V. (A. 1, Chorus) *at his heels,* || *Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire,* || *Crouch for employment.* — Sh. entlehnte den Gedanken aus Holinshed. Vgl. die betreffende Anm. 6 in K. Henry V., A. 1, Chorus. — In der dritten Zeile dieser Rede Talbot's hat die Fol. *call* für *calls.* 2) *their love,* das Hanmer in *our love* umändern wollte, bezieht sich auf *three attendants* und ist = ihr freundliches Verhalten, zu fassen. 3) *their* geht auf *nation.* Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 3, Anm. 3. 4) Der Tod tritt Dir entgegen, dem Du unzweifelhaft als Beute anheimfällst. 5) *to rive* (*ryue* in der Fol.) eigentlich = bersten, hier vom Geschütz = losplatzen lassen. 6) Da Sh. auch sonst die Adjectiva auf *—ble* für Adverbia auf *—bly* gebraucht, so lässt sich hier *invincible* als *invincibly* fassen und mit *unconquered* verbinden, als eine Potenzirung desselben Begriffs. 7) Die Fol. liest *dew,* das Steevens im Sinne von *bedew* = bethauen, rechtfertigen wollte. Eher ist wohl *'due* zu lesen, abgekürzt für *endue,* = *to deck, to invest.* 8) *sandy* gehört eigentlich zu *glass,* mit dem es durch das Pronomen *his* verbunden ist, wie in Merchant of Venice (A. 1, Sc. 1) das Stundenglas *the sandy hour-glass* heisst. 9) *well coloured,* der eigentliche Gegensatz von *discoloured,* tritt hier dem *bloody, pale* gegenüber. 10) *heavy music* = Trauermusik. — Die Trommel des herannahenden Dauphins ist gleichsam die Sterbeglocke, welche Talbot's Seele auf ihr Hinscheiden vorbereiten soll, und die Trommel des französischen Feldherrn soll das

A little herd of England's timorous deer,
Maz'd with a yelping kennel of French curs!
If we be English deer, be then in blood;[12]
Not rascal-like,[13] to fall down with a pinch,
But rather moody-mad and desperate stags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,[14]
And make the cowards stand aloof at bay:
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
And they shall find dear deer[15] of us, my friends. —
God, and Saint George, Talbot, and England's right,
Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight! *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Plains in Gascony.

Enter York, *with Forces; to him, a Messenger.*

York. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,
That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?
Mess. They are return'd. my lord; and give it out,
That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power,
To fight with Talbot. As he march'd along,
By your espials were discovered
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led,
Which join'd with him, and made their march for Bourdeaux.
York. A plague upon that villain Somerset,
That thus delays my promised supply
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege![1]
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid,
And I am lowted[2] by a traitor villain,
And cannot help the noble chevalier.
God comfort him in this necessity!
If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

Enter Sir William Lucy.[3]

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our English strength,
Never so needful on the earth of France,
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot,
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron,
And hemm'd about with grim destruction.
To Bourdeaux, warlike duke! to Bourdeaux, York!
Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's honour.
York. O God! that Somerset, who in proud heart
Doth stop my cornets, were in Talbot's place!
So should we save a valiant gentleman,
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.
Mad ire, and wrathful fury, make me weep,
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.
Lucy. O, send some succour to the distress'd lord!
York. He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word;
We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get;
All 'long of this vile traitor Somerset.
Lucy. Then, God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul;
And on his son, young John, whom two hours since
I met in travel toward his warlike father.
This seven years did not Talbot see his son,
And now they meet where both their lives are done.[4]
York. Alas! what joy shall noble Talbot have,
To bid his young son welcome to his grave?
Away! vexation almost stops my breath,
That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death. —
Lucy. farewell: no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man. —
Maine, Blois, Poictiers, and Tours, are won away,
'Long all of Somerset, and his delay.
[Exit, with his Forces.
Lucy. Thus, while the vulture of sedition[5]
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
Sleeping neglection doth betray to loss
The conquest of our scarce-cold conqueror,
That ever-living man of memory,
Henry the Fifth: whiles they each other cross,
Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loss. *[Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Other Plains of Gascony.

Enter Somerset, *with his Army; an Officer of* Talbot's *with him.*

Som. It is too late; I cannot send them now.
This expedition was by York and Talbot
Too rashly plotted: all our general force
Might with a sally of the very town
Be buckled with. The over-daring Talbot
Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour
By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure.[1]
York set him on to fight and die in shame,
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.
Off. Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me
Set from our o'ermatch'd forces forth for aid.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Som. How now, Sir William? whither were you sent?
Lucy. Whither, my lord? from bought and sold[2] Lord Talbot;
Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,

Hinscheiden Talbot's, wenn es wirklich erfolgt, begleiten. 11) *discipline* ist jede überlegte Kriegsthätigkeit, die in diesem Falle sorglos und nachlässig das Herannahen des Feindes nicht gehindert hat. 12) *in blood*, ein Jagdausdruck, = muthig, aufgeregt. 13) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 2, Anm. 10. 14) Die stählernen Helmspitzen der Soldaten werden mit dem Geweih der Hirsche verglichen. — Auch noch im folgenden *stand at bay* wird das Bild von der Jagd fortgesetzt. So in Taming of the Shrew (A. 5, Sc. 2) *'T is thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.* 15) Das Wortspiel von *dear* und *deer* kehrt wieder in Merry Wives of Windsor (A. 5, Sc. 5) *art thou there, my deer? my male deer?* und in K. Henry IV. First Part (A. 5, Sc. 4) *Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,* || *Though many dearer.*

1) Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 1, wo Heinrich sagt *And, good my lord of Somerset, unite* || *Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot.* 2) *to lowt* erklären einige Commentatoren mit *to depress, to dishonour;* andere mit *to baffle.* Letztere Bedeutung scheint hier die angemessenere. 3) Die Fol. hat *Enter another Messenger.* Dass dieser zweite Bote Sir William Lucy war, ergiebt sich aus dem Folgenden. 4) *done* = abgethan, zu Ende. 5) *sedition* ist hier nicht = Aufruhr, Aufstand, sondern = Parteiung, Unruhstiftung. — Lucy versteht darunter die Zwietracht zwischen York und Somerset.

1) *adventure* = Wagniss. 2) *bought and sold* = verrathen und verkauft. Derselbe sprichwörtliche Ausdruck, der als adjectivisches Compositum zu fassen ist, findet sich in K. John (A. 5, Sc. 4) *Fly, noble English*

Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions.[3]
And whiles the honourable captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And, in advantage lingering,[4] looks for rescue,
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour,
Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.[5]
Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succours that should lend him aid,
While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yields[6] up his life unto a world of odds.
Orleans the Bastard, Charles,[7] Burgundy,
Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default.

Som. York set him on, York should have sent him aid.

Lucy. And York as fast upon your grace exclaims;
Swearing that you withhold his levied horse,
Collected for this expedition.

Som. York lies: he might have sent and had the horse.
I owe him little duty, and less love,
And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.[8]

Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot.
Never to England shall he bear his life,
But dies, betray'd to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come, go; I will despatch the horsemen straight:
Within six hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes rescue: he is ta'en, or slain;
For fly he could not, if he would have fled:
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot, then adieu!

Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you.
[Exeunt.

SCENE V.

The English Camp near Bourdeaux.

Enter Talbot *and* John *his Son.*

Tal. O young John Talbot! I did send for thee,
To tutor thee in stratagems[1] of war,
That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd,
When sapless age, and weak unable limbs,
Should bring thy father to his drooping-chair.
But, — O malignant and ill-boding stars! —
Now thou art come unto a feast of death,
A terrible and unavoided[2] danger:
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse,
And I 'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight: come, dally not, be gone.

John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?
And shall I fly? O! if you love my mother,
Dishonour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard, and a slave of me:
The world will say, he is not Talbot's blood,
That basely fled, when noble Talbot stood.

Tal. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.

John. He that flies so will ne'er return again.

Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

John. Then let me stay; and, father, do you fly:
Your loss is great, so your regard should be;[3]
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
Upon my death the French can little boast;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won;
But mine it will, that no exploit have done:
You fled for vantage, every one will swear;
But if I bow, they 'll say, it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will stay,
If the first hour I shrink, and run away.
Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,[4]
Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.

Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?

John. Ay, rather than I 'll shame my mother's womb.

Tal. Upon my blessing I command thee go.

John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.[5]

Tal. Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.

John. No part of him but will be shame in me.

Tal. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.

John. Yes, your renowned name: shall flight abuse it?

Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.

John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.
If death be so apparent, then both fly.[6]

Tal. And leave my followers here, to fight and die?
My age was never tainted with such shame.

John. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?
No more can I be sever'd from your side,
Than can yourself yourself in twain divide.
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
For live I will not, if my father die.

Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,[7]
Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.
Come, side by side together live and die,
And soul with soul from France to heaven fly. *[Exeunt.*

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you are bought and sold. 3) *legions* verbesserte Rowe das *regions* der Fol. 4) *lingering in advantage* erklärt Johnson: *protracting his resistance by the advantage of a strong post;* Malone: *endeavouring by every means that he can with advantage to himself to linger out the action.* Es ist vielleicht einfach: sich hinhaltend in günstiger Gelegenheit, d. h. in Erwartung günstiger Gelegenheit. 5) *emulation* = Nebenbuhlerschaft, Eifersucht. Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 1, Anm. 13. 6) *yields* verbessert die zweite Folioausg. das *yield* der ersten. 7) Die zweite Folioausg. fügt *and* hinter *Charles* ein. — *and* ist überflüssig, wenn man mit Sidney Walker hier *Charles* zweisylbig liest. 8) Ich verschmähe es als schimpflich, ihm zu schmeicheln, indem ich ihm die begehrten Hülfstruppen sende. — Da es sich hier nicht um Hülfstruppen im Allgemeinen, sondern speciell um Reiterei handelt, wie aus Somerset's ersten Worten hervorgeht und noch deutlicher aus einer frühern Rede York's (vgl. A. 4, Sc. 3, Anm. 1), so ist gewiss in der vorhergehenden Rede Lucy's mit Hanmer *horse* für das *Hoast* der Fol. zu lesen.

1) *stratagem* ist jede Kriegsthat, jeder Coup, nicht bloss eine Kriegslist. — Vgl. zu dieser Scene und zu den beiden folgenden Einleitung pag. 815. 2) *unavoided* = unvermeidlich. So in K. Richard III. (A. 4, Sc. 4) *All unavoided is the doom of destiny.* 3) Ihr solltet Euren Verlust für so gross ansehen, wie er in der That sein würde. 4) *mortality* ist nicht ganz = Tod, sondern = Bestimmung für den Tod, Unterwerfung unter den Tod. 5) *the foe* gehört zu *to fight* wie zu *to fly*. 6) scil. *let us both fly*. Ebenso weiterhin bei *live and die*. 7) Das folgende *eclipse* zeigt, dass Sh. auch hier, wie an andern Stellen, ein Wortspiel von *son* und *sun* im Sinne hatte.

SCENE VI.

A Field of Battle.

Alarum: excursions, wherein TALBOT'S *Son is hemmed about, and* TALBOT *rescues him.*

Tal. Saint George and victory! fight, soldiers, fight!
The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
And left us to the rage of France his [1] sword.
Where is John Talbot? — pause, and take thy breath:
I gave thee life, and rescu'd thee from death.
John. O, twice my father! twice am I thy son:
The life thou gav'st me first was lost and done; [2]
Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,
To my determin'd [3] time thou gav'st new date.
Tal. When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword struck fire, [4]
It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age, [5]
Quicken'd with youthful spleen and warlike rage,
Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the pride of Gallia rescu'd thee.
The ireful bastard Orleans, that drew blood
From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood
Of thy first fight, I soon encountered,
And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed
Some of his bastard blood; and, in disgrace, [6]
Bespoke him thus: »Contaminated, base,
And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor; for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy:« —
Here, purposing [7] the Bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care,
Art thou not weary, John? How dost thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?
Fly to revenge my death, when I am dead;
The help of one stands me in little stead.
O! too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one small boat.
If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,
To-morrow I shall die with mickle [8] age:
By me they nothing gain, and if I stay,
'T is but the short'ning of my life one day. [9]
In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame.
All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay;
All these are sav'd, if thou wilt fly away.
John. The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart;
These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart.
On that [10] advantage, bought with such a shame,
To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame,
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
The coward horse that bears me fall and die!
And like [11] me to the peasant boys of France,
To be shame's scorn, and subject of mischance!
Surely, by all the glory you have won,
An if I fly, I am not Talbot's son:
Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;
If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.
Tal. Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete, [12]
Thou Icarus. Thy life to me is sweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side,
And, commendable [13] prov'd, let 's die in pride. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Another Part of the Same.

Alarums: excursions. Enter TALBOT, *wounded, supported by a Servant.* [1]

Tal. Where is my other life? — mine own is gone:
O, where 's young Talbot? where is valiant John? —
Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity,
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee. [2] —
When he perceiv'd me shrink, and on my knee,
His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,
And like a hungry lion did commence
Rough deeds of rage, and stern impatience;
But when my angry guardant [3] stood alone,
Tend'ring my ruin, and assail'd of none,
Dizzy-ey'd fury, and great rage of heart,
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clust'ring battle of the French:
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
His overmounting spirit; and there died
My Icarus, [4] my blossom, in his pride.

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1) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 2, Anm. 1 und A. 3, Sc. 2, Anm. 29. 2) Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 3, Anm. 4. 3) *determined time* = zum Abschluss gelangte Lebenszeit. 4) Der junge Talbot hatte im Kampf sein Schwert so stark an den Helm des Dauphins geschlagen, dass Feuerfunken herausfuhren. 5) Mit *leaden age* charakterisirt der alte Talbot sich selbst. — *leaden* ist ein Sh. geläufiges Epitheton = schwerfällig, träge, schläfrig. 6) Ihm zum Schimpf oder Hohn. 7) Als ich gerade die Absicht hatte, den Bastard zu vertilgen u. s. w. 8) *mickle* = *great, much*, und ebenvorher *wot* = *know*, sind veraltete Wörter, wie sie sich vorzugsweise in Sh.'s Jugendarbeiten finden. 9) So verkürzt das mein Leben nur um einen Tag. So in K. Henry IV. Second Part (A. 5, Sc. 2) *Heaven shorten Harry's happy life one day.* 10) Malone bezieht *that* auf die vorhergehenden Worte des alten Talbot, in denen er seinem Sohne die Vortheile des Lebens vorstelle. Einfacher und natürlicher aber geht *on that advantage* = auf ein solches Glück hin, das mit solcher Schmach erkauft wird, wohl auf die nächste Zeile, die deshalb nicht in Parenthese zu stellen ist, sondern die Erklärung von *that advantage* giebt. Die Construction des Vordersatzes ist: *Before young Talbot fly on that advantage to save etc.*, worauf der Nachsatz folgt: *may the coward horse fall and die.* 11) *to like* mit dem Accusativ und mit *to* = Jemanden einem Andern gleichstellen. 12) Der Vater aus Kreta ist Dädalus, den Sh. ähnlich bezeichnet in K. Henry VI. Third Part (A. 5, Sc. 6) *Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,* || *That taught his son the office of a fowl?* 13) *commendable* für *commendably.* Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 2, Anm. 6.

1) *Enter old Talbot led* in der Fol. 2) Dem alten Talbot erscheint der Tod, obgleich für ihn mit der drohenden Gefangenschaft befleckt, doch triumphirend und willkommen, wenn er an den tapfern Tod seines Sohnes denkt. — Nach einer andern Construction, die Malone wenigstens für möglich hält, wäre *smear'd* Apposition zu *me*, nicht zu *death.* 3) *guardant* = Beschützer, hier der junge Talbot, der seinen verwundet in's Knie gesunkenen Vater vertheidigte und so dessen Fall in seine Obhut nahm (*tend'ring my ruin).* 4) Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 6, Anm. 12.

Enter Soldiers, bearing the body of John Talbot.

Serv. O my dear lord! lo, where your son is borne!
Tal. Thou antick death,[5] which laugh'st us here to scorn,
Anon, from thy insulting[6] tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
Two Talbots, winged through the lither sky,[7]
In thy despite shall 'scape mortality. —
O! thou whose wounds become hard-favour'd death,[8]
Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath:
Brave death by speaking, whether he will or no;[9]
Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy foe. —
Poor boy! he smiles, methinks, as who should say,
Had death been French, then death had died to-day.
Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms.
My spirit can no longer bear these harms.
Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave. *[Dies.*

Alarums. Exeunt Soldiers and Servant, leaving the two bodies. Enter Charles, Alençon, Burgundy, *Bastard,* La Pucelle, *and Forces.*

Char. Had York and Somerset brought rescue in,
We should have found a bloody day of this.
Bast. How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging-wood,[10]
Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!
Puc. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said:
»Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid;«
But, with a proud majestical high scorn,
He answered thus: »Young Talbot was not born
To be the pillage of a giglot wench.«[11]
So, rushing in the bowels of the French,[12]
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.
Bur. Doubtless, he would have made a noble knight;
See, where he lies inhearsed in the arms
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms.
Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder,
Whose life[13] was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.
Char. O, no! forbear; for that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter Sir William Lucy, *attended; a French Herald preceding.*

Lucy. Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's tent,
To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.
Char. On what submissive message art thou sent?
Lucy. Submission, Dauphin! 't is a mere French word;
We English warriors wot not what it means.
I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,
And to survey the bodies of the dead.
Char. For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison is.[14]
But tell me whom thou seek'st.
Lucy. But where 's[15] the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant Lord Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury?
Created, for his rare success in arms,
Great earl of Washford,[16] Waterford, and Valence;
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,
Lord Strange of Blackmere, Lord Verdun of Alton,
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, Lord Furnival of Sheffield,
The thrice victorious lord of Falconbridge,
Knight of the noble order of Saint George,
Worthy Saint Michael, and the Golden Fleece,
Great mareshal to Henry[17] the Sixth
Of all his wars within the realm of France?
Puc. Here is a silly stately style indeed!
The Turk, that two-and-fifty kingdoms hath,[18]
Writes not so tedious a style as this. —
Him,[19] that thou magnifiest with all these titles,
Stinking, and fly-blown, lies here at our feet.
Lucy. Is Talbot slain, the Frenchmen's only scourge,
Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?
O! were mine eyeballs into bullets turn'd,
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces!
O, that I could but call these dead to life!
It were enough to fright the realm of France.
Were but his picture left among you here,
It would amaze[20] the proudest of you all.
Give me their bodies, that I may bear them hence,
And give them burial as beseems their worth.
Puc. I think, this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,
He speaks with such a proud-commanding spirit.

— Die folgende Bühnenweisung in der Fol. lautet *Enter with John Talbot borne.* 5) Wie hier wird auch in K. Richard II. (A. 3, Sc. 2) der Tod als der Possenreisser der altenglischen Bühne gefasst, der sich über die Bestrebungen der Menschen lustig macht, weil er ihre Nichtigkeit kennt und ihnen ein Ende macht. Es heisst daselbst: *within the hollow crown,* || *That rounds the mortal temples of a king,* || *Keeps death his court, and there the antick sits,* || *Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp.* 6) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 2, Anm. 26. — In K. Richard III. (A. 2, Sc. 4) *Insulting tyranny begins to jet.* 7) *lither sky* = der weiche, nachgiebige Luftraum, der vermöge dieser Beschaffenheit dem Fluge der beiden Talbots keinen Widerstand entgegensetzt. — Staunton fasst *lither* hier = *lazy, idle.* — Da beide Erklärungen wenig passend erscheinen, so wäre in *lither* vielleicht ein Druckfehler für *niether* zu vermuthen. 8) *hard-favoured* = hässlich, abstossend von Ansehen. — Die rühmlichen Wunden des jungen Talbot gereichen selbst dem unfreundlich aussehenden Tode zur Zierde. 9) Trotze dem Tode, indem Du mir antwortest, er mag wollen oder nicht. 10) *raging-wood* = in toller Raserei. — Das veraltete *wood* = toll, für sich allein hat Sh. in Venus and Adonis: *Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies wood.* 11) *giglot*, das sonst bei Sh. und seinen Zeitgenossen substantivisch steht = Buhlerin, Metze, kommt wie hier adjectivisch = buhlerisch, auch in Cymbeline (A. 3, Sc. 1) vor. 12) Er stürzte sich mitten in den dichtesten Schwarm der Franzosen. 13) *Whose life etc.* geht eigentlich nur auf den alten Talbot, der in dem vorhergehenden *them* und *their* mit einbegriffen ist. — Sinnreich ist Staunton's Vermuthung *our harms* für *his harms* in der vorhergehenden Rede Burgund's. 14) d. h. wir machen keine Gefangene, sondern wir schicken die Besiegten zur Hölle, bringen sie um. 15) Viele Hgg. lesen mit Rowe *Where is etc.* — Das *but* bezieht sich auf die Versicherung des Dauphins, dass sie keine Gefangene haben. — Das folgende Verzeichniss aller Würden und Ehrentitel Talbot's ist von dem ehemaligen Epitaph auf Talbot's Grabmal in Rouen und findet sich weder in den Sh. zugänglichen Chroniken, noch in Büchern, die vor diesem Drama gedruckt sind. Woher Sh. es hat, ist bis jetzt nicht ermittelt. 16) *Washford* ist das jetzige *Wexford.* 17) Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 5, Anm. 15. 18) Der türkische Sultan machte in seinen Sendschreiben an europäische Potentaten alle seine Besitzungen und Titel namhaft. 19) *him* für *he* gebraucht Sh. häufig, wenn ein Nachdruck darauf liegt und das Verbum nicht unmittelbar folgt. 20) *to amaze* = bestürzt machen.

For God's sake, let him have 'em;[21] to keep them here,
They would but stink, and putrefy the air.
Char. Go, take their bodies hence.
Lucy. I 'll bear them hence:
But from their ashes shall be rear'd
A phœnix that shall make all France afeard.[22]
Char. So we be rid of them, do with 'em[23] what thou wilt.
And now to Paris, in this conquering vein:
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot 's slain. *[Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, *and* EXETER.

K. Hen. Have you perus'd the letters from the pope,
The emperor, and the earl of Armagnac?
Glo. I have, my lord; and their intent is this: —
They humbly sue unto your excellence,
To have a godly peace concluded of
Between the realms of England and of France.
K. Hen. How doth your grace affect their motion?
Glo. Well, my good lord; and as the only means
To stop effusion of our[1] christian blood,
And 'stablish quietness on every side.
K. Hen. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought,
It was both impious and unnatural,
That such immanity[2] and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.
Glo. Beside, my lord, the sooner to effect,
And surer bind, this knot of amity,
The earl of Armagnac, near knit to Charles,
A man of great authority in France,
Proffers his only daughter to your grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.
K. Hen. Marriage, uncle! alas! my years are young,
And fitter is my study and my books
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet, call the ambassadors; and, as you please,
So let them have their answers every one:
I shall be well content with any choice
Tends to God's glory and my country's weal.

Enter a Legate and Two Ambassadors, with WINCHESTER *in a cardinal's habit.*[3]

Exe. What! is my lord of Winchester install'd,
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree?
Then, I perceive, that will be verified,
Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesy, —
»If once he come to be a cardinal,
He 'll make his cap[4] co-equal with the crown.«
K. Hen. My lords ambassadors, your several suits
Have been consider'd and debated on.
Your purpose is both good and reasonable;
And, therefore, are we certainly resolv'd
To draw conditions of a friendly peace;
Which, by my lord of Winchester, we mean
Shall be transported presently to France.
Glo. And for the proffer of my lord your master,[5]
I have inform'd his highness so at large,
As — liking of[6] the lady's virtuous gifts,
Her beauty, and the value of her dower —
He doth intend she shall be England's queen.
K. Hen. In argument and proof of which contract,[7]
Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection. —
And so, my lord protector, see them guarded,
And safely brought to Dover; where, inshipp'd,
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.
[Exeunt King HENRY *and Train;* GLOSTER, EXETER, *and Ambassadors.*
Win. Stay, my lord legate: you shall first receive
The sum of money, which I promised
Should be deliver'd to his holiness
For clothing me in these grave ornaments.
Leg. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.
Win. Now, Winchester will not submit,[8] I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
Humphrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceive,
That, neither in birth,[9] or for authority,
The bishop will be overborne by thee:
I 'll either make thee stoop, and bend thy knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

France. Plains in Anjou.

Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENÇON, LA PUCELLE, *and Forces, marching.*

Char. These news, my lords, may cheer our drooping spirits.
'T is said, the stout Parisians do revolt,[1]
And turn again unto the warlike French.
Alen. Then march to Paris, royal Charles of France,
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.
Puc. Peace be amongst them, if they turn to us;
Else, ruin combat with their palaces![2]

Enter a Scout.

Scout. Success unto our valiant general,
And happiness to his accomplices![3]
Char. What tidings send our scouts? I pr'ythee, speak.

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21) *have 'em* emendirt Theobald das *have him* der Fol. 22) So in K. Henry VI. Third Part (A. 1, Sc. 4) *My ashes, as the phœnix, may bring forth || A bird that will revenge upon you all.* 23) So in der zweiten Folioausg.; die erste Fol. hat *do with him.*

1) *our* bedeutet nicht die Engländer allein, sondern, in Verbindung mit *christian*, das Blut von uns Allen, die wir Christen sind. 2) *immanity* = Grausamkeit, Barbarei, ein Wort, das sich sonst nicht bei Sh., wohl aber bei dessen Zeitgenossen findet. — In Gloster's folgender Rede änderte Pope *near kin* für *near knit* der Fol. 3) Die Fol. hat nur *Enter Winchester and three Ambassadors.* 4) Sh. meint den Hut des Cardinals, von dem er mit einem Anachronismus Gloster schon im ersten Act sprechen liess (vgl. A. 1, Sc. 3, Anm. 11). 5) Gloster wendet sich mit diesen Worten an den Gesandten des Grafen Armagnac. 6) *to like of* = Gefallen an Etwas finden. 7) Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 1, Anm. 28. 8) scil. *submit to the proudest peer.* 9) In dem durch die Geburt angewiesenen Range, da Gloster von legitimer, Winchester aber von illegitimer Herkunft war. — Das folgende *or* steht für *nor*.

1) d. h. sie fallen ab von dem englischen König. 2) Wenn die Pariser sich uns nicht zuwenden, so möge die Zerstörung mit ihren Palästen den Kampf aufnehmen, so sollen ihre Paläste zerstört werden. — Für *Enter a*

Scout. The English army, that divided was
Into two parties, is now conjoin'd in one,
And means to give you battle presently.
Char. Somewhat too sudden, Sirs, the warning is;
But we will presently provide for them.
Bur. I trust, the ghost of Talbot is not there:
Now he is gone,[4] my lord, you need not fear.
Puc. Of all base passions fear is most accurs'd. —
Command the conquest,[5] Charles, it shall be thine;
Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.
Char. Then on, my lords; and France be fortunate!
[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

The Same. Before Angiers.

Alarums: excursions. Enter La Pucelle.

Puc. The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly. —
Now help, ye charming spells, and periapts;[1]
And ye choice spirits that admonish me,
And give me signs of future accidents: *[Thunder.*
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the north,[2]
Appear, and aid me in this enterprise!

Enter Fiends.

This speedy and quick[3] appearance argues proof
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerful legions[4] under earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the field.
[They walk, and speak not.
O! hold me not with silence over-long.
Where[5] I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I 'll lop a member of, and give it you,
In earnest of a further benefit,
So you do condescend to help me now. —
[They hang their heads.
No hope to have redress? — My body shall
Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.
[They shake their heads.
Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,
Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soul; my body, soul, and all,
Before that England give the French the foil.
[They depart.[6]
See! they forsake me. Now the time is come,
That France must vail[7] her lofty-plumed crest,
And let her head fall into England's lap.
My ancient incantations are too weak,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with:
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust. *[Exit.*

Alarums. Enter French and English, fighting; La Pucelle *and* York *fight hand to hand.* La Pucelle *is taken. The French fly.*[8]

York. Damsel of France, I think, I have you fast:
Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty. —
A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!
See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if, with Circe, she would change my shape.
Puc. Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be.
York. O! Charles the Dauphin is a proper man:
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.
Puc. A plaguing mischief light on Charles, and thee!
And may ye both be suddenly surpris'd
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!
York. Fell banning[10] hag, enchantress, hold thy tongue!
Puc. I pr'ythee, give me leave to curse awhile.
York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake.
[Exeunt.[11]

Alarums. Enter Suffolk, *leading in Lady* Margaret.

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.
[Gazes on her.[12]
O, fairest beauty! do not fear, nor fly,
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands.
I kiss these fingers[13] for eternal peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee.

Scout setzen die meisten Hgg. stillschweigend und ohne Autorität *Enter a Messenger.* 3) *accomplice* = Genosse, Gefährte. So, in gutem Sinne, gebraucht Sh. auch *complice* in K. Henry IV. Second Part (A. 1, Sc. 1) *The lives of all your loving complices.* 4) Jetzt, da Talbot todt ist u. s. w. 5) Der Nachdruck liegt auf *command:* Wenn Du dem Siege nur befiehlst, so wird er Dir schon zufallen, möge Heinrich noch so sehr sich ärgern und alle Welt darüber trauern.

1) *periapt* = ein Amulet oder Talisman, am Hals zu tragen, zum Schutz gegen Krankheit und sonstige Gefährdung. 2) *monarch of the north* = König der bösen Geister, denen hauptsächlich der Nordpol als Wohnsitz zugeschrieben wurde. Sein eigentlicher Name war nach Reginald Scot's Discoverie of Witchcraft *Zimimar.* So hiess nach demselben Gewährsmann der Geisterkönig im Osten *Amaimon,* der im Süden *Gorson,* der im Westen *Goap.* 3) Manche Hgg. lassen stillschweigend *and* aus. 4) Warburton's Emendation *legions* für *regions* der Fol. empfiehlt sich, wie Dyce mit Recht bemerkt, durch den Context *cull'd* und *powerful.* 5) *where* gebraucht Sh. häufig für das jetzige *whereas.* 6) Alle diese auf die Geistererscheinungen bezüglichen Bühnenweisungen hat schon die Fol. 7) *to vail* = senken, niederneigen. 8) Statt dieser berichtigten Bühnenweisung der Hgg. hat die Fol. folgende: *Excursions. Burgundy and York fight hand to hand. French fly.* 9) Circe, die Zauberin, welche die Gefährten des Odysseus in Thiere verwandelte, erwähnt Sh. auch in Comedy of Errors (A. 5, Sc. 1) *I think, you all have drunk of Circe's cup.* 10) *to ban* = Flüche, Verwünschungen ausstossen. 11) d. h. York führt die Pucelle kriegsgefangen ab, wie mittlerweile der eben auftretende Suffolk Margarethe, Reignier's Tochter, gefangen genommen hatte. 12) Diese Bühnenweisung ist aus der Fol., welche ebenvorher hat *Enter Suffolk with Margaret in his hand.* 13) Die meisten Hgg. fügen hier die Bühnenweisung *Kissing her hands* ein und stellen nach Capell's Vorgange die folgende Zeile *And lay them etc.* vor diese, weil sie *them* auf *reverent hands* beziehen. Beides ist unnöthig. Suffolk führt allerdings die Margarethe an der Hand, wie die Bühnenweisung der Fol. angiebt, aber um zu zeigen, dass er sie nur mit Ehrerbietung berühren will, küsst er seine, nicht ihre Finger, ehe er sie damit anfasst. Das Küssen der eigenen Hand als Ehrenbezeugung kommt auch sonst bei Sh. vor, z. B. in K. Henry VI. Second Part (A. 4, Sc. 1) *Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrup?* und in Othello (A. 2, Sc. 1) *it had been better you had not kissed your*

Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a king,
The king of Naples, whosoe'er thou art.[14]
Suf. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.
Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:[15]
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them prisoner underneath her wings.[16]
Yet, if this servile usage once offend,
Go, and be free again, as Suffolk's friend.
[She turns away as going.
O, stay! — I have no power to let her pass;
My hand would free her, but my heart says — no.
As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.[17]
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak:
I 'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind.
Fie, de la Poole! disable not thyself;[18]
Hast not a tongue? is she not here thy prisoner?[19]
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?
Ay; beauty's princely majesty is such,
Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.[20]
Mar. Say, earl of Suffolk, if thy name be so,
What ransom must I pay before I pass?
For, I perceive, I am thy prisoner.
Suf. [Aside.] How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit,
Before thou make a trial of her love?
Mar. Why speak'st thou not? what ransom must I pay?
Suf. [Aside.] She 's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore to be won.[21]
Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransom, yea, or no?
Suf. [Aside.] Fond man! remember, that thou hast a wife;
Then, how can Margaret be thy paramour?
Mar. I were best to leave him, for he will not hear.
Suf. [Aside.] There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card.[22]
Mar. He talks at random: sure, the man is mad.
Suf. [Aside.] And yet a dispensation may be had.
Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.
Suf. [Aside.] I 'll win this lady Margaret. For whom?
Why, for my king: tush! that 's a wooden thing.[23]
Mar. He talks of wood: it is some carpenter.
Suf. [Aside.] Yet so my fancy[24] may be satisfied,
And peace established between these realms.
But there remains a scruple in that too;
For though her father be the king of Naples,
Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,
And our nobility will scorn the match.
Mar. Hear ye, captain? Are you not at leisure?
Suf. [Aside.] It shall be so, disdain they[25] ne'er so much:
Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield. —
Madam, I have a secret to reveal.
Mar. [Aside.] What though I be enthrall'd? he seems a knight,
And will not any way dishonour me.
Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.
Mar. [Aside.] Perhaps, I shall be rescu'd by the French;
And then I need not crave his courtesy.
Suf. Sweet Madam, give me hearing in a cause —
Mar. [Aside.] Tush! women have been captivate[26] ere now.
Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you so?
Mar. I cry you mercy, 't is but *quid* for *quo*.[27]
Suf. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?
Mar. To be a queen in bondage is more vile,
Than is a slave in base servility;
For princes should be free.
Suf. And so shall you,
If happy England's royal king be free.[28]
Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?
Suf. I 'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen,
To put a golden sceptre in thy hand,

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three fingers so oft. So küsst hier Suffolk seine Finger als Zeichen eines ewigen Friedens, den er mit Margarethe abschliessen will, und umfasst sie dann damit. 14) So interpungiren die Hgg. in Uebereinstimmung mit der Fol.: Wer Du auch sein magst, ich bin die Tochter eines Königs. — Vielleicht aber wollte Sh. die Margarethe mit *Whosoe'er thou art* einen neuen Satz beginnen lassen, dessen Fortsetzung Suffolk dann unterbräche. Der Vers wäre dann zu interpungiren: *The king of Naples. Whosoe'er thou art —.* 15) Dass es Dein Loos ist, dass Du von mir gefangen genommen wurdest. 16) *her wings* verbessert die zweite Folioausg. das *his wings* der ersten. Dagegen bedarf das *prisoner* der Fol. nicht der Umänderung der späteren Ausgg. *prisoners.* 17) Der Vergleich ist zwischen *the sun* und *gorgeous beauty* einerseits, *glassy streams* und *mine eyes* andererseits: Wie der Sonnenstrahl, der auf dem Wasser spielt, verdoppelt erscheint, so verdoppelt sich auch die Schönheit Margarethens, wiedergespiegelt in Suffolk's Augen. 18) *to disable* = entkräften, herabwürdigen, für unfähig erklären. So in Merchant of Venice (A. 2, Sc. 7) *to be afeard of my deserving,* ‖ *Were but a weak disabling of myself.* 19) Das in der Fol. zufällig ausgefallene *thy prisoner* ergänzt die zweite Folioausg. 20) *rough* ist hier in eigenthümlichem Sinne, als Gegentheil von *refined* oder *delicate*, etwa = roh, stumpf, unempfindlich: Wie die Majestät der Schönheit die Zunge verstummen lässt, so nimmt sie auch die andern Sinne so gefangen, dass sie ihre Organe nicht zu gebrauchen wissen, macht sie stumpf und unempfindlich. — Hanmer wollte für *rough*, vielleicht des Reimes wegen, *crouch* lesen. 21) So in Titus Andronicus (A. 2, Sc. 1) *She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;* ‖ *She is a woman, therefore may be won.* Der zweite Vers kommt als sprichwörtlich schon in Greene's Planetomachia (1585) vor. 22) *cooling card*, die Heildistel, welche zur Abkühlung der Fieberhitze angewandt wurde, wird auch sonst scherzhaft von der Abkühlung heisser Liebe gebraucht. So in Shakerley Marmion's Drama The Antiquary: *Are you so hot? I shall give you a card to cool you, presently.* — Sh. führt dieselbe Arznei auch unter lateinischem Namen an in Much Ado about Nothing (A. 3, Sc. 4) *Get you some of this distilled Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart.* 23) *wooden* = hölzern, ungefüge, nüchtern. In diesem Sinne kommt *wooden* bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen öfter vor. 24) *fancy* = Liebe, als ein Erzeugniss der Phantasie aufgefasst. 25) *they* bezieht sich auf *nobility:* wenn der Adel auch noch so hoffärtig ist. 26) *captivate* = kriegsgefangen, wie in A. 2, Sc. 3: *And sent our sons and husbands captivate.* 27) Margarethe hält jetzt Selbstgespräche, wie vorher Suffolk solche gehalten hatte. 28) Unter *free* versteht Suffolk die Freiheit Heinrich's,

And set a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my —
Mar. What?
Suf. His love.[29]
Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.
Suf. No, gentle Madam; I unworthy[30] am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice myself.
How say you, Madam, are you so content?
Mar. An it my father please, I am content.
Suf. Then call our captains, and our colours, forth!
And, Madam, at your father's castle walls
We 'll crave a parley, to confer with him.
[Troops come forward.
A Parley sounded. Enter Reignier, *on the walls.*
Suf. See, Reignier, see thy daughter prisoner.
Reig. To whom?
Suf. To me.
Reig. Suffolk, what remedy?
I am a soldier, and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.
Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:
Consent, and for thy honour give consent,
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king;
Whom[31] I with pain have woo'd and won thereto,
And this her easy-held imprisonment
Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.[32]
Reig. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?
Suf. Fair Margaret knows,
That Suffolk doth not flatter, face,[33] or feign.
Reig. Upon thy princely warrant, I descend,
To give thee answer of thy just demand.
[Exit from the walls.
Suf. And here I will expect thy coming.
Trumpets sounded. Enter Reignier, *below.*
Reig. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories:
Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.
Suf. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child,
Fit to be made companion with a king.
What answer makes your grace unto my suit?
Reig. Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth,[34]
To be the princely bride of such a lord,
Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine own, the counties[35] Maine and Anjou,
Free from oppression or the stroke of war,
My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.
Suf. That is her ransom, I deliver her;
And those two counties, I will undertake,
Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.
Reig. And I again in Henry's royal name,
As deputy[36] unto that gracious king,
Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.
Suf. Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,
Because this is in traffic of a king:
[Aside.] And yet, methinks, I could be well content
To be mine own attorney in this case. —
I 'll over then to England with this news,
And make this marriage to be solemniz'd.
So, farewell, Reignier. Set this diamond safe
In golden palaces, as it becomes.
Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The christian[37] prince, king Henry, were he here.
Mar. Farewell, my lord. Good wishes, praise, and prayers,
Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. *[Going.*
Suf. Farewell, sweet Madam! But hark you, Margaret:
No princely commendations to my king?
Mar. Such commendations as become a maid,
A virgin, and his servant, say to him.
Suf. Words sweetly plac'd, and modestly[38] directed.
But, Madam, I must trouble you again, —
No loving token to his majesty?
Mar. Yes, my good lord; a pure unspotted heart,
Never yet taint[39] with love, I send the king.
Suf. And this withal. *[Kisses her*
Mar. That for thyself: I will not so presume,
To send such peevish[40] tokens to a king.
[Exeunt Reignier *and* Margaret.
Suf. O, wert thou for myself! — But, Suffolk, stay;
Thou may'st not wander in that labyrinth:
There Minotaurs, and ugly treasons,[41] lurk.
Solicit Henry with her wondrous praise:
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount,
And natural[42] graces that extinguish art;
Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
That, when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's feet,
Thou may'st bereave him of his wits with wonder. *[Ex*

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sich Margarethe zur Gattin zu wählen, unbehindert durch seine Vormünder und den Regenten. 29) Suffolk will eigentlich sagen *to be my love*, wagt aber, von Margarethens *What?* unterbrochen, seine Herzensmeinung nicht auszusprechen, sondern verbessert sich, indem er den Satz mit *his* (scil. *Henry's) love* vervollständigt. — Steevens wollte des Verses wegen *be my* streichen. 30) Margarethe fasst *unworthy* von dem niedern Rangverhältniss, in welchem sie zu Heinrich steht, während Suffolk es moralisch unwürdig findet, dass er um eine so schöne Dame für einen Andern werbe, nicht für sich selbst. — Die Zeile *And have no portion etc.* sollte vielleicht mit *Aside* bezeichnet werden. 31) *whom* kann sich nur auf *thy daughter*, nicht auf *my king* beziehen. — In dem zweideutigen *with pain* deutet Suffolk die Selbstüberwindung an, die es ihm gekostet, um Margarethe für einen Andern zu werben. 32) *princely liberty* ist eine Freiheit, die sie als Fürstin geniessen wird, eine Freiheit, wie sie einer Fürstin würdig ist. 33) *to face* = ein Gesicht annehmen, heucheln. 34) *her little worth* ist bescheiden = sie in ihrem geringen Werthe. 35) *counties* ist Theobald's Emendation für *country* der Fol. — Vgl. Suffolk's folgende Worte: *And those two counties, I will undertake etc.* 36) *As deputy etc.* wie *in Henry's royal name* hängt von *thee*, nicht von *I* ab. 37) Das Epitheton *christian* ertheilt er dem König Heinrich wegen dessen ausgezeichneter Frömmigkeit. 38) *modestly* verbessert die zweite Folioausg. das *modesty* der ersten. 39) *taint* = befleckt, angesteckt, eine Participialform des Verbums *to taint*, die sonst bei Sh. nicht vorkommt. 40) *peevish* = närrisch, sonderbar, sonst vorzugsweise von Personen gebraucht. 41) Nach dem Sh.'schen Gebrauche der Copula *and* erklärt *ugly treasons* näher, was unter *Minotaurs* verstanden wird: der Hochverrath an seinem König ist gleichsam das verschlingende Ungeheuer, das dem Suffolk droht, wenn er in das Labyrinth seiner unrechtmässigen Liebe zur Margarethe sich verliert. 42) *and natural* emendirte Capell das *mad, natural* der Fol., wofür die zweite Folioausg. *made natural*, Pope *her natural* las. *mad*, selbst wenn es synonym mit *wild* = ausgelassen, wäre, würde wenig in den Zusammenhang passen. Suffolk will, um sich in seinem

SCENE IV.

Camp of the Duke of York, in Anjou.

Enter York, Warwick, *and Others.*

York. Bring forth that sorceress, condemn'd to burn.

Enter La Pucelle, *guarded; and a Shepherd.*

Shep. Ah, Joan! this kills thy father's heart outright.
Have I sought every country far and near,
And, now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless[1] cruel death?
Ah, Joan! sweet daughter Joan, I 'll die with thee.

Puc. Decrepit miser![2] base ignoble wretch!
I am descended of a gentler blood:
Thou art no father, nor no friend,[3] of mine.

Shep. Out, out! — My lords, an please you, 't is not so;
I did beget her, all the parish knows:
Her mother liveth yet, can testify
She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.[4]

War. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?

York. This argues what her kind of life hath been:
Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.[5]

Shep. Fie, Joan, that thou wilt be so obstacle![6]
God knows, thou art a collop of my flesh,[7]
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:
Deny me not, I pr'ythee, gentle Joan.

Puc. Peasant, avaunt! — You have suborn'd this man,
Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

Shep. 'T is true, I gave a noble[8] to the priest,
The morn that I was wedded to her mother. —
Kneel down, and take my blessing, good my girl. —
Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time
Of thy nativity! I would, the milk
Thy mother gave thee, when thou suck'dst her breast,
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,
I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!
Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab?
O! burn her, burn her: hanging is too good. *[Exit.*

York. Take her away; for she hath lived too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.[9]

Puc. First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd;
Not me[10] begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issu'd from the progeny of kings;
Virtuous, and holy; chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked spirits:
But you, — that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices, —
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders, but by help of devils.
No, misconceived![11] Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought;
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

York. Ay, ay. — Away with her to execution!

War. And hark ye, Sirs; because she is a maid,
Spare for no fagots, let there be enow:
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.

Puc. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts? —
Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity,
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege. —
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:
Murder not then the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.

York. Now, heaven forfend! the holy maid with child?

War. The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought!
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?

York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling:[12]
I did imagine what would be her refuge.

War. Well, go to: we will have no bastards live;
Especially, since Charles must father it.[13]

Puc. You are deceiv'd; my child is none of his:
It was Alençon, that enjoy'd my love.

York. Alençon, that notorious Machiavel![14]
It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.

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ugendhaften Entschlusse zu befestigen, denken an Margarethens Tugenden, welche die Oberhand gewinnen, und an ihre natürlichen Begabungen, welche die Kunst verwischen. Dieses Bild will er sich während der Ueberfahrt so oft ausmalen, dass er vermöge seiner lebendigen Schilderung den König in Erstaunen versetzen und ihm die Besinnung rauben kann. — Einige Hgg. wollten *art* als Object auch zu *surmount* ziehen. Indess scheint Sh. nur den Gegensatz zwischen *natural* und *art* beabsichtigt und *to surmount*, wie anderswo das synonyme *to pass*, als intransitives Verbum gefasst zu haben.

1) *timeless* = im Widerspruch mit der vorherbestimmten Zeit, vorzeitig, ein Epitheton, das Sh. öfter auf die synonymen Begriffe *end*, *grave* und *death* anwendet. 2) *miser* = elender Wicht, Lump. Das Wort gebrauchen auch Sh.'s Zeitgenossen in diesem Sinne. 3) *friend* = Verwandter, Sippe. 4) Der Schäfer meint *wedlock*, und sagt dafür nach Art der Sh.'schen Clowns das Gegentheil, indem er ein seltneres Wort missverständlich anwendet. 5) Wie ihr Leben böse war, so schliesst auch ihr Tod in derselben Art. 6) *obstacle*, eine vulgäre Entstellung aus *obstinate*, die auch bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen vorkommt. So in Chapman's May-Day (1611) *An obstacle young thing it is.* 7) Vulgär für *flesh of my flesh.* So nennt der König in Winter's Tale (A. 1, Sc. 2) seinen Sohn *my collop.* 8) Ein unwillkürliches Wortspiel des Schäfers, der das von der Pucelle gebrauchte Wort *noble* auffasst als die so genannte englische Münze, sechs Schilling an Werth. — Sh. hat dasselbe Wortspiel in K. Henry IV. First Part (A. 2, Sc. 4). 9) *vicious qualities* sind die bösen Künste, die Zaubereien, welche die Pucelle geübt hat. So gebraucht Sh. *quality* namentlich von der Kunst des Schauspielers, wie in Hamlet (A. 2, Sc. 2) *give us a taste of your quality.* 10) Nach Malone's Vermuthung hätte Sh. *not one* geschrieben. — Vgl. zu dieser Scene Einleitung pag. 815 u. 816. 11) *misconceived* = irrig, verkehrt, eigentlich von missverstandenen Sachen gebraucht, hier mit Sh.'scher Licenz auf die im Irrthum befindlichen Personen angewandt. — Die ältern Hgg. verbinden *misconceived* = verkehrt aufgefasst, als Epitheton mit *Joan.* 12) *juggling* ist dreisylbig *(juggeling)* zu lesen, wie *juggler* in Midsummer-Night's Dream (A. 3, Sc. 2) *O me! — you juggler! you canker-blossom! — to juggle* = Gaukelspiel treiben, hier in frivolem Sinne, zugleich mit der Anspielung auf die Zauberkünste der Pucelle, wie in K. John (A. 3, Sc. 1) *this juggling witchcraft.* 13) Zu *it* ist aus dem Plural *bastards* der Singular

Puc. O! give me leave; I have deluded you:
'T was neither Charles, nor yet the duke I nam'd,
But Reignier, king of Naples, that prevail'd.
War. A married man: that 's most intolerable.
York. Why, here 's a girl! I think, she knows not well,
There were so many, whom she may accuse.
War. It 's sign she hath been liberal and free.
York. And yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure. —
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat, and thee:
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.
Puc. Then lead me hence; — with whom [15] I leave my curse.
May never glorious sun reflex [16] his beams
Upon the country where you make abode;
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
Environ you, till mischief, and despair,
Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourselves!
[Exit, guarded.
York. Break thou in pieces, and consume to ashes,
Thou foul accursed minister of hell!

Enter Cardinal BEAUFORT, *attended.*

Car. Lord regent, I do greet your excellence
With letters of commission from the king.
For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,
Mov'd with remorse [17] of these outrageous broils,
Have earnestly implor'd a general peace
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French;
And here at hand the Dauphin, and his train,
Approacheth to confer about some matter.
York. Is all our travail turn'd to this effect?
After the slaughter of so many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
By treason, falsehood, and by treachery, [18]
Our great progenitors had conquered? —
O, Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France.
War. Be patient, York! if we conclude a peace,
It shall be with such strict and severe covenants
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

Enter CHARLES, *attended;* ALENÇON, *Bastard,* REIGNIER, *and Others.*

Char. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed,
That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France,
We come to be informed by yourselves
What the conditions of that league must be.
York. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler chokes
The hollow passage of my poison'd voice, [19]
By sight of these our baleful enemies.
Win. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus: —
That, in regard king Henry gives consent,
Of mere compassion [20] and of lenity,
To ease your country of distressful war,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,
You shall become true liegemen to his crown.
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,
Thou shalt be plac'd as viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.
Alen. Must he be then as shadow of himself?
Adorn his temples with a coronet, [21]
And yet, in substance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.
Char. 'T is known already that I am possess'd
With more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein reverenc'd for their lawful king:
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?
No, lord ambassador; I 'll rather keep
That which I have, than, coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all. [22]
York. Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret means
Us'd intercession to obtain a league,
And, now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison? [23]
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit [24] proceeding from our king,
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.
Reig. My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
To cavil [25] in the course of this contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one,
We shall not find like opportunity.
Alen. [Aside to CHARLES.*]* To say the truth, it is your policy
To save your subjects from such massacre,
And ruthless slaughters, as are daily seen
By our proceeding in hostility;
And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

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bastard zu entnehmen. 14) Machiavell, als der sprichwörtliche Typus eines schlauen und gewissenlosen Ränkeschmieds, wird hier eben so anachronistisch angeführt, wie in K. Henry VI. Third Part (A. 3, Sc. 2) *And set the murd'rous Machiavel to school.* — Sh. kannte ihn vielleicht aus dem Prolog zu Marlowe's Jew of Malta, den der italienische Staatsmann spricht und mit einer Charakteristik seiner selbst eröffnet. 15) *whom* bezieht sich auf ein in dem Imperativ *lead* steckendes *you.* 16) *to reflex* veraltet für *to reflect,* von Sh. auch anderswo gebraucht. 17) *remorse of* = Mitgefühl, Erbarmen wegen einer Sache. 18) *treason* ist = Hochverrath gegen den rechtmässigen König, *treachery* = Verrätherei im Allgemeinen. 19) Für *poison'd* lesen manche Hgg. mit Theobald *prison'd;* indess wird die alte Lesart unterstützt durch das folgende *baleful* = giftig, verderblich. Der Anblick der Feinde wirkt wie ein Gift auf York und benimmt ihm die Sprache. 20) Aus reinem Mitgefühl und aus keinem andern Motiv. 21) *coronet* hält Johnson hier für identisch mit *crown;* indess scheint Sh. den zwischen beiden Wörtern obwaltenden Unterschied auch hier beobachtet zu haben, da dem Dauphin als Vicekönig von Frankreich nur eine kleine Krone, nicht die eigentliche Königskrone zukam. 22) *possibility of all* = die Aussicht, Alles zu besitzen. 23) *upon comparison* ist wohl einfach = indem Du Dich mit uns missest oder messen willst. 24) *of benefit* ist mit *accept* zu verbinden: empfange den von Dir usurpirten Rang und Besitz als ein Beneficium, das von unserm König ausgeht, und nicht als einen Anspruch eigenen Verdienstes. 25) *to cavil* = chicaniren. 26) Diese Bühnenweisung findet sich nicht in der Fol., sondern rührt von Johnson her.

War. How say'st thou, Charles? shall our condition stand?
Char. It shall;
Only reserv'd, you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.
York. Then swear allegiance to his majesty;
As thou art knight, never to disobey,
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England. —
[CHARLES, *and his Nobles, give tokens of fealty.*[26]
So; now dismiss your army when ye please:
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, *in conference with* SUFFOLK; GLOSTER *and* EXETER *following.*

K. Hen. Your wondrous rare description, noble earl,
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:
Her virtues, graced with external gifts,[1]
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart;[2]
And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts[3]
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,
So am I driven, by breath of her renown,
Either to suffer shipwrack, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.
Suf. Tush! my good lord, this superficial tale
Is but a preface of her worthy praise:
The chief perfections of that lovely dame
(Had I sufficient skill to utter them)
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit.
And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But, with as humble lowliness of mind,
She is content to be at your command;
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honour Henry as her lord.
K. Hen. And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.
Therefore, my lord protector, give consent,
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.
Glo. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd
Unto another lady of esteem;[4]
How shall we then dispense with that contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach?
Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;
Or one that, at a triumph[5] having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
By reason of his adversary's odds.[6]
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence.
Glo. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than that?
Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.
Suf. Yes, my good lord,[7] her father is a king,
The king of Naples and Jerusalem;
And of such great authority in France,
As his alliance will confirm our peace,
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.
Glo. And so the earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.
Exe. Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dower,
Where Reignier sooner will receive than give.
Suf. A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your king,
That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his queen,
And not to seek a queen to make him rich.
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship:[8]
Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed;
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
It most of all these reasons bindeth us,[9]
In our opinions she should be preferr'd.
For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss,[10]
And is a pattern of celestial peace.
Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,
But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?
Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,
Approves[11] her fit for none but for a king:
Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit,
(More than in women commonly is seen,)
Will answer our hope in issue of a king;
For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a lady of so high resolve,[12]
As is fair Margaret, he be link'd in love.
Then yield, my lords; and here conclude with me,
That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.
K. Hen. Whether it be through force of your report,
My noble lord of Suffolk, or for that[13]
My tender youth was never yet attaint
With any passion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell; but this I am assur'd,
I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,
Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,[14]

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1) Vgl. A. 5, Sc. 3, Anm. 42. 2) *in my heart* ist mit *se'tled* zu verbinden. 3) *rigour of tempestuous gusts* ist der energische Drang stürmischer Windstösse. Mit diesem wird *breath of her renown* = der Hauch oder Laut von ihrem Ruhm, verglichen. 4) Die Tochter des Grafen von Armagnac, mit der Heinrich sich verlobt hatte. Vgl. A. 5, Sc. 1. 5) *triumph* = ritterliche Lustbarkeit im Allgemeinen, hier speciell = Turnier. 6) Weil sein Gegner zu ungleich ist an Würde oder Körperstärke, um es mit ihm aufzunehmen, zu tief unter ihm steht. 7) *my good lord* in der zweiten Folioausg., *my lord* in der ersten. 8) *attorneyship* = Vermittlung eines Sachwalters: eine Heirath lässt sich nicht wie ein Handelsgeschäft durch Unterhändler abschliessen. 9) *it most* setzte Rowe an Stelle von *most* der Fol. — Staunton vermuthet *and most* und erklärt den Satz: *since he loves her best, and we ourselves in the choice of a wife are most bound by considerations of affection, she should be preferred.* 10) Malone's Vorschlag, *contrary* viersylbig *(conterary)* zu lesen, ist jedenfalls der in der zweiten Folioausg. vorgenommenen Einschiebung von *forth* vor *bliss* vorzuziehen. 11) *to approve* = erweisen. 12) *resolve* = Entschlossenheit, Energie. 13) *for that* = weil. 14) Hoffnung und Furcht kämpfen so grimmig um

As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to France;
Agree to any covenants, and procure
That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
To cross the seas to England, and be crown'd
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen.
For your expenses and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I say; for till you do return,
I rest perplexed with a thousand cares. —
And you, good uncle, banish all offence:
If you do censure me by what you were, [15]
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sudden execution of my will.
And so conduct me, where from company
I may revolve and ruminate my grief. [16] *[Exit.*

Glo. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.
[Exeunt GLOSTER *and* EXETER.

Suf. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd; and thus he goes,
As did the youthful Paris once to Greece;
With hope to find the like event in love,
But prosper better than the Trojan did.
Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king;
But I will rule both [17] her, the king, and realm. *[Exit.*

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den Sieg in Heinrich's Brust, dass das Ringen dieser widerstreitenden Gedanken ihn krank macht. 15) Wenn Ihr mich nach dem beurtheilt, wie Ihr in Eurer empfänglicheren Jugend waret, nicht wie Ihr jetzt seid. 16) *grief* fasst Heinrich = Liebesleid, Gloster allgemein = Noth, Leid. 17) Auch an andern Stellen gebraucht Sh. *both* von einer Dreitheilung, wie hier.

KING HENRY VI. — PART II.

Einleitung.

Die erste vollständige Ausgabe dieses Dramas ist in der Gesammtausgabe der Shakspere'schen Schauspiele in Fol. (1623) enthalten, und schliesst sich daselbst unmittelbar an das vorhergehende Stück King Henry VI. First Part an, unter dem Titel The second Part of King Henry the Sixt, with the death of the Good Duke Humfrey. Die in der Folioedition gänzlich fehlende Eintheilung in Acte und Scenen ist erst von den spätern Herausgebern hergestellt worden. Ueber die Textbeschaffenheit lässt sich nur das zu dem vorigen Drama bereits Gesagte wiederholen, da es auf sämmtliche drei Theile des King Henry VI. die gleiche Anwendung findet.

Im Jahre 1594 gab Thomas Millington, später der Mitverleger der ersten unrechtmässigen Quartausgabe von Shakspere's King Henry V., ein historisches Drama heraus, das er schon ein Jahr früher, 1593, in die Register der Buchhändlergilde hatte eintragen lassen. Es hat folgenden ausführlichen Titel: The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the death of the good Duke Humphrey: And the banishment and death of the Duke of Suffolke, and the Tragicall end of the proud Cardinall of Winchester, with the notable Rebellion of Jack Cade: And the Duke of Yorkes first claime unto the Crowne. London Printed by Thomas Creed, for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shop under Saint Peters Church in Cornwall 1594. — Millington veranstaltete eine zweite Auflage im Jahre 1600 und übertrug später sein Verlagsrecht an Thomas Pavier, der noch im Jahre 1619 einen neuen Abdruck desselben Dramas veröffentlichte, diesmal zuerst mit Shakspere's Namen, der nach der Meinung vieler englischen Kritiker nicht diesem Drama eines muthmasslich unbekannten Verfassers, sondern erst der Bearbeitung von Shakspere's Hand, welche die Folioausgabe bietet, mit Grund zugeschrieben sein soll. Inwiefern diese Meinung begründet ist oder nicht, wird sich nur aus einer durchgängigen Vergleichung beider Texte, desjenigen der Quartos (Qs.), welche den First Part of the Contention etc. enthalten, und des der Folioausgabe (Fol.), herausstellen; und um eine solche zu ermöglichen, lassen wir zum Schlusse dieser Einleitung den Text der Quartausgabe von 1594 buchstäblich genau abdrucken, so wie sie J. O. Halliwell im Jahre 1843 für die Shakespeare-Society nach dem einzigen erhaltenen Exemplare, das in Oxford aufbewahrt wird, reproducirt hat; wir erlauben uns dabei keine Correctur auch der augenfälligsten Druckfehler, weil eine getreue Ueberlieferung der Beschaffenheit des Textes, wie er zuerst gedruckt wurde, zur Entscheidung der Streitfrage, um die es sich handelt, wesentlich erscheint. Nur die in dem Original und auch bei Halliwell fehlende Abtheilung in Acte und Scenen ist in Klammern hinzugefügt, um eine fortgehende Bezugnahme auf die entsprechenden Acte und Scenen des King Henry VI. Second Part zu vermitteln. Die Resultate einer solchen unbefangenen und voraussetzungslosen Vergleichung werden sich jedoch erst ziehen und zusammenfassen lassen, wenn wir in der Einleitung zu dem folgenden Shakspere'schen Drama gleichfalls ein Stück mitgetheilt haben werden, das, im Jahre 1595 zuerst gedruckt unter dem Titel The true Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke and the death of good King Henrie the Sixt with the whole contention of the two houses Lancaster and Yorke, zu dem King Henry VI. Third Part in demselben Verhältnisse steht, wie First Part of the Contention etc. zu dem King Henry VI. Second Part. Auch die chronologischen Fragen, welche sich an die beiden letzten Theile des King Henry VI. knüpfen, werden sich erst dann im Zusammenhange erörtern lassen. Hier sei nur bemerkt, dass für die Textrecension des vorliegenden Dramas, wie es in der Fol. enthalten ist, eine Benutzung der Qs. keinen andern Ertrag bietet, als die Ergänzung einiger wenigen, in der Fol. aus Nachlässigkeit des Druckes ausgelassenen Zeilen, worüber die Anmerkungen das Besondere enthalten.

Für King Henry VI. Second Part benutzte Shakspere, wie beim First Part, die Chroniken Holinshed's und seines Vorgängers Hall, und zwar drängte er in den Rahmen der fünf Acte die Ereignisse von zehn Jahren zusammen, von der Vermählung Heinrich's mit Margarethe (1445) bis zur Schlacht bei St. Albans (1455). Es mag jedoch genügen, statt dass wir, wie bei den früheren Dramen aus der englischen Geschichte, die Uebereinstimmung oder Abweichung zwischen dem Dichter und seinen Quellen an dem ganzen Verlaufe der Acte und Scenen nachweisen, zwei Auszüge aus der von Holinshed hier fast nur ausgeschriebenen Chronik Hall's mitzutheilen, und zwar solche Auszüge, bei deren Dramatisirung der Shakspere'sche Geist sich schon in der entstellten und verstümmelten Form der Quartos ganz unverkennbar kundgiebt.

Der erste Auszug betrifft den Tod des Cardinals Beaufort (A. 3, Sc. 3) und lautet bei Hall: *During these doings, Henry Beauford Bishop of Winchester, and called the rich cardinal, departed out of this world,*

and was buried at Winchester. This man was son to John of Gaunt Duke of Lancaster, descended of an honourable lineage, but born in baste, more noble of blood than notable in learning, haught in stomach and high in countenance, rich above measure of all men, and to few liberal, disdainful to his kin and dreadful to his lovers, preferring money before friendship, many things beginning and nothing performing. His covetise insatiable, and hope of long life, made him both to forget God, his prince, and himself, in his latter days; for Doctor John Baker, his privy counsellor and his chaplain, wrote that he, lying on his death-bed, said these words: „Why should I die, having so much riches? If the whole realm would save my life, I am able either by policy to get it, or by riches to buy it. Fie! will not death be hired, nor will money do nothing? When my nephew of Bedford died, I thought myself half up the wheel; but when I saw my other nephew of Gloster deceased, then I thought myself able to be equal with kings, and so thought to increase my treasure in hope to have worn a triple crown. But I see now the world faileth me, and so I am deceived: praying you all to pray for me.“

Den von Shakspere im vierten Act behandelten Aufstand des Jack Cade erzählt Hall folgendermassen: *Those that favoured the Duke of York and wished the crown upon his head, for that as they judged he had more right thereto than he that ware it, procured a commotion in Kent on this manner. A certain young man of a goodly stature and pregnant wit was enticed to take upon him the name of John Mortimer, although his name was John Cade, and not for a small policy, thinking that by that surname the line and lineage of the assistant house of the Earl of March, which were no small number, should be to him both adherent and favourable. This captain, not only suborned by teachers, but also enforced by privy schoolmasters, assembled together a great company of tall personages; assuring them that their attempt was both honourable to God and the king, and also profitable to the commonwealth, promising them, that if either by force or policy they might once take the king, the queen, and other their counsellors, into their hands and governance, that they would honourably entreat the king, and so sharply handle his counsellors, that neither fifteens should hereafter be demanded, nor once any impositions or tax should be spoken of. These persuasions, with many other fair promises of liberty (which the common people more affect and desire, rather than reasonable obedience and due conformity), so animated the Kentish people, that they, with their captain above named, in good order of battle (not in great number) came to the plain of Blackheath, between Eldham and Greenwich. And to the intent that the cause of this glorious captain's coming thither might be shadowed from the king and his counsel, he sent to him an humble supplication, with loving words but with malicious intent, affirming his coming not to be against him, but against divers of his counsel, lovers of themselves and oppressors of the poor commonalty, flatterers to the king and enemies to his subjects, partial to their friends and extreme to their enemies, for rewards corrupted and for indifferency nothing doing. This proud bill was both of the king and his counsel disdainfully taken, and thereupon great consultation had, and after long debating it was concluded that such proud rebels should rather be suppressed and tamed with violence and force than with fair words or amicable answer: whereupon the king assembled a great army and marched toward them, which had lyen on Blackheath by the space of seven days. The subtil captain, named Jack Cade, intending to bring the king farther within the compass of his net, brake up his camp, and retired backward to the town of Sevenoaks, in Kent, and there, expecting his prey, encamped himself and made his abode. The queen, which bare the rule, being of his retreat well advertised, sent Sir Humphrey Stafford, knight, and William his brother, with many other gentlemen, to follow the chase of the Kentishmen, thinking that they had fled; but verily they were deceived; for at the first skirmish both the Staffords were slain, and all their company shamefully discomfited. The king's army, being at this time come to Blackheath, hearing of this discomfiture, began to grudge and murmur amongst themselves; some wishing the Duke of York at home to aid the captain his cousin; some desiring the overthrow of the king and his counsel; other openly crying out on the queen and her complices. This rumour, openly spoken and commonly published, caused the king, and certain of his counsel, not led by favour nor corrupted by reward (to the intent to appease the furious rage of the inconstant multitude), to commit the Lord Say, Treasurer of England, to the Tower of London; and if other, against whom like displeasure was borne, had been present, they had likewise been served: but it was necessary that one should suffer rather than all the nobility then should perish. When the Kentish captain, or the covetous Cade, had thus obtained victory and slain the two valiant Staffords, he apparelled himself in their rich armour, and so with pomp and glory returned again toward London; in which retreat, divers idle and vagabond persons resorted to him from Sussex and Surrey, and from other parts, to a great number. Thus this glorious captain, compassed about and environed with a multitude of evil, rude, and rustic persons, came again to the plain of Blackheath, and there strongly encamped himself: to whom were sent by the king the Archbishop of Canterbury and Humphrey Duke of Buckingham, to commune with him of his griefs and requests. These lords found him sober in communication, wise in disputing, arrogant in heart, and stiff in his opinion, and by no ways possible to be persuaded to dissolve his army, except the king in person would come to him and assent to all things which he would require. These lords, perceiving the wilful pertinacy and manifest contumacy of this rebellious Javelin, departed to the king, declaring to him his temerarious and rash words and presumptuous requests. The king, somewhat hearing and more marking the sayings of this outrageous losel, and having daily report of the concourse and access of people which continually resorted to him, doubting as much his familiar servants as his unknown subjects (which spared not to speak that the captain's cause was profitable for the commonwealth), departed in all haste to the castle of Killingworth, in Warwickshire, leaving only behind him the Lord Scales, to keep the Tower of London. The captain, being advertised of the king's absence, came first into Southwark, and there lodged at the White Hart, prohibiting to all men murder, rape, or robbery; by which colour he allured to*

him the hearts of the common people. But after that he entered into London, and cut the ropes of the drawbridge, striking his sword on London stone, saying, „Now is Mortimer lord of this city," and rode in every street like a lordly captain. And after a flattering declaration made to the mayor of the city of his thither coming, he departed again into Southwark. And upon the third day of July he caused Sir James Fines Lord Say, and Treasurer of England, to be brought to the Guildhall of London, and there to be arraigned; which, being before the king's justices put to answer, desired to be tried by his peers, for the longer delay of his life. The captain, perceiving his dilatory plea, by force took him from the officers and brought him to the standard in Cheap, and there, before his confession ended, caused his head to be cut off, and pitched it on a high pole, which was openly borne before him through the streets. And this cruel tyrant, not content with the murder of the Lord Say, went to Mile-end, and there apprehended Sir James Cromer, then sheriff of Kent, and son-in-law to the said Lord Say, and him, without confession or excuse heard, caused there likewise to be beheaded, and his head fixed on a pole, and with these two heads this bloody butcher entered into the city again, and in despite caused them in every street kiss together, to the great detestation of all the beholders.

After this shameful murder succeeded open rapine and manifest robbery in divers houses within the city, and in especial in the house of Philip Malpas, alderman of London, and divers other: over and beside ransoming and fining of divers notable merchants, for the tuition and security of their lives and goods; as Robert Horne, alderman, which paid V. C. marks, and yet neither he or no other person was either of life or substance in a surety or safeguard. He also put to execution in Southwark divers persons, some for infringing his rules and precepts, because he would be seen indifferent; other he tormented of his old acquaintance, lest they should blaze and declare his base birth and low lineage, disparaging him from his usurped name of Mortimer; for the which he thought, and doubted not, both to have friends and fautors both in London, Kent, and Essex. The wise mayor and sage magistrates of the city of London, perceiving themselves neither to be sure of goods nor of life well warranted, determined with fear to repell and expulse this mischievous head and his ungracious company. And because the Lord Scales was ordained keeper of the Tower of London, with Mathew Gough, the often-named captain in Normandy (as you have heard before), they purposed to make them privy both of their intent and enterprise. The Lord Scales promised them his aid, with shooting of ordinance; and Mathew Gough was by him appointed to assist the mayor and the Londoners, because he was both of manhood and experience greatly renowned and noised. So the captains of the city appointed took upon them in the night to keep the bridge of London, prohibiting the Kentishmen either to pass or approach. The rebels, which never soundly slept for fear of sudden chances, hearing the bridge to be kept and manned, ran with great haste to open their passage, where between both parties was a fierce and cruel encounter. Mathew Gough, more expert in martial feats than the other chieftains of the city, perceiving the Kentishmen better to stand to their tackling than his imagination expected, advised his company no further to proceed toward Southwark till the day appeared; to the intent that the citizens, hearing where the place of the jeopardy rested, might occur their enemies and relieve their friends and companions. But this counsel came to small effect, for the multitude of the rebels drew the citizens from the stoulps at the bridge foot to the drawbridge, and began to set fire in divers houses. Alas! what sorrow it was to behold that miserable chance; for some, desiring to eschew the fire, leapt on his enemy's weapon, and so died: fearful women, with children in their arms, amazed and appalled, leapt into the river; other, doubting how to save themselves between fire, water, and sword, were in their houses suffocated and smouldered. Yet the captains, nothing regarding these chances, fought on the drawbridge all the night valiantly; but, in conclusion, the rebels got the drawbridge, and drowned many, and slew John Sutton, alderman, and Robert Heysand, a hardy citizen, with many other, beside Mathew Gough, a man of great wit, much experience in feats of chivalry, the which in continual wars had valiantly served the king and his father in the part beyond the sea (as before ye have heard). But it is often seen that he which many times had vanquished his enemies in strange countries, and returned again as a conqueror, hath of his own nation afterward been shamefully murdered and brought to confusion. This hard and sore conflict endured on the bridge till nine of the clock in the morning, in doubtful chance and fortune's balance. For some time the Londoners were beat back to the stoulps at Saint Magnes corner, and suddenly again the rebels were repulsed and driven back to the stoulps in Southwark: so that both parties, being faint, weary, and fatigued, agreed to desist from fight, and to leave battle till the next day, upon condition that neither Londoners should pass into Southwark nor the Kentishmen into London.

After this abstinence of war agreed, the lusty Kentish captain, hoping on more friends, brake up the gaols of the King's Bench and Marshalsea, and set at liberty a swarm of galants, both meet for his service and apt for his enterprise. The Archbishop of Canterbury, being then Chancellor of England, and for his surety lying in the Tower of London, called to him the Bishop of Winchester, which also for fear lurked at Halywell. These two prelates, seeing the fury of the Kentish people, by reason of their beating back, to be mitigated and minished, passed the river of Thames from the Tower into Southwark, bringing with them, under the king's seal, a general pardon unto all the offenders; which they caused to be openly proclaimed and published. Lord! how glad the poor people were of this pardon (yea, more than of the great Jubilee of Rome), and how they accepted the same, in so much that the whole multitude, without bidding farewell to their captain, retired the same night, every man to his own home, as men amazed and stricken with fear. But John Cade, desperate of succours, which by the friends of the Duke of York were to him promised, and seeing his company thus without his knowledge suddenly depart, mistrusting the sequel of the matter, departed secretly, in habit disguised, into Sussex; but all his metamorphosis and transfiguration little prevailed, for after a proclamation made that whosoever could apprehend the said

Jack Cade should have for his pain a M marks, many sought for him, but few espied him, till one Alexander Iden, esquire of Kent, found him in a garden, and there, in his defence, manfully slew the caitiff Cade, and brought his dead body to London, whose head was set on London bridge.

The First Part of the Contention of the Two Famovs Houses of *Yorke & Lancaster,* with the death of the good Duke *Humphrey.*

(Act I. Scene I.)

Enter at one doore, King *Henry* the sixt, and *Humphrey* Duke of *Gloster*, the Duke of *Sommerset*, the Duke of *Buckingham*, Cardinall *Bewford*, and others.

Enter at the other doore, the Duke of *Yorke*, and the Marquesse of *Suffolke*, and Queene *Margaret*, and the Earle of *Salisbury* and *Warwicke*.

Suffolke. As by your high imperiall Maiesties command,
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As Procurator for your excellence,
To marry Princes Margaret for your grace,
So in the auncient famous Citie Towres,
In presence of the Kings of France & Cyssile,
The Dukes of Orleance, Calabar, Brittaine, and Alonson,
Seuen Earles, twelue Barons, and then the reuerend Bishops,
I did performe my taske and was espousde,
And now, most humbly on my bended knees,
In sight of England and her royall Peeres,
Deliuer vp my title in the Queene,
Vnto your gratious excellence, that are the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent:
The happiest gift that euer Marquesse gaue,
The fairest Queene that euer King possest.
King. Suffolke arise.
Welcome Queene Margaret to English Henries Court,
The greatest shew of kindnesse yet we can bestow,
Is this kinde kisse: Oh gracious God of heauen,
Lend me a heart repleat with thankfulnesse,
For in this beautious face thou hast bestowde
A world of pleasures to my perplexed soule.
Queene. Th' excessiue loue I beare vnto your grace,
Forbids me to be lauish of my tongue,
Least I should speake more then beseemes a woman:
Let this suffice, my blisse is in your liking,
And nothing can make poore Margaret miserable,
Vnlesse the frowne of mightie Englands King.
Kin. Her lookes did wound, but now her speech doth pierce,
Louely Queene Margaret sit down by my side:
And vncle Gloster, and you Lordly Peeres,
With one voice welcome my beloued Queene.
All. Long liue Queene Margaret, Englands happinesse.
Queene. We thanke you all. [Sound Trumpets.
Suffolke. My Lord Protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the Articles confirmde of peace,
Betweene our Soueraigne and the French King Charles,
Till terme of eighteene months be full expirde.
Humphrey. Imprimis, It is agreed betweene the French King Charles, and William de la Poule, Marquesse of Suffolke, Embassador for Henry King of England, that the said Henry shal wed and espouse the Ladie Margaret, daughter to Raynard King of Naples, Cyssels, and Ierusalem, and crowne her Queene of England, ere the 30. of the next month.
Item. It is further agreed betweene them, that the Dutches of Anioy and of Maine, shall be released and deliuered ouer the King her fa.
[Duke *Humphrey* lets it fall.
Kin. How now vnkle, whats the matter that you stay so sodenly.
Humph. Pardon my Lord, a sodain qualme came ouer my hart,
Which dimmes mine eyes that I can reade no more.
Vnckle of Winchester, I pray you reade on.
Cardinall. Item, It is further agreed betweene them, that the Duches of Anioy and of Mayne, shall be released and deliuered ouer to the King her father, & she sent ouer of the King of Englands owne proper cost and charges without dowry.
King. They please vs well, Lord Marquesse kneele downe, We here create thee first Duke of Suffolke, & girt thee with the sword. Cosin of Yorke, We here discharge your grace from being Regent in the parts of France, till terme of 18. months be full expirde.
Thankes vnckle Winchester, Gloster, Yorke, and Buckingham, Somerset, Salsbury and Warwicke.
We thanke you all for this great fauour done,
In entertainment to my Princely Queene,
Come let vs in, and with all speed prouide
To see her Coronation be performde.
[Exet King, Queene, and *Suffolke*, and Duke *Humphrey* staies all the rest.
Humphrey. Braue Peeres of England, Pillars of the state,
To you Duke Humphrey must vnfold his griefe,
What did my brother Henry toyle himselfe,
And waste his subiects for to conquere France?
And did my brother Bedford spend his time
To keepe in awe that stout vnruly Realme?
And haue not I and mine vnckle Bewford here,
Done all we could to keepe that land in peace?
And is all our labours then spent in vaine,
For Suffolke he, the new made Duke that rules the roast,
Hath giuen away for our King Henries Queene,
The Dutches of Anioy and Mayne vnto her father.
Ah Lords, fatall in this marriage canselling our states,
Reuersing Monuments of conquered France,
Vndoing all, as none had nere bene done.
Card. Why how now cosin Gloster, what needs this?
As if our King were bound vnto your will,
And might not do his will without your leaue,
Proud Protector, enuy in thine eyes I see,
The big swolne venome of thy hatefull heart,
That dares presume gainst that thy Soueraigne likes,

Humphr. Nay my Lord tis not my words that troubles you,
But my presence, proud Prelate as thou art:
But ile begone, and giue thee leaue to speake.
Farewell my Lords, and say when I am gone,
I prophesied France would be lost ere long.
[Exet Duke *Humphrey*.
Card. There goes our Protector in a rage,
My Lords you know he is my great enemy,
And though he be Protector of the land,
And thereby couers his deceitfull thoughts,
For well you see, if he but walke the streets,
The common people swarme about him straight,
Crying Iesus blesse your royall exellence,
With God preserue the good Duke Humphrey.
And many things besides that are not knowne,
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Humphrey.
But I will after him, and if I can
Ile laie a plot to heaue him from his seate.
[Exet Cardinall.
Buck. But let vs watch this haughtie Cardinall,
Cosen of Somerset be rulde by me,
Weele watch Duke Humphrey and the Cardinall too,
And put them from the marke they faine would hit.
Somerset. Thanks cosin Buckingham, ioyne thou with me,
And both of vs with the Duke of Suffolke,
Weele quickly heaue Duke Humphrey from his seate.
Buck. Content, Come then let vs about it straight,
For either thou or I will be Protector.
[Exet *Buckingham* and *Somerset*.
Salsb. Pride went before, Ambition follows after.
Whilst these do seeke their owne preferments thus,
My Lords let vs seeke for our Countries good,
Oft haue I seene this haughtie Cardinall
Sweare, and forsweare himselfe, and braue it out,
More like a Ruffin then a man of Church.
Cosin Yorke, the victories thou hast wonne,
In Ireland, Normandie, and in France,
Hath wonne thee immortall praise in England.
And thou braue Warwicke, my thrice valiant sonne,
Thy simple plainesse and thy house-keeping,
Hath wonne thee credit amongst the common sort,
The reurence of mine age, and Neuels name,
Is of no little force if I command,
Then let vs ioyne all three in one for this,
That good Duke Humphrey may his state possesse,
But wherefore weepes Warwicke my noble sonne.
Warw. For griefe that all is lost that Warwick won.
Sonnes. Anioy and Maine, both giuen away at once,
Why Warwick did win them, & must that then which we wonne with our swords, be giuen away with wordes.
Yorke. As I haue read, our Kinges of England were woont to haue large dowries with their wiues, but our King Henry giues away his owne.
Sals. Come sonnes away and looke vnto the maine.
War. Vnto the Maine, Oh father Maine is lost,
Which Warwicke by maine force did win from France,
Maine chance father you meant, but I meant Maine,
Which I will win from France, or else be slaine.
[Exet *Salsbury* and *Warwicke*.
Yorke. Anioy and Maine, both giuen vnto the French,
Cold newes for me, for I had hope of France,
Euen as I haue of fertill England.
A day will come when Yorke shall claime his owne,
And therefore I will take the Neuels parts,
And make a show of loue to proud Duke Humphrey:
And when I spie aduantage, claime the Crowne,
For thats the golden marke I seeke to hit:
Nor shall proud Lancaster vsurpe my right,
Nor hold the scepter in his childish fist,
Nor weare the Diademe vpon his head,
Whose church-like humours fits not for a Crowne:
Then Yorke be still a while till time do serue,
Watch thou, and wake when others be a sleepe,
To prie into the secrets of the state,
Till Henry surfeiting in ioyes of loue,
With his new bride, and Englands dear bought queene,
And Humphrey with the Peeres be falne at iarres,
Then will I raise aloft the milke-white Rose,
With whose sweete smell the aire shall be perfumde,
And in my Standard beare the Armes of Yorke,
To graffle with the House of Lancaster:
And force perforce, ile make him yeeld the Crowne,
Whose bookish rule hath puld faire England downe.
[Exet *Yorke*.

(Act I. Scene II.)

Enter Duke *Humphrey*, and Dame *Ellanor Cobham* his wife.

Elnor. Why droopes my Lord like ouer ripened corne,
Hanging the head at Cearies plenteous loade,
What seest thou Duke Humphrey King Henrie Crowne?
Reach at it, and if thine arme be too short,
Mine shall lengthen it. Art not thou a Prince,
Vnckle to the King, and his Protector?
Then what shouldst thou lacke that might content thy minde.
Humph. My louely Nell, far be it from my heart,
To thinke of Treasons gainst my soueraigne Lord,
But I was troubled with a dreame to night,
And God I pray, it do betide no ill.
Elnor. What drempt my Lord. Good Humphrey tell it me,
And ile interpret it, and when thats done,
Ile tell thee then, what I did dreame to night.
Humphrey. This night when I was laid in bed, I dreampt that
This my staffe mine Office badge in Court,
Was broke in two, and on the ends were plac'd,
The heads of the Cardinall of Winchester,
And William de la Poule first Duke of Suffolke.
Elnor. Tush my Lord, and signifies nought but this,
That he that breakes a sticke of Glosters groue,
Shall for th' offence, make forfeit of his head.
But now my Lord, Ile tell you what I dreampt,
Me thought I was in the Cathedrall Church
At Westminster, and seated in the chaire
Where Kings and Queenes are crownde, and at my feete
Henry and Margaret with a Crowne of gold
Stood readie to set it on my Princely head.

Humphrey. Fie Nell. Ambitious woman as thou art,
Art thou not second woman in this land,
And the Protectors wife below'd of him,
And wilt thou still be hammering treason thus,
Away I say, and let me heare no more.
Elnor. How now my Lord. What angry with your Nell,
For telling but her dreame. The next I haue
Ile keepe to my selfe, and not be rated thus.
Humphrey. Nay Nell, Ile giue no credit to a dreame,
But I would haue thee to thinke on no such things.

Enters a Messenger.

Messenger. And it please your grace, the King and Queene to morrow morning will ride a hawking to Saint Albones, and craues your company along with them.
Humphrey. With all my heart, I will attend his grace: Come Nell, thou wilt go with vs vs I am sure.
[Exet *Humphrey.*
Elnor. Ile come after you, for I cannot go before,
But ere it be long, Ile go before them all,
Despight of all that seeke to crosse me thus,
Who is within there?

Enter sir *Iohn Hum.*

What sir Iohn Hum, what newes with you?
Sir Iohn. Iesus preserue your Maiestie.
Elnor. My Maiestie. Why man I am but grace.
Ser Iohn. I, but by the grace of God & Hums aduise,
Your graces state shall be aduanst ere long.
Elnor. What hast thou conferd with Margery Iordaine, the cunning Witch of Ely, with Roger Bullingbrooke and the rest, and will they vndertake to do me good?
Sir Iohn. I haue Madame, and they haue promised me to raise a Spirite from depth of vnder grounde, that shall tell your grace all questions you demaund.
Elnor. Thanks good sir Iohn. Some two daies hence I gesse
Will fit our time, then see that they be here:
For now the King is ryding to Saint Albones,
And all the Dukes and Earles along with him,
When they be gone, then safely they may come,
And on the backside of my Orchard heere,
There cast their Spelles in silence of the night;
And so resolue vs of the thing we wish,
Till when, drinke that for my sake, And so farewell.
[Exet *Elnor.*
Sir Iohn. Now sir Iohn Hum, No words but mum.
Seale vp your lips, for you must silent be,
These gifts ere long will make me mightie rich,
The Duches she thinks now that all is well,
But I haue gold comes from another place,
From one that hyred me to set her on,
To plot these Treasons gainst the King and Peeres,
And that is the mightie Duke of Suffolke.
For he it is, but I must not say so,
That by my meanes must worke the Duches fall,
Who now by Cuniurations thinkes to rise.
But whist sir Iohn, no more of that I trow,
For feare you lose your head before you goe. [Exet.

(Act I. Scene III.)

Enter two Petitioners, and *Peter* the Armourers man.

1. Peti. Come sirs let vs linger here abouts a while,
Vntill my Lord Protector come this way,
That we may show his grace our seuerall causes.
2. Peti. I pray God saue the good Duke Humphries life,
For but for him a many were vndone,
That cannot get no succour in the Court,
But see where he comes with the Queene.

Enter the Duke of *Suffolke* with the Queene, and they take him for Duke *Humphrey*, and giues him their writings.

1. Peti. Oh we are undone, this is the Duke of Suffolke.
Queene. Now good-fellowes, whom would you speak withall?
2. Peti. If it please your Maiestie, with my Lord Protectors Grace.
Queene. Are your sutes to his grace. Let vs see them first,
Looke on them my Lord of Suffolke.
Suffolke. A complaint against the Cardinals man,
What hath he done?
2. Peti. Marry my Lord, he hath stole away my wife,
And th' are gone togither, and I know not where to finde them.
Suffolke. Hath he stole thy wife, thats some iniury indeed.
But what say you?
Peter Thump. Marry sir I come to tel you that my maister said, that the Duke of Yorke was true heire unto the Crowne, and that the King was an vsurer.
Queene. An vsurper thou wouldst say.
Peter. I forsooth an vsurper.
Queene. Didst thou say the King was an vsurper?
Peter. No forsooth, I saide my maister saide so, th' other day when we were scowring the Duke of Yorks Armour in our garret.
Suffolke. I marry this is something like,
Whose within there?

Enter one or two.

Sirra take in this fellow and keepe him close,
And send out a Purseuant for his maister straight,
Weele here more of this before the king.
[Exet with the Armourers man.
Now sir what yours? Let me see it,
Whats here?
A complaint against the Duke of Suffolke for enclosing the commons of long Melford.
How now sir knaue.
1. Peti. I beseech your grace to pardon me, me,
I am but a Messenger for the whole township.
[He teares the papers.
Suffolke. So now show your petitions to Duke Humphrey.
Villaines get you gone and come not neare the Court,
Dare these pesants write against me thus.
[Exet Petitioners.
Queene. My lord of Suffolke, you may see by this,

The Commons loues vnto that haughtie Duke,
That seckes to him more then to King Henry:
Whose eyes are alwaies poring on his booke,
And nere regards the honour of his name,
But still must be protected like a childe,
And gouerned by that ambitious Duke,
That scarse will moue his cap nor speake to us,
And his proud wife, high minded Elanor,
That ruffles it with such a troupe of Ladies,
As strangers in the Court takes her for the Queene.
The other day she vanted to her maides,
That the very traine of her worst gowne,
Was worth more wealth then all my fathers lands,
Can any griefe of minde be like to this.
I tell thee Poull, when thou didst runne at Tilt,
And stolst away our Ladaies hearts in France,
I thought King Henry had bene like to thee,
Or else thou hadst not brought me out of France.
Suffolke. Madame content your selfe a litle while,
As I was cause of your comming to England,
So will I in England worke your full content:
And as for proud Duke Humphrey and his wife,
I haue set lime-twigs that will intangle them,
As that your grace ere long shall vnderstand.
But staie Madame, here comes the King.

Enter King *Henry*, and the Duke of *Yorke* and the Duke of *Somerset* on both sides of the King, whispering with him, and enter Duke *Humphrey*, Dame *Elnor*, the Duke of *Buckingham*, the Earle of *Salsbury*, the Earle of *Warwicke*, and the Cardinall of *Winchester*.

King. My Lords I care not who be Regent in France, or York, or Somerset, alls wonne to me.
Yorke. My Lord, if Yorke haue ill demeande himselfe,
Let Somerset enioy his place and go to France.
Somerset. Then whom your grace thinke worthie, let him go,
And there be made the Regent ouer the French.
Warwicke. Whom soeuer you account worthie, Yorke is the worthiest.
Cardinall. Pease Warwicke: Giue thy betters leaue to speake.
War. The Cardinals not my better in the field.
Buc. All in this place are thy betters farre.
War. And Warwicke may liue to be the best of all.
Queene. My Lord in mine opinion, it were best that
Somerset were Regent ouer France.
Humphrey. Madame our King is old inough himselfe,
To giue his answere without your consent.
Queene. If he be old inough, what needs your grace
To be Protector ouer him so long.
Humphrey. Madame I am but Protector ouer the land,
And when it please his grace, I will resigne my charge.
Suffolke. Resigne it then, for since that thou wast King,
As who is King but thee. The common state
Doth as we see, all wholly go to wracke,
And Millions of treasure hath bene spent,
And as for the Regentship of France,
I say Somerset is more worthie then Yorke.
Yorke. Ile tell thee Suffolke why I am not worthie,
Because I cannot flatter as thou canst.
War. And yet the worthie deeds that York hath done,
Should make him worthie to be honoured here.
Suffolke. Peace headstrong Warwicke.
War. Image of pride, wherefore should I peace?
Suffolke. Because here is a man accusde of Treason,
Pray God the Duke of Yorke do cleare himselfe.
Ho, bring hither the Armourer and his man.

Enter the Armourer and his man.

If it please your grace, this fellow here, hath accused his maister of high Treason, And his words were these.
That the Duke of Yorke was lawfull heire vnto the Crowne, and that your grace was an vsurper.
Yorke. I beseech your grace let him haue what punishment the law will afford, for his villany.
King. Come hether fellow, didst thou speake these words?
Armour. Ant shall please your Maiestie, I neuer said any such matter, God is my witnesse, I am falsly accused by this villain here.
Peter. Tis no matter for that, you did say so.
Yorke. I beseech your grace, let him haue the law.
Armour. Alasse my Lord, hang me if euer I spake the words, my accuser is my prentise, & when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees that he would be euen with me, I haue good witnesse of this, and therefore I beseech your Maiestie do not cast away an honest man for a villaines accusation.
King. Vnckle Gloster, what do you thinke of this?
Humphrey. The law my Lord is this by case, it rests suspitious,
That a day of combat be appointed,
And there to trie each others right or wrong,
Which shall be on the thirtith of this month,
With Eben staues, and Standbags combatting
In Smythfield, before your Royall Maiestie.
[Exet *Humphrey.*
Armour. And I accept the Combat willingly.
Peter. Alasse my Lord, I am not able to fight.
Suffolke. You must either fight sirra or else be hangde:
Go take them hence againe to prison. [Exet with them.
[The Queene lets fall her gloue, and hits the Duches of *Gloster*, a boxe on the eare.
Queene. Giue me my gloue. Why Minion can you not see? [She strikes her.
I cry you mercy Madame, I did mistake,
I did not thinke it had bene you.
Elnor. Did you not proud French-woman,
Could I come neare your daintie vissage with my nayles,
Ide set my ten commandments in your face.
King. Be patient gentle Aunt.
It was against her will.
Elnor. Against her will. Good King sheele dandle thee,
If thou wilt alwaies thus be rulde by her.
But let it rest. As sure as I do liue,
She shall not strike dame Elnor vnreuengde.
[Exet *Elnor.*

King. *Beleeue me my loue, thou wart much to blame,*
I would not for a thousand pounds of gold,
My noble vncle had bene here in place.

Enter Duke *Humphrey.*

But see where he comes, I am glad he met her not.
Vncle Gloster, what answere makes your grace
Concerning our Regent for the Realme of France,
Whom thinks your grace is meetest for to send.
Humphrey. *My gratious Lord, then this is my resolue,*
For that these words the Armourer should speake,
Doth breed suspition on the part of Yorke,
Let Somerset be Regent ouer the French,
Till trials made, and Yorke may cleare himselfe.
King. *Then be it so my Lord of Somerset.*
We make your grace Regent ouer the French,
And to defend our rights gainst forraine foes,
And so do good vnto the Realme of France.
Make hast my Lord, tis time that you were gone,
The time of Truse I thinke is full expirde.
Somerset. *I humbly thanke your royall Maiestie,*
And take my leaue to poste with speed to France.
[Exet *Somerset.*
King. *Come vncle Gloster, now lets haue our horse,*
For we will to Saint Albones presently,
Madame your Hawke they say, is swift of flight,
And we will trie how she will flie to day.
[Exet omnes.

(Act I. Scene IV.)

Enter *Elnor*, with sir *Iohn Hum*, *Roger Bullenbrooke* a Coniurer, and *Margery Iourdaine* a Witch.

Elnor. *Here sir Iohn, take this scrole of paper here,*
Wherein is writ the questions you shall aske,
And I will stand vpon this Tower here,
And here the spirit what it saies to you,
And to my questions, write the answeres downe.
[She goes vp to the Tower.
Sir Iohn. *Now sirs begin and cast your spels about,*
And charme the fiendes for to obey your wils,
And tell Dame Elnor of the thing she askes.
Witch. *Then Roger Bullinbrooke about thy taske,*
And frame a Cirkle here vpon the earth,
Whilst I thereon all prostrate on my face,
Do talke and whisper with the diuels be low,
And coniure them for to obey my will.
[She lies downe vpon her face. *Bullenbrooke* makes a Cirkle.
Bullen. *Darke Night, dread Night, the silence of the Night,*
Wherein the Furies maske in hellish troupes,
Send vp I charge you from Sofetus lake,
The spirit Askalon to come to me,
To pierce the bowels of this Centricke earth,
And hither come in twinkling of an eye,
Askalon, Assenda, Assenda.
[It thunders and lightens, and then the Spirit riseth vp.
Spirit. *Now Bullenbrooke what wouldst thou haue me do?*
Bullen. *First of the King, what shall become of him?*
Spirit. *The Duke yet liues that Henry shall depose,*
But him out liue, and dye a violent death.
Bullen. *What fate awayt the Duke of Suffolke.*
Spirit. *By water shall he die and take his ende.*
Bullen. *What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?*
Spirit. *Let him shun Castles, safer shall he be vpon the sandie plaines, then where Castles mounted stand.*
Now question me no more, for I must hence againe.
[He sinkes downe againe.
Bullen. *Then downe I say, vnto the damned poule.*
Where Pluto in his firie Waggon sits.
Ryding amidst the singde and parched smoakes,
The Rode of Dytas by the Riuer Stykes,
There howle and burne for euer in those flames,
Rise Jordaine rise, and staie thy charming Spels.
Sonnes, we are betraide.

Enter the Duke of *Yorke*, and the Duke of *Buckingham*, and others.

Yorke. *Come sirs, laie hands on them, and bind them sure,*
This time was well watcht. What Madame are you there?
This will be great credit for your husband,
That you are plotting Treasons thus with Cuniurers,
The King shall haue notice of this thing.
[Exet *Elnor* aboue.
Buc. *See here my Lord what the diuell hath writ.*
Yorke. *Giue it me my Lord, Ile show it to the King.*
Go sirs, see them fast lockt in prison.
[Exet with them.
Bucking. *My Lord, I pray you let me go post vnto the King,*
Vnto S. Albones, to tell this newes.
Yorke. *Content. Away then, about it straight.*
Buck. *Farewell my Lord.* [Exet *Buckingham.*
Yorke. *Whose within there.*

Enter one.

One. *My Lord.*
Yorke. *Sirrha, go will the Earles of Salsbury and Warwicke, to sup with me to night.*
[Exet *Yorke.*
One. *I will my Lord.* [Exet.

(Act II. Scene I.)

Enter the King and Queene with her Hawke on her fist, and Duke *Humphrey* and *Suffolke*, and the Cardinall, as if they came from hawking.

Queene. *My Lord, how did your grace like this last flight?*
But as I cast her off the winde did rise,
And twas ten to one, old Ione had not gone out.
King. *How wonderful the Lords workes are on earth,*
Euen in these silly creatures of his hands,
Vnckle Gloster, how hie your Hawke did sore?
And on a sodaine soust the Partridge downe.
Suffolke. *No maruell if it please your Maiestie*
My Lord Protectors Hawke done towre so well,
He knowes his maister loues to be aloft.

Humphrey. Faith my Lord, it is but a base minde
That can sore no higher then a Falkons pitch.
Card. I thought your grace would be aboue the cloudes.
Humph. I my Lord Cardinall, were it not good
Your grace could flie to heauen.
Card. Thy heauen is on earth, thy words and thoughts beat on a Crowne, proude Protector dangerous Peere, to smooth it thus with King and common-wealth.
Humphrey. How now my Lord, why this is more then needs,
Church-men so hote. Good vnckle can you doate.
Suffolke. Why not Hauing so good a quarrell & so bad a cause.
Humphrey. As how, my Lord?
Suffolke. As you, my Lord. And it like your Lordly Lords Protectorship.
Humphrey. Why Suffolke, England knowes thy insolence.
Queene. And thy ambition Gloster.
King. Cease gentle Queene, and whet not on these furious Lordes to wrath, for blessed are the peacemakers on earth.
Card. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
Against this proud Protector with my sword.
Humphrey. Faith holy vnckle, I would it were come to that.
Cardinall. Euen when thou darest.
Humphrey. Dare. I tell thee Priest, Plantagenets could neuer brooke the dare.
Card. I am Plantaganet as well as thou, and sonne to Iohn of Gaunt.
Humph. In Bastardie.
Cardin. I scorne thy words.
Humph. Make vp no factious numbers, but euen in thine own person meete me at the East end of the groue.
Card. Heres my hand, I will.
King. Why how now Lords?
Card. Faith Cousin Gloster, had not your man cast off so soone, we had had more sport to day, Come with thy swoord and buckler.
Humphrey. Faith Priest, Ile shaue your Crowne.
Cardinall. Protector, protect thy selfe well.
King. The wind growes high, so doth your chollour Lords.

Enter one crying, A miracle, a miracle.

How now, now sirrha, what miracle is it?
One. And it please your grace, there is a man that came blinde to S. Albones, and hath receiued his sight at his shrine.
King. Goe fetch him hither, that wee may glorifye the Lord with him.

Enter the Maior of Saint Albones and his brethren with Musicke, bearing the man that had bene blind, b e tweene two in a chaire.

King. Thou happie man, giue God eternall praise,
For he it is, that thus hath helped thee.
Humphrey. Where wast thou borne?
Poore man. At Barwicke sir, in the North.
Humph. At Barwicke, and come thus far for helpe.
Poore man. I sir, it was told me in my sleepe,
That sweet saint Albones, should giue me my sight againe.
Humphrey. What are thou lame too?
Poore man. I indeed sir, God helpe me.
Humphrey. How cam'st thou lame?
Poore man. With falling off on a plum-tree.
Humph. Wart thou blind & wold clime plum-trees?
Poore man. Neuer but once sir in all my life. My wife did long for plums.
Humph. But tell me, wart thou borne blinde?
Poore man. I truly sir.
Woman. I indeed sir, he was borne blinde.
Humphrey. What art thou his mother?
Woman. His wife sir.
Humphrey. Hadst thou bene his mother,
Thou couldst haue better told.
Why let me see, I thinke thou canst not see yet.
Poore man. Yes truly maister, as cleare as day.
Humphrey. Saist thou so. What colours his cloake?
Poore man. Why red maister, as red as blood.
Humphrey. And his cloake?
Poore man. Why thats greene.
Humphrey. And what colours his hose?
Poore man. Yellow maister, yellow as gold.
Humphrey. And what colours my gowne?
Poore men. Blacke sir, as blacke as Ieat.
King. Then belike he knowes what colour Ieat is on.
Suffolke. And yet I thinke Ieat did he neuer see.
Humph. But cloakes and gownes ere this day many a one.
But tell me sirrha, whats my name?
Poore man. Alasse maister I know not
Humphrey. Whats his name?
Poore man. I know not.
Humphrey. Nor his?
Poore man. No truly sir.
Humphrey. Nor his name?
Poore man. No indeed maister.
Humphrey. Whats thine owne name?
Poore man. Sander, and it please you maister.
Humphrey. Then Sander sit there, the lyingest knaue in Christendom. If thou hadst bene born blind, thou mightest aswell haue knowne all our names, as thus to name the seuerall colours we doo weare. Sight may distinguish of colours, but sodeinly to nominate them all, it is impossible. My Lords, saint Albones here hath done a Miracle, and would you not thinke his cunning to be great, that could restore this Cripple to his legs againe.
Poore man. Oh maister I would you could.
Humphrey. My Maisters of saint Albones,
Haue you not Beadles in your Towne,
And things called whippes?
Mayor. Yes my Lord, if it please your grace.
Humph. Then send for one presently.
Mayor. Sirrha, go fetch the Beadle hither straight. [Exet one.
Humph. Now fetch me a stoole hither by and by.
Now sirrha, If you meane to saue your selfe from whipping,
Leape me ouer this stoole and runne away.

Enter Beadle.

Poore man. Alasse maister I am not able to stand alone,
You go about to torture me in vaine.
Humph. Well sir, we must haue you finde your legges.
Sirrha Beadle, whip him till he leape ouer that same stoole.
Beadle. I will my Lord, come on sirrha, off with your doublet quickly.
Poore man. Alas maister what shall I do, I am not able to stand.

[After the Beadle hath hit him one girke, he leapes ouer the stoole and runnes away, and they run after him, crying, A miracle, a miracle.

Hump. A miracle, a miracle, let him be taken againe, & whipt through euery Market Towne til he comes at Barwicke where he was borne.
Mayor. It shall be done my Lord. [Exet Mayor.
Suffolke. My Lord Protector hath done wonders to day, He hath made the blinde to see, and halt to go.
Humph. I but you did greater wonders, when you made whole Dukedomes flie in a day. Witnesse France.
King. Haue done I say, and let me here no more of that.

Enter the Duke of *Buckingham.*

What newes brings Duke Humprey of Buckingham?
Buck. Ill newes for some my Lord, and this it is,
That proud dame Elnor our Protectors wife,
Hath plotted Treasons gainst the King and Peeres,
By wichcrafts, sorceries, and cuniurings,
Who by such meanes did raise a spirit vp,
To tell her what hap should betide the state,
But ere they had finisht their diuellish drift,
By Yorke and my selfe they were all surprisde,
And heres the answere the diuel did make to them.
King. First of the King, what shall become of him?
[Reads.] *The Duke yet liues, that Henry shal depose,*
Yet him out liue, and die a violent death.
Gods will be done in all.
What fate awaits the Duke of Suffolke?
By water shall he die and take his end.
Suffolke. By water must the Duke of Suffolke die?
It must be so, or else the diuel doth lie.
King. Let Somerset shun Castles,
For safer shall he be vpon the sandie plaines,
Then where Castles mounted stand.
Card. Heres good stuffe, how now my Lord Protector
This newes I thinke hath turnde your weapons point,
I am in doubt youle scarsly keepe your promise.
Humphrey. Forbeare ambitious Prelate to vrge my griefe,
And pardon me my gratious Soueraigne,
For here I sweare vnto your Maiestie,
That I am guiltlesse of these hainous crimes
Which my ambitious wife hath falsly done,
And for she would betraie her soueraigne Lord,
I here renounce her from my bed and boord,
And leaue her open for the law to iudge,
Vnlesse she cleare her selfe of this foule deed.
King. Come my Lords this night weele lodge in S. Albones,
And to morrow we will ride to London,
And trie the vtmost of these Treasons forth,
Come vnckle Gloster along with vs,
My mind doth tell me thou art innocent.

[Exet omnes.

(Act II. Scene II.)

Enter the Duke of *Yorke*, and the Earles of *Salsbury* and *Warwicke.*

Yorke. My Lords our simple supper ended, thus,
Let me reueale vnto your honours here,
The right and title of the house of Yorke,
To Englands Crowne by liniall desent.
War. Then Yorke begin, and if thy claime be good.
The Neuils are thy subiects to command.
Yorke. Then thus my Lords.
Edward the third had seuen sonnes,
The first was Edward the blacke Prince,
Prince of Wales.
The second was Edmund of Langly,
Duke of Yorke.
The third was Lyonell Duke of Clarence.
The fourth was Iohn of Gaunt,
The Duke of Lancaster.
The fifth was Roger Mortemor, Earle of March.
The sixt was sir Thomas of Woodstocke.
William of Winsore was the seuenth and last.
Now, Edward the blacke Prince he died before his father, and left behinde him Richard, that afterwards was King, Crownde by the name of Richard the second, and he died without an heire.
Edmund of Langly Duke of Yorke died, and left behind him two daughters, Anne and Elinor.
Lyonell Duke of Clarence died, and left behinde Alice, Anne, and Elinor, that was after married to my father, and by her I claime the Crowne, as the true heire to Lyonell Duke of Clarence, the third sonne to Edward the third. Now sir. In the time of Richards raigne, Henry of Bullingbrooke, sonne and heire to Iohn of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster fourth sonne to Edward the third, he claimde the Crowne, deposde the Merthfull King, and as both you know, in Pomphret Castle harmlesse Richard was shamefully murthered, and so by Richards death came the house of Lancaster vnto the Crowne.
Sals. Sauing your tale my Lord, as I haue heard, in the raigne of Bullenbrooke, the Duke of Yorke did claime the Crowne, and but for Owin Glendor, had bene King.
Yorke. True. But so it fortuned then, by meanes of that monstrous rebel Glendor, the noble Duke of York was done to death, and so euer since the heires of Iohn of Gaunt haue possessed the Crowne. But if the issue of the elder should succeed before the issue of the yonger, then am I lawfull heire vnto the kingdome.
Warwicke. What plaine proceedings can be more plaine, hee claimes it from Lyonel Duke of Clarence, the third sonne to Edward the third, and Henry from Iohn of Gaunt the fourth sonne. So that till Lyonels issue failes, his should not raigne. It failes

not yet, but florisheth in thee & in thy sons, braue slips of such a stock. Then noble father, kneele we both togither, and in this priuate place, be we the first to honor him with birthright to the Crown.

Both. Long liue Richard Englands royall King.

Yorke. I thanke you both. But Lords I am not your King, vntil this sword be sheated euen in the hart blood of the house of Lancaster.

War. Then Yorke aduise thy selfe and take thy time,
Claime thou the Crowne, and set thy standard up,
And in the same aduance the milke-white Rose,
And then to gard it, will I rouse the Beare,
Inuiron'd with ten thousand Ragged-staues
To aide and helpe thee for to win thy right,
Maugre the proudest Lord of Henries blood,
That dares deny the right and claime of Yorke,
For why my minde presageth I shall liue
To see the noble Duke of Yorke to be a King.

Yorke. Thanks noble Warwicke, and Yorke doth hope to see, The Earl of Warwicke liue, to be the greatest man in England, but the King. Come lets goe. [Exet omnes.

(Act II. Scene III.)

Enter King *Henry*, and the Queene, Duke *Humphrey*, the Duke of *Suffolke*, and the Duke of *Buckingham*, the Cardinall, and Dame *Elnor Cobham*, led with the Officers, and then enter to them the Duke of *Yorke*, and the Earles of *Salsbury* and *Warwicke*.

King. Stand foorth Dame Elnor Cobham Duches of Gloster, and here the sentence pronounced against thee for these Treasons, that thou hast committed gainst vs, our States and Peeres.

First for thy hainous crimes, thou shalt two daies in London do penance barefoote in the streetes, with a white sheete about thy bodie, and a waxe Taper burning in thy hand. That done, thou shalt be banished for euer into the Ile of Man, there to ende thy wretched daies, and this is our sentence erreuocable. Away with her.

Elnor. Euen to my death, for I haue liued too long. [Exet some with *Elnor*.

King. Greeue not noble vnckle, but be thou glad,
In that these Treasons thus are come to light,
Least God had pourde his vengeance on thy head,
For her offences that thou heldst so deare.

Humph. Oh gratious Henry, giue me leaue awhile,
To leaue your grace, and to depart away,
For sorrowes teares hath gripte my aged heart,
And makes the fountaines of mine eyes to swell,
And therefore good my Lord, let me depart.

King. With all my hart good vnkle, when you please,
Yet ere thou goest, Humphrey resigne thy staffe,
For Henry will be no more protected,
The Lord shall be my guide both for my land and me.

Humph. My staffe, I noble Henry, my life and all.
My staffe, I yeeld as willing to be thine,
As erst thy noble father made it mine,
And euen as willing at thy feete I leaue it,
As others would ambitiously receiue it,
And long hereafter when I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne.

King. Vnkle Gloster, stand up and go in peace,
No lesse beloued of vs, then when
Thou weart Protector ouer my land.
[Exet *Gloster*.

Queene. Take vp the staffe, for here it ought to stand,
Where should it be, but in King Henries hand?

Yorke. Please it your Maiestie, this is the day
That was appointed for the combating
Betweene the Armourer and his man, my Lord,
And they are readie when your grace doth please.

King. Then call them forth, that they may trie their rightes.

Enter at one doore the Armourer and his neighbours, drinking to him so much that he is drunken, and he enters with a drum before him, and his staffe with a sandbag fastened to it, and at the other doore, his man with a drum and sand-bagge, and Prentises drinking to him.

1. Neighbor. Here neighbor Hornor, I drink to you in a cup of Sacke.
And feare not neighbor, you shall do well inough.

2. Neigh. And here neighbor, heres a cup of Charneco.

3. Neigh. Heres a pot of good double beere, neighbor drinke
And be merry, and feare not your man.

Armourer. Let it come, yfaith ile pledge you all,
And a figge for Peter.

1. Prentise. Here Peter I drinke to thee, and be not affeard.

2. Pren. Here Peter, heres a pinte of Claret-wine for thee.

3. Pren. And heres a quart for me, and be merry Peter,
And feare not thy maister, fight for credit of the Prentises.

Peter. I thanke you all, but ile drinke no more,
Here Robin, and if I die, here I giue thee my hammer,
And Will, thou shalt haue my aperne, and here Tom,
Take all the mony that I haue.

O Lord blesse me, I pray God, for I am neuer able to deale with my maister, he hath learnt so much fence alreadie.

Salb. Come leaue your drinking, and fall to blowes.
Sirrha, whats thy name?

Pettr. Peter forsooth.

Salbury. Peter, what more?

Peter. Thumpe.

Salsbury. Thumpe, then see that thou thumpe thy maister.

Armour. Heres to thee neighbour, fill all the pots again, for before we fight, looke you, I will tell you my minde, for I am come hither as it were of my mans instigation, to proue my selfe an honest man, and Peter a knaue, and so haue at you Peter with downright blowes, as Beuys of South-hampton fell vpon Askapart.

Peter. Law you now, I told you hees in his fence alreadie.

[Alarmes, and *Peter* hits him on the head and fels him.

Armou. Hold Peter, I confesse, Treason, treason.
[He dies.
Peter. O God I giue thee praise.
[He kneeles downe.
Pren. Ho well done Peter. God saue the King.
King. Go take hence that Traitor from our sight,
For by his death we do perceiue his guilt,
And God in iustice hath reuealde to vs,
The truth and innocence of this poore fellow,
Which he had thought to haue murthered wrongfully.
Come fellow, follow vs for thy reward. [Exet omnes.

(Act II. Scene IV.)

Enter Duke *Humphrey* and his men, in mourning cloakes.

Humph. Sirrha, whats a clocke,
Seruing. Almost ten my Lord.
Humph. Then is that wofull houre hard at hand,
That my poore Lady should come by this way,
In shamefull penance wandring in the streetes,
Sweete Nell, ill can thy noble minde abrooke,
The abiect people gazing on thy face,
With enuious lookes laughing at thy shame,
That earst did follow thy proud Chariot wheeles,
When thou didst ride in tryumph through the streetes.

Enter Dame *Elnor Cobham* bare-foote, and a white sheete about her, with a waxe candle in her hand, and verses written on her backe and pind on, and accompanied with the Sheriffes of London, and Sir *Iohn Standly*, and Officers, with billes and holbards.

Seruing. My gratious Lord, see where my Lady comes,
Please it your grace, weele take her from the Sheriffes?
Humph. I charge you for your liues stir not a foote,
Nor offer once to draw a weapon here,
But let them do their office as they should.
Elnor. Come you my Lord to see my open shame?
Ah Gloster, now thou doest penance too,
See how the giddie people looke at thee,
Shaking their heads, and pointing at thee heere,
Go get thee gone, and hide thee from their sights,
And in thy pent vp studie rue my shame,
And ban thine enemies. Ah mine and thine.
Hum. Ah Nell, sweet Nell, forget this extreme grief,
And beare it patiently to ease thy heart.
Elnor. Ah Gloster teach me to forget my selfe,
For whilst I thinke I am thy wedded wife,
Then thought of this, doth kill my wofull heart.
The ruthlesse flints do cut my tender feete,
And when I start the cruell people laugh,
And bids me be aduised how I tread,
And thus with burning Tapor in my hand,
Malde vp in shame with papers on my backe,
Ah, Gloster, can I endure this and liue.
Sometime ile say I am Duke Humphreys wife
And he a Prince, Protector of the land,
But so he rulde, and such a Prince he was,
As he stood by, whilst I his forelorne Duches
Was led with shame, and made a laughing stocke,
To euery idle rascald follower.
Humphrey. My louely Nell, what wouldst thou haue me do?
Should I attempt to rescue thee from hence,
I should incurre the danger of the law,
And thy disgrace would not be shadowed so.
Elnor. Be thou milde, and stir not at my disgrace,
Vntill the axe of death hang ouer thy head,
As shortly sure it will. For Suffolke he,
The new made Duke, that may do all in all
With her that loues him so, and hates vs all,
And impious Yorke and Bewford that false Priest,
Haue all lymde bushes to betraie thy wings,
And flie thou how thou can they will intangle thee.

Enter a Herald of Armes.

Herald. I summon your Grace, vnto his highnesse Parlament holden at saint Edmunds-Bury, the first of the next month.
Humphrey. A Parlament and our consent neuer craude
Therein before. This is sodeine.
Well, we will be there. [Exet. Herald.
Maister Sheriffe, I pray proceede no further against my Lady, then the course of law extendes.
Sheriffe. Please it your grace, my office here doth end,
And I must deliuer her to sir Iohn Standly,
To be conducted into the Ile of Man.
Humphrey. Must you sir Iohn conduct my Lady?
Standly. I my gratious Lord, for so it is decreede,
And I am so commanded by the King.
Humphrey. I pray you sir Iohn, vse her neare the worse,
In that I intreat you to vse her well.
The world may smile againe and I may liue,
To do you fauour if you do it her,
And so sir Iohn farewell.
Elnor. What gone my Lord, and bid me not farwell?
Humph. Witnesse my bleeding heart, I cannot stay to speake.
[Exet *Humphrey* and his men.
Elnor. Then is he gone, is noble Gloster gone,
And doth Duke Humphrey now forsake me too?
Then let me haste from out faire Englands boundes,
Come Standly come, and let vs haste away.
Standly. Madam lets go vnto some house hereby,
Where you may shift your selfe before we go.
Elnor. Ah good sir Iohn, my shame cannot be hid,
Nor put away with casting off my sheete:
But come let vs go, maister Sheriffe farewell,
Thou hast but done thy office as thou shoulst.
[Exet omnes.

(Act III. Scene I.)

Enter to the Parlament.

Enter two Heralds before, then the Duke of *Buckingham*, and the Duke of *Suffolke*, and then the Duke of *Yorke*, and the Cardinall of *Winchester*, and then the King and the Queene, and then the Earle of *Salisbury*, and the Earle of *Warwicke*.

King. I wonder our vnkle Gloster staies so long.
Queene. Can you not see, or will you not perceiue,

How that ambitious Duke do'h vse himselfe?
The time hath bene, but now that time is past,
That none so humble as Duke Humphrey was:
But now let one meete him euen in the morne,
When euery one will giue the time of day,
And he will neither moue nor speake to vs.
See you not how the Commons follow him
In troupes, crying, God saue the good Duke Humphrey,
And with long life, Iesus preserue his grace,
Honouring him as if he were their King.
Gloster is no litle man in England.
And if he list to stir cammotions,
Tys likely that the people will follow him.
My Lord, if you imagine there is no such thing,
Then let it passe, and call it a womans feare.
My Lord of Suffolke, Buckingham, and Yorke,
Disproue my Alligations if you can,
And by your speeches, if you can reproue me,
I will subscribe and say, I wrong'd the Duke,
Suffol. Well hath your grace foreseen into that Duke,
And if I had bene licenst first to speake,
I thinke I should haue told your graces tale.
Smooth runs the brooks whereas the streame is deepest.
No, no, my soueraigne, Gloster is a man
Vnsounded yet, and full of deepe deceit.

Enter the Duke of *Somerset.*

King. Welcome Lord Somerset, what newes from France?
Somer. Cold newes my Lord, and this it is,
That all your holds and Townes within those Territores
Is ouercome my Lord, all is lost.
King. Cold newes indeed Lord Somerset,
But Gods will be done.
Yorke. Cold newes for me, for I had hope of France,
Euen as I haue of fertill England.

Enter Duke *Humphrey.*

Humph. Pardon my liege, that I haue staid so long.
Suffol. Nay, Gloster know, that thou art come too soone,
Vnlesse thou proue more loyall then thou art,
We do arrest thee on high treason here.
Humph. Why Suffolkes Duke thou shalt not see me blush
Nor change my countenance for thine arrest,
Whereof am I guiltie, who are my accusers?
York. Tis thought my lord, your grace tooke bribes from France,
And stopt the soldiers of their paie,
By which his Maiestie hath lost all France.
Humph. Is it but thought so, and who are they that thinke so?
So God helpe me, as I haue watcht the night
Euer intending good for England still,
That penie that euer I tooke from France,
Be brought against me at the iudgement day.
I neuer robd the soldiers of their paie,
Many a pound of mine owne propper cost
Haue I sent ouer for the soldiers wants,
Because I would not racke the needie Commons.
Car. In your Protectorship you did deuise
Strange torments for offenders, by which meanes
England hath bene defamde by tyrannie.
Humph. Why tis wel knowne that whilst I was protector
Pitie was all the fault that was in me,
A murtherer or foule felonous theefe,
That robs and murthers silly passengers,
I tortord aboue the rate of common law.
Suffolk. Tush my Lord, these be things of no account,
But greater matters are laid vnto your charge,
I do arrest thee on high treason here,
And commit thee to my good Lord Cardinall,
Vntill such time as thou canst cleare thy selfe.
King. Good vnkle obey to his arrest,
I haue no doubt but thou shalt cleare thy selfe,
My conscience tels me thou art innocent.
Humph. Ah gratious Henry these daies are dangerous,
And would my death might end these miseries,
And staie their moodes for good King Henries sake,
But I am made the Prologue to their plaie,
And thousands more must follow after me,
That dreads not yet their liues destruction.
Suffolkes hatefull tongue blabs his harts malice,
Bewfords firie eyes showes his enuious minde.
Buckinghams proud lookes bewraies his cruel thoughts,
And dogged Yorke that leuels at the Moone
Whose ouerweening arme I haue held backe.
All you haue ioynd to betraie me thus:
And you my gratious Lady and soueraigne mistresse,
Causelesse haue laid complaints vpon my head,
I shall not want false witnesses inough,
That so amongst you, you may haue my life.
The Prouerbe no doubt will be well performde,
A staffe is quickly found to beate a dog.
Suffolke. Doth he not twit our soueraigne Lady here,
As if that she with ignomious wrong,
Had sobornde or hired some to sweare against his life.
Queene. I but I can giue the loser leaue to speake.
Humph. Far truer spoke then ment, I loose indeed,
Beshrow the winners hearts, they plaie me false.
Buck. Hele wrest the sence and keep vs here all day,
My Lord of Winchester, see him sent away.
Car. Who's within there? Take in Duke Humphrey,
And see him garded sure within my house.
Humph. O! thus King Henry casts away his crouch,
Before his legs can beare his bodie vp,
And puts his watchfull shepheard from his side,
Whilst wolues stand snarring who shall bite him first.
Farwell my soueraigne, long maist thou enioy,
Thy fathers happie daies free from annoy.
[Exet *Humphrey*, with the Cardinals men.
King. My Lords what to your wisdoms shall seem best,
Do and vndo as if our selfe were here.

Queen. What wil your highnesse leaue the Parlament?
King. I Margaret. My heart is kild with griefe,
Where I may sit and sigh in endlesse mone,
For who's a Traitor, Gloster he is none.
[Exet King, *Salsbury*, and *Warwicke.*
Queene. Then sit we downe againe my Lord Cardinall,
Suffolke, Buckingham, Yorke, and Somerset.
Let vs consult of proud Duke Humphries fall.
In mine opinion it were good he dide,
For safetie of our King and Common-wealth.
Suffolke. And so thinke I Madame, for as you know,
If our King Henry had shooke hands with death,
Duke Humphrey then would looke to be our King:
And it may be by pollicie he workes,
To bring to passe the thing which now we doubt,
The Foxe barkes not when he would steale the Lambe,
But if we take him ere he do the deed,
We should not question if that he should liue.
No. Let him die, in that he is a Foxe,
Least that in liuing he offend vs more.
Car. Then let him die before the Commons know,
For feare that they do rise in Armes for him.
Yorke. Then do it sodainly my Lords,
Suffolke. Letthat be my Lord Cardinals charge & mine.
Car. Agreed, for hee's already kept within my house.

Enter a Messenger.

Queene. How now sirrha, what newes?
Messen. Madame I bring you newes from Ireland,
The wilde Oncle my Lords, is vp in Armes,
With troupes of Irish Kernes that vncontrold,
Doth plant themselues within the English pale.
Queene. What redresse shall we haue for this my Lords?
Yorke. Twere very good that my Lord of Somerset
That fortunate Champion were sent ouer,
And burnes and spoiles the Country as they goe.
To keepe in awe the stubborne Irishmen,
He did so much good when he was in France.
Somer. Had Yorke bene there with all his far fetcht
Pollices, he might haue lost as much as I.
Yorke. I, for Yorke would haue lost his life before
That France should haue reuolted from Englands rule.
Somer. I so thou might'st, and yet haue gouernd worse then I.
York. What worse then nought, then a shame take all.
Somer. Shame on thy selfe, that wisheth shame.
Queene. Somerset forbeare, good Yorke be patient,
And do thou take in hand to crosse the seas,
With troupes of Armed men to quell the pride
Of those ambitious Irish that rebell.
Yorke. Well Madame sith your grace is so content
Let me haue some bands of chosen soldiers,
And Yorke shall trie his fortune against those kernes.
Queene. Yorke thou shalt. My Lord of Buckingham;
Let it be your charge to muster vp such souldiers
As shall suffise him in these needfull warres.
Buck. Madame I will, and leauie such a band
As soone shall ouercome those Irish Rebels,
But Yorke, where shall those soldiers staie for thee?
Yorke. At Bristow, I wil expect them ten daies hence.
Buck. Then thither shall they come, and so farewell. [Exet *Buckingham.*
Yorke. Adieu my Lord of Buckingham.
Queene. Suffolke remember what you haue to do.
And you Lord Cardinall concerning Duke Humphrey,
Tweere good that you did see to it in time,
Come let vs go, that it may be performde.
[Exet omnis, Manit *Yorke.*
York. Now York bethink thy self and rowse thee vp,
Take time whilst it is offered thee so faire,
Least when thou wouldst, thou canst it not attaine,
Twas men I lackt, and now they giue them me,
And now whilst I am busie in Ireland;
I haue seduste a headstrong Kentishman,
Iohn Cade of Ashford,
Vnder the title of Iohn Mortemer,
To raise commotion, and by that meanes
I shall perceiue how the common people
Do affect the claime and house of Yorke,
Then if he haue successe in his affaires,
From Ireland then comes Yorke againe,
To reape the haruest which that coystrill sowed,
Now if he should be taken and condemd,
Heele nere confesse that I did set him on,
And therefore ere I go ile send him word,
To put in practise and to gather head,
That so soone as I am gone he may begin
To rise in Armes with troupes of country swaines,
To helpe him to performe this enterprise,
And then Duke Humphrey, he well made away,
None then can stop the light to Englands Crowne,
But Yorke can tame and headlong pull them downe.
[Exet *Yorke.*

(Act III. Scene II.)

Then the Curtaines being drawne, Duke *Humphrey* is discouered in his bed, and two men lying on his brest and smothering him in his bed. And then enter the Duke of *Suffolke* to them.

Suffolk. How now sirs, what haue you dispatcht him?
One. I my Lord, hees dead I warrant you.
Suffolke. Then see the cloathes laid smooth about him still,
That when the King come, he may perceiue
No other, but that he dide of his owne accord.
2. All things is hansome now my Lord.
Suffolke. Then draw the Curtaines againe and get you gone,
And you shall haue your firme reward anon.
[Exet murtherers.

Then enter the King and Queene, the Duke of *Buckingham*, and the Duke of *Somerset*, and the Cardinall.

King. *My Lord of Suffolke go call our vnkle Gloster,*
Tell him this day we will that he do cleare himselfe.
Suffolke. *I will my Lord.* [Exet *Suffolke.*
King. *And good my Lords procced no further against our vnkle Gloster.*
Then by iust proofe you can affirme,
For as the sucking childe or harmlesse lambe,
So is he innocent of treason to our state.

Enter *Suffolke.*

How now Suffolke, where's our unkle?
Suffolke. *Dead in his bed, my Lord Gloster is dead.* [The King falles in a sound.
Queene. *Ay—me, the King is dead: help, help, my Lords.*
Suffolke. *Comfort my Lord, gratious Henry comfort.*
Kin. *What doth my Lord of Suffolk bid me comfort?*
Came he euen now to sing a Rauens note,
And thinkes he that the cherping of a Wren,
By crying comfort through a hollow voice,
Can satisfie my griefes, or ease my heart:
Thou balefull messenger out of my sight,
For euen in thine eye-bals murther sits,
Yet do not goe. Come Basaliske,
And kill the silly gazer with thy lookes.
Queene. *Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolke thus,*
As if that he had causde Duke Humphreys death?
The Duke and I too, you know were enemies,
And you had best say that I did murther him.
King. *Ah woe is me, for wretched Glosters death.*
Queene. *Be woe for me more wretched then he was,*
What doest thou turne away and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome leoper looke on me,
Was I for this nigh wrackt vpon the sea,
And thrise by aukward winds driuen back from Englands bounds,
What might it bode, but that well foretelling
Winds, said, seeke not a scorpions neast.

Enter the Earles of *Warwicke* and *Salisbury.*

War. *My Lord, the Commons like an angrie hive of bees,*
Run vp and downe, caring not whom they sting,
For good Duke Humphreys death, whom they report
To be murthered by Suffolke and the Cardinall here.
King. *That he is dead good Warwick, is too true,*
But how he died God knowes, not Henry.
War. *Enter his priuie chamber my Lord and view the bodie.*
Good father staie you with the rude multitude, till I returne.
Salb. *I will sonne.* [Exet *Salbury.*
[*Warwicke* drawes the curtaines and showes Duke *Humphrey* in his bed.
King. *Ah vnkle Gloster, heauen receive thy soule.*
Farewell poore Henries ioy, now thou art gone.
War. *Now by this soule that tooke our shape vpon him,*
To free vs from his fathers dreadfull curse,
I am resolu'd that violent hands were laid,
Vpon the life of this thrise famous Duke.
Suffolk. *A dreadfull oth sworne with a solemne toong,*
What instance giues Lord Warwicke for these words?
War. *Oft haue I seene a timely parted ghost,*
Of ashie semblance, pale and bloodlesse,
But loe the blood is setled in his face,
More better coloured then when he liu'd,
His well proportioned beard made rough and sterne,
His fingers spred abroad as one that graspt for life,
Yet was by strength surprisde, the least of these are probable,
It cannot chuse but he was murthered.
Queene. *Suffolke and the Cardinall had him in charge,*
And they I trust sir, are no murtherers.
War. *I, but twas well knowne they were not his friends,*
And tis well seene he found some enemies.
Card. *But haue you no greater proofes then these?*
War. *Who sees a hefer dead and bleeding fresh,*
And sees hard-by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect twas he that made the slaughter?
Who findes the partridge in the puttocks neast,
But will imagine how the bird came there,
Although the kyte soare with vnbloodie beake?
Euen so suspitious is this Tragidie.
Queene. *Are you the kyte Bewford, where's your talants?*
Is Suffolke the butcher, where's his knife?
Suffolke. *I weare no knife to slaughter sleeping men,*
But heres a vengefull sword rusted with ease,
That shall be scoured in his rankorous heart,
That slanders me with murthers crimson badge,
Say if thou dare, proud Lord of Warwickshire,
That I am guiltie in Duke Humphreys death.
[Exet Cardinall.
War. *What dares not Warwicke, if false Suffolke dare him?*
Queene. *He dares not calme his contumelious spirit,*
Nor cease to be an arrogant controwler,
Though Suffolk dare him twentie hundreth times.
War. *Madame be still, with reuerence may I say it,*
That euery word you speake in his defence,
Is slaunder to your royall Maiestie.
Suffolke. *Blunt witted Lord, ignoble in thy words,*
If euer Lady wrongd her Lord so much,
Thy mother tooke vnto her blamefull bed,
Some sterne vntutred churle, and noble stocke
Was graft with crabtree slip, whose frute thou art,
And neuer of the Neuels noble race.
War. *But that the guilt of murther bucklers thee,*
And I should rob the deaths man of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames
And that my soueraignes presence makes me mute,
I would false murtherous coward on thy knees
Make thee craue pardon for thy passed speech,
And say it was thy mother that thou meants,
That thou thy selfe was borne in bastardie,
And after all this fearefull homage done,

Giue thee thy hire and send thy soule to hell,
Pernitious blood-sucker of sleeping men.
Suffol. Thou shouldst be waking whilst I shead thy blood,
If from this presence thou dare go with me.
War. Away euen now, or I will drag thee hence.
[*Warwicke* puls him out.
[Exet *Warwicke* and *Suffolke*, and then all the Commons within, cries, downe with Suffolke, downe with Suffolk. And then enter againe, the Duke of *Suffolke* and *Warwicke*, with their weapons drawne.
King. Why how now Lords?
Suf. The Traitorous Warwicke with the men of Berry,
Set all vpon me mightie soucraigne i
[The Commons againe cries, downe with Suffolke, downe with Suffolke. And then enter from them, the Earle of *Salbury*.
Salb. My Lord, the Commons sends you word by me,
The vnlesse false Suffolke here be done to death,
Or banished faire Englands Territories,
That they will erre from your highnesse person,
They say by him the good Duke Humphrey died,
They say by him they feare the ruine of the realme.
And therefore if you loue your subiects weale,
They wish you to banish him from foorth the land.
Suff. Indeed tis like the Commons rude vnpolisht hinds
Would send such message to their soueraigne,
But you my Lord were glad to be imployd,
To trie how quaint an Orator you were,
But all the honour Salsbury hath got,
Is, that he was the Lord Embassador
Sent from a sort of Tinkers to the King.
[The Commons cries, an answere from the King, my Lord of Salsbury.
King. Good Salsbury go backe againe to them,
Tell them we thanke them all for their louing care,
And had I not bene cited thus by their meanes,
My selfe had done it. Therefore here I sweare,
If Suffolke be found to breathe in any place,
Where I haue rule, but three daies more, he dies.
[Exet *Salisbury*.
Queene. Oh Henry, reuerse the doome of gentle Suffolkes banishment.
King. Vngentle Queene to call him gentle Suffolke,
Speake not for him, for in England he shall not rest,
If I say, I may relent, but if I sweare, it is errevocable.
Come good Warwicke and go thou in with me,
For I haue great matters to impart to thee.
[Exet King and *Warwicke*, Manet Queene and *Suffolke*.
Queene. Hell fire and vengeance go along with you,
Theres two of you, the diuell make the third.
Fie womanish man, canst thou not curse thy enemies?
Suffolke. A plague vpon them, wherefore should I curse them?
Could curses kill as do the Mandrakes groanes,
I would inuent as many bitter termes
Deliuered strongly through my fixed teeth,
With twise so many signes of deadly hate,
As leaue fast enuy in her loathsome caue,
My toong should stumble in mine earnest words,
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint,
My haire be fixt on end, as one distraught,
And euery ioynt should seeme to curse and ban,
And now me-thinks my burthened hart would breake,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drinke,
Gall worse then gall, the daintiest thing they taste.
Their sweetest shade a groue of sypris trees,
Their softest tuch as smart as lyzards stings.
Their musicke frightfull, like the serpents hys.
And boding scrike-oules make the consort full.
All the foule terrors in darke seated hell.
Queene. Inough sweete Suffolke, thou torments thy selfe.
Suffolke. You bad me ban, and will you bid me sease?
Now by this ground that I am banisht from,
Well could I curse away a winters night,
And standing naked on a mountaine top,
Where byting cold would neuer let grasse grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.
Queene. No more. Sweete Suffolke hie thee hence to France,
Or liue where thou wilt within this worldes globe,
Ile haue an Irish that shall finde thee out,
And long thou shalt not staie, but ile haue thee repelde,
Or venture to be banished my selfe.
Oh let this kisse be printed in thy hand,
That when thou seest it, thou maist thinke on me.
Away, I say, that I may feele my griefe,
For it is nothing whilst thou standest here.
Suffolke. Thus is poore Suffolke ten times banished,
Once by the King, but three times thrise by thee.

Enter *Vawse*.

Queene. How now, whither goes Vawse so fast?
Vawse. To signifie vnto his Maiestie,
That Cardinall Bewford is at point of death,
Sometimes he raues and cries as he were madde,
Sometimes he cals vpon Duke Humphries Ghost,
And whispers to his pillow as to him,
And sometime he calles to speake vnto the King,
And I am going to certifie vnto his grace,
That euen now he cald aloude for him.
Queene. Go then good Vawse and certifie the King. [Exet *Vawse*.
Oh what is wordly pompe, all men must die,
And woe am I for Bewfords heauie ende.
But why mourne I for him, whilst thou art here?
Sweete Suffolke hie thee hence to France,
For if the King do come, thou sure must die.
Suff. And if I go I cannot liue: but here to die,
What were it else, but like a pleasant slumber
In thy lap?
Here could I, could I, breath my soule into the aire,
As milde and gentle as the new borne babe,
That dies with mothers dugge betweene his lips,
Where from thy sight I should be raging madde,
And call for thee to close mine eyes,
Or with thy lips to stop my dying soule,
That I might breathe it so into thy bodie,
And then it liu'd in sweete Elyziam,
By thee to die, were but to die in ieast,
From thee to die, were torment more then death,
O let me staie, befall, what may befall.

Queen. *Oh mightst thou staie with safetie of thy life,*
Then shouldst thou staie, but heauens deny it,
And therefore go, but hope ere long to be repelde.
Suff. *I goe.*
Queene. *And take my heart with thee.*
[She kisseth him.
Suff. *A iewell lockt into the wofulst caske,*
That euer yet containde a thing of woorth,
Thus like a splitted barke so sunder we.
This way fall I to death. [Exet *Suffolke.*
Queene. *This way for me.* [Exet Queene.

(Act III. Scene III.)

Enter King and *Salsbury*, and then the Curtaines be drawne, and the Cardinall is discouered in his bed, rauing and staring as if he were madde.

Car. *Oh death, if thou wilt let me liue but one whole yeare,*
Ile giue thee as much gold as will purchase such another Iland.
King. *Oh see my Lord of Salsbury how he is troubled,*
Lord Cardinall, remember Christ must saue thy soule.
Car. *Why died he not in his bed?*
What would you haue me to do then?
Can I make men liue whether they will or no?
Sirra, go fetch me the strong poison which the Pothicary sent me.
Oh see where Duke Humphreys ghoast doth stand,
And stares me in the face. Looke, looke, coame downe his haire,
So now hees gone againe: Oh, oh, oh.
Sal. *See how the panges of death doth gripe his heart.*
King. *Lord Cardinall, if thou diest assured of heauenly blisse,*
Hold vp thy hand and make some signe to us.
[The Cardinall dies.
Oh see he dies, and makes no signe at all.
Oh God forgiue his soule.
Salb. *So bad an ende did neuer none behold,*
But as his death, so was his life in all.
King. *Forbeare to iudge, good Salsbury forbeare,*
For God will iudge vs all.
Go take him hence, and see his funerals be performde. [Exet omnes.

(Act IV. Scene I.)

Alarmes within, and the chambers be discharged, like as it were a fight at sea. And then enter the Captaine of the ship and the Maister, and the Maisters Mate, & the Duke of *Suffolke* disguised, and others with him, and *Water Whickmore.*

Cap. *Bring forward these prisoners that scorn'd to yeeld,*
Vnlade their goods with speed and sincke their ship,
Here Maister, this prisoner I giue to you.
This other, the Maisters Mate shall haue,
And Water Whickmore thou shalt haue this man,
And let them paie their ransomes ere they passe.
Suffolke. *Water!* [He starteth.
Water. *How, now, what doest feare me?*
Thou shalt haue better cause anon.
Suff. *It is thy name affrights me, not thy selfe.*
I do remember well, a cunning Wyssard told me,
That by Water I should die:
Yet let not that make thee bloodie minded.
Thy name being rightly sounded,
Is Gualter, not Water.
Water. *Gualter or Water, als one to me.*
I am the man must bring thee to thy death.
Suff. *I am a Gentleman looke on my Ring,*
Ransome me at what thou wilt, it shalbe paid.
Water. *I lost mine eye in boording of the ship,*
And therefore ere I marchantlike sell blood for gold,
Then cast me headlong downe into the sea.
2. Priso. *But what shall our ransomes be?*
Mai. *A hundred pounds a piece, either paie that or die.*
2. Priso. *Then saue our liues, it shall be paid.*
Water. *Come sirrha, thy life shall be the ransome I will haue.*
Suff. *Staie villaine, thy prisoner is a Prince,*
The Duke of Suffolke, William de la Poull.
Cap. *The Duke of Suffolke folded vp in rags.*
Suf. *I sir, but these rags are no part of the Duke,*
Ioue sometime went disguisde, and why not I?
Cap. *I but Ioue was neuer slaine as thou shalt be.*
Suff. *Base Iadie groome, King Henries blood*
The honourable blood of Lancaster,
Cannot be shead by such a lowly swaine,
I am sent Ambassador for the Queene to France,
I charge thee waffe me crosse the channell safe.
Cap. *Ile waffe thee to thy death, go Water take him hence,*
And on our long boates side, chop off his head.
Suf. *Thou darste not for thine owne.*
Cap. *Yes Poull.*
Suffolke. *Poull.*
Cap. *I Poull, puddle, kennell, sinke and durt,*
Ile stop that yawning mouth of thine,
Those lips of thine that so oft haue kist the
Queene, shall sweepe the ground, and thou that
Smildste at good Duke Humphrey's death,
Shalt liue no longer to infect the earth.
Suffolke. *This villain being but Captain of a Pinnais,*
Threatens more plagues then mightie Abradas,
The great Masadonian Pyrate,
Thy words addes fury and not remorse in me.
Cap. *I but my deeds shall staie thy fury soone.*
Suffolke. *Hast not thou waited at my Trencher,*
When we haue feasted with Queene Margaret?
Hast not thou kist thy hand and held my stirrope?
And barehead plodded by my footecloth Mule,
And thought thee happie when I smilde on thee?
This hand hath writ in thy defence,
Then shall I charme thee, hold thy lauish toong.
Cap. *Away with him, Water, I say, and off with his hed.*
1. Priso. *Good my Lord, intreat him mildly for your life.*
Suffolke. *First let this necke stoupe to the axes edge,*
Before this knee do bow to any,
Saue to the God of heauen and to my King:
Suffolkes imperiall toong cannot pleade
To such a Iadie groome.
Water. *Come, come, why do we let him speake,*
I long to haue his head for raunsome of mine eye.

Suffolk. A Swordar and bandeto slaue,
Murthered sweete Tully.
Brutus bastard-hand stabde Iulius Cæsar,
And Suffolke dies by Pyrates on the seas.
[Exet *Suffolke*, and *Water.*
Cap. Off with his head, and send it to Queene,
And ransomeless this prisoner shall go free,
To see it safe deliuered vnto her.
Come lets goe. [Exet omnes.

(Act IV. Scene II.)

Enter two of the Rebels with long staues.

George. Come away Nick, and put a long staffe in thy pike, and prouide thy selfe, for I Can tell thee, they haue bene vp this two daies.
Nicke. Then they had more need to go to bed now,
But sirrha George whats the matter?
George. Why sirrha, Iack Cade the Diar of Ashford here,
He meanes to turne this land, and set a new nap on it.
Nick. I marry he had need so, for tis growne threedbare,
Twas neuer merry world with vs, since these gentle men came vp.
George. I warrant thee, thou shalt neuer see a Lord weare a leather aperne now a-daies.
Nick. But sirrha, who comes more beside Iacke Cade?
George. Why theres Dicke the Butcher, and Robin the Sadler, and Will that came a wooing to our Nan last Sunday, and Harry and Tom, and Gregory that should haue your Parnill, and a great sort more is come from Rochester, and from Maydstone, and Canterbury, and all the Townes here abouts, and we must all be Lords or squires, assoone as Iacke Cade is King.
Nicke. Harke, harke, I here the Drum, they be comming.

Enter *Iacke Cade, Dicke* Butcher, *Robin, Will, Tom, Harry* and the rest, with long staues.

Cade. Proclaime silence.
All. Silence.
Cade. I Iohn Cade so named for my valiancie.
Dicke. Or rather for stealing of a Cade of Sprats.
Cade. My father was a Mortemer.
Nicke. He was an honest man and a good Bricklaier.
Cade. My mother came of the Brases.
Will. She was a Pedlers daughter indeed, and sold many lases.
Robin. And now being not able to occupie her furd packe,
She washeth buckes vp and downe the country.
Cade. Therefore I am honourably borne.
Harry. I for the field is honourable, for he was borne
Vnder a hedge, for his father had no house but the Cage.
Cade. I am able to endure much.
George. Thats true, I know he can endure any thing,
For I haue seen him whipt two market daies together.
Cade. I feare neither sword nor fire.
Will. He need not feare the sword, for his coate is of proofe.
Dicke. But mee thinkes he should feare the fire, being so often burnt in the hand, for stealing of sheepe.
Cade. Therefore be braue, for your Captain is braue, and vowes reformation: you shall haue seuen half-penny loaues for a penny, and the three hoopt pot, shall haue ten hoopes, and it shall be felony to drinke small beere, and if I be king, as king I will be.
All. God saue your maiestie.
Cade. I thanke you good people, you shall all eate and drinke of my score, and go all in my liuery, and weele have no writing, but the score & the Tally, and there shalbe no lawes but such as comes from my mouth.
Dicke. We shall haue sore lawes then, for he was thrust into the mouth the other day.
George. I and stinking law too, for his breath stinks so, that one cannot abide it.

Enter *Will* with the Clarke of Chattam.

Will. Oh Captaine a pryze.
Cade. Whose that Will?
Will. The Clarke of Chattam, he can write and reade and cast account, I tooke him setting of boyes coppies, and hee has a booke in his pocket with red letters.
Cade. Sonnes, hees a coniurer bring him hither. Now sir, whats your name?
Clarke. Emanuell sir, and it shall please you.
Dicke. It will go hard with you, I can tell you, For they vse to write that oth top of letters.
Cade. And what do you vse to write your name? Or do you as auncient forefathers haue done, Vse the score and the Tally?
Clarke. Nay, true sir, I praise God I haue bene so well brought vp, that I can write mine owne name.
Cade. Oh hes confest, go hang him with his penny-inckhorne about his necke.
[Exet one with the Clarke

Enter *Tom.*

Tom. Captaine. Newes, newes, sir Humrey Stafford and his brother are comming with the kings power, and mean to kil vs all.
Cade. Let them come, hees but a knight is he?
Tom. No, no, hees but a knight.
Cade. Why then to equall him, ile make my selfe knight.
Kneele downe Iohn Mortemer,
Rise vp sir Iohn Mortemer.
Is there any more of them that be Knights?
Tom. I his brother. [He Knights *Dicke* Butcher.
Cade. Then kneele downe Dicke Butcher,
Rise vp sir Dicke Butcher.
[Now sound up the Drumme.

Enter sir *Humphrey Stafford* and his brother with Drumme and souldiers.

Cade. As for these silken coated slaues I, passe not a pinne,
Tis to you good people that I speake.
Stafford. Why country-men, what meane you thus in troopes,

To follow this rebellious Traitor Cade?
Why his father was but a Brick-laier.
Cade. Well, and Adam was a Gardner, what then?
But I come of the Mortemers.
Stafford. I, the Duke of Yorke hath taught you that.
Cade. The Duke of York, nay, I learnt it my selfe,
For looke you, Roger Mortemer the Earle of March,
Married the Duke of Clarence daughter.
Stafford. Well, thats true: But what then?
Cade. And by her he had two children at a birth.
Stafford. Thats false.
Cade. I, but I say, tis true.
All. Why then tis true.
Cade. And one of them was stolne away by a begger-woman,
And that was my father, and I am his sonne,
Deny it and you can.
Nicke. Nay looke you, I know twas true,
For his father built a chimney in my fathers house,
And the brickes are aliue at this day to testifie.
Cade. But doest thou heare Stafford, tell the King, that for his fathers sake, in whose time boyes plaide at spanne-counter with Frenche Crownes, I am content that hee shall be King as long as he liues. Marry alwaies prouided, ile be Protector, ile be Protector ouer him.
Stafford. O monstrous simplicitie.
Cade. And tell him, weele haue the Lord Sayes head, and the Duke of Somersets, for deliuering vp the Dukedomes of Anioy and Mayne, and selling the Townes in France, by which meanes England hath bene maimde euer since, and gone as it were with a crouch, but that my puissance held it vp. And besides, they can speake French, and therefore they are traitors.
Stafford. As how I prethie?
Cade. Why the French men are our enemies be they not? And then can hee that speakes with the tongue of an enemy be a good subiect? Answere me to that.
Stafford. Well sirrha, wilt thou yeeld thy selfe vnto the Kings mercy, and he will pardon thee and these, their outrages and rebellious deeds?
Cade. Nay, bid the King come to me and he will, and then ile pardon him, or otherwaies ile haue his Crowne tell him, ere it be long.
Stafford. Go Herald proclaime in all the Kings Townes,
That those that will forsake the Rebell Cade,
Shall haue free pardon from his Maiestie.
[Exet *Stafford* and his men.
Cade. Come sirs, saint George for vs and Kent.
[Exet omnes.

(Act IV. Scene III.)

Alarums to the battaile, and sir *Humphrey Stafford* and his brother is slaine. Then enter *Iacke Cade* againe and the rest.

Cade. Sir Dicke Butcher, thou hast fought to day most valianly, And knockt them down as if thou hadst bin in thy slaughter house. And thus I will reward thee. The Lent shall be as long againe as it was. Thou shalt haue licence to kil for foure score & one a week. Drumme strike vp, for now weele march to London, for to morrow I meane to sit in the Kings seate at Westminster. [Exet omnes.

(Act IV. Scene IV.)

Enter the King reading of a Letter, and the Queene, with the Duke of *Suffolkes* head, and the Lord *Say*, with others.

King. Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother is slaine,
And the Rebels march amaine to London,
Go back to them, and tell them thus from me,
Ile come and parley with their generall.
Reade. Yet staie, ile reade the Letter one againe.
Lord Say, Iacke Cade hath solemnely vowde to haue thy head.
Say. I, but I hope your highnesse shall haue his.
King. How now Madam, still lamenting and mourning for Suffolkes death, I feare my loue, if I had bene dead, thou wouldst not haue mournde so much for me.
Queene. No my loue, I should not mourne, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

Messen. Oh flie my Lord, the Rebels are entered Southwarke, and haue almost wonne the Bridge,
Calling your grace an vsurper,
And that monstrous Rebell Cade, hath sworne
To Crowne himselfe King in Westminster,
Therefore flie my Lord, and poste to Killingworth.
King. Go bid Buckingham and Clifford, gather
An Army vp, and meete with the Rebels.
Come Madame, let vs haste to Killingworth.
Come on Lord Say, go thou along with vs,
For feare the Rebell Cade do finde thee out.
Say. My innocence my Lord shall pleade for me.
And therfore with your highnesse leaue, ile staie behind.
King. Euen as thou wilt my Lord Say.
Come Madame, let vs go. [Exet omnes.

(Act IV. Scene V.)

Enter the Lord *Skayles* vpon the Tower Walles walking.

Enter three or foure Citizens below.

Lord Scayles. How now, is Iacke Cade slaine?
1. Citizen. No my Lord, nor likely to be slaine,
For they haue wonne the bridge,
Killing all those that withstand them.
The Lord Mayor craueth ayde of your honor from the Tower,
To defend the Citie from the Rebels.
Lord Scayles. Such aide as I can spare, you shall command,
But I am troubled here with them my selfe,
The Rebels haue attempted to win the Tower,
But get you to Smythfield and gather head,
And thither I will send you Matthew Goffe,
Fight for your King, your Country, and your liues,
And so farewell, for I must hence againe.
[Exet omnes.

(Act IV. Scene VI.)

Enter *Iack Cade* and the rest, and strikes his sword upon London Stone.

Cade. Now is Mortemer Lord of this Citie,
And now sitting vpon London stone, We command,
That the first yeare of our raigne,
The pissing Cundit run nothing but red wine.
And now hence forward, it shall be treason
For any that calles me any otherwise then
Lord Mortemer.

Enter a souldier.

Sould. Iacke Cade, Iacke Cade.
Cade. Sounes, knocke him downe. [They kill him.
Dicke. My Lords, theirs an Army gathered together
Into Smythfield.
Cade. Come then, lets go fight with them,
But first go on and set London Bridge a fire,
And if you can, burne downe the Tower too.
Come lets away. [Exet omnes.

(Act IV. Scene VII.)

Alarmes, and then *Mathew Goffe* is slaine and all the rest with him. Then enter *Iacke Cade* again, and his company.

Cade. So, sirs now go some and pull downe the Sauoy,
Others to the Innes of the Court, downe with them all.
Dicke. I haue a sute vnto your Lordship.
Cade. Be it a Lordship Dicke, and thou shalt haue it
For that word.
Dicke. That we may go burne all the Records,
And that all writing may be put downe,
And nothing vsde but the score and the Tally.
Cade. Dicke it shall be so, and henceforward all things shall be in common, and in Cheapeside shall my palphrey go to grasse.
Why ist not a miserable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should parchment be made, & then with a litle blotting ouer with inke, a man should vndo himselfe.
Some saies tis the bees that sting, but I say, tis their waxe, for I am sure I neuer seald to any thing but once, and I was neuer mine owne man since.
Nicke. But when shall we take vp those commodities
Which you told vs of.
Cade. Marry he that will lustily stand to it,
Shall go with me, and take vp these commodities following:
Item, a gowne, a kirtle, a petticoate, and a smocke.

Enter *George.*

George. My Lord, a prize, a prize, heres the Lord Say,
Which sold the Townes in France.
Cade. Come hither thou Say, thou George, thou buckrum lord,
What answere canst thou make vnto my mightinesse,
For deliuering vp the townes in France to Mounsier bus mine cue, the Dolphin of France?
And more then so, thou hast most traitorously erected a grammer schoole, to infect the youth of the realme, and against the Kings Crowne and dignitie, thou hast built vp a paper-mill, nay it wil be said to thy face, that thou kepst men in thy house that daily reades of bookes with red letters, and talkes of a Nowne and a Verbe, and such abhominable words as no Christian eare is able to endure it. And besides all that, thou hast appointed certaine Iustises of peace in euery shire to hang honest men that steale for their liuing, and because they could not reade, thou hast hung them vp: Onely for which cause they were most worthy to liue. Thou ridest on a footcloth doest thou not?
Say. Yes, what of that?
Cade. Marry I say, thou oughtest not to let thy horse weare a cloake, when an honester man then thy selfe, goes in his hose and doublet.
Say. You men of Kent.
All. Kent, what of Kent?
Say. Nothing but bona, terra.
Cade. Bonum terum, sounds whats that?
Dicke. He speakes French.
Will. No tis Dutch.
Nicke. No tis outtalian, I know it well inough.
Say. Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar wrote,
Termde it the civel'st place of all this land,
Then Noble country-men, heare me but speake,
I sold not France, I lost not Normandie.
Cade. But wherefore doest thou shake thy head so?
Say. It is the palsie and not feare that makes me.
Cade. Nay thou nodst thy head, as who say, thou wilt be euen with me, if thou getst away, but ile make the sure inough, now I haue thee. Go take him to the standerd in Cheapeside and chop of his head, and then go to milende-greene, to sir Iames Cromer his sonne in law, and cut off his head too, and bring them to me vpon two poles presently. Away with him.
[Exet one or two, with the Lord *Say.*
There shall not a noble man weare a head on his shoulders,
But he shall paie me tribute for it.
Nor there shal not a mayd be married, but he shal see to me for her.
Maydenhead or else, ile haue it my selfe,
Marry I will that married men shall hold of me in capitie,
And that their wiues shalbe as free as hart can thinke, or toong can tell.

Enter *Robin.*

Robin. O Captaine, London bridge is a fire.
Cade. Runne to Billingsgate, and fetche pitch and flaxe and squench it.

Enter *Dicke* and a Sargiant.

Sargiant. Iustice, Iustice, I pray you sir, let me haue iustice of this fellow here.
Cade. Why what has he done?
Sarg. Alasse sir he has rauisht my wife.
Dicke. Why my Lord he would haue rested me,
And I went and entred my Action in his wiues paper house.
Cade. Dicke follow thy sute in her common place,
You horson villaine, you are a Sargiant youle,
Take any man by the throate for twelue pence,
And rest a man when hees at dinner,
And haue him to prison ere the meate be out of his mouth.

Go Dicke take him hence, cut out his toong for cogging,
Hough him for running, and to conclude,
Brane him with his owne mace.
[Exet with the Sargiant.

Enter two with the Lord *Sayes* head, and sir *Iames Cromers*, vpon two poles.

So, come carry them before me, and at euery lanes ende, let them kisse togither.

(Act IV. Scene VIII.)

Enter the Duke of *Buckingham*, and Lord *Clifford* the Earle of *Comberland*.

Clifford. Why country-men and warlike friends of Kent,
What meanes this mutinous rebellions,
That you in troopes do muster thus your selues,
Vnder the conduct of this Traitor Cade?
To rise against your soueraigne Lord and King,
Who mildly hath his pardon sent to you,
If you forsake this monstrous Rebell here?
If honour be the marke whereat you aime,
Then haste to France that our forefathers wonne,
And winne againe that thing which now is lost,
And leaue to seeke your Countries ouerthrow.
All. A Clifford, a Clifford. [They forsake *Cade*.
Cade. Why how now, will you forsake your generall,
And ancient freedome which you haue possest?
To bend your neckes vnder their seruile yokes,
Who if you stir, will straightwaies hang you vp,
But follow me, and you shall pull them downe,
And make them yeeld their liuings to your hands.
All. A Cade, a Cade. [They runne to *Cade* againe.
Cliff. Braue warlike friends heare me but speak a word,
Refuse not good whilst it is offered you,
The King is mercifull, then yeeld to him,
And I my selfe will go along with you,
To Winsore Castle whereas the King abides,
And one mine honour you shall haue no hurt.
All. A Clifford, a Clifford, God saue the King.
Cade. How like a feather is this rascal company Blowne euery way,
But that they may see there want no valiancy in me,
My staffe shall make way through the midst of you,
And so a poxe take you all.
[He runs through them with his staffe, and flies away.
Buc. Go some and make after him, and proclaime,
That those that can bring the head of Cade,
Shall haue a thousand Crownes for his labour.
Come march away. [Exet omnes.

(Act IV. Scene IX.)

Enter King *Henry* and the Queene, and *Somerset*.

King. Lord Somerset, what newes here you of the Rebell Cade?
Som. This, my gratious Lord, that the Lord Say is don to death,
And the Citie is almost sackt.
King. Gods will be done, for as he hath decreede, so must it be:
And be it as he please, to stop the pride of those rebellious men.
Queene. Had the noble Duke of Suffolke bene aliue,
The Rebell Cade had bene suppresst ere this,
And all the rest that do take part with him.

Enter the Duke of *Buckingham* and *Clifford*, with the Rebels, with halters about their necks.

Cliff. Long liue King Henry, England lawfull King,
Loe here my Lord, these Rebels are subdude,
And offer their liues before your highnesse feete.
King. But tell me Clifford, is there Captaine here.
Clif. No, my gratious Lord, he is fled away, but proclamations are sent forth, that he that can but bring his head, shall haue a thousand crownes. But may it please your Maiestie, to pardon these their faults, that by that traitors meanes were thus misled.
King. Stand vp you simple men, and giue God praise,
For you did take in hand you know not what,
And go in peace obedient to your King,
And liue as subiects, and you shall not want,
Whilst Henry liues, and weares the English Crowne.
All. God saue the King, God saue the King.
King. Come let vs hast to London now with speed,
That solemne prosessions may be sung,
In laud and honour of the God of heauen,
And triumphs of this happie victorie. [Exet omnes.

(Act IV. Scene X.)

Enter *Iacke Cade* at one doore, and at the other, maister *Alexander Eyden* and his men, and *Iack Cade* lies downe picking of hearbes and eating them.

Eyden. Good Lord how pleasant is this country life,
This litle land my father left me here,
With my contented minde serues me as well,
As all the pleasures in the Court can yeeld,
Nor would I change this pleasure for the Court.
Cade. Sounes, heres the Lord of the soyle, Stand villaine, thou wilt betraie mee to the King, and get a thousand crownes for my head, but ere thou goest, ile make thee eate yron like an Astridge, and swallow my sword like a great pinne.
Eyden. Why sawcy companion, why should I betray thee?
Ist not inough that thou hast broke my hedges,
And enterd into my ground without the leaue of me the owner,
But thou wilt braue me too.
Cade. Braue thee and beard thee too, by the best blood of the Realme, looke on me well, I haue eate no meate this fiue dayes, yet and I do not leaue thee and thy fiue men as dead as a doore nayle, I pray God I may neuer eate grasse more.
Eyden. Nay, it neuer shall be saide whilst the world doth stand, that Alexander Eyden an Esquire of Kent, tooke oddes to combat with a famisht man, looke on me, my limmes are equall vnto thine, and euery way as big, then hand to hand, ile combat thee. Sirrha fetch me weopons, and stand you all aside.
Cade. Now sword, if thou doest not hew this burly-bond churle into chines of beefe, I beseech God thou maist fal into some smiths hand, and be turnd to hobnailes,

Eyden. *Come on thy way.*
[They fight, and *Cade* fals downe.
Cade. *Oh villaine, thou hast slaine the floure of Kent for chiualrie, but it is famine & not thee that has done it, for come ten thousand diuels, and giue me but the ten meales that I wanted this fiue daies, and ile fight with you all, and so a poxe rot thee, for Iack Cade must die.* [He dies.
Eyden. *Iack Cade, & was it that monstrous Rebell which I haue slaine. Oh sword ile honour thee for this, and in my chamber shalt thou hang as a monument to after age, for this great seruice thou hast done to me. Ile drag him hence, and with my sword cut off his head, and beare it . . . .* [Exet.

(Act V. Scene I.)

Enter the Duke of *Yorke* with Drum and souldiers.

Yorke. *In Armes from Ireland comes Yorke amaine,*
Ring belles aloud, bonfires perfume the ayre,
To entertaine faire Englands royall King.
Ah Sancta Maiesta, *who would not buy thee deare?*

Enter the Duke of *Buckingham.*

But soft, who comes here Buckingham, what newes with him?
Buc. *Yorke, if thou meane well, I greete thee so.*
Yorke. *Humphrey of Buckingham, welcome I sweare:*
What comes thou in loue or as a Messenger?
Buc. *I come as a Messenger from our dread Lord and soueraign,*
Henry. To know the reason of these Armes in peace?
Or that thou being a subiect as I am,
Shouldst thus approach so neare with colours spred,
Whereas the person of the King doth keepe?
Yorke. *A subiect as he is.*
Oh how I hate these spiteful abiect termes,
But Yorke dissemble, till thou meete thy sonnes,
Who now in Armes expect their fathers sight,
And not farre hence I know they cannot be.
Humphrey Duke of Buckingham, pardon me,
That I answearde not at first, my mind was troubled,
I came to remoue that monstrous Rebell Cade,
And heaue proud Somerset from out the Court,
That basely yeelded vp the Townes in France.
Buc. *Why that was presumption on thy behalfe,*
But if it be no otherwise but so,
The King doth pardon thee, and grants to thy request,
And Somerset is sent vnto the Tower.
Yorke. *Vpon thine honour is it so?*
Buc. *Yorke, he is vpon mine honour.*
York. *Then before thy face, I here dismisse my troopes,*
Sirs, meete me to morrow in saint Georges fields,
And there you shall receiue your paie of me.
[Exet souldiers.
Buc. *Come York, thou shalt go speake vnto the King,*
But see, his grace is comming to meete with vs.

Enter King *Henry.*

King. *How now Buckingham, is Yorke friends with vs,*
That thus thou bringst him hand in hand with thee?
Buc. *He is my Lord, and hath dischargde his troopes*
Which came with him, but as your grace did say,
To heaue the Duke of Somerset from hence,
And to subdue the Rebels that were vp.
King. *Then welcome cousin Yorke, giue me thy hand,*
And thankes for thy great seruice done to vs,
Against those traitorous Irish that rebeld.

Enter maister *Eyden* with *Iacke Cades* head.

Eyden. *Long liue Henry in triumphant peace,*
Lo here my Lord vpon my bended knees,
I here present the traitorous head of Cade,
That hand to hand in single fight I slue.
King. *First thanks to heauen, & next to thee my friend,*
That hast subdude that wicked traitor thus,
Oh let me see that head that in his life,
Did worke me and my land such cruell spight,
A visage sterne, cole blacke his curled locks,
Deepe trenched furrowes in his frowning brows,
Presageth warlike humors in his life.
Here take it hence and thou for thy reward,
Shalt be immediatly created Knight.
Kneele downe my friend, and tell me whats thy name?
Eyden. *Alexander Eyden, if it please your grace,*
A poore Esquire of Kent.
King. *Then rise vp sir Alexander Eyden knight,*
And for thy maintenance, I freely giue
A thousand markes a yeare to maintaine thee,
Beside the firme reward that was proclaimde,
For those that could performe this worthie act,
And thou shalt waight vpon the person of the king.
Eyden. *I humbly thank your grace, and I no longer liue,*
Then I proue iust and loyall to the King. [Exet.

Enter the Queene with the Duke of *Somerset.*

King. *O Buckingham see where Somerset comes,*
Bid him go hide himselfe till Yorke be gone.
Queene. *He shall not hide himselfe for feare of Yorke*
But beard and braue him proudly to his face.
Yorke. *Whose that, proud Somerset at libertie?*
Base fearefull Henry that thus dishonor'st me,
By heauen, thou shalt not gouerne ouer me:
I cannot brooke that Traitors presence here,
Nor will I subiect be to such a King,
That knowes not how to gouerne nor to rule,
Resigne thy Crowne proud Lancaster to me,
That thou vsurped hast so long by force,
For now is Yorke resolu'd to claime his owne,
And rise aloft into faire Englands Throane.
Somer. *Proud Traitor, I arest thee on high treason,*
Against thy soueraigne Lord, yeeld thee false Yorke.
For here I sweare, thou shalt vnto the Tower,
For these proud words which thou hast giuen the king.
Yorke. *Thou art deceiued, my sonnes shalbe my baile,*
And send thee there in dispight of him.
Hoe, where are you boyes?
Queene. *Call Clifford hither presently.*

Enter the Duke of *Yorkes* sonnes, *Edward* the Earle of *March*, and crook-backe *Richard*, at the one doore, with Drumme and soldiers, and at the other doore, enter *Clifford* and his sonne, with Drumme and souldiers, and *Clifford* kneeles to *Henry*, and speakes.

Cliff. *Long liue my noble Lord, and soueraigne King.*
Yorke. *We thank thee Clifford.*
Nay, do not affright vs with thy lookes,
If thou didst mistake, we pardon thee, kneele againe.
Cliff. *Why, I did no way mistake, this is my King,*
What is he mad? to Bedlam with him.
King. *I, a bedlam frantike humor driues him thus*
To leauy Armes against his lawfull King.
Clif. *Why doth not your grace send him to the Tower?*
Queene. *He is arested, but will not obey,*
His sonnes he saith, shall be his baile.
Yorke. *How say you boyes, will you not?*
Edward. *Yes noble father, if our words will serue.*
Richard. *And if our words will not, our swords shall.*
Yorke. *Call hither to the stake, my two rough beares.*
King. *Call Buckingham, and bid him Arme himselfe.*
Yorke. *Call Buckingham and all the friends thou hast,*
Both thou and they, shall curse this fatall houre.

Enter at one doore, the Earles of *Salisbury* and *Warwicke*, with Drumme and souldiers. And at the other, the Duke of *Buckingham*, with Drumme and souldiers.

Cliff. *Are these thy beares? weele bayte them soone,*
Dispight of thee, and all the friends thou hast.
War. *You had best go dreame againe,*
To keepe you from the tempest of the field.
Clif. *I am resolu'd to beare a greater storme,*
Then any thou canst coniure vp to day,
And that ile write vpon thy Burgonet.
Might I but know thee by thy hou·hold badge.
War. *Now by my fathers age, old Neuels crest,*
The Rampant Beare chaind to the ragged staffe,
This day ile weare aloft my burgonet,
As on a mountaine top the Cædar showes,
That keepes his leaues in spight of any storme;
Euen to affright the with the view thereof.
Clif. *And from thy burgonet will I rende the beare,*
And tread him vnderfoote with all contempt,
Dispight the Beare-ward that protects him so.
Young Clif. *And so renowned soueraigne to Armes,*
To quell these Traitors and their compleases.
Richard. *Fie, Charitie for shame, speake it not in spight,*
For you shall sup with Iesus Christ to night.
Yoong Clif. *Foule Stigmaticke thou canst not tell.*
Rich. *No, for if not in heauen, youle surely sup in hell.* [Exet omnes.

(Act V. Scene II.)

Alarmes to the battaile, and then enter the Duke of *Somerset* and *Richard* fighting, and *Richard* kils him vnder the signe of the Castle in Saint Albones.

Rich. *So Lie thou there, and breathe thy last.*
Whats here, the signe of the Castle?
Then the prophesie is come to passe,
For Somerset was forewarned of Castles,
The which he alwaies did obserue.
And now behold, vnder a paltry Ale-house signe,
The Castle in saint Albones,
Somerset hath made the Wissard famous by his death. [Exet.

Alarme again, and enter the Earle of *Warwicke* alone.

War. *Clifford of Comberland, tis Warwicke calles,*
And if thou doest not hide thee from the Beare,
Now whilst the angry Trompets sound Alarmes,
And dead mens cries do fill the emptie aire:
Clifford I say, come forth and fight with me,
Proud Northerne Lord, Clifford of Comberland,
Warwicke is hoarse with calling thee to Armes.
Clifford speakes within. *Warwicke stand still, and view the way that Clifford hewes with his murthering Curtelaxe, through the fainting troopes to finde thee out.*
Warwicke stand still, and stir not till I come.

Enter *Yorke.*

War. *How now my Lord, what a foote?*
Who kild your horse?
Yorke. *The deadly hand of Clifford. Noble Lord,*
Fiue horse this day slaine vnder me,
And yet braue Warwicke I remaine aliue,
But I did kill his horse he lou'd so well,
The boniest gray that ere was bred in North.

Enter *Clifford*, and *Warwicke* offers to fight with him.

Hold Warwicke, and seeke thee out some other chase,
My selfe will hunt this deare to death.
War. *Braue Lord, tis for a Crowne thou fights,*
Clifford farewell, as I entend to prosper well to day,
It grieues my soule to leaue thee vnassaild.
[Exet *Warwicke.*
Yorke. *Now Clifford, since we are singled here alone,*
Be this the day of doome to one of vs,
For now my heart hath sworne immortall hate
To thee, and all the house of Lancaster.
Clifford. *And here I stand, and pitch my foot to thine,*
Vowing neuer to stir, till thou or I be slaine.
For neuer shall my heart be safe at rest,
Till I haue spoyld the hatefull house of Yorke.
[Alarmes, and they fight, and *Yorke* kils *Clifford.*
Yorke. *Now Lancaster sit sure, thy sinowes shrinke,*
Come fearefull Henry grouelling on thy face,
Yeeld vp thy Crowne vnto the Prince of York.
[Exet *Yorke.*

Alarmes, then enter yoong *Clifford* alone.

Yoong Clifford. Father of Comberland,
Where may I seeke my aged father forth?
O! dismall sight, see where he breathlesse lies,
All smeard and weltred in his luke-warme blood,
Ah, aged pillar of all Comberlands true house,
Sweete father, to thy murthred ghoast I sweare,
Immortall hate vnto the house of Yorke.
Nor neuer shall I sleepe secure one night,
Till I haue furiously reuengde thy death,
And left not one of them to breath on earth.
[He takes him vp on his backe.
And thus as old Ankyses sonne did beare
His aged father on his manly backe;
And fought with him against the bloodie Greeks,
Euen so will I. But staie, heres one of them,
To whom my soule hath sworne immortall hate.

Enter *Richard*, and then *Clifford* laies downe his father, fights with him, and *Richard* flies away againe.

Out crooktbacke villaine, get thee from my sight,
But I will after thee, and once againe
When I haue borne my father to his Tent,
Ile trie my fortune better with thee yet.
[Exet yoong *Clifford* with his father.

Alarmes againe, and then enter three or foure, bearing the Duke of *Buckingham* wounded to his Tent.

Alarmes still, and then enter the King and Queene.

Queene. Away my Lord, and flie to London straight,
Make hast for vengeance comes along with them,
Come stand not to expostulate, lets go.
King. Come then faire Queene, to London let vs hast,
And sommon a Parlament with speede,
To stop the fury of these dyre euents.
[Exet King and Queene.

(Act V. Scene III.)

Alarmes, and then a flourish, and enter the Duke of *Yorke* and *Richard*.

Yorke. How now boyes, fortunate this fight hath bene,
I hope to vs and ours, for Englands good,
And our great honour, that so long we lost,
Whilst faint-heart Henry did vsurpe our rights:
But did you see old Salsbury, since we
With bloodie mindes did buckle with the foe,
I would not for the losse of this right hand,
That ought but well betide that good old man.
Rich. My Lord, I saw him in the thickest throng.
Charging his Lance with his old weary armes,
And thrise I saw him beaten from his horse,
And thrise this hand did set him vp againe,
And still he fought with courage gainst his foes,
The boldest sprited man that ere mine eyes beheld.

Enter *Salsbury* and *Warwicke*.

Edward. See noble father, where they both do come,
The onely props vnto the house of Yorke.
Sals. Well hast thou fought this day, thou valiant Duke,
And thou braue bud of Yorkes encreasing house,
The small remainder of my weary life,
I hold for thee, for with thy warlike arme,
Three times this day thou hast preseru'd my life.
Yorke. What say you Lords, the King is fled to London?
There as I here to hold a Parlament.
What saies Lord Warwicke, shall we after them?
War. After them, nay before them if we can.
Now by my faith Lords, twas a glorious day,
Saint Albones battaile wonne by famous Yorke,
Shall be eternest in all age to come.
Sound Drummes and Trumpets, and to London all,
And more such daies as these to vs befall. [Exet omnes.

FINIS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.[1]

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.
HUMPHREY, DUKE OF GLOSTER, his Uncle.
CARDINAL BEAUFORT, Bishop of Winchester.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York.
EDWARD and RICHARD, his Sons.
DUKE OF SOMERSET, DUKE OF SUFFOLK, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, LORD CLIFFORD, and his Son, } of the King's Party.
EARL OF SALISBURY, EARL OF WARWICK, } of the York Faction.
LORD SCALES, Governor of the Tower.
LORD SAY.
SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD, and his Brother.
SIR JOHN STANLEY.
WALTER WHITMORE.
A Sea Captain, Master, and Master's-Mate.
Two Gentlemen, Prisoners with Suffolk. VAUX.
HUME and SOUTHWELL, Priests.
BOLINGBROKE, a Conjurer. A Spirit raised by him.
THOMAS HORNER, an Armourer.
PETER, his Man.
Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of Saint Alban's.
SIMPCOX, an Impostor. Two Murderers.
JACK CADE.
GEORGE, JOHN, DICK, SMITH, the Weaver, MICHAEL, etc., Cade's Followers.
ALEXANDER IDEN, a Kentish Gentleman.

MARGARET, Queen to King Henry.
ELEANOR, Duchess of Gloster.
MARGERY JOURDAIN, a Witch. Wife to Simpcox.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Herald; Petitioners, Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers; Citizens, Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, etc.

SCENE, in various Parts of England.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

London. A Room of State in the Palace.

Flourish of trumpets: then hautboys. Enter, on one side, King HENRY, *Duke of* GLOSTER, SALISBURY, WARWICK, *and Cardinal* BEAUFORT; *on the other, Queen* MARGARET, *led in by* SUFFOLK; YORK, SOMERSET, BUCKINGHAM, *and Others, following.*

Suf. As by your high imperial majesty
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As procurator to your excellence,
To marry princess Margaret for your grace;
So,[2] in the famous ancient city, Tours,
In presence of the kings of France and Sicil,
The dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne, and Alençon,
Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend bishops,
I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd:
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In sight of England and her lordly peers,
Deliver up my title in the queen[3]
To your most gracious hands, that[4] are the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent;
The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd.

K. Hen. Suffolk, arise. — Welcome, queen Margaret:
I can express no kinder sign of love,
Than this kind kiss. — O Lord! that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness;
For thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Q. Mar. Great king of England, and my gracious lord,
The mutual[5] conference that my mind hath had
By day, by night, waking, and in my dreams,
In courtly company, or at my beads,
With you mine alderliefest[6] sovereign,
Makes me the bolder to salute my king
With ruder terms,[7] such as my wit affords,
And over-joy of heart doth minister.

K. Hen. Her sight did ravish, but her grace in speech,
Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
Makes me from wondering fall to weeping joys;[8]
Such is the fulness of my heart's content.
Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

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1) Das Personenverzeichniss fehlt in den alten Ausgg. und wurde zuerst von Rowe (1709) ergänzt. 2) Das *so*, mit welchem der Nachsatz beginnt, entspricht dem *as*, das den Vordersatz anfängt: *As I had in charge — — so I have perform'd my task.* 3) Das Anrecht, das er auf den Besitz Margarethens durch die Procurationsvermählung sich erworben hatte. 4) *that* bezieht sich auf ein in *your hands* steckendes *you:* Suffolk hatte bei der Vermählung in Tours nur den Schatten Heinrich's vorgestellt. 5) *mutual* ist hier nicht = gegenseitig, sondern, wie oft bei Sh., = innig, mit Einverständniss begabt. 6) *alderliefest*, das Steevens richtig mit *dearest of all* erklärt, ist ein Ueberbleibsel aus dem älteren Englisch. Chaucer hatte noch mehrere Zusammensetzungen mit *alder* d. h. *of all;* so *alderfirst, alderlast, alderbest*, während Sh.'s Zeitgenossen nur noch *alderliefest* kennen. 7) *ruder terms* = schlichtere, kunstlosere Ausdrücke, als der König sie gebraucht hat. 8) *weeping*

All.[9] Long live queen Margaret, England's happiness!
Q. Mar. We thank you all. *[Flourish.*
Suf. My lord protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the articles of contracted peace,
Between our sovereign, and the French king Charles,
For eighteen months[10] concluded by consent.
Glo. [Reads.] »Imprimis, It is agreed between the French king, Charles, and William de la Poole, marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry king of England, that the said Henry shall espouse the lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier king of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem; and crown her queen of England ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing. — Item, — That the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine shall be released and delivered to the king her father« —
K. Hen. Uncle, how now?[11]
Glo. Pardon me, gracious lord;
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.
K. Hen. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.
Win. »Item, — It is further agreed between them, — that the duchies of Anjou and Maine[12] shall be released and delivered over to the king her father; and she sent over of the king of England's own proper cost and charges, without having any dowry.«
K. Hen. They please us well. — Lord marquess, kneel down:
We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk,
And girt thee with the sword. — Cousin of York,
We here discharge your grace from being regent
I' the parts of France, till term of eighteen months
Be full expir'd. — Thanks, uncle Winchester,
Gloster, York, Buckingham, Somerset,
Salisbury, and Warwick.[13]
We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely queen.
Come, let us in; and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform'd.
[Exeunt King, Queen, *and* Suffolk.
Glo. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
To you duke Humphrey must unload his grief,
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?
Did he so often lodge in open field,
In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,
To keep by policy what Henry got?
Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,
Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy?
Or hath mine uncle Beaufort, and myself,
With all the learned council of the realm,
Studied so long, sat in the council-house
Early and late, debating to and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?
And hath his highness in his infancy
Been crown'd[14] in Paris, in despite of foes?
And shall these labours, and these honours, die?
Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
Your deeds of war, and all our counsel, die?
O peers of England! shameful is this league;
Fatal this marriage; cancelling your fame,
Blotting your names from books of memory,[15]
Razing the characters of your renown,
Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,
Undoing all, as all had never been![16]
Car. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse,
This peroration with such circumstance?[17]
For France, 't is ours; and we will keep it still.
Glo. Ay, uncle; we will keep it, if we can;
But now it is impossible we should.
Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,[18]
Hath given the duchy[19] of Anjou, and Maine,
Unto the poor king Reignier, whose large style
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.[20]
Sal. Now, by the death of Him that died for all,
These counties were the keys of Normandy. —
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?
War. For grief, that they are past recovery;
For, were there hope to conquer them again,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:
And are the cities, that I got with wounds,
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?[21]
Mort Dieu!

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joys = Freudenthränen, eigentlich Freude, die sich in Thränen äussert. 9) Die Fol. hat hier die Bühnenweisung *All kneel.* 10) In den Qs. *Till term of eighteen months be full expired*, ein Vers, den die Fol. erst weiterhin hat. 11) Der König fragt den Herzog von Gloster, was ihm zustosse, da er so plötzlich mitten in der Vorlesung innehält. — Die Qs. hatten vorher die Bühnenweisung *Duke Humphrey lets it fall.* 12) Malone weist auf den Widerspruch hin, dass Winchester in dem Vortrage liest *the duchies of Anjou and Maine*, während Gloster vorher dieselben Worte *the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine* gelesen hatte. Es ist das vielleicht nicht so sehr, wie Malone annimmt, eine Nachlässigkeit Sh.'s, als vielmehr eine Andeutung, dass Winchester das von Gloster bereits Vorgelesene nur flüchtig und ungefähr wiederholt, wie er auch *delivered over* liest, wo Gloster nur *delivered* gelesen hatte. 13) So theilt die Fol. die vorhergehenden Verse ab. Die meisten Hgg. setzen dafür: *Cousin of York, we here discharge your grace || From being regent in the parts of France, || Till term of eighteen months be full expired. || Thanks, uncle Winchester, Gloster, York, and Buckingham, || Somerset, Salisbury, and Warwick.* 14) *been* fügte zuerst Capell vor *crowned*, wie die Fol. zweisylbig las, ein, während die frühern Hgg. seit Rowe in der vorigen Zeile *was* für *hath* setzten. — Grant White liest *And had — — Crowned in Paris*, indem er den Satz mit dem vorhergehenden verbindet, so dass also *mine uncle Beaufort, and myself* das Subject bleibt: Wir liessen seine Hoheit in Paris krönen. — Die Krönung des jungen Heinrich VI. kam in K. Henry VI. First Part (A. 4, Sc. 1) vor. 15) *books of memory* = Geschichtsbücher, Chroniken, Annalen. — In Verbindung damit ist das folgende *characters of your renown* aufzufassen. 16) Alles vernichtend, als ob es früher nie dagewesen wäre. 17) *circumstance* = überflüssige Zuthat, Weitschweifigkeit. 18) *roast* = Braten, steht in der Redensart *to rule the roast* = regieren, für Bratspiess: der den Bratspiess zu wenden hat. 19) So die Fol.; manche Hgg. entlehnen aus den Qs. dafür *duchies*. 20) Sh. hatte hier Holinshed vor Augen: *for King Regner, her father, for all his long style, had too short a purse to send his daughter honourably*

York. For Suffolk's duke, may he be suffocate,[22]
That dims the honour of this warlike isle!
France should have torn and rent my very heart,
Before I would have yielded to this league.
I never read but England's kings have had
Large sums of gold, and dowries, with their wives;
And our king Henry gives away his own,
To match with her that brings no vantages.
Glo. A proper jest, and never heard before,
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth,
For costs and charges in transporting her![23]
She should have stay'd in France, and starv'd in France,
Before —
Car. My lord of Gloster, now you grow too hot.
It was the pleasure of my lord the king.
Glo. My lord of Winchester, I know your mind:
'T is not my speeches that you do mislike,
But 't is my presence that doth trouble ye.
Rancour will out: proud prelate, in thy face
I see thy fury. If I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.[24] —
Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,[25]
I prophesied, France will be lost ere long. *[Exit.*
Car. So, there goes our protector in a rage.
'T is known to you he is mine enemy;
Nay, more, an enemy unto you all,
And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.
Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,
And heir apparent to the English crown:
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,
There 's reason he should be displeas'd at it.
Look to it, lords: let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts; be wise, and circumspect.
What though the common people favour him,
Calling him »Humphrey, the good duke of Gloster;«
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice —
»Jesu maintain your royal excellence!«
With — »God preserve the good duke Humphrey!«
I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
He will be found a dangerous protector.
Buck. Why should he then protect our sovereign,
He being of age to govern of himself? —
Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,
And all together,[26] with the duke of Suffolk,
We 'll quickly hoise duke Humphrey from his seat.
Car. This weighty business will not brook delay;
I 'll to the duke of Suffolk presently. *[Exit.*
Som. Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's pride,
And greatness of his place, be grief to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal.
His insolence is more intolerable
Than all the princes' in the land beside:
If Gloster be displac'd, he 'll be protector.
Buck. Or thou, or I, Somerset,[27] will be protector,
Despite duke Humphrey, or the cardinal.
[Exeunt Buckingham *and* Somerset.
Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him.[28]
While these do labour for their own preferment,
Behoves it us to labour for the realm.
I never saw but Humphrey, duke of Gloster,
Did bear him like a noble gentleman.[29]
Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal,
More like a soldier, than a man o' the church,
As stout and proud, as he were lord of all,
Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself[30]
Unlike the ruler of a commonweal. —
Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age,
Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy house-keeping,[31]
Hath won the greatest favour of the commons,
Excepting none but good duke Humphrey;[32]
And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,
In bringing them[33] to civil discipline,
Thy late exploits, done in the heart of France,
When thou wert regent for our sovereign,
Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the people. —
Join we together, for the public good,
In what we can, to bridle and suppress
The pride of Suffolk, and the cardinal,
With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;[34]
And, as we may, cherish duke Humphrey's deeds,
While they do tend[35] the profit of the land.
War. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,
And common profit of his country.[36]
York. [Aside.] And so says York, for he hath greatest cause.
Sal. Then let 's make haste away, and look unto the main.
War. Unto the main![37] O father, Maine is lost;
That Maine, which by main force Warwick did win,
And would have kept, so long as breath did last:

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to the king her spouse. 21) *wounds* und *words* sind einander auch im Gleichklange gegenübergestellt 22) Wortspiel zwischen *Suffolk* und *suffocate*, letzteres die von Sh. bei Verben auf *—ate* häufig gebrauchte Participialform für *suffocated.* 23) Sh. entlehnte diese Notiz aus Holinshed: *for the fetching of her the Marquess of Suffolk demanded a whole fifteenth in open parliament*, d. h. ein Fünfzehntel der Besteuerung des Volkes. 24) Solches Handgemenge oder Scharmützel, wie es in K. Henry VI. First Part (A. 1, Sc. 3) geschildert was. — *bickering* = Hader, Scharmützel, gebraucht Holinshed öfter. 25) Gedenkt, wenn ich todt bin, meiner Prophezeiung, dass Frankreich uns in Kurzem verloren gehen wird. 26) Die Fol. liest *altogether*, wie sie öfter für *all together* hat. 27) *Somerset* gehört zu *thou*, neben dem es eigentlich stehen sollte. — Die Fol. liest *protectors* für *protector.* 28) Das Sprichwort, an das hier erinnert wird, lautet eigentlich: *Pride goeth before, and shame followeth.* — Hier sind jedoch unter *pride* Suffolk und Cardinal Winchester, unter *ambition* Buckingham und Somerset verstanden. 29) Ich sah stets den Herzog von Gloster sich als einen wahren Edelmann benehmen. 30) Es kann hier, wie an einer andern Stelle, in Comedy of Errors (A. 4, Sc. 3) *Antipholus is mad,* || *Else would he never so demean himself*, zweifelhaft erscheinen, ob Sh. *to demean one's self* = sich benehmen, oder, mit bösem Nebensinn, = sich herabwürdigen, gebraucht. 31) Dein häusliches, wirthschaftlich sparsames Leben. 32) d. h. nur der Herzog von Gloster erfreut sich noch grösserer Gunst bei den Gemeinen als Du. — *Humphrey* ist vielleicht dreisylbig *(Humpherey)* zu lesen. 33) *them* bezieht sich auf *Ireland*, oder eigentlich auf das darin liegende *the Irish.* — Nach der Geschichte war jedoch der Herzog von York erst vier Jahre später Vicekönig von Irland. 34) Vgl. oben Anm. 28. 35) *to tend* = bezwecken, erstreben, als transitives Verbum. 36) *country* ist dreisylbig *(countery)* zu lesen. 37) Wortspiel zwischen *main* = Hauptsache, und *Maine*, der französischen

Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine,
Which I will win from France, or else be slain.
[Exeunt Warwick *and* Salisbury.
York. Anjou and Maine are given to the French;
Paris is lost: the state of Normandy
Stands on a tickle[38] point, now they are gone.
Suffolk concluded on the articles,
The peers agreed, and Henry was well pleas'd,
To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
I cannot blame them all: what is 't to them?
'T is thine[39] they give away, and not their own.
Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,
And purchase friends, and give to courtezans,
Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone;
Whileas the silly[40] owner of the goods
Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,
And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,
While all is shar'd, and all is borne away,
Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own:
So York must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his own lands are bargain'd for, and sold.
Methinks, the realms of England, France, and Ireland,
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,
As did the fatal brand Althæa burn'd,
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.[41]
Anyou and Maine, both given unto the French!
Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England's soil.
A day will come when York shall claim his own;
And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts,[42]
And make a show of love to proud duke Humphrey,
And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
For that 's the golden mark I seek to hit.
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whose church-like humours fit not for a crown.[43]
Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve:
Watch thou, and wake, when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the state,
Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,
With his new bride, and England's dear-bought queen,
And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars:
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,[44]
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd,
And in my standard bear the arms of York,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster;
And, force perforce, I 'll make him yield the crown,
Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down.
[Exit.

SCENE II.

The Same. A Room in the Duke of Gloster's House.

Enter Gloster *and the* Duchess.

Duch. Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?
Why doth the great duke Humphrey knit his brows,
As frowning at the favours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,
Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?
What seest thou there? king Henry's diadem,
Enchas'd with all the honours of the world?
If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
Until thy head be circled with the same.
Put forth thy hand; reach at the glorious gold. —
What, is 't too short? I 'll lengthen it with mine;
And, having both together heav'd it up,
We 'll both together lift our heads to heaven,
And never more abase our sight so low,
As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.
Glo. O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,
Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts:
And may that thought, when I imagine ill[1]
Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,
Be my last breathing in this mortal world.
My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.
Duch. What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I 'll requite it
With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.[2]
Glo. Methought, this staff, mine office-badge in court,[3]
Was broke in twain: by whom, I have forgot,
But, as I think, it was by the cardinal;
And on the pieces of the broken wand
Were plac'd the heads of Edmond duke of Somerset,
And William de la Poole, first duke of Suffolk.
This was my dream: what it doth bode, God knows.
Duch. Tut! this was nothing but an argument.
That he that breaks a stick of Gloster's grove,
Shall lose his head for his presumption.
But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:
Methought, I sat in seat of majesty,
In the cathedral church of Westminster,
And in that chair where kings and queens are[4] crown'd;

Provinz des Namens. 38) *tickle* = unsicher, locker. So in Soliman and Perseda: *The rest by turning of my tickle wheel.* — Das folgende *now they are gone* bezieht sich auf *Anjou and Maine* und auf *Paris.* 39) Mit *thine* redet York sich selbst an, da er vermöge seines Erbanspruches sich Rechnung auf den Besitz Englands und Frankreichs machte. — In der folgenden Zeile ist *penn'orths* zu sprechen, wie Pope schrieb. 40) *silly* = harmlos, unschuldig. — *whileas* für das einfache *while*, wie Sh. *whereas* und *whenas* für *where* und *when* gebraucht. 41) Die Reiche England, Frankreich und Irland, deren Besitz nun bedroht ist, stehen zu York's Dasein in so innigem Verhältnisse, wie der Feuerbrand, den die Althæa aus den Flammen rettete und aufbewahrte, zu dem Leben ihres Sohnes Meleager, des Fürsten von Kalydon, stand. — *of Calydon* gehört zu *prince's.* So ähnlich in A. 1, Sc. 3: *And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France.* 42) Unter den *Nevils* versteht er die Grafen Salisbury und Warwick, von denen der Erstere, wie York selbst, eine Frau aus dem Hause der Nevils geheirathet hatte. 43) Heinrich VI. ist wegen seiner Neigung zu einem beschaulichen, frommen Leben eher zu einem Geistlichen, als zu einem Könige geeignet. — In demselben Sinne spricht er nachher von Heinrich's *bookish rule.* 44) Die weisse Rose, welche die Yorks als Abzeichen ihrer Partei gewählt, im Gegensatz zu der rothen Rose der Lancasters. Vgl. K. Henry VI. First Part A. 2, Sc. 4.

1) Wenn ich Uebles ersinne oder denke gegen meinen König. 2) Der Morgentraum wird als ein angenehmer, günstiger, dem ängstlichen Traume der Nacht entgegengesetzt, wie *sweet* dem *troublous.* — In Gloster's voriger Rede hat die Fol. *my troublous dreames.* 3) Der Stab ist das Abzeichen des Amtes, mit welchem Gloster am Hofe erschien. 4) *are* in der entsprechenden Stelle der Qs.; die Fol. hat *wer.* — In der folgenden Zeile ver-

Where Henry, and dame Margaret, kneel'd to me,
And on my head did set the diadem.
Glo. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright.
Presumptuous dame! ill-nurtur'd [5] Eleanor!
Art thou not second woman in the realm,
And the protector's wife, belov'd of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery, [6]
To tumble down thy husband, and thyself,
From top of honour to disgrace's feet?
Away from me, and let me hear no more.
Duch. What, what, my lord! are you so choleric
With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?
Next time I 'll keep my dreams unto myself,
And not be check'd. [7]
Glo. Nay, be not angry, I am pleas'd again.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord protector, 't is his highness' pleasure,
You do prepare to ride unto Saint Alban's,
Whereas [8] the king and queen do mean to hawk.
Glo. I go. — Come, Nell; thou wilt ride with us?
Duch. Yes, my good lord, I 'll follow presently.
[Exeunt Gloster *and Messenger.*
Follow I must; I cannot go before,
While Gloster bears this base and humble mind.
Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,
And smooth my way upon their headless necks:
And, being a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in Fortune's pageant. [9]
Where are you there? Sir [10] John! nay, fear not, man,
We are alone; here 's none but thee, and I.

Enter Hume.

Hume. Jesus preserve your royal majesty!
Duch. What say'st thou? majesty! I am but grace. [11]
Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,
Your grace's title shall be multiplied.
Duch. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet conferr'd
With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch,
And Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?
And will they undertake to do me good?
Hume. This they have promised, — to show your highness
A spirit rais'd from depth of under-ground,
That shall make answer to such questions,
As by your grace shall be propounded him.
Duch. It is enough: I 'll think upon the questions.
When from Saint Alban's we do make return,
We 'll see these things effected to the full.
Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,
With thy confederates in this weighty cause. *[Exit.*
Hume. Hume must make merry with the duchess' gold;
Marry, and shall. But how now, Sir John Hume?
Seal up your lips, and give no words but — mum:
The business asketh silent secrecy.
Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch:
Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.
Yet have I gold, flies from another coast:
I dare not say, from the rich cardinal,
And from the great and new-made duke of Suffolk;
Yet I do find it so: for, to be plain,
They, knowing dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,
Have hired me to undermine the duchess,
And buz these conjurations in her brain. [12]
They say, a crafty knave does need no broker; [13]
Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker. [14]
Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.
Well, so it stands; and thus, I fear, at last,
Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wrack,
And her attainture will be Humphrey's fall.
Sort how it will, [15] I shall have gold for all. *[Exit.*

SCENE III.

The Same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Peter, *and Others, with petitions.* [1]

1. Pet. My masters, let 's stand close: my lord protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill. [2]
2. Pet. Marry, the Lord protect him, for he 's a good man! Jesu bless him!

Enter Suffolk *and Queen* Margaret.

1. Pet. Here 'a comes, methinks, and the queen with him. I 'll be the first, sure.
2. Pet. Come back, fool! this is the duke of Suffolk, and not my lord protector.
Suf. How now, fellow? wouldst anything with me?
1. Pet. I pray, my lord, pardon me: I took ye for my lord protector.
Q. Mar. »To my lord protector!« are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them. What is thine?

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muthet Staunton *there* für *where.* 5) *ill-nurtured* = schlechtgeartet, bösartig. 6) *to hammer* mit dem Accusativ = über Etwas grübeln, Etwas ausdenken. So in Lodge's Drama Wounds of Civil War: *Whose heart doth hammer nought but mutinies.* 7) Ich will mich keinen Verweisen aussetzen, indem ich meine Träume wieder erzähle. 8) *whereas* für *where.* Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1, Anm. 40. 9) In dem Schaugepränge der Fortuna will auch die Herzogin die ihr bestimmte Rolle spielen. — *pageant* scheint dreisylbig *(pagëant)* lauten zu müssen. 10) Mit *Sir* wurden die Priester angeredet, und als solchen fand Sh. den Hume schon bei Holinshed bezeichnet: *John Hum, priest.* 11) Der Herzogin gebührt nur die Anrede *your grace,* nicht *your majesty.* 12) Suffolk und Winchester haben den Hume angestiftet, dass er der Herzogin von Gloster den Gedanken zu solchen Geisterbeschwörungen eingeben, ihn ihr gleichsam in's Gehirn summen möchte. 13) Eine sprichwörtliche Redensart, die auch sonst vorkommt. So in A Knack to know a Knave (1594) *Some will say || A crafty knave needs no broker, || But here 's a crafty knave and a broker too.* 14) scil. *the broker of Suffolk and of the cardinal.* — Die vierte Folioausg. liest demgemäss auch *Suffolk's.* 15) Mag es sich fügen, wie es wolle. So in Much Ado about Nothing (A. 4, Sc. 1) *if it sort not well.*

1) Die alte Bühnenweisung der Fol. lautet *Enter three or four Petitioners, the Armourer's man being one.* 2) *in the quill* = in die Feder dictirt, schriftlich. — ein affectirt gesuchter Ausdruck, der hier komisch wirken soll. Vielleicht gebraucht der Supplicant aber das Wort missverständlich für irgend ein anderes, wie Peter

1. Pet. Mine is, an 't please your grace, against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my house, and lands, and wife, and all, from me.

Suf. Thy wife too? that is some wrong indeed. — What 's yours? — What 's here? *[Reads.]* »Against the duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford.«[3] — How now, sir knave?

2. Pet. Alas! Sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

Peter. [Presenting his petition.] Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying, that the duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

Q. Mar. What say'st thou? did the duke of York say, he was rightful heir to the crown?

Pet. That my master[4] was? No, forsooth: my master said, that he[5] was; and that the king was an usurper.

Suf. Who is there?

Enter Servants.

Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant presently. — We 'll hear more of your matter before the king. *[Exeunt Servants with* PETER.

Q. Mar. And as for you, that love to be protected
Under the wings of our protector's grace,
Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.
[Tears the petition.
Away, base cullions! — Suffolk, let them go.

All. Come, let 's be gone. *[Exeunt Petitioners.*

Q. Mar. My lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,
Is this the fashion in the court of England?
Is this the government of Britain's isle,
And this the royalty of Albion's king?
What! shall king Henry be a pupil still,
Under the surly Gloster's governance?
Am I a queen in title and in style,
And must be made a subject to a duke?
I tell thee, Poole, when in the city Tours
Thou ramm'st a tilt in honour of my love,
And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France,
I thought king Henry had resembled thee,
In courage, courtship, and proportion:
But all his mind is bent to holiness,
To number Ave-Maries on his beads;
His champions are the prophets and apostles;[6]
His weapons, holy saws of sacred writ;
His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves
Are brazen images of canoniz'd[7] saints.
I would, the college of the cardinals
Would choose him pope, and carry him to Rome,
And set the triple crown upon his head:
That were a state fit for his holiness.

Suf. Madam, be patient; as I was cause
Your highness came to England, so will I
In England work your grace's full content.

Q. Mar. Beside the haughty protector, have we Beaufort,
The imperious churchman, Somerset, Buckingham,
And grumbling York: and not the least of these,
But can do more in England than the king.[8]

Suf. And he of these that can do most of all,
Cannot do more in England than the Nevils:
Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.

Q. Mar. Not all these lords do vex me half so much,
As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife:
She sweeps it[9] through the court with troops of ladies,
More like an empress than duke Humphrey's wife.
Strangers in court do take her for the queen:
She bears a duke's revenues on her back,[10]
And in her heart she scorns our poverty.
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
Contemptuous base-born callat as she is,
She vaunted 'mongst her minions t'other day,
The very train of her worst wearing-gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands,
Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms[11] for his daughter.

Suf. Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for her;[12]
And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,
That she will light to listen to the lays,
And never mount to trouble you again.
So, let her rest, and, Madam, list to me;
For I am bold to counsel you in this.
Although we fancy not the cardinal,
Yet must we join with him, and with the lords,
Till we have brought duke Humphrey in disgrace.
As for the duke of York, this late complaint[13]
Will make but little for his benefit:
So, one by one, we 'll weed them all at last,
And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.[14]

Enter King HENRY, YORK, *and* SOMERSET; *Duke and Duchess of* GLOSTER, *Cardinal* BEAUFORT, BUCKINGHAM, SALISBURY, *and* WARWICK.

K. Hen. For my part, noble lords, I care not which;
Or Somerset, or York, all 's one to me.

York. If York have ill demean'd himself in France,
Then let him be denay'd[15] the regentship.

Som. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
Let York be regent; I will yield to him.

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in dem Text der Qs. bald nachher *usurer* für *usurper* sagt. 3) Der Herzog von Suffolk hatte eigenmächtig die Gemeindeweide zu Melford für seinen eigenen Bedarf einhegen lassen, und so eine Benutzung derselben von Seiten der übrigen Einwohner ausgeschlossen. 4) *master* emendirt Warburton das *mistress* der Fol. Wahrscheinlich stand in der Handschrift eine Abbreviatur, die sich für Beides lesen liess. 5) Auf *he*, das hier den Herzog von York bedeutet, liegt der Nachdruck. 6) Statt im Turnier als Kämpfer zu Ehren einer Dame aufzutreten, liest er die Bücher der Propheten und die Briefe der Apostel in der Bibel. 7) *to canonize* betont Sh. bald auf der ersten, bald auf der zweiten Sylbe. — Sidney Walker wollte zur Verbesserung des Verses *image'* für *images* lesen. 8) Und selbst der geringste von Diesen vermag mehr als der König. 9) *to sweep it* = eine Schleppe, einen Schweif bilden. Das Gefolge von Damen, das sie bei Hofe hinter sich hat, ist diese Schleppe. 10) Sie verschwendet die Einkünfte eines Herzogs auf ihre Kleidung. 11) Die Herzogthümer Anjou und Maine. Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1, Anm. 19. 12) Die Metapher ist aus dem Vogelfang, wobei die Zweige eines Busches mit Vogelleim bestrichen werden und gezähmte Lockvögel in der Nähe mit ihrem Gesange den wilden Vogel um so eher verlocken, sich darauf niederzulassen. 13) Die Klage, welche Peter, der Diener des Waffenschmiedes Horner, vorher gegen seinen Herrn in Bezug auf das angebliche Thronrecht York's vorgebracht hatte, wird dem York auch keinen Nutzen bringen, wird ihn beim König schlecht empfehlen. 14) Das Steuerruder des Staats, der unter Eurer Leitung glücklich sein wird. 15) *to denay*, eine ältere Form für *to deny*, findet sich bei Sh. nur hier; doch hat er das substantivische *denay* in

War. Whether your grace be worthy, yea, or no,
Dispute not that: York is the worthier.
Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.
War. The cardinal 's not my better in the field.
Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.
War. Warwick may live to be the best of all.
Sal. Peace, son! — and show some reason, Buckingham,
Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.
Q. Mar. Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.
Glo. Madam, the king is old enough himself
To give his censure.[16] These are no women's matters.
Q. Mar. If he be old enough, what needs your grace
To be protector of his excellence?
Glo. Madam, I am protector of the realm,
And at his pleasure will resign my place.
Suf. Resign it then, and leave thine insolence.
Since thou wert king, (as who is king but thou?)
The commonwealth hath daily run to wrack;
The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas;
And all the peers and nobles of the realm
Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.
Car. The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's bags
Are lank and lean with thy extortions.
Som. Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's attire,[17]
Have cost a mass of public treasury.
Buck. Thy cruelty in execution
Upon offenders hath exceeded law,
And left thee to the mercy of the law.
Q. Mar. Thy sale of offices, and towns in France,
If they were known, as the suspect is great,[18]
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.
[Exit Gloster. *The* Queen *drops her fan.*
Give me my fan: what, minion! can you not?[19]
[Giving the Duchess *a box on the ear.*
I cry you mercy, Madam: was it you?
Duch. Was 't I? yea, I it was, proud Frenchwoman:
Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I 'd set my ten commandments[20] in your face.
K. Hen. Sweet aunt, be quiet: 't was against her will.
Duch. Against her will! Good king, look to 't in time;
She 'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby:
Though in this place most master wear no breeches,
She shall not strike dame Eleanor unreveng'd. *[Exit.*
Buck. Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,
And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds:
She 's tickled now; her fume needs no spurs,[21]
She 'll gallop far enough to her destruction. *[Exit.*

Re-enter Gloster.

Glo. Now, lords, my choler being over-blown
With walking once about the quadrangle,[22]
I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
As for your spiteful false objections,
Prove them, and I lie open to the law;
But God in mercy so deal with my soul,
As I in duty love my king and country.
But, to the matter that we have in hand. —
I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man
To be your regent in the realm of France.
Suf. Before we make election, give me leave
To show some reason, of no little force,
That York is most unmeet of any man.
York. I 'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet:
First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride;
Next, if I be appointed for the place,
My lord of Somerset will keep me here,
Without discharge, money, or furniture,
Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands.
Last time I danc'd attendance on his will,[23]
Till Paris was besieg'd, famish'd, and lost.
War. That can I witness: and a fouler fact
Did never traitor in the land commit.
Suf. Peace, headstrong Warwick!
War. Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter Servants of Suffolk, *bringing in* Horner *and* Peter.[24]

Suf. Because here is a man accus'd of treason:
Pray God, the duke of York excuse himself!
York. Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?
K. Hen. What mean'st thou, Suffolk? Tell me, what are these?
Suf. Please it your majesty, this is the man
That doth accuse his master of high treason.
His words were these: — that Richard, duke of York,
Was rightful heir unto the English crown,
And that your majesty was an usurper.
K. Hen. Say, man, were these thy words?
Hor. An 't shall please your majesty, I never said nor thought any such matter. God is my witness, I am falsely accused by the villain.
Pet. By these ten bones,[25] my lords, he did speak them to me in the garret one night, as we were scouring my lord of York's armour.
York. Base dunghill villain, and mechanical,
I 'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech. —
I do beseech your royal majesty,
Let him have all the rigour of the law.
Hor. Alas! my lord, hang me, if ever I spake the words. My accuser is my prentice; and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees, he would be even with me. I have good witness of

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Twelfth-Night (A. 2, Sc. 4) *My love can give no place, bide no denay.* 16) *censure* = Urtheil, Meinung. 17) Vgl. oben Anm. 10. 18) *suspect*, veraltet für *suspicion:* es waltet ein starker Argwohn oder Verdacht ob, dass Gloster mit den Würdenämtern einen Handel getrieben, und französische Städte an den Dauphin verkauft habe. — *they* bezieht sich auf *sale*, weil die Plurale *offices* und *towns* dabei stehen. 19) Die Königin stellt sich, als habe sie eine ihrer Zofen zur Seite und als erkenne sie erst nachher, dass es die Herzogin von Gloster sei. 20) *ten commandments* = die zehn Gebote, wird auch von andern Dramatikern der Zeit scherzhaft = die zehn Finger, gebraucht. So in Westward Hoe: *your harpy has set his ten commandments on my back.* 21) So die Fol., indem *tickled* vielleicht dreisylbig *(tickeled)* zu lesen ist. Viele Hgg. ziehen die Lesart der zweiten Folioausg. *can need* für *needs* vor und adoptiren eben so unnöthig in der folgenden Zeile Pope's Emendation *fast* für *far*. — Für *fume* setzt Dyce *fury*. 22) *quadrangle* ist der innere Hof, den die vier Flügel des königlichen Palastes bilden. 23) Das letzte Mal, als es zu handeln galt, musste ich so lange hier müssig seinem Belieben aufwarten, bis Paris von den Franzosen belagert, ausgehungert und den Engländern verloren war. 24) Die alte Bühnenweisung lautet *Enter Armourer and his man.* 25) *by these ten bones* = bei diesen zehn Fingern, eine Betheurung, welche in den Dramen vor und nach Sh. öfter vorkommt. Die Hgg. fügen die erklärende Bühnenweisung

this: therefore, I beseech your majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

K. Hen. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

Glo. This doom, my lord, if I may judge:
Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,
Because in York this breeds suspicion;
And let these have a day appointed them
For single combat in convenient place;
For he hath witness of his servant's malice.
This is the law, and this duke Humphrey's doom.[26]

Som. I humbly thank your royal majesty.

Hor. And I accept the combat willingly.

Pet. Alas! my lord, I cannot fight: for God's sake, pity my case! the spite of man prevaileth against me. O Lord, have mercy upon me! I shall never be able to fight a blow. O Lord, my heart!

Glo. Sirrah, or you must fight or else be hang'd.

K. Hen. Away with them to prison; and the day
Of combat shall be the last of the next month. —
Come, Somerset, we 'll see thee sent away.[27] *[Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Same. The Duke of Gloster's Garden.

Enter Margery Jourdain, Hume, Southwell, *and* Bolingbroke.[1]

Hume. Come, my masters; the duchess, I tell you, expects performance of your promises.

Boling. Master Hume, we are therefore provided. Will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?[2]

Hume. Ay; what else? fear you not her courage.[3]

Boling. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit: but it shall be convenient, Master Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we be busy below; and so, I pray you, go in God's name, and leave us. *[Exit* Hume.*]* Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate, and grovel on the earth: — John Southwell, read you, and let us to our work.

Enter Duchess *above.*

Duch. Well said,[4] my masters, and welcome all. To this gear; the sooner, the better.

Boling. Patience, good lady; wizards know their times.
Deep night, dark night, the silent[5] of the night,
The time of night when Troy was set on fire;
The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl,
And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,
That time best fits the work we have in hand.
Madam, sit you, and fear not: whom we raise,
We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

[Here they perform the ceremonies belonging, and make the circle; Bolingbroke, *or* Southwell, *reads,* Conjuro te, etc. *It thunders and lightens terribly; then the Spirit riseth.*[6]

Spir. *Adsum.*

M. Jourd. Asmath!
By the eternal God, whose name and power
Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;
For till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.

Spir. Ask what thou wilt. — That I had said and done![7]

Boling. First, of the king. What shall of him become?

Spir. The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;[8]
But him outlive, and die a violent death.

[As the Spirit speaks, Southwell *writes the answer.*

Boling. What fates await[9] the duke of Suffolk?

Spir. By water shall he die, and take his end.

Boling. What shall befall the duke of Somerset?

Spir. Let him shun castles:
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,
Than where castles mounted stand.
Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Boling. Descend to darkness and the burning lake:
False fiend, avoid!

[Thunder and lightning. Spirit descends.

Enter York *and* Buckingham, *hastily, with their Guards.*

York. Lay hands upon these traitors, and their trash.[10]
Beldam, I think, we watch'd you at an inch.
What! Madam, are you there? the king and commonweal
Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains:
My lord protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

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hinzu: *Holding up his hands.* 26) Theobald fügte hier, mit der Zustimmung mancher Hgg., folgende zwei dem König zuertheilte Zeilen aus den Qs. ein: *Then be it so. My lord of Somerset,* || *We make your grace lord regent o'er the French.* — Nach der verbesserten Bearbeitung, wie die Fol. sie darbietet, sollte, abweichend von den Qs., jedoch Heinrich eine durchaus passive Rolle hier spielen und die Entscheidung ganz in die Hände Gloster's legen. Erst am Schluss der Scene tritt der König wieder hervor. 27) Die Fol. drnckt diese letzte Rede als Prosa. Capell theilte sie in Verse ab.

1) Die alte Bühnenweisung lautet *Enter the Witch, the two Priests, and Bolingbroke.* 2) *exorcism, exorcist* und *to exorcize* gebraucht Sh. von dem Heraufbeschwören der Geister, nicht von dem Bannen derselben. 3) Seid wegen ihres Muthes unbesorgt; fürchtet nicht, dass sie keinen Muth habe. So in Much Ado about Nothing (A. 3, Sc. 1) *Fear you not my part of the dialogue.* 4) *well said* = brav! auch ohne Beziehung auf etwas Gesprochenes. 5) *silent*, das hier substantivisch steht, ist eigentlich das Adjectiv im Neutrum, = der vorzugsweise stille Theil der Nacht, die tiefste Nacht. — Die Qs. haben an der entsprechenden Stelle *silence of the night*, das manche Hgg. vorziehen. 6) Die Bühnenweisung ist aus der Fol.; ihr zufolge wird es in das Belieben der Schauspieler gestellt, ob Bolingbroke oder Southwell die lateinische Beschwörungsformel lese, während es vorher hiess *John Southwell, read you.* 7) Der beschworene Geist, der nur mit Widerstreben Rede steht, spricht für sich den Wunsch aus, dass er erst fertig wäre mit den verlangten Aussagen. 8) Der Geist drückt sich doppelsinnig aus, je nachdem man entweder *that* oder *Henry* als Subject des relativen Satzes fassen will. Deshalb vergleicht auch York nachher diese Antwort mit dem eben so doppelsinnigen Orakelspruch, der dem König Pyrrhus von Epirus ertheilt wurde. — Die folgende Bühnenweisung ist erst von den späteren Hggn. hinzugefügt. 9) So die Fol., von manchen Hggn. stillschweigend verändert in *fate awaits*, weil nachher in York's Wiederholung der Worte auch die Fol. so liest. Indess ist dort auch, abweichend von der Lesart hier, ein *tell me* hinzugefügt. 10) *trash* ist der Zauberapparat, den die Betrüger herbeigeschleppt hatten. 11) d. h. meine Dienste sind nicht halb so

Duch. Not half so bad as thine to England's king,[11]
Injurious duke, that threat'st where is no cause.
Buck. True, Madam, none at all. What call you this?
[Showing her the papers.[12]
Away with them! let them be clapp'd up close,
And kept asunder. — You, Madam, shall with us:
Stafford, take her to thee. —
[Exit Duchess *from above.*
We 'll see your trinkets here all forth-coming;
All, away!
[Exeunt Guards, with Southwell, Bolingbroke, *etc.*
York. Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watch'd her well:
A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon![13]
Now, pray, my lord, let 's see the devil's writ.
What have we here?
[Reads.] »The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive, and die a violent death.«
Why, this is just,
Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.
Well, to the rest:
»Tell me, what fate awaits the duke of Suffolk? —
By water shall he die, and take his end. —
What shall betide the duke of Somerset?[14] —
Let him shun castles:
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,
Than where castles mounted stand.«
Come, come, my lords;
These oracles are hardly[15] attain'd,
And hardly understood.
The king is now in progress[16] towards Saint Alban's;
With him the husband of this lovely lady:
Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them;
A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.
Buck. Your grace shall give me leave, my lord of York,
To be the post, in hope of his[17] reward.
York. At your pleasure, my good lord. — Who 's within there, ho!

Enter a Servant.

Invite my lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
To sup with me to-morrow night. — Away! *[Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Saint Alban's.

Enter King Henry, *Queen* Margaret,[1] Gloster, *Cardinal, and* Suffolk, *with Falconers hollaing.*

Q. Mar. Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook,[2]
I saw not better sport these seven years' day:
Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high,
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.[3]
K. Hen. But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
And what a pitch[4] she flew above the rest! —
To see how God in all his creatures works!
Yes, man and birds are fain[5] of climbing high.
Suf. No marvel, an it like your majesty,
My lord protector's hawks do tower so well:
They know their master loves to be aloft,[6]
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.
Glo. My lord, 't is but a base ignoble mind,
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.
Car. I thought as much: he 'd be above the clouds.
Glo. Ay, my lord cardinal; how think you by that?
Were it not good your grace could fly to heaven?
K. Hen. The treasury of everlasting joy.[7]
Car. Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and thoughts
Beat on[8] a crown, the treasure of thy heart:
Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,
That smooth'st it[9] so with king and commonweal.
Glo. What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown peremptory?[10]
Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?
Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;
With such holiness can you do it?[11]
Suf. No malice, Sir; no more than well becomes
So good a quarrel, and so bad a peer.
Glo. As who, my lord?
Suf. Why, as you, my lord;
An 't like your lordly lord-protectorship.
Glo. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.
Q. Mar. And thy ambition, Gloster.
K. Hen. I pr'ythee, peace,
Good queen; and whet not on these furious peers,
For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.[12]

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schlimm, wie die Dienste, die Du dem König Heinrich geleistet hast. 12) Diese Bühnenweisung ist später hinzugefügt. *papers* sind die Papiere, auf denen die Fragen der Herzogin und die Antworten des Geistes verzeichnet sind, welche York dann daraus abliest. 13) *plot* ist doppelsinnig, = Intrigue, der Anschlag gegen die Herzogin, und = Platz zum Bauen, für York und Buckingham, um Gloster zu stürzen. 14) Wie York schon vorher nicht ganz genau den Wortlaut der früheren Fragen wiederholt, so steht hier auch *betide* für das vorherige *befall.* 15) So die Fol. mit verständlichem Sinn: diese Orakelsprüche werden mit Noth erlangt und mit Noth verstanden. — Die meisten Hgg. lesen mit Theobald *hardily* für das erste *hardly:* diese Orakelsprüche sind dreist erlangt und mit Noth verstanden. 16) *progress* ist die technische Bezeichnung für die Reise eines englischen Königs in seinem Lande. 17) *his* bezieht sich auf *my lord protector.*

1) Die Bühnenweisung der Qs. lautet *Enter the King and Queen with her hawk on her fist.* 2) *to fly at the brook* = auf Wasservögel Jagd machen, ein Ausdruck der Falkoniere, eigentlich = den Falken am Bach fliegen lassen. 3) *old Joan* ist der Name eines Jagdfalken, von dem zehn gegen eins zu wetten gewesen wäre, dass er bei so starkem Winde nicht die Fährte auf seinem Flug verloren hätte, nicht ganz weggeflogen wäre. 4) *point* und *pitch* sind ebenfalls Ausdrücke von der Falkenjagd; ersteres bezeichnet das Losschiessen des Jagdvogels auf seine Beute, letzteres den Höhepunkt, bis zu dem er aufsteigt. 5) *to be fain of* = Etwas gerne thun, sich einer Sache freuen. 6) Steevens erinnert dabei an das alte Sprichwort *High-flying hawks are fit for princes.* 7) Heinrich betrachtet den Himmel selbst als das Schatzhaus ewiger Freude. 8) *to beat on* steht hier, wie sonst *to hammer on,* = sich mit Etwas zu thun machen. So in Lyly's Drama The Maid's Metamorphosis: *With him whose restless thoughts do beat on thee.* 9) *to smooth it* = den glatten Schmeichler spielen. 10) *peremptory* betont Sh. bald auf der ersten, bald auf der zweiten Sylbe. 11) Der Vers ist unvollständig, aber der Sinn ist offenbar: könnt Ihr bei solcher Frömmigkeit es über Euch gewinnen, so boshaft zu sein? —

Car. Let me be blessed for the peace I make
Against this proud protector with my sword.
Glo. *[Aside to the Cardinal.]* 'Faith, holy uncle, 'would 't were come to that!
Car. *[Aside.]* Marry, when thou dar'st.
Glo. *[Aside.]* Make up no factious numbers for the matter;
In thine own person answer thy abuse.
Car. *[Aside.]* Ay, where thou dar'st not peep: an if thou dar'st,
This evening on the east side of the grove.
K. Hen. How now, my lords!
Car. Believe me, cousin Gloster,[13]
Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,
We had had more sport. — *[Aside to* Gloster.*]* Come with thy two-hand sword.
Glo. True, uncle.
Car. *[Aside.]* Are you advis'd? — the east side of the grove.
Glo. *[Aside.]* Cardinal, I am with you.[14]
K. Hen. Why, how now, uncle Gloster!
Glo. Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord. —
[Aside.] Now, by God's mother, priest, I 'll shave your crown
For this, or all my fence[15] shall fail.
Car. [Aside.] *Medice, teipsum* —
Protector, see to 't well, protect yourself.
K. Hen. The winds grow high; so do your stomachs, lords.
How irksome is this music to my heart!
When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?
I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

Enter One, crying, „A miracle!“[16]

Glo. What means this noise?
Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?
One. A miracle! a miracle!
Suf. Come to the king, and tell him what miracle.
One. Forsooth, a blind man, at Saint Alban's shrine,
Within this half hour hath receiv'd his sight;
A man that ne'er saw in his life before.
K. Hen. Now, God be prais'd, that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

Enter the Mayor of Saint Alban's, and his Brethren;[17] *and* Simpcox, *borne between two persons in a chair; his Wife and a great multitude following.*

Car. Here come the townsmen on procession,
To present your highness with the man.
K. Hen. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
Although by his sight his sin be multiplied.[18]
Glo. Stand by, my masters; bring him near the king:
His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.
K. Hen. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
That we for thee may glorify the Lord.
What! hast thou been long blind, and now restor'd?
Simp. Born blind, an 't please your grace.
Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.
Suf. What woman is this?
Wife. His wife, an 't like your worship.
Glo. Hadst thou been his mother, thou couldst have better told.
K. Hen. Where wert thou born?
Simp. At Berwick in the north, an 't like your grace.
K. Hen. Poor soul! God's goodness hath been great to thee:
Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.
Q. Mar. Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by chance,
Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?
Simp. God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd
A hundred times, and oft'ner, in my sleep,
By good Saint Alban; who said, — »Simpcox,[19] come;
Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.«
Wife. Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft
Myself have heard a voice to call him so.
Car. What! art thou lame?
Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!
Suf. How cam'st thou so?
Simp. A fall off of a tree.
Wife. A plum-tree, master.
Glo. How long hast thou been blind?
Simp. O! born so, master.
Glo. What! and wouldst climb a tree?
Simp. But that in all my life,[20] when I was a youth.
Wife. Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.
Glo. 'Mass, thou lov'dst plums well, that wouldst venture so.
Simp. Alas, master, my wife desir'd some damsons,
And made me climb with danger of my life.
Glo. A subtle knave; but yet it shall not serve. —
Let me see thine eyes: — wink now; — now open them. —
In my opinion yet thou seest not well.
Simp. Yes, master, clear as day; I thank God, and Saint Alban.
Glo. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this cloak of?
Simp. Red, master; red as blood.
Glo. Why, that 's well said. What colour is my gown of?
Simp. Black, forsooth; coal-black as jet.

Staunton liest *can you dote?* indem er *to dote = to rave, to speak madly* fasst. — Die Q. von 1594 hat an der entsprechenden Stelle *doate*, woraus die spätere Q. *do't* machte. 12) Ein Spruch aus der englischen Bibel (Evang. Matth. Cap. 5, V. 9). 13) Der Cardinal giebt sich das Ansehen, als spräche er mit Gloster von den Ereignissen der Falkenjagd, um den König nicht misstrauisch zu machen. So erfährt Heinrich nichts von dem verabredeten Zweikampf, wenn ihm auch der Hader der Beiden mit einander nicht entgeht. 14) So vertheilte Theobald die Reden, welche in der Fol. von *True, uncle* bis *with you* dem Gloster allein beigelegt werden. — *two-hand sword* ist dasselbe, was sonst *long sword* heisst, = ein grosses Schwert, das man füglich mit beiden Händen aufhebt. 15) *fence* = Fechtkunst. 16) So die Fol.; viele Hgg. setzen dafür *Enter an Inhabitant of Saint Albans, crying, A Miracle.* 17) *his Brethren* sind die Collegen des Mayor, die Aldermen von St. Albans. Nach der Bühnenweisung der Qs. erscheinen sie *with music.* 18) Insofern das ihm wiedergeschenkte Augenlicht bei ihm die Anreizungen zur Verführung vermehrt. 19) So verbessert Theobald das *Symon* der Fol., das nur ein Versehen sein kann, da der Mann Saunder Simpcox hiess. 20) Nur den einen Baum, in meinem ganzen Leben. — In *plum-tree* und *damsons* = Damascener Pflaumen, liegt eine frivole Anspielung auf die gekochten Pflaumen als eine gewöhnliche Kost in Bordellen. So in Measure for Measure (A. 2, Sc. 1) *longing (saving your honour's*

K. Hen. Why then, thou know'st what colour jet is of?
Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.
Glo. But cloaks, and gowns, before this day a many.
Wife. Never, before this day, in all his life.
Glo. Tell me, sirrah, what 's my name?
Simp. Alas! master, I know not.
Glo. What 's his name? [21]
Simp. I know not.
Glo. Nor his?
Simp. No, indeed, master.
Glo. What 's thine own name?
Simp. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.
Glo. Then, Saunder, sit [22] there, the lyingest knave in Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind, thou mightst as well have known all our names, as thus to name the several colours we do wear. Sight may distinguish of colours; but suddenly to nominate them all, it is impossible. — My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle; and would ye not think his cunning [23] to be great, that could restore this cripple to his legs again?
Simp. O master, that you could! [24]
Glo. My masters of Saint Alban's, have you not beadles in your town, and things called whips?
May. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.
Glo. Then send for one presently.
May. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.
[Exit an Attendant.
Glo. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by. *[A stool brought out.]* Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool, and run away.
Simp. Alas! master, I am not able to stand alone: You go about to torture me in vain.

Re-enter Attendant, and a Beadle with a whip.

Glo. Well, Sir, we must have you find your legs. Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.
Bead. I will, my lord. — Come on, sirrah; off with your doublet quickly.
Simp. Alas! master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.
[After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool, and runs away; and the People follow and cry, „A miracle!"
K. Hen. O God! seest thou this, and bearest so long?
Q. Mar. It made me laugh to see the villain run.
Glo. Follow the knave, and take this drab away.
Wife. Alas! Sir, we did it for pure need.
Glo. Let them be whipp'd through every market-town, till they come to Berwick, from whence they came.
[Exeunt Mayor, Beadle, Wife, etc.
Car. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.
Suf. True; made the lame to leap, and fly away.
Glo. But you have done more miracles than I;
You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly. [25]

Enter Buckingham.

K. Hen. What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?
Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.
A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent, [26]
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of Lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,
The ringleader and head of all this rout,
Have practis'd dangerously against your state, [27]
Dealing with witches, and with conjurers:
Whom we have apprehended in the fact;
Raising up wicked spirits from under-ground,
Demanding of king Henry's life and death,
And other of your highness' privy council, [28]
As more at large your grace shall understand.
Car. And so, my lord protector, by this means
Your lady is forthcoming [29] yet at London.
This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge;
'T is like, my lord, you will not keep your hour. [30]
Glo. Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart.
Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers;
And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meanest groom.
K. Hen. O God! what mischiefs work the wicked ones;
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby.
Q. Mar. Gloster, see here the tainture of thy nest;
And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.
Glo. Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal,
How I have lov'd my king, and commonweal;
And, for my wife, I know not how it stands.
Sorry I am to hear what I have heard;
Noble she is, but if she have forgot
Honour, and virtue, and convers'd with such
As, like to pitch, defile nobility, [31]
I banish her my bed and company,
And give her, as a prey, to law, and shame,
That hath dishonour'd Gloster's honest name.
K. Hen. Well, for this night, we will repose us here:
To-morrow toward London, back again,
To look into this business thoroughly,
And call these foul offenders to their answers;
And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.
[Flourish. Exeunt.

SCENE II.

London. The Duke of York's Garden.

Enter York, Salisbury, *and* Warwick.

York. Now, my good lords of Salisbury and Warwick
Our simple supper ended, give me leave,

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reverence) for stew'd prunes. 21) Der Nachdruck ruht auf *his*. Gloster deutet bei dieser Frage auf irgend einen Anwesenden hin. 22) Steevens fügte hinter *sit* ein *thou* ein. — Diese Rede Gloster's wird besser als Prosa gedruckt, wie in den Qs. — Die Fol. theilt sie in Verse ab. 23) *his cunning*, wobei das folgende *that* sich auf *his* bezieht, ist die Lesart der Qs., = die Kunde oder Geschicklichkeit Dessen, der u. s. w. — Die Fol. liest *it cunning*, woraus Rowe *that cunning* machte. 24) Wenn Ihr das doch könntet! 25) Anspielung auf die französischen Städte, welche durch Suffolk's Vermittelung bei der Vermählung der Königin den Franzosen herausgegeben wurden. 26) Eine Gesellschaft nichtsnutziger Leute von schlechter Gesinnung. So kommen *sort* = Haufe, in verächtlichem Sinne, und *lewdly* = schlecht, öfter vor. 27) *state* ist hier = der Thron Heinrich's. 28) *life and death* ist dem Sinne nach auch auf das Folgende zu beziehen: sie fragten nach Leben und Tod Anderer, die zum Geheimenrath Eurer Majestät gehören. Damit sind Suffolk und Somerset gemeint. 29) d. h. vor Gericht erscheinend. 30) Die zum Zweikampf mit dem Cardinal heimlich anberaumte Stunde. 31) Anspielung auf das bekannte Sprichwort, u. A. in Much Ado about Nothing (A. 3, Sc. 3) *They that touch pitch will be defiled.*

In this close walk, to satisfy myself,
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible,[1] to England's crown.
Sal. My lord, I long to hear it at full.
War. Sweet York, begin; and if thy claim be good,
The Nevils are thy subjects to command.
York. Then thus: —
Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons:
The first, Edward the black prince, prince of Wales;
The second, William of Hatfield; and the third,
Lionel, duke of Clarence; next to whom
Was John of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster.
The fifth was Edmund Langley, duke of York;
The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Gloster;
William of Windsor was the seventh, and last.
Edward, the black prince, died before his father,
And left behind him Richard, his only son;
Who, after Edward the Third's death, reign'd as king,
Till Henry Bolingbroke, duke of Lancaster,
The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the name of Henry[2] the Fourth,
Seized on the realm; depos'd the rightful king;
Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she came,
And him to Pomfret; where, as all[3] you know,
Harmless Richard was murder'd traitorously.
War. Father, the duke hath told the truth;
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.
York. Which now they hold by force, and not by right;
For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead,
The issue of the next son should have reign'd.
Sal. But William of Hatfield died without an heir.
York. The third son, duke of Clarence, from whose line
I claim the crown, had issue — Philippe, a daughter,
Who married Edmund Mortimer, earl of March;
Edmund had issue — Roger, earl of March;
Roger had issue — Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.
Sal. This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;
And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
Who kept him in captivity till he died.
But to the rest.
York. His eldest sister, Anne,
My mother, being heir unto the crown,
Married Richard, earl of Cambridge, who was son
To Edmund Langley, Edward the Third's fifth son.[4]
By her I claim the kingdom: she was heir
To Roger, earl of March, who was the son
Of Edmund Mortimer, who married Philippe,
Sole daughter unto Lionel, duke of Clarence:
So, if the issue of the elder son
Succeed before the younger, I am king.
War. What plain proceeding is[5] more plain than this?
Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
The fourth son; York claims it from the third.
Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:
It fails not yet, but flourishes in thee,
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.
Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together,
And, in this private plot,[6] be we the first,
That shall salute our rightful sovereign
With honour of his birthright to the crown.
Both. Long live our sovereign Richard, England's king!
York. We thank you, lords! But I am not your king,
Till I be crown'd, and that my sword be stain'd
With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster;
And that 's not suddenly to be perform'd,
But with advice, and silent secrecy.
Do you, as I do, in these dangerous days,
Wink at the duke of Suffolk's insolence,
At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,
Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock,
That virtuous prince, the good duke Humphrey.
'T is that they seek: and they, in seeking that,
Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.
Sal. My lord, break we off: we know your mind at full.
War. My heart assures me, that the earl of Warwick
Shall one day make the duke of York a king.
York. And, Nevil, this I do assure myself:
Richard shall live to make the earl of Warwick
The greatest man in England but the king. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Same. A Hall of Justice.

Trumpets sounded. Enter King Henry, *Queen* Margaret, Gloster, York, Suffolk, *and* Salisbury; *the Duchess of* Gloster, Margery Jourdain, Southwell, Hume, *and* Bolingbroke, *under guard.*[1]

K. Hen. Stand forth, dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloster's wife.
In sight of God, and us, your guilt is great:
Receive the sentence of the law, for sins
Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death. —
[To Jourdain, *etc.]* You four, from hence to prison back again;
From thence, unto the place of execution:
The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the gallows. —
You, Madam, for[2] you are more nobly born,
Despoiled of your honour in your life,[3]
Shall, after three days' open penance done,
Live in your country here in banishment,[4]
With Sir John Stanley in the Isle of Man.
Duch. Welcome is banishment; welcome were my death.
Glo. Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath judged thee:
I cannot justify whom the law condemns. —
[Exeunt the Duchess *and the other Prisoners, guarded.*

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1) *which is infallible* bezieht sich auf *your opinion*, nicht auf *my title*. 2) Wie hie und da in K. Henry VI. First Part mag auch hier *Henry* dreisylbig zu lesen sein. 3) Mit *all* werden ebenfalls nur zwei Personen angeredet in K. Henry IV. Second Part (A. 3, Sc. 1) *Why then, good morrow to you all, my lords.* — Die Qs. haben hier *as you both know*, was Capell in den Text setzte. 4) Die Fol. liest dafür *Who was to Edmond Langley,* || *Edward's the third's fifth son's son.* 5) Manche Hgg. lesen *proceedings are*, weil die Fol. *proceedings is* hat. 6) *private plot* = abgelegener, stiller Platz.

1) Die Bühnenweisung der Fol. ist: *Sound Trumpets. Enter the King and State, with Guard to banish the Duchess.* — In dem dritten Verse der ersten Rede des Königs hat die Fol. *sinne* für *sins*, was Theobald verbesserte. 2) *for* = *because*. 3) Entkleidet der Ehre, die Ihr im Leben, vor der Welt, genossen habt. 4) *in banishment* ist Gegensatz zu *in your country*: Ihr sollt, obwohl in Eurem Vaterlande, doch wie in der Ver-

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
Ah, Humphrey! this dishonour in thine age
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground. —
I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go;
Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease.[5]

K. Hen. Stay, Humphrey, duke of Gloster. Ere thou go,
Give up thy staff: Henry will to himself
Protector be; and God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet.[6]
And go in peace, Humphrey; no less belov'd,
Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

Q. Mar. I see no reason why a king of years
Should be to be protected like a child. —
God and king Henry govern England's helm![7] —
Give up your staff, Sir, and the king his realm.

Glo. My staff? — here, noble Henry, is my staff:
As willingly do I the same resign,
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it,
As others would ambitiously receive it.
Farewell, good king: when I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne. *[Exit.*

Q. Mar. Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret queen;
And Humphrey, duke of Gloster, scarce himself,
That bears so shrewd a maim: two pulls at once, —
His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off;
This staff of honour raught:[8] — there let it stand,
Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.

Suf. Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his sprays;
Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her[9] youngest days.

York. Lords, let him go.[10] — Please it your majesty,
This is the day appointed for the combat;
And ready are the appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man,[11] to enter the lists,
So please your highness to behold the fight.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord; for purposely therefore
Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.

K. Hen. O' God's name, see the lists and all things fit:
Here let them end it, and God defend the right!

York. I never saw a fellow worse bested,[12]
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
The servant of this armourer, my lords.

Enter, on one side, Horner, *and his Neighbours, drinking to him so much that he is drunk; and he enters bearing his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it; a drum before him: at the other side,* Peter, *with a drum and a similar staff; accompanied by Prentices drinking to him.*[13]

1. Neigh. Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack. And fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.

2. Neigh. And here, neighbour, here 's a cup of charneco.[14]

3. Neigh. And here 's a pot of good double beer, neighbour: drink, and fear not your man.

Hor. Let it come, i' faith, and I 'll pledge you all; and a fig for Peter!

1. Pren. Here, Peter, I drink to thee; and be not afraid.

2. Pren. Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master: fight for credit of the prentices.

Peter I thank you all: drink, and pray for me, I pray you; for, I think, I have taken my last draught in this world. — Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron; and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer: — and here, Tom, take all the money that I have. — O Lord, bless me! I pray God, for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.[15]

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows. — Sirrah, what 's thy name?

Peter. Peter, forsooth.

Sal. Peter! what more?

Peter. Thump.

Sal. Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

Hor. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation,[16] to prove him a knave, and myself an honest man: and touching the duke of York, I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the queen: and therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow.[17]

York. Despatch: this knave's tongue begins to double. Sound, trumpets, alarum to the combatants.

[Alarum. They fight, and Peter *strikes down his Master.*

Hor. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason.

[Dies.[18]

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bannung leben, Ihr sollt in Eurem eigenen Lande die Strafe der Verbannung erdulden. 5) Der Schmerz verlangt nach Trost, und mein Alter nach Ruhe. 6) Aus der Liturgie der englischen Kirche: *a lantern to my feet, and a light to my path.* 7) *helm* ist Johnson's Emendation für das *realm* der Fol., das sonst in lästiger Wiederholung zweimal stehen würde. Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 3, Anm. 14. — *king his realm* für *king's realm.* 8) *raught* ist das Particip von *to reave.* 9) Die Commentatoren schwanken, ob *her* sich auf *Eleanor* oder auf *pride* beziehe. Wahrscheinlicher ist das erstere, sobald *youngest days* nicht, wie die Hgg. erklären, = die Tage ihrer Jugend, als vielmehr = die der Zeit nach jüngsten, die letzten Tage, sein sollen. 10) Lasst den Herzog von Gloster gewähren, Ihr Herren, sprecht nicht mehr von ihm. 11) *defendant* geht auf *the armourer,* und *appellant* auf *his man.* — Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 3, Anm. 24. 12) *worse bested* = in schlimmerer Verfassung, übler zugerichtet. 13) Die Bühnenweisung ist mit geringen Abänderungen aus der Fol. entlehnt. 14) *charneco,* ein süsser portugiesischer Wein, der bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen häufig erwähnt wird, von einem Dorfe bei Lissabon so benannt. 15) Horner hat sich auf den bevorstehenden Zweikampf eingeübt und sich in der Fechtkunst ausgebildet. — Dieser Zweikampf wird nicht mit den, nur den Rittern zukommenden, Waffen ausgefochten, sondern, wie es unter Leuten geringern Standes üblich war, mit hölzernen Stecken, an deren Ende ein mit Sand gefüllter Sack befestigt ist. 16) Der Zusatz *as it were* deutet an, dass Horner das Wort *instigation,* als ein ihm fremdes, nur zweifelnd und unsicher gebraucht. 17) Manche Hgg. fügen hier die zuerst von Warburton aus den Qs. entlehnten Worte hinzu: *as Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart.* — Den gewaltigen Recken Bevis, den Wilhelm der Eroberer zum Grafen von Southampton machte und der im Zweikampf den Riesen Ascapart niederstreckte, erwähnt Sh. in K. Henry VIII. (A. 1, Sc. 1) als einen fabelhaften Helden: *that Bevis was believed.* 18) Die Bühnenweisung ist von Theobald aus den Qs. entlehnt. 19) Der gute Wein, der dem Horner gleichsam im Wege stand, indem seine Nachbarn von allen

York. Take away his weapon. — Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.[19]

Peter. O God! have I overcome mine enemies in this presence? O Peter! thou hast prevailed in right.

K. Hen. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight; For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt.[20] And God in justice hath reveal'd to us The truth and innocence of this poor fellow, Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully. — Come, fellow; follow us for thy reward. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Same. A Street.

Enter GLOSTER *and Servant, in mourning cloaks.*

Glo. Thus, sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud; And after summer evermore succeeds Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold: So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.[1] — Sirs, what 's o'clock?

Serv. Ten, my lord.

Glo. Ten is the hour that was appointed me To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess: Uneath[2] may she endure the flinty streets, To tread them with her tender-feeling feet. Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook[3] The abject people, gazing on thy face, With envious looks, laughing at thy shame,[4] That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels, When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets. But soft! I think, she comes; and I 'll prepare My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the Duchess of GLOSTER, *in a white sheet, with papers pinn'd upon her back, her feet bare, and a taper burning in her hand;*[5] *Sir* JOHN STANLEY, *a Sheriff, and Officers.*

Serv. So please your grace, we 'll take her from the sheriff.

Glo. No, stir not, for your lives: let her pass by.

Duch. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame? Now thou dost penance too. Look, how they gaze: See, how the giddy multitude do point, And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee. Ah, Gloster, hide thee from their hateful looks, And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame, And ban[6] thine enemies, both mine and thine.

Glo. Be patient, gentle Nell: forget this grief.

Duch. Ah, Gloster! teach me to forget myself; For, whilst I think I am thy married wife, And thou a prince, protector of this land, Methinks, I should not thus be led along, Mail'd up in shame,[7] with papers on my back, And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice To see my tears, and hear my deep-fet[8] groans. The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet; And when I start, the envious people laugh, And bid me be advised how I tread. Ah, Humphrey! can I bear this shameful yoke? Trow'st thou, that e'er I 'll look upon the world, Or count them happy that enjoy the sun? No; dark shall be my light, and night my day: To think upon my pomp, shall be my hell. Sometime I 'll say, I am duke Humphrey's wife, And he a prince, and ruler of the land; Yet so he rul'd, and such a prince he was, As he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn duchess, Was made a wonder, and a pointing-stock,[9] To every idle rascal follower. But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame; Nor stir at nothing, till the axe of death Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will: For Suffolk, — he that can do all in all With her[10] that hateth thee, and hates us all, — And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest, Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings;[11] And, fly thou how thou canst, they 'll tangle thee. But fear not thou, until thy foot be snar'd, Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.[12]

Glo. Ah, Nell! forbear: thou aimest all awry; I must offend before I be attainted; And had I twenty times so many foes, And each of them had twenty times their power, All these could not procure me any scath,[13] So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless. Wouldst have me rescue thee from this reproach? Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away,

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Seiten ihm zutranken und ihn so kampfunfähig machten. — In der folgenden Zeile lesen einige Hgg. mit der zweiten Folioausg. *enemy* für *enemies* der ersten. 20) Der Ausgang des Zweikampfes galt für ein Gottesurtheil. Nach Holinshed's Darstellung, welche Sh. im Uebrigen zu Grunde gelegt hat, unterlag jedoch der Waffenschmied unschuldig seinem verläumderischen Ankläger.

1) Die Sorgen und die Freuden herrschen in derselben Wechselfolge nach einander vor, wie die Jahreszeiten in rascher Flucht abwechseln. 2) *uneath* = mit Mühe, mit Noth. 3) *to abrook* = dulden, ertragen, statt des gebräuchlicheren *to brook*. 4) Die zweite Folioausg. fügt hinter *looks* das Wort *still* ein. *envious* = gehässig, boshaft, lässt sich aber dreisylbig lesen. — Manche Hgg. verbinden, gegen die Interpunction der Fol., *with envious looks* mit *gazing on thy face*. 5) Die Bühnenweisung der Qs. lautet *Enter Dame Elnor Cobham barefoot, and a white sheet about her, with a wax-candle in her hand, and verses written on her back and pinn'd on; and accompanied with the Sheriffs of London etc.* — Die Verse, welche der Büsserin auf dem Rücken befestigt waren, enthielten wohl den Bericht über ihr Verbrechen. Die Hgg. setzen meistens *papers* für *verses*, wie in Love's Labour's Lost (A. 4, Sc. 3) vorkommt *he comes in like a perjure, wearing papers* = ein wegen Meineid Bestrafter, der sein Schuldbekenntniss geschrieben mit sich herumtragen muss, und wie gleich darauf die Herzogin selbst sie bezeichnet: *with papers on my back*. 6) *to ban* = Jemanden verfluchen, verwünschen. 7) Die Schande ist gleichsam ein eisernes Kleid, in das die Herzogin eingehüllt ist, wie in einen Panzer, so dass sie sich nicht frei bewegen kann. 8) *deep-fet* = aus der Tiefe geholt; das Participium *fet* von *to fetch* hat Sh. in K. Henry V. (A. 3, Sc. 1). 9) Eine Erscheinung, auf die jeder müssige Wicht, der hinterhergeht, wie auf ein Wunder, mit den Fingern hindeutet. 10) Suffolk, der bei der Königin Margarethe Alles vermag. 11) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 3, Anm. 12. 12) Und suche nicht Deinen Feinden zuvorzukommen, indem Du gegen sie operirst, ehe sie Dich verderben. — Dieser Rath ist, wie die vorhergehenden Worte von *But be thou mild etc.* an, mit bitterer Ironie

But I in danger for the breach of law.
Thy greatest help is quiet,[14] gentle Nell;
I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience:
These few days' wonder[15] will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament, holden at Bury the first of this next month.

Glo. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before?
This is close dealing. — Well, I will be there.
[Exit Herald.
My Nell, I take my leave: — and, master sheriff,
Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.

Sher. An 't please your grace, here my commission stays,
And Sir John Stanley is appointed now
To take her with him to the Isle of Man.

Glo. Must you, Sir John, protect my lady here?

Stan. So am I given in charge, may 't please your grace.

Glo. Entreat[16] her not the worse, in that I pray
You use her well. The world may laugh again;[17]
And I may live to do you kindness, if
You do it her: and so, Sir John, farewell.

Duch. What! gone, my lord, and bid me not farewell?

Glo. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.
[Exeunt Gloster *and Servants.*

Duch. Art thou gone too? All comfort go with thee,
For none abides with me: my joy is death, —
Death, at whose name I oft have been afear'd,
Because I wish'd this world's eternity. —
Stanley, I pr'ythee, go, and take me hence;
I care not whither, for I beg no favour,
Only convey me where thou art commanded.

Stan. Why, Madam, that is to the Isle of Man;
There to be us'd according to your state.

Duch. That 's bad enough, for I am but reproach:[18]
And shall I then be us'd reproachfully?

Stan. Like to a duchess, and duke Humphrey's lady:
According to that state you shall be used.

Duch. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare,
Although thou hast been conduct[19] of my shame.

Sher. It is my office; and, Madam, pardon me.

Duch. Ay, ay, farewell: thy office is discharg'd. —
Come, Stanley, shall we go?

Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,
And go we to attire you for our journey.

Duch. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet:
No; it will hang upon my richest robes,
And show itself, attire me how I can.
Go, lead the way: I long to see my prison. *[Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The Abbey at Bury.

A Sennet. Enter to the Parliament, King Henry, *Queen* Margaret, *Cardinal* Beaufort, Suffolk, York, Buckingham, *and Others.*

K. Hen. I muse,[1] my lord of Gloster is not come:
'T is not his wont to be the hindmost man,
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.

Q. Mar. Can you not see? or will you not observe
The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?
With what a majesty he bears himself;
How insolent of late he is become,
How proud, how peremptory,[2] and unlike himself?
We know the time, since he was mild and affable;
And if[3] we did but glance a far-off look,
Immediately he was upon his knee,
That all the court admir'd him for submission:[4]
But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,
When every one will give the time of day,
He knits his brow, and shows an angry eye,
And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,
Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
Small curs are not regarded when they grin,
But great men tremble when the lion roars;
And Humphrey is no little man in England.
First, note, that he is near you in descent,
And should you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me seemeth then, it is no policy,
Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,
And his advantage following your decease,[5]
That he should come about your royal person,
Or be admitted to your highness' council.
By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts,
And, when he please to make commotion,
'T is to be fear'd they all will follow him.
Now 't is the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;[6]
Suffer them now, and they 'll o'ergrow the garden,
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
The reverent care I bear unto my lord
Made me collect[7] these dangers in the duke.
If it be fond, call it a woman's fear;
Which fear if better reasons can supplant,
I will subscribe[8] and say, I wrong'd the duke.
My lord of Suffolk, — Buckingham, and York, —
Reprove my allegation, if you can,
Or else conclude my words effectual.[9]

Suf. Well hath your highness seen into this duke;
And had I first been put to speak my mind,
I think, I should have told your grace's tale.

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gesprochen. 13) *scath* = Schaden, den man Jemandem zufügt, Kränkung. 14) *quiet* ist substantivisch. 15) *these*, das mit *wonder* zu verbinden ist, sollte *this* heissen, und nur durch Attraction von *few days* steht der Plural: dieses Aufsehen, das Du erregst und das nur wenige Tage anhält, wird bald abgenutzt sein. 16) *to entreat* = behandeln, in Behandlung nehmen. 17) Die Welt kann für mich wieder ein heitreres Ansehen gewinnen, als sie jetzt hat; ich kann wieder emporkommen. 18) Die Herzogin ist gleichsam die personificirte Schmach, besteht nur aus Schmach. 19) *conduct* = Führer, Geleitsmann.

1) *to muse* = über Etwas grübeln, sich über Etwas wundern. 2) Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 1, Anm. 10. — *unlike himself* = ungleich dem, was er früher war. 3) *and if* steht vielleicht auch hier für *an if*. 4) *submission* = Unterwürfigkeit. 5) Und in Erwägung, wie aus Eurem Abscheiden eine günstige Gelegenheit für ihn erwachsen würde. 6) Im Frühling hat das Unkraut noch keine tiefen Wurzeln geschlagen, lässt sich also noch leichter ausroden, als nachher. 7) *to collect* = combiniren, in Gedanken und Schlüssen zusammenfassen, folgern. 8) Wenn bessere Gründe diese Weiberfurcht wegräumen können, so will ich mich fügen u. s. w. 9) Oder, wenn das nicht

The duchess, by his subornation,
Upon my life,[10] began her devilish practices:
Or if he were not privy to those faults,
Yet, by reputing[11] of his high descent,
(As next the king he was successive heir,)
And such high vaunts of his nobility,
Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess
By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.
Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep,
And in his simple show he harbours treason.
The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb:
No, no, my sovereign; Gloster is a man
Unsounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

Car. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
Devise strange deaths[12] for small offences done?

York. And did he not, in his protectorship,
Levy great sums of money through the realm
For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?
By means whereof the towns each day revolted.[13]

Buck. Tut! these are petty faults to faults unknown,[14]
Which time will bring to light in smooth duke Humphrey.

K. Hen. My lords, at once:[15] the care you have of us,
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praise; but shall I speak my conscience?
Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent
From meaning treason to our royal person,
As is the sucking lamb, or harmless dove.
The duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given,
To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

Q. Mar. Ah! what 's more dangerous than this fond affiance?
Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For he 's disposed as the hateful raven.
Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,
For he 's inclin'd as is the ravenous wolf.[16]
Who cannot steal a shape, that means deceit?
Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudful man.

Enter Somerset.

Som. All health unto my gracious sovereign!

K. Hen. Welcome, Lord Somerset. What news from France?

Som. That all your interest in those territories
Is utterly bereft you: all is lost.

K. Hen. Cold news, Lord Somerset; but God's will be done.

York. *[Aside.]* Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
As firmly as I hope for fertile England.[17]
Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away;
But I will remedy this gear[18] ere long,
Or sell my title for a glorious grave.

Enter Gloster.

Glo. All happiness unto my lord the king!
Pardon, my liege, that I have stay'd so long.

Suf. Nay, Gloster, know, that thou art come too soon,
Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art.
I do arrest thee of high treason here.

Glo. Well, Suffolk's duke,[19] thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change my countenance for this arrest:
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.
The purest spring[20] is not so free from mud,
As I am clear from treason to my sovereign.
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?

York. 'T is thought, my lord, that you took bribes of France,
And, being protector, stay'd the soldiers' pay;
By means whereof his highness hath lost France.

Glo. Is it but thought so? What are they that think it?
I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.
So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,
Ay, night by night, in studying good for England!
That doit that e'er I wrested from the king,
Or any groat I hoarded to my use,
Be brought against me at my trial-day!
No; many a pound[21] of mine own proper store,
Because I would not tax the needy commons,
Have I dispursed to the garrisons,
And never ask'd for restitution.

Car. It serves you well,[22] my lord, to say so much.

Glo. I say no more than truth, so help me God!

York. In your protectorship you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,
That England was defam'd by tyranny.

Glo. Why, 't is well known, that whiles I was protector,
Pity was all the fault that was in me;
For I should melt at an offender's tears,
And lowly words were ransom for their fault.

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der Fall ist, so entscheidet, dass meine Worte zum Ziel treffen. 10) *upon my life* ist eine Betheurung = bei meinem Leben! 11) *to repute* = in Anschlag bringen. Die Construction ist, wie bei Sh. auch anderswo, in Folge eingeschobener Zwischensätze etwas verwirrt worden; zu *did instigate* fehlt das Subject: wenn nicht etwa aus dem vorhergehenden Verse *Or if he were etc.* das *he* entlehnt werden sollte, so müsste *reputing* für *by reputing* stehen, als Subject coordinirt dem *And such high vaunts etc.* 12) *strange deaths* = ungewöhnliche, abnorme Todesarten oder Todesstrafen. 13) Die Städte in Frankreich rissen sich von der englischen Botmässigkeit los, da die englischen Besatzungen darin ihren Sold nicht mehr bekamen und sich nicht mehr zu halten vermochten. 14) Das sind geringe Vergehungen im Verhältniss zu andern schlimmeren, die bisher noch verschwiegen blieben. 15) *at once* = um Euch Allen auf einmal meine Meinung zu sagen. 16) So verbessert Rowe das *wolves* der Fol. Andere Hgg. ändern lieber das *is* der Fol. in *are* um. 17) Schon in York's Monologe zum Schluss von A. 1, Sc. 1 kamen die Verse vor: *Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,* || *Even as I have of fertile England's soil.* 18) *gear*, in verächtlichem Sinn oder auch in familiärer Redeweise, = Ding, Zeug, findet sich in ähnlichem Zusammenhange in Troilus and Cressida (A. 1, Sc. 1) *Will this gear ne'er be mended?* 19) *Suffolk's duke*, eine Bezeichnung, die ironisch und geflissentlich an die erst jüngst erfolgte Standeserhöhung Suffolk's erinnert, ist aus den Qs. entlehnt. Die Fol. hat nur *Well, Suffolk, thou etc.*, und die zweite Folioausg.; welcher manche Hgg. folgen, schiebt zur Vervollständigung des Verses ein *yet* ein. 20) *spring* = Quelle. 21) *pound* = Pfund Sterling, eine bedeutende Geldsumme im Verhältniss zu den kleinen Münzen *groat* und *doit*, die vorher

Unless it were a bloody murderer,
Or foul felonious thief that fleec'd poor passengers,
I never gave them condign punishment.
Murder, indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur'd
Above the felon, or what trespass else.
Suf. My lord, these faults are easy,[23] quickly answer'd;
But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
I do arrest you in his highness' name;
And here commit you to my lord cardinal
To keep, until your further time of trial.
K. Hen. My lord of Gloster, 't is my special hope,
That you will clear yourself from all suspect;[24]
My conscience tells me you are innocent.
Glo. Ah, gracious lord! these days are dangerous.
Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition,
And charity chas'd hence by rancour's hand;
Foul subornation is predominant,
And equity exil'd[25] your highness' land.
I know, their complot is to have my life;
And if my death might make this island happy,
And prove the period of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingness;
But mine[26] is made the prologue to their play;
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate;
Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue
The envious load that lies upon his heart;
And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,[27]
Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd back,
By false accuse[28] doth level at my life:
And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head,
And with your best endeavour have stirr'd up
My liefest[29] liege to be mine enemy.
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together:
Myself had notice of your conventicles,
And all to make away my guiltless life.
I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt;
The ancient proverb will be well effected,[30] —
A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.
Car. My liege, his railing is intolerable.
If those that care to keep your royal person
From treason's secret knife, and traitors' rage,
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
And the offender granted scope of speech,
'T will make them cool in zeal unto your grace.
Suf. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here,
With ignominious words, though clerkly couch'd,
As if she had suborned some to swear
False allegations to o'erthrow his state?
Q. Mar. But I can give the loser leave to chide.[31]
Glo. Far truer spoke, than meant: I lose, indeed;
Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false!
And well such losers may have leave to speak.
Buck. He 'll wrest the sense, and hold us here all day. —
Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.
Car. Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.
Glo. Ah, thus king Henry throws away his crutch,
Before his legs be firm to bear his body:
Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.
Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!
For, good king Henry, thy decay I fear.
[Exeunt Attendants with Gloster.
K. Hen. My lords, what to your wisdoms seemeth best,
Do, or undo, as if ourself were here.
Q. Mar. What! will your highness leave the parliament?
K. Hen. Ay, Margaret, my heart is drown'd with grief,
Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes;
My body round engirt with misery,
For what 's more miserable than discontent? —
Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see
The map of honour, truth, and loyalty;[32]
And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come,
That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.[33]
What low'ring star now envies thy estate,
That these great lords, and Margaret our queen,
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?
Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong;
And as the butcher takes away the calf,
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,
Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house;
Even so, remorseless,[34] have they borne him hence:
And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one went,

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genannt werden. 22) Es kommt Euch gut zu Statten, dass Ihr das sagt. 23) *easy* = geringfügig, von Vergehungen, hat Sh. auch in Measure for Measure (A. 2, Sc. 4) *'t is all as easy || Falsely to take away a life true made;* Johnson erklärt es mit *slight, inconsiderable.* — Weniger plausibel ist Steevens' Deutung, der *easy* in adverbialem Sinne mit *answer'd* verbinden will. — Sidney Walker vermuthet *very* für *easy.* 24) *suspect* ist Capell's Emendation für das *suspence* der Fol. — Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 3, Anm. 18. 25) *exile* als Substantiv und als Verbum betont Sh. bald auf der ersten, bald auf der letzten Sylbe. 26) Während das *it* in der vorhergehenden Zeile sich auf *my life* bezieht, ist wiederum bei *mine* an *my death* zu denken. — *peril* in dem folgenden Verse ist vorzugsweise = Lebensgefahr. 27) Dessen ehrgeizige Pläne sich so hoch, bis zum Monde, versteigen. 28) *accuse* = Anklage. Das Wort kommt als Substantiv sonst nicht bei Sh. vor. 29) *liefest*, der Superlativ des veralteten adjectivischen *lief* für *dear*, findet sich sonst bei Sh. nicht, wohl aber noch in Spenser's Faerie Queene: *Fly, oh my liefest lord.* — Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1, Anm. 6. 30) *to effect* = bethätigen. In den Qs. steht *performed* für *effected.* — Einige Hgg. lesen willkürlich *affected.* 31) Eine sprichwörtliche Rede, wie es scheint, die auch in Nashe's mehr erwähntem Pamphlet Pierce Pennilesse (1592) vorkommt: *give losers leave to talk.* 32) *thou map of honour* redet in K. Richard II. (A. 5, Sc. 1) die Königin ihren entthronten Gemahl an. 33) Die Stunde, da ich Dich als falsch erprobte oder wegen Deiner Treue Besorgnisse hegte, ist noch nicht gekommen. — In dem folgenden Verse wird Gloster's jetzt bedrohte Lage dem bösen Einflusse ungünstiger Sterne zugeschrieben. 34) *remorseless* = gefühllos, hartherzig. — Die letzte Zeile dieser Rede des Königs interpungiren Dyce und Staunton vielleicht richtiger: *Say — Who 's a traitor, Gloster he is none* = Wer immer

And can do nought but wail her darling's loss;
Even so myself bewails good Gloster's case,
With sad unhelpful tears; and with dimm'd eyes
Look after him, and cannot do him good;
So mighty are his vowed enemies.
His fortunes I will weep; and, 'twixt each groan,
Say — »Who 's a traitor? Gloster he is none.« *[Exit.*

Q. Mar. Fair[35] lords, cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams.
Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
Too full of foolish pity; and Gloster's show
Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers;[36]
Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowering bank,[37]
With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child,
That for the beauty thinks it excellent.
Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I
(And yet herein I judge mine own wit good),
This Gloster should be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.

Car. That he should die is worthy policy.
But yet we want a colour for his death.
'T is meet he be condemn'd by course of law.

Suf. But, in my mind that were no policy:
The king will labour still to save his life;
The commons haply rise to save his life;
And yet we have but trivial argument,
More than mistrust,[38] that shows him worthy death.

York. So that, by this,[39] you would not have him die.

Suf. Ah! York, no man alive so fain as I.

York. 'T is York that hath more reason for his death.[40] —
But, my lord cardinal, and you, my lord of Suffolk,
Say, as you think, and speak it from your souls,
Were 't not all one, an empty eagle were set
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
As place duke Humphrey for the king's protector?

Q. Mar. So the poor chicken should be sure of death.

Suf. Madam, 't is true: and were 't not madness then,
To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
Who, being accus'd a crafty murderer,
His guilt should be but idly posted over,
Because his purpose is not executed.[41]
No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood,
As Humphrey prov'd by reasons to my liege.[42]
And do not stand on quillets, how to slay him:
Be it by gins, by snares, by subtilty,
Sleeping, or waking, 't is no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit
Which mates[43] him first, that first intends deceit.

Q. Mar. Thrice-noble Suffolk, 't is resolutely spoke.

Suf. Not resolute, except so much were done,
For things are often spoke, and seldom meant;
But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue, —
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preserve my sovereign from his foe, —
Say but the word, and I will be his priest.[44]

Car. But I would have him dead, my lord of Suffolk,
Ere you can take due orders for a priest.
Say, you consent, and censure well[45] the deed,
And I 'll provide his executioner;
I tender so the safety of my liege.

Suf. Here is my hand; the deed is worthy doing.

Q. Mar. And so say I.

York. And I; and now we three have spoke it,
It skills not greatly[46] who impugns our doom.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Great lords, from Ireland am I come amain,
To signify that rebels there are up,
And put the Englishmen unto the sword.
Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow incurable;
For, being green,[47] there is great hope of help.

Car. A breach that craves a quick expedient[48] stop!
What counsel give you in this weighty cause?

York. That Somerset be sent as regent thither.
'T is meet, that lucky ruler be employ'd;
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.

Som. If York, with all his far-fet[49] policy,
Had been the regent there instead of me,
He never would have stay'd in France so long.

York. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done.
I rather would have lost my life betimes,
Than bring a burden of dishonour home,
By staying there so long, till all were lost.

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ein Verräther ist, Gloster ist keiner. 35) *fair* emendirt Dyce plausibel das *free* der Fol., das sich nur sehr gesucht deuten liesse. Die Cambridge Edd. schlugen *my* dafür vor. 36) d. h. Wanderer, welche von Mitleid sich täuschen lassen, dem Krokodil, dessen klägliches Geschrei *(sorrow)* sie für das eines Menschen halten, sich zu nähern. 37) Die Schlange liegt zusammengerollt unter den Blumen eines Beetes. 38) Ueber unser Misstrauen hinaus, abgesehen von unserem Misstrauen, haben wir nur wenig stichhaltige Beweisgründe gegen Gloster. 39) *by this* = nach dem Gesagten, demzufolge. 40) Insofern der Herzog von Gloster zwischen ihm und seinen Ansprüchen auf den englischen Thron nach etwaiger Beseitigung des Königs Heinrich stand. 41) Der Satz schliesst sich als ein relativer an *the fox* an: der Fuchs, dessen Schuld, nachdem er als ein schlauer Mörder angeklagt ist, achtlos übergangen würde, weil er seinen mörderischen Vorsatz noch nicht hat ausführen können. — Die Construction ist anakoluthisch, da zuerst *who*, nachher *his guilt* Subject eines und desselben Verbums ist. 42) scil. *as Humphrey is, by reasons, proved an enemy to my liege:* der Fuchs erweist sich vermöge des natürlichen Instincts als Feind der Heerde, wenn er auch noch nicht sein Maul mit ihrem Blute befleckt hat, so wie Humphrey sich, vermöge angegebener Gründe, als Feind des Königs erweist. — M. Mason las *Humphrey 's* und *reason.* 43) *to mate* = vernichten, verderben. — Vielleicht wäre *good conceit* für *good deceit* zu lesen. 44) Ich will gleichsam der Priester sein, der ihn zum Tode geleitet oder auf den Tod vorbereitet. — Diese ironische und zugleich euphemistische Redeweise nimmt der Cardinal scheinbar wörtlich, wenn er erwiedert: Er muss sterben, ehe Ihr Zeit habt, Euch zum Priester ordiniren zu lassen. 45) *to censure well* = günstig beurtheilen, billigen. 46) Es macht nicht viel aus, ob Einer das von uns verhängte Urtheil über Gloster anficht, bestreitet. — Die folgende Bühnenweisung der Fol. ist *Enter a Post.* 47) *green* = frisch, hier von der Wunde. So in Romeo and Juliet (A. 4, Sc. 3) *Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,* || *Lies fest'ring in his shroud.* 48) *expedient* = rasch, fördersam. 49) *far-fet* = weit hergeholt, raffinirt. — Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 4, Anm. 8. — York's vorhergehende Rede ist ironisch

Show me one scar character'd[50] on thy skin:
Men's flesh preserv'd so whole do[51] seldom win.
Q. Mar. Nay then, this spark will prove a raging fire,
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with. —
No more, good York; — sweet Somerset, be still: —
Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,
Might happily have prov'd far worse than his.
York. What, worse than nought? nay, then a shame take all!
Som. And, in the number,[52] thee, that wishest shame.
Car. My lord of York, try what your fortune is.
The uncivil kerns of Ireland[53] are in arms,
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen:
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely, from each county some,
And try your hap against the Irishmen?
York. I will, my lord, so please his majesty.
Suf. Why, our authority is his consent,
And what we do establish, he confirms:
Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.
York. I am content. Provide me soldiers, lords,
Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.
Suf. A charge, Lord York, that I will see perform'd.
But now return we to the false duke Humphrey.
Car. No more of him; for I will deal with him,
That henceforth he shall trouble us no more:
And so break off; the day is almost spent.
Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.
York. My lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days,
At Bristol I expect my soldiers;
For there I 'll ship them all for Ireland.
Suf. I 'll see it truly done, my lord of York.
[Exeunt all but York.
York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,[54]
And change misdoubt to resolution:
Be that thou hop'st to be,[55] or what thou art
Resign to death; it is not worth the enjoying.
Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbour in a royal heart.
Faster than spring-time showers comes thought no thought,
And not a thought but thinks on dignity.
My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,
Weaves tedious[56] snares to trap mine enemies.
Well, nobles, well; 't is politicly done,
To send me packing with an host of men:
I fear me, you but warm the starved[57] snake,
Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
'T was men I lack'd, and you will give them me:
I take it kindly; yet, be well assur'd,
You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.
Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
I will stir up in England some black storm,
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven, or hell;
And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage,
Until the golden circuit on my head,
Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.[58]
And, for a minister of my intent,
I have seduc'd a headstrong Kentishman,
John Cade of Ashford,
To make commotion, as full well he can,
Under the title of John Mortimer.
In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
Oppose himself against a troop of kerns;
And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts
Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porpentine:[59]
And, in the end being rescu'd, I have seen
Him caper upright, like a wild Morisco,[60]
Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.[61]
Full often, like a shag-hair'd[62] crafty kern,
Hath he conversed with the enemy,
And undiscover'd come to me again,
And given me notice of their villanies.
This devil here shall be my substitute;
For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble:
By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,
How they affect the house and claim of York.[63]

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gemeint. 50) *to character* = einritzen, eingraben, betont Sh. gewöhnlich auf der zweiten Sylbe. 51) Zu *do* ist als Subject aus dem Genitiv *men's* der Nominativ *men* hinzuzudenken: Leute, deren Fleisch so heil im Kriege bleibt, pflegen selten zu siegen. 52) *in the number* geht auf *all.* 53) Als barbarisch und aufrührerisch charakterisirt Sh. auch anderswo die *kerns*, die irischen Landstreicher und Bauern, und in Heywood's Woman kill'd with Kindness kommt dasselbe Epitheton vor: *Some barbarous outlaw, or uncivil kern.* 54) Die Gedanken, die bis dahin sich mit Besorgnissen wegen des Erfolgs getragen hatten. 55) d. h. gewöhne Dich daran, König zu sein; betrachte Dich schon jetzt als das, was Du zu werden hoffst, oder vergiss, dass Du bisher nur Herzog warst. 56) *tedious* = mühsam zubereitet, langwierig in der Herstellung. 57) *starved* = vor Kälte erstarrt oder verschmachtet. In diesem Sinne gebraucht Sh. *to starve* auch sonst; so in Cymbeline (A. 1, Sc. 5) *lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve.* 58) *flaw* = ein plötzlich losbrechender Sturm. Wie der goldene Reif *(golden circuit)* auf York's gekröntem Haupte die Sonne, so ist der von ihm erregte Bürgerkrieg gleichsam der Sturm, dessen Wuth dem hervortretenden Sonnenscheine weichen soll. 59) *porpentine* ist das Sh.'sche Wort, das die Hgg. stillschweigend mit dem modernen *porcupine* vertauschen. — In der vorigen Zeile ist zu *fought* ein *he* zu suppliren, das freilich nicht vorhergeht. Hanmer, der *fight* für *fought* lesen wollte, verwischte damit die eigenthümlich Sh.'sche Licenz der Construction. 60) Er machte Sprünge in die Höhe, wie ein Tänzer im Mohrentanze. — *Morisco*, das Sh. hier = Mohrentänzer, gebraucht, ist sonst, z. B. bei Beaumont und Fletcher an zwei Stellen, synonym mit *morris-dance* = Mohrentanz, ein altenglischer Volkstanz, der von bestimmten stehenden Figuren ausgeführt wurde. — Die meisten Hgg. ziehen im Widerspruch mit der Fol. das *him* zu der vorhergehenden Zeile und betonen dann ungewöhnlicher Weise *upright* auf der zweiten und *Morisco* auf der ersten Sylbe. 61) Die Glöckchen waren dem Mohrentänzer an den Armen und Knieen befestigt. 62) *shag-hair'd* = struppköpfig, hat Sh. auch in Macbeth (A. 4, Sc. 2), wo die Fol. freilich *shag-eared* liest. John Cade verkleidete sich wie ein wilder Kern und diente so als Spion den Feinden gegenüber. — *crafty kern* = verstellter Kern, wie *crafty-sick* = verstellt krank, in K. Henry IV. Second Part (Induction). 63) Wie sie gegen das Haus und gegen die Thronansprüche York's gesinnt sind. 64) Wenn Humphrey todt und Heinrich beseitigt ist, so gehört das nächste Anrecht mir, so bin ich der Nächste zum Throne.

Say, he be taken, rack'd, and tortured,
I know, no pain they can inflict upon him
Will make him say, I mov'd him to those arms.
Say, that he thrive, as 't is great like he will,
Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,
And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd;
For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
And Henry put apart, the next for me. [64] *[Exit.*

SCENE II.

Bury. A Room in the Palace.

Enter certain Murderers, hastily. [1]

1. Mur. Run to my lord of Suffolk; let him know,
We have despatch'd the duke, as he commanded.
2. Mur. O, that it were to do! [2] — What have we done?
Didst ever hear a man so penitent? [3]
1. Mur. Here comes my lord.

Enter Suffolk.

Suf. Now, Sirs, have you despatch'd this thing?
1. Mur. Ay, my good lord, he 's dead.
Suf. Why, that 's well said. [4] Go, get you to my house;
I will reward you for this venturous deed.
The king and all the peers are here at hand.
Have you laid fair the bed? [5] Is all things well,
According as I gave directions?
1. Mur. 'T is, my good lord.
Suf. Away, be gone. *[Exeunt Murderers.*

Sound trumpets. Enter King Henry, *Queen* Margaret, *Cardinal* Beaufort, Somerset, *Lords, and Others.*

K. Hen. Go, call our uncle to our presence straight:
Say, we intend to try his grace to-day,
If he be guilty, as 't is published.
Suf. I 'll call him presently, my noble lord. *[Exit.*
K. Hen. Lords, take your places; and, I pray you all,
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloster,
Than from true evidence, of good esteem,
He be approv'd in practice culpable.
Q. Mar. God forbid any malice should prevail,
That faultless may condemn a nobleman!
Pray God, he may acquit him of suspicion!
K. Hen. I thank thee, Nell; [6] these words content me much.

Re-enter Suffolk.

How now? why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
Where is our uncle? what 's the matter, Suffolk?
Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloster is dead.
Q. Mar. Marry, God forfend!
Car. God's secret judgment! — I did dream to-night,
The duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.
[The King *swoons.* [7]
Q. Mar. How fares my lord? — Help, lords! the king is dead.
Som. Rear up his body: wring him by the nose.
Q. Mar. Run, go, help, help! — O Henry, ope thine eyes!
Suf. He doth revive again. — Madam, be patient.
K. Hen. O heavenly God!
Q. Mar. How fares my gracious lord?
Suf. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, comfort!
K. Hen. What! doth my lord of Suffolk comfort me?
Came he right now [8] to sing a raven's note,
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers,
And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first-conceived sound?
Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words;
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say:
Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!
Upon thy eyeballs murderous tyranny
Sits in grim majesty to fright the world.
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding. —
Yet do not go away: — come, basilisk,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight;
For in the shade of death I shall find joy,
In life but double death, now Gloster 's dead.
Q. Mar. Why do you rate my lord of Suffolk thus?
Although the duke was enemy to him,
Yet he, most christian-like, laments his death:
And for myself, foe as he was to me,
Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
Or blood-consuming sighs, [9] recall his life,
I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,
And all to have the noble duke alive.
What know I how the world may deem of me?
For it is known, we were but hollow friends;
It may be judg'd, I made the duke away:
So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,
And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.
This get I by his death. Ah me, unhappy!
To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!
K. Hen. Ah, woe is me for Gloster, wretched man!
Q. Mar. Be woe for me, [10] more wretched than he is.
What, dost thou turn away, and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome leper; look on me.
What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf? [11]

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1) Die Bühnenweisung der Fol. lautet *Enter two or three running over the stage, from the murther of Duke Humphrey.* 2) Liesse es sich doch ungeschehen machen! stände doch die That als eine zukünftige noch in unserer Hand! 3) Sah'st Du jemals Einen ein so bussfertiges Ende nehmen, wie den Herzog von Gloster? 4) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 4, Anm. 4. 5) Die Qs. haben dafür deutlicher: *Then see the cloths laid smooth about him still,* || *That when the king comes, he may perceive* || *No other, but that he died of his own accord.* — Im Folgenden hat nur die Fol. *Is all things etc.*, entsprechend der Antwort *'T is, my good lord.* Die späteren Folioausgg. setzen *Are* für *Is.* 6) So liest die Fol. — Da die Königin Margarethe heisst, änderte Theobald *Nell* in *Well* um; Reed wollte *Meg*, die Abkürzung von *Margaret*, dafür lesen; Malone setzte den vollen Namen *Margaret* in den Text. — Es scheint, dass Sh. selbst hier, wie im Verlauf der Scene noch mehrere Mal, den Namen der Königin und den der Herzogin von Gloster *Eleanor*, abgekürzt *Nell*, mit einander verwechselt hat. 7) *sounds* in der Fol. 8) *right now* = gerade jetzt. 9) Dass Seufzer das Blut verzehren, das Herz beschädigen und das Antlitz blass machen, sagt Sh. wiederholt; z. B. in Romeo and Juliet (A. 3, Sc. 5) *dry sorrow drinks our blood.* — *blood-consuming* und *blood-drinking* sind synonym. 10) Mögest Du um meinetwillen

Be poisonous too, and kill thy forlorn queen.
Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb?
Why, then dame Margaret[12] was ne'er thy joy:
Erect his statua,[13] and worship it,
And make my image but an ale-house sign.
Was I for this nigh wrack'd upon the sea,
And twice by awkward wind[14] from England's bank
Drove back again unto my native clime?
What boded this, but well-forewarning wind
Did seem to say, — Seek not a scorpion's nest,
Nor set no footing on this unkind shore?
What did I then, but curs'd the gentle gusts,[15]
And he that loos'd them from their brazen caves;
And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore,
Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock.
Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,
But left that hateful office unto thee:
The pretty-vaulting sea[16] refus'd to drown me,
Knowing that thou wouldst have me drown'd on shore,
With tears as salt as sea through thy unkindness:
The splitting rocks cower'd in the sinking sands,[17]
And would not dash me with their ragged sides,
Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
Might in thy palace perish Margaret.[18]
As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
When from the shore the tempest beat us back,
I stood upon the hatches in the storm;
And when the dusky sky began to rob
My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
I took a costly jewel from my neck, —
A heart it was, bound in with diamonds, —
And threw it towards thy land. The sea receiv'd it,
And so I wish'd thy body might my heart:
And even with this I lost fair England's view,
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart,
And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.
How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue
(The agent of thy foul inconstancy),
To sit and witch[19] me, as Ascanius did,
When he to madding Dido would unfold
His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy!
Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false like him?
Ah me! I can no more. Die, Margaret,
For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.

Noise within. Enter Warwick *and* Salisbury. *The Commons press to the door.*[20]

War. It is reported, mighty sovereign,
That good duke Humphrey traitorously is murder'd
By Suffolk and the cardinal Beaufort's[21] means.
The commons, like an angry hive of bees,
That want their leader, scatter up and down,
And care not who they sting in his revenge.
Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
Until they hear the order of his death.[22]

K. Hen. That he is dead, good Warwick, 't is too true;
But how he died, God knows, not Henry.[23]
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corse,
And comment then upon his sudden death.

War. That I shall do, my liege. — Stay, Salisbury,
With the rude multitude, till I return.

[Warwick *goes into an inner room, and* Salisbury *retires.*[24]

K. Hen. O, thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts!
My thoughts that labour to persuade my soul,
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life.
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God,
For judgment only doth belong to thee.
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain[25]
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears,
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling;
But all in vain are these mean obsequies,
And to survey his dead and earthy image,
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

The doors of an inner chamber are thrown open, and Gloster *is discovered dead in his bed;* Warwick *and Others standing by it.*[26]

War. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

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betrübt sein, da ich schlimmer daran bin als er. — Der Nachdruck liegt auf *me*, und *be* ist Imperativ. 11) Den Volksglauben von der Taubheit der Natter wendet Sh. poetisch in Troilus and Cressida (A. 2, Sc. 2) und in den Sonnets (112) an. 12) Die Fol. hat hier *Eleanor* für *Margaret*. Vgl. Anm. 6 dieser Scene. 13) Wie an mehreren andern Stellen bei Sh., in K. Richard III. (A. 3, Sc. 7) und in Julius Cæsar (A. 2, Sc. 2 und A. 3, Sc. 2), zeigt der Vers hier, dass das bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen nicht seltene dreisylbige *statua* statt des zweisylbigen *statue* der Fol. zu lesen ist. — Die meisten Hgg. fügen statt dessen hinter *statue* ein *then* ein. 14) *awkward wind* = ungünstiger, conträrer Wind, kommt auch in Marlowe's K. Edward III. vor. 15) Als *gentle* bezeichnet Margarethe jetzt die Winde, weil sie es gut mit ihr vorhatten, als sie ihr Fahrzeug von England wegtrieben. — In der folgenden Zeile steht *he* für *him*, als Object zu *curs'd*. 16) Die See liess die Wellen nur zum Spiel hoch gehen, machte gleichsam hübsche, artige Sprünge. — *pretty* bildet ein Compositum mit *vaulting*. 17) Die Felsen, die sonst Alles zersplittern, verbargen sich diesmal in den Meeressand, der sie in sich versenkte. 18) *to perish* = umkommen lassen, zu Grunde richten, als transitives Verbum, hat auch Fletcher in seinem Drama Wit without Money: *if one cold perish me*. — Für *Margaret* liest die Fol. auch hier *Eleanor*, ebenso in der vorletzten Zeile dieser Rede. 19) *witch* ist Theobald's Emendation für das *watch* der Fol. — Unter *Ascanius* versteht Sh. den Liebesgott, welcher in der Gestalt dieses Sohnes des Aeneas die Liebe der Dido zu Letzterem stärker anfachte. — *madding* bezeichnet den Liebeswahnsinn der Dido. 20) In der Fol. *Enter Warwick and many Commons*. 21) Das genitivische *s* gehört zu *Suffolk* wie zu *Beaufort*. So in K. Henry VI. First Part (A. 3, Sc. 1) *The bishop and the duke of Gloster's men*, wo *the bishop* ebenfalls Genitiv ist. — Die zweite Folioausg. liest *Suffolkes*, die späteren Folioausgg. wieder *Suffolk*. 22) Ich habe ihren aufrührerischen Sinn so lange beschwichtigt, bis dass sie den ordentlichen Verlauf seines Todes erfahren. 23) Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 2, Anm. 2. 24) Diese Bühnenweisung ist modern. Die Fol. hat hier gar keine und die Qs. folgende: *Warwick draws the curtains and shows Duke Humphrey in his bed*. 25) Für *drain* wollte Steevens *rain* lesen: indess erklärt Malone richtig *to drain* mit *to distil*. 26) Statt dieser Bühnenweisung Malone's hat die

K. Hen. That is to see how deep my grave is made;
For with his soul fled all my worldly solace,
For seeing him, I see my life in death.[27]
War. As surely as my soul intends to live
With that dread King, that took our state upon him
To free us from his Father's wrathful curse,
I do believe that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.
Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!
What instance gives Lord Warwick for his vow?
War. See, how the blood is settled in his face.
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,[28]
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,
Being[29] all descended to the labouring heart;
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;[30]
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
To blush[31] and beautify the cheek again.
But see, his face is black, and full of blood;
His eyeballs further out than when he liv'd,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man:
His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling;
His hands abroad display'd,[32] as one that grasp'd
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdued.
Look, on the sheets, his hair, you see, is sticking;
His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.
It cannot be but he was murder'd here;
The least of all these signs were probable.[33]
Suf. Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to death?
Myself and Beaufort had him in protection,
And we, I hope, Sir, are no murderers.
War. But both of you were vow'd duke Humphrey's foes,
And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep:
'T is like you would not feast him like a friend,
And 't is well seen he found an enemy.
Q. Mar. Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen
As guilty of duke Humphrey's timeless death.
War. Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect 't was he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.
Q. Mar. Are you the butcher, Suffolk? where 's your knife?
Is Beaufort term'd a kite? where are his talons?
Suf. I wear no knife, to slaughter sleeping men;
But here 's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart,[34]
That slanders me with murder's crimson badge. —
Say, if thou dar'st, proud lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faulty in duke Humphrey's death.
[Exeunt Cardinal, SOMERSET, *and Others.*
War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?[35]
Q. Mar. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.
War. Madam, be still, with reverence may I say;
For every word you speak in his behalf
Is slander to your royal dignity.
Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour,
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art,
And never of the Nevils' noble race.
War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,
And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
And say, it was thy[36] mother that thou meantst;
That thou thyself wast born in bastardy:
And, after all this fearful homage done,[37]
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,
Pernicious bloodsucker[38] of sleeping men.
Suf. Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy blood,
If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.
War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence.
Unworthy though thou art, I 'll cope with thee,
And do some service to duke Humphrey's ghost.
[Exeunt SUFFOLK *and* WARWICK.
K. Hen. What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.
[A noise within.

Fol. lakonisch *Bed put forth*, d. h. es wurde ein Bett mit dem Leichnam Gloster's darin auf die Bühne geschoben. 27) Indem ich ihn sehe, sehe ich mein eigenes Leben im Tode daliegen, sehe ich mich selber todt. 28) *timely-parted* = nach dem natürlichen Zeitverlauf abgeschieden, nicht gewaltsam vor der Zeit, was Sh. mit *untimely* und *timeless* bezeichnet. Malone erklärt dagegen, weniger plausibel, *timely* hier mit *recently, newly.* — *ghost* = die Person des Verstorbenen, wie sie sichtbar wird, sei es als Gespenst, Geist, oder als nachgelassener Leib, gebrauchen Sh.'s Zeitgenossen so unterschiedslos wie Sh. selbst. 29) *being all etc.* bezieht sich auf das in *bloodless* steckende Substantiv *blood.* 30) Das Blut soll dem Herzen Hülfe leisten gegen den andringenden Feind, den Tod, aber Blut und Herz werden zusammen kalt. 31) *to blush* = roth färben, erröthen machen, als transitives Verbum. So in Beaumont und Fletcher's Wife for a Month: *Old doting Trithon, hold Aurora fast,* || *And though she blush the day-break from her cheek,* || *Conceal her still.* 32) Die Hände ausgespreitet. So in Peacham's Complete Gentleman (1627) *let a boy at a good distance off hold up his hand and stretch his fingers abroad.* — Die Qs. haben *his fingers spread abroad.* 33) *probable* = beweiskräftig. — In Warwick's folgender Rede setzte die zweite Folioausg. irrthümlich *death* für *foes*, worauf die spätern Folioausgg. dann *have* für *were* setzten: *But both of you have vow'd duke Humphrey's death.* 34) Der Rost, den die Unthätigkeit an Suffolk's Schwerte gebildet hat, soll abgeputzt werden in Warwick's Herzen. — Das folgende relative *that* bezieht sich auf *his.* 35) Wortspiel zwischen *to dare* = wagen, und = herausfordern. 36) Der Nachdruck liegt auf *thy*: Du meintest Deine Mutter, nicht die meinige, in dem, was Du sprachst. 37) Nachdem Du aus Furcht mir diese erzwungene Huldigung erwiesen, würde ich Dir Deinen gebührenden Lohn geben. 38) Warwick denkt dabei an

Q. Mar. What noise is this?

Re-enter SUFFOLK *and* WARWICK, *with their weapons drawn.*

K. Hen. Why, how now, lords? your wrathful weapons drawn
Here in our presence? dare you be so bold? —
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?
Suf. The traitorous Warwick, with the men of Bury,
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

Noise of a crowd within. Re-enter SALISBURY.

Sal. [Speaking to those within.] Sirs, stand apart; the king shall know your mind. —
Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,
Unless false Suffolk straight be done to death,
Or banished fair England's territories,
They will by violence tear him from your palace,
And torture him with grievous lingering death.
They say, by him the good duke Humphrey died;
They say, in him they fear your highness' death;
And mere instinct of love, and loyalty,
Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking,
Makes them thus forward in his banishment.[39]
They say, in care of your most royal person,
That, if your highness should intend to sleep,
And charge, that no man should disturb your rest,
In pain of your dislike, or pain of death,
Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict,
Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,
That slily glided towards your majesty,
It were but necessary, you were wak'd;
Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
The mortal worm[40] might make the sleep eternal:
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you, whe'r you will or no,
From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is;
With whose envenomed and fatal sting,
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,[41]
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.
Commons. [Within.] An answer from the king, my lord of Salisbury!
Suf. 'T is like, the commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,
Could send such message to their sovereign;
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To show how quaint[42] an orator you are:
But all the honour Salisbury hath won,
Is, that he was the lord ambassador,
Sent from a sort of tinkers[43] to the king.
Commons. [Within.] An answer from the king, or we will all break in!
K. Hen. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,
I thank them for their tender loving care;
And had I not been cited[44] so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;
For sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means:
And therefore, by His majesty I swear,
Whose far unworthy deputy I am,
He shall not breathe[45] infection in this air
But three days longer, on the pain of death.
[Exit SALISBURY.
Q. Mar. O Henry! let me plead for gentle Suffolk.
K. Hen. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk.
No more, I say; if thou dost plead for him,
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
Had I but said, I would have kept my word,
But when I swear, it is irrevocable. —
If after three days' space thou here be'st found
On any ground that I am ruler of,
The world shall not be ransom for thy life.[46] —
Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me;
I have great matters to impart to thee.
[Exeunt King HENRY, WARWICK, *Lords, etc.*
Q. Mar. Mischance and sorrow go along with you!
Heart's discontent, and sour affliction,
Be playfellows to keep you company!
There 's two of you; the devil make a third,
And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!
Suf. Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.
Q. Mar. Fie, coward woman, and soft-hearted wretch!
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy?
Suf. A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them?
Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,[47]
I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave.
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;

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die Vampyre, die dem Schlafenden das Blut aussaugen, wie Suffolk den Gloster im Schlaf gemordet haben soll. 39) *his banishment* ist hier = die Betreibung seiner Verbannung, Exilirung, nicht = Exil. — In dem dritten Verse dieser Rede Salisbury's ist mit Malone für *Lord Suffolk* der Fol. besser *false Suffolk* zu lesen, wie die Qs. an der entsprechenden Stelle haben. 40) *mortal worm* = tödtliche Schlange. — *worm* wird allgemein für *serpent* gebraucht. 41) Der zwanzigmal so viel werth war wie Suffolk. 42) *quaint* = kundig, geschickt. 43) Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 1, Anm. 26. — Die Gemeinen werden verächtlich als ein Haufe von Kesselflickern bezeichnet. 44) *to cite* = mahnen, entbieten. Die Hgg. setzen ohne Grund *'cited*, als sei das Wort abgekürzt aus *accited* oder *excited*. 45) *to breathe* = ausathmen; er soll die Luft nicht mit seinem Athem verpesten. — In der vorigen Zeile geht das *whose* auf das in *His majesty* steckende *He* scil. *God*. 46) So wird man mir vergebens die ganze Welt als Lösegeld für Dein verwirktes Leben bieten. — Einige Zeilen vorher ist ein Gegensatz zwischen *to say* = Etwas sagen, und *to swear* = es beschwören. 47) Reed citirt hierzu aus Bulleine's Bulwark of Defence against Sickness (1579) folgende Stelle: *They do affirm that this herb cometh of the seed of some convicted deadman; and also without the death of some living thing it cannot be drawn out of the earth to man's use. Therefore they did tie some dog or other living beast unto the root thereof with a cord, and digged the earth in compass round about, and in the mean time stopped their own ears for fear of the terrible shriek and cry of this mandrake. In which cry it doth not only die itself, but the fear thereof killeth the dog or beast which pulleth it out of the earth.* — Nach einer andern Stelle, in Romeo and Juliet (A. 4, Sc. 3) wurde der Hörer von dem Schrei der Alraunwurzel wahnsinnig. 48) Mein Haar sollte emporgesträubt

My hair be fix'd on end, as one distract;[48]
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:
And even now my burden'd heart would break,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!
Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress trees![49]
Their chiefest prospect murdering basilisks![50]
Their softest touch as smart as lizards' stings!
Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss,
And boding screech-owls make the concert full!
All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell —
Q. Mar. Enough, sweet Suffolk: thou torment'st thyself;
And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,
Or like an overcharged gun, recoil,
And turn the force of them upon thyself.
Suf. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?
Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.
Q. Mar. O! let me entreat thee, cease. Give me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To wash away my woful monuments.
O! could this kiss be printed in thy hand,
That thou mightst think upon these[51] by the seal,
Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee.
So, get thee gone, that I may know[52] my grief;
'T is but surmis'd whilst thou art standing by,
As one that surfeits, thinking on a want.
I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,
Adventure to be banished myself;
And banished I am, if but from thee.
Go, speak not to me; even now be gone. —
O! go not yet. — Even thus two friends condemn'd
Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
Loather a hundred times to part than die.
Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!
Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.
'T is not the land I care for, wert thou thence;
A wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:
For where thou art, there is the world itself,
With every several pleasure in the world,
And where thou art not, desolation.
I can no more. — Live thou to joy thy life;[53]
Myself no joy in nought, but that thou liv'st.

Enter Vaux.

Q. Mar. Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, pr'ythee?
Vaux. To signify unto his majesty,
That cardinal Beaufort is at point of death;
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,
Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
Sometime he talks as if duke Humphrey's ghost
Were by his side; sometime he calls the king,
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
The secrets of his overcharged soul:
And I am sent to tell his majesty,
That even now he cries aloud for him.
Q. Mar. Go, tell this heavy message to the king.
[Exit Vaux.
Ah me! what is this world? what news are these?
But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,[54]
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?
Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
And with the southern clouds[55] contend in tears?
Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows.
Now, get thee hence: the king, thou know'st, is coming;
If thou be found by me,[56] thou art but dead.
Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot live;
And in thy sight to die, what were it else,
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,
Dying with mother's dug between its lips;
Where,[57] from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth:
So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.
To die by thee, were but to die in jest;
From thee to die, were torture more than death.
O! let me stay, befall what may befall.
Q. Mar. Away! though parting be a fretful corsive,[58]
It is applied to a deathful wound.
To France, sweet Suffolk: let me hear from thee;

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stehen, wie das eines Wahnsinnigen. 49) Die Cypresse war, als ein Symbol der Trauer, zugleich ein Unglücksbaum, ein Baum übler Vorbedeutung. 50) So wird auch an einer früheren Stelle dieser Scene *come, basilisk,* || *And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight* der Volksglaube von dem tödtenden Auge des fabelhaften Basilisken benutzt. Eben so fabelhaft wird in der folgenden Zeile die Eidechse mit einem giftigen Stachel ausgestattet, wie gleichfalls in K. Henry VI. Third Part (A. 2, Sc. 2) *As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.* 51) *these* muss, wie der dazu gehörige Satz *Through whom etc.* zeigt, die Lippen der Margarethe bezeichnen, und eine auf dieselben hindeutende Pantomime muss den Sinn klarer machen. — Der Kuss ist das auf die Lippen gedrückte Siegel. — Hanmer setzte *on these lips* für *upon these.* 52) *to know* = klar erkennen, ist Gegensatz zu *to surmise* = vermuthen, ahnen. 53) *to joy* mit dem Accusativ = sich einer Sache erfreuen. — Aus diesem Verbum ist für den folgenden elliptischen Satz ein ähnliches hinzuzudenken: ich selbst habe keine Freude an irgend Etwas, als daran, dass Du lebst. — Vier Zeilen vorher ist *had* Conjunctiv: wenn Suffolk nur Deine himmlische Gesellschaft hätte. 54) Nach Steevens' Deutung ist *an hour's poor loss* die Stunde, welche Cardinal Beaufort, alt wie er war, etwa noch länger hätte leben können, ohne diese Krankheit. In besserem Zusammenhang mit dem Folgenden erscheint Malone's Erklärung: Warum betraure ich Beaufort's nahen Tod, einen Verlust, den ich nur eine Stunde lang empfinden werde, während ich Suffolk's Verlust stets fühlen muss? 55) Der Südwind wird auch sonst von Sh. als der regenbringende, feuchte, aufgefasst. 56) *by me* = an meiner Seite. Ebenso nachher *to die by thee* = an Deiner Seite sterben, freilich dort mit dem Doppelsinne = durch Dich sterben. 57) *where* für *whereas* = wogegen, da doch. — *from thy sight* = ausser Deinem Gesichtskreis. 58) *corsive* zweisylbig,

For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
I 'll have an Iris[59] that shall find thee out.
Suf. I go.
Q. Mar. And take my heart with thee.
Suf. A jewel, lock'd into the wofull'st cask
That ever did contain a thing of worth.
Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we:
This way fall I to death.[60]
Q. Mar. This way for me.
[Exeunt severally.

SCENE III.

London. Cardinal Beaufort's Bed-chamber.

Enter King Henry, Salisbury, Warwick, *and Others. The Cardinal in bed; Attendants with him.*

K. Hen. How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.
Car. If thou be'st death, I 'll give thee England's treasure,
Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.
K. Hen. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible!
War. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.
Car. Bring me unto my trial[1] when you will.
Died he not in his bed? where should he die?[2]
Can I make men live, whe'r they will or no? —
O! torture me no more, I will confess.[3] —
Alive again? then show me where he is:
I 'll give a thousand pound to look upon him. —
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them. —
Comb down his hair: look! look! it stands upright,
Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul.[4] —
Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.[5]
K. Hen. O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
O! beat away the busy meddling fiend,
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
And from his bosom purge this black despair.
War. See, how the pangs of death do make him grin.
Sal. Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.[6]
K. Hen. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be.
Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope. —
He dies, and makes no sign. O God, forgive him!
War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.
K. Hen. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all. —
Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close,[7]
And let us all to meditation. *[Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Kent. The Sea-shore near Dover.

Firing heard at sea. Then enter from a boat, a Captain, a Master, a Master's-Mate, Walter Whitmore, *and Others; with them* Suffolk, *disguised, and other Gentlemen, prisoners.*[1]

Cap. The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day[2]
Is crept into the bosom of the sea,
And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades
That drag the tragic melancholy night;
Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings[3]
Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.
Therefore, bring forth the soldiers of our prize;
For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,
Or with their blood stain this discolour'd shore.[4] —
Master, this prisoner freely give I thee; —
And thou that art his mate, make boot of this; —
The other *[pointing to* Suffolk*]*, Walter Whitmore, is thy share.
1. Gent. What is my ransom, master? let me know.
Mast. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.
Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.
Cap. What! think you much to pay two thousand crowns,
And bear the name and port of gentlemen? —
Cut both the villains' throats! — for die you shall:
The lives of those which we have lost in fight,
Be[5] counterpois'd with such a petty sum!

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wie das Wort für *corrosive* zu Sh.'s Zeit häufig geschrieben wurde, verlangt auch hier der Vers, obwohl die Fol. *corosive* hat. — Sidney Walker wollte dafür *Away!* metrisch von dem Folgenden trennen. 59) Eine Botin, wie Iris die Botin der Juno war. 60) Suffolk vergleicht seine Trennung von der Königin mit einem Schiffbruch und sich selbst mit der einen Hälfte eines scheiternden Schiffes, die nach der einen Seite hin untergeht; Margarethe führt das Bild mit Anwendung auf sich selber fort.

1) d. h. zu dem gerichtlichen Verhör über Gloster's Tod. 2) Wo sollt' er anders sterben, als in seinem Bette? — Vielleicht wäre aber zu lesen *Died he not in his bed, where he should die?* 3) Er glaubt sich auf die Folter gespannt, um ein Bekenntniss von ihm zu erpressen; und gleich darauf meint er, ihm werde mitgetheilt, dass Gloster noch lebe. 4) Er sieht Gloster's Geist in seinen Phantasieen vor sich stehen, aber ohne Augen und mit emporgesträubtem Haar. — *dust* ist der Staub des Grabes, aus dem der Geist erstanden ist. 5) Mit dem gekauften Gift will er sich selbst in seiner Verzweiflung umbringen. 6) Lasst ihn in Frieden dahingehen, sterben. 7) Zieht die Vorhänge vor seinem Bette zusammen.

1) Die Bühnenweisung der Fol. ist einfach: *Alarum. Fight at sea. Ordnance goes off. Enter Lieutenant, Suffolk and Others.* — In dem Seegefechte, das hinter der Scene vor sich geht, werden Suffolk und seine Reisegefährten von den Seeräubern gefangen genommen. 2) Der Tag ist als Einer, der Alles ausschwatzt und der die Uebelthat zeigt und Bedenken davor erregt *(blabbing, remorseful)*, wenig geeignet zu solchen Geschäften, wie die Seeräuber sie jetzt vornehmen wollen, nämlich die Gefangenen niederzumachen, wenn sie kein hinlängliches Lösegeld bieten können. 3) Die Pferde, welche den Wagen der Nacht ziehen, sind Drachen, wie Sh. sie auch an andern Stellen bezeichnet, und als solche mit Flügeln versehen. Mit diesen Flügeln überschatten sie die Gräber. 4) Der Strand wird erst verfärbt von dem Blute der Schlachtopfer. 5) Malone schob vor *be* ein *cannot* ein und gab so dem Satze einen andern Sinn als der in der Fol. zu Tage liegt: die geforderte Summe ist so gering, dass kaum das Leben unserer gefallenen Brüder damit aufgewogen wird, dass wir selbst aber nicht daran genug haben.

1. Gent. I 'll give it, Sir; and therefore spare my life.
2. Gent. And so will I, and write home for it straight.
Whit. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard.
[To SUFFOLK*]* And, therefore, to revenge it shalt thou die;
And so should these, if I might have my will.
Cap. Be not so rash: take ransom; let him live.
Suf. Look on my George:[6] I am a gentleman.
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.
Whit. And so am I; my name is Walter Whitmore.
How now? why start'st thou? what! doth death affright?[7]
Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.
A cunning man did calculate my birth,[8]
And told me that by *Water* I should die:[9]
Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded;
Thy name is *Gaultier*, being rightly sounded.
Whit. *Gaultier*, or *Walter*, which it is, I care not;
Never yet did base dishonour blur our name,
But with our sword we wip'd away the blot:
Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,
Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,
And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!
[Lays hold on SUFFOLK.
Suf. Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a prince,
The duke of Suffolk, William de la Poole.
Whit. The duke of Suffolk muffled up in rags!
Suf. Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke:
[Jove sometime went disguis'd, and why not I?][10]
Cap. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.
Suf. Obscure and lowly swain, king Henry's blood,[11]
The honourable blood of Lancaster,
Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.[12]
Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrup?
Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule,[13]
And thought thee happy when I shook my head?
How often hast thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,
When I have feasted with queen Margaret?
Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fall'n;
Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride.[14]
How in our voiding lobby[15] hast thou stood,
And duly waited for my coming forth?
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.[16]
Whit. Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?
Cap. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.[17]
Suf. Base slave, thy words are blunt, and so art thou.
Cap. Convey him hence, and on our long-boat's side
Strike off his head.
Suf. Thou dar'st not for thy own.
Cap. [Yes, Poole.
Suf. Poole?][18]
Cap. Poole? Sir Poole? lord?
Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt
Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.
Now will I dam up this thy yawning[19] mouth,
For swallowing the treasure of the realm:
Thy lips, that kiss'd the queen, shall sweep the ground;
And thou, that smil'dst at good duke Humphrey's death,
Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,
Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again:
And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
For daring to affy[20] a mighty lord
Unto the daughter of a worthless[21] king,
Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.
By devilish policy art thou grown great,
And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorg'd
With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding[22] heart.
By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France;
The false revolting Normans thorough thee
Disdain to call us lord; and Picardy
Hath slain their governors,[23] surpris'd our forts,
And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,
Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,
As hating thee, are[24] rising up in arms:
And now the house of York — thrust from the crown,
By shameful murder of a guiltless king,[25]
And lofty proud encroaching tyranny —
Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful colours[26]
Advance our half-fac'd sun, striving to shine,
Under the which is writ — *Invitis nubibus.*
The commons, here in Kent, are up in arms;

— *be* steht, wie häufig bei Sh., für *are*. 6) Das Bild des heiligen Georg, das Suffolk als Ritter des Hosenbandordens trägt. 7) Vielleicht ist zufällig in der Fol. *thee* hinter *affright* ausgefallen. 8) Ein kundiger Mann stellte mir die Nativität, berechnete aus der Stellung der Gestirne bei meiner Geburt mein Lebensschicksal. 9) Diese Prophezeiung gab der von Bolingbroke citirte Geist in A. 1, Sc. 4. 10) Dieser Vers oder einer ähnlichen Sinnes ist zufällig in der Fol. ausgefallen und zuerst, da der folgende ohne ihn unverständlich sein würde, von Pope aus den Qs. entlehnt. — Die Qs. haben in ihrer Bühnenweisung zu Anfang dieser Scene schon *Enter the duke of Suffolk disguised.* 11) Diese Zeile theilen die Folioausgg. irrthümlich dem Captain zu; die richtige Bezeichnung rührt von Pope her. — Für *lowly*, das sich in den Qs. findet, hat die Fol. *lowsie.* 12) *jaded groom* = ein Knecht, den man hudelt, nicht besser behandelt als ein Pferd. 13) *foot-cloth mule* = ein Reitthier, dessen Prachtdecke bis auf den Boden reicht. 14) *abortive pride* erklärt Johnson mit *pride issuing before its time.* Es ist wohl eher = ein missrathener und unfruchtbarer Stolz. 15) *voiding lobby* = Vorzimmer, der Corridor, in welchen die eigentlichen Zimmer ausgehen. 16) *to charm the tongue*, eigentlich = die Zunge verzaubern, dann = zum Schweigen bringen. 17) scil. *as he hath stabb'd me with his words.* 18) Das Eingeklammerte ist von Capell, als zum Verständniss des Folgenden unentbehrlich, aus den Qs. entlehnt, da die Fol. das Entsprechende aus Versehen ausgelassen hat. — Der Captain macht ein Wortspiel zwischen Suffolk's ursprünglichem Namen *Poole* und *pool* = Pfuhl. 19) *yawning* ist zu verbinden mit *For swallowing etc.*: Dein Mund, der sich aufthut, um die Schätze des Reiches zu verschlingen. 20) *to affy* = verloben, kommt in demselben Sinne in Taming of the Shrew (A. 4, Sc. 4) vor: *we be affied.* 21) *worthless king* = ein König ohne werthvollen Besitz, Margarethens Vater, der Titularkönig von Neapel. 22) *mother's bleeding* verbesserte Rowe das *mother-bleeding* der Fol. 23) Die englischen Commandanten der picardischen Städte. 24) *are* setzte Rowe für das *and* der Fol. 25) Es ist Richard II. gemeint mit *guiltless king*, und Heinrich IV. mit *lofty tyranny.* 26) Die hoffnungsvoll erhobenen Fahnen der Yorks führen das von Eduard III. erwählte Abzeichen, eine von Wolken halbverhüllte Sonne, mit der entsprechenden Devise *Invitis nubibus*, des Sinnes, dass die Sonne trotz der Wolken scheint. 27) *reproach and*

And, to conclude, reproach and beggary[27]
Is crept into the palace of our king,
And all by thee. — Away! — Convey him hence.
Suf. O, that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!
Small things make base men proud: this villain here,
Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more
Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.[28]
Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives.
It is impossible, that I should die
By such a lowly[29] vassal as thyself.
Thy words move rage, and not remorse,[30] in me:
I go of message from the queen to France;
I charge thee, waft me safely cross the Channel.
Cap. Walter! —
Whit. Come, Suffolk; I must waft thee to thy death.
Suf. *Gelidus timor occupat artus:*[31] — it is thee I fear.
Whit. Thou shalt have cause to fear, before I leave thee.
What! are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?
1. Gent. My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair.
Suf. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,
Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.
Far be it we should honour such as these
With humble suit: no, rather let my head
Stoop to the block than these knees bow to any,
Save to the God of heaven, and to my king;
And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,
Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.
True nobility is exempt from fear:
More can I bear, than you dare execute.
Cap. Hale him away, and let him talk no more.
Suf. Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,[32]
That this my death may never be forgot. —
Great men oft die by vile Bezonians.[33]
A Roman sworder and banditto slave
Murder'd sweet Tully;[34] Brutus' bastard hand
Stabb'd Julius Cæsar; savage islanders
Pompey the Great;[35] and Suffolk dies by pirates.
[Exit Suffolk, *with* Whitmore *and Others.*
Cap. And as for these whose ransom we have set,
It is our pleasure one of them depart:
Therefore, come you with us, and let him go.
[Exeunt all but the First Gentleman.

Re-enter Whitmore, *with* Suffolk's *body.*

Whit. There let his head and lifeless body lie,
Until the queen, his mistress, bury it. *[Exit.*
1. Gent. O barbarous and bloody spectacle!
His body will I bear unto the king:
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;
So will the queen, that living held him dear.
[Exit, with the body.

SCENE II.

Blackheath.

Enter George Bevis *and* John Holland.

Geo. Come, and get thee a sword, though made of a lath: they have been up[1] these two days.
John. They have the more need to sleep now then.
Geo. I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.
John. So he had need, for 't is threadbare. Well, I say, it was never merry world in England, since gentlemen came up.[2]
Geo. O miserable age! Virtue is not regarded in handicrafts-men.
John. The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.
Geo. Nay, more; the king's council are no good workmen.
John. True; and yet it is said, Labour in thy vocation: which is as much to say as, — let the magistrates be labouring men; and therefore should we be magistrates.
Geo. Thou hast hit it; for there 's no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand.
John. I see them! I see them! There 's Best's son, the tanner of Wingham, —
Geo. He shall have the skins of our enemies to make dog's-leather of.
John. And Dick the butcher, —
Geo. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.
John. And Smith the weaver, —
Geo. *Argo,*[3] their thread of life is spun.
John. Come, come; let 's fall in with them.[4]

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beggary ist eine Anspielung auf die Königin, die ohne Mitgift und behaftet mit der Schmach ihres Liebesverhältnisses mit Suffolk in den Palast Heinrich's kam. 28) Dieser Seeräuber wird von Cicero in seinem Buche De Officiis erwähnt: *Bargulus, Illyricus latro, de quo est apud Theopompum, magnas opes habuit.* — Von dem genannten Werke Cicero's gab es zu Sh.'s Zeit zwei englische Uebersetzungen. — In den Qs. wird statt des Bargulus ein anderer Seeräuber genannt: *mighty Abradas, the great Macedonian pirate.* 29) Vgl. Anm. 11 dieser Scene. 30) *remorse* ist hier = Bussgefühl, Reue über meine früheren Vergehungen. 31) Woher Sh. dieses Fragment eines lateinischen Verses hatte, ist noch nicht ausgemacht; einzelne Wörter daraus finden sich ähnlich verbunden bei Ovid und Virgil. — Die Fol. hat *Pine gelidus etc.* Dieses zweifelhafte *Pine* streicht die zweite Folioausg. 32) Die Fol. verbindet irrig diesen Vers mit dem vorhergehenden; erst Sir Th. Hanmer ertheilte ihn richtig dem Suffolk zu. 33) *Bezonian* = Hungerleider, ein Wort, das Sh. als ein bombastisches in K. Henry IV. Second Part (A. 5, Sc. 3) hat. 34) *Tully* heisst Cicero auch in Titus Andronicus (A. 4, Sc. 1). — Das Epitheton *sweet* geht auf seine anmuthige Rednergabe. 35) Sh. vergass hier, dass Pompejus Magnus an der ägyptischen Küste von Achillas und Septimius getödtet wurde. — Dass Brutus für einen unehelichen Sohn Cäsar's gehalten wurde, berührt Sh. in seinem Julius Cæsar mit keinem Worte. Vielleicht hatte er die North'sche Uebersetzung des Plutarch noch nicht gelesen, als er K. Henry VI. schrieb.

1) Bevis fasst *to be up* = im Aufstande sein, John Holland fasst es = ausser Bett sein, wach sein. 2) *to come up* = in die Höhe kommen, aufkommen. 3) *argo* entstellt aus der lateinischen Folgerungspartikel *ergo*, wie *argal* aus demselben Worte in Hamlet (A. 5, Sc. 1). 4) Lasst uns zu den Aufständischen, die vorher genannt sind, stossen. 5) Die Fol. hat hinter *Weaver* noch *a Sawyer, with infinite numbers*, d. h. mit einer

Drum. Enter CADE, DICK *the Butcher*, SMITH *the Weaver*,[5] *and Others in great number.*

Cade. We John Cade, so termed of[6] our supposed father, —

Dick. [Aside.] Or rather, of stealing a cade of herrings.

Cade. For our enemies shall fall before us, inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes, — Command silence.

Dick. Silence!

Cade. My father was a Mortimer, —

Dick. [Aside.] He was an honest man, and a good bricklayer.

Cade. My mother a Plantagenet, —

Dick. [Aside.] I knew her well; she was a midwife.

Cade. My wife descended of the Lacies, —

Dick. [Aside.] She was, indeed, a pedlar's daughter, and sold many laces.

Smith. [Aside.] But, now of late, not able to travel with her furred pack,[7] she washes bucks here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable house.

Dick. [Aside.] Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable, and there was he born, under a hedge; for his father had never a house, but the cage.[8]

Cade. Valiant I am.

Smith. [Aside.] 'A must needs, for beggary is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. [Aside.] No question of that, for I have seen him whipped three market-days together.[9]

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Smith. [Aside.] He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof.[10]

Dick. [Aside.] But, methinks, he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i' the hand for stealing of sheep.

Cade. Be brave then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny; the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops;[11] and I will make it felony to drink small beer.[12] All the realm shall be in common,[13] and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass. And, when I am king (as king I will be), —

All. God save your majesty!

Cade. I thank you, good people: — there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

Dick. The first thing we do, let 's kill all the lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say, the bee stings; but I say, 't is the bee's wax,[14] for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since. How now? who 's there?

Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.[15]

Smith. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read, and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous!

Smith. We took him setting of boys' copies.[16]

Cade. Here 's a villain!

Smith. H'as a book in his pocket, with red letters in 't.

Cade. Nay, then he is a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand.[17]

Cade. I am sorry for 't: the man is a proper man, of mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die. — Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee. What is thy name?

Clerk. Emmanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters.[18] — 'T will go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone. — Dost thou use to write thy name, or hast thou a mark to thyself,[19] like an honest plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confessed: away with him! he 's a villain and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say: hang him with his pen and ink-horn about his neck.

[Exeunt some with the Clerk.

Enter MICHAEL.

Mich. Where 's our general?

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unbestimmten Anzahl von Leuten, so viel eben das Theater zu stellen vermag. 6) *of* erklärt Malone hier mit *by*, in welchem Sinne Sh. allerdings das Wort an andern Stellen gebraucht. Hier jedoch scheint es = *from* zu stehen: Cade wurde so genannt, weil sein vermeintlicher Vater so hiess. — Daran knüpft sich denn das Wortspiel mit *cade* = Fässchen, und mit dem lateinischen *cade* = falle. — Dieses Wortspiel ist jedoch erst in den spätern Folioausgg. hergestellt; die erste Fol. hat *shall faile before us.* 7) *furred pack* = der mit Fell überzogene Packen, mit dem der Hausirer durch's Land zieht. 8) *cage* = das Gefängniss, in das sein Vater bisweilen gesteckt wurde. — Cade fasst *house* = Familie, Geschlecht, Dick aber fasst das Wort in eigentlichem Sinne. 9) Solche Züchtigungen wurden an Markttagen vorgenommen, um ihnen eine grössere Oeffentlichkeit zu geben. 10) *coat of proof* = ein Rock von undurchdringlichem Stoff, und = ein Rock, der sich bewährt hat, ein lange getragener, nicht leicht gewechselter Rock. 11) *three-hooped pot:* die hölzerne Trinkkanne, die von drei Reifen eingefasst war, soll künftig so gross sein, dass sie zehn Reifen nöthig hat. 12) Es soll künftig nur Doppelbier getrunken werden; alles Dünnbier soll bei Strafe des Hochverraths verboten sein. 13) *common* fasst Cade in dem speciellen Sinne = Gemeindewiese; in eine solche soll auch Cheapside, die gewerbreichste und lebhafteste Strasse der City, verwandelt werden, und das Paradepferd, das Cade sich anschaffen will, soll darauf weiden. 14) Nicht die Biene sticht, sondern das Wachs der Biene, das zu Siegeln auf Schuldverschreibungen und ähnlichen Documenten verwandt wird. — Denselben Gedanken spricht Sh. aus in Cymbeline (A. 3, Sc. 2) *Good wax, thy leave. — Bless'd be,* || *You bees that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,* || *And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike.* 15) Die Fol. hat bloss *Enter a Clerk.* — Wie Malone vermuthet, war Smith nach den Worten *his coat is of proof* hinausgegangen und kehrt jetzt mit dem verhafteten Küster, der zugleich Schulmeister ist, zurück. 16) Er war gerade damit beschäftigt, die Arbeiten seiner Schüler zu corrigiren. 17) Er kann einen Contract aufsetzen und schreiben, wie ein Advocat schreibt. — *court* = Gerichtshof. 18) *Emmanuel*, d. h. Gott sei mit Dir! wurde auf officielle Sendschreiben gesetzt. 19) Ein ihm eigenthümliches Zeichen, das der des Schreibens Unkundige,

Cade. Here I am, thou particular[20] fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly! Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I 'll fell thee down. He shall be encountered with a man as good as himself: he is but a knight, is 'a?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently. *[Kneels.]* — Rise up Sir John Mortimer.[21] Now have at him.

Enter Sir Humphrey Stafford, *and* William *his Brother, with drum and Forces.*

Staf. Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,
Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down:
Home to your cottages, forsake this groom.
The king is merciful, if you revolt.[22]

W. Staf. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood,
If you go forward: therefore yield, or die.

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not:[23]
It is to you, good people, that I speak,
O'er whom in time to come I hope to reign;
For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

Staf. Villain! thy father was a plasterer;
And thou thyself a shearman, art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.[24]

W. Staf. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this: — Edmund Mortimer, earl of March,
Married the duke of Clarence' daughter, did he not?

Staf. Ay, Sir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

W. Staf. That 's false.

Cade. Ay, there 's the question; but I say, 't is true.
The elder of them, being put to nurse,
Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away;
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer when he came to age.
His son am I: deny it, if you can.

Dick. Nay, 't is too true; therefore, he shall be king.

Smith. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it: therefore, deny it not.

Staf. And will you credit this base drudge's words,
That speaks he knows not what?

All. Ay, marry, will we; therefore get ye gone.

W. Staf. Jack Cade, the duke of York hath taught you this.

Cade. *[Aside.]* He lies, for I invented it myself. — Go to, sirrah: tell the king from me, that for his father's sake, Henry the Fifth, in whose time boys went to span-counter for French crowns,[25] I am content he shall reign; but I 'll be protector over him.

Dick. And, furthermore, we 'll have the lord Say's head, for selling the dukedom of Maine.

Cade. And good reason; for thereby is England mained,[26] and fain to go with a staff,[27] but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you that that lord Say hath gelded the commonwealth, and made it an eunuch; and more than that, he can speak French, and therefore he is a traitor.

Staf. O gross and miserable ignorance!

Cade. Nay, answer, if you can: the Frenchmen are our enemies; go to then, I ask but this: can he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy be a good counsellor, or no?

All. No, no; and therefore we 'll have his head.

W. Staf. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,
Assail them with the army of the king.

Staf. Herald, away; and, throughout every town,
Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;
That those which fly before the battle ends,
May, even in their wives' and children's sight,
Be hang'd up for example at their doors. —
And you, that be the king's friends, follow me.

[Exeunt the Two Staffords *and Forces.*

Cade. And you, that love the commons, follow me. —
Now show yourselves men: 't is for liberty.
We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:
Spare none but such as go in clouted shoon,[28]
For they are thrifty honest men, and such
As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

Dick. They are all in order, and march toward us.

Cade. But then are we in order, when we are most out of order. Come: march! forward! *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Part of Blackheath.

Alarums. The two parties enter, and fight, and both the Staffords *are slain.*

Cade. Where 's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

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statt seiner Namensunterschrift, unter ein Document setzt. 20) Cade fasst *general* = allgemein, und erwiedert darauf mit dem entsprechenden *particular*. 21) Nachdem Cade sich bisher *John Mortimer* genannt, heisst er jetzt sich selbst aufstehen als *Sir John Mortimer*, nachdem er sich den Ritterschlag ertheilt. — In den Qs. sagt er: *Kneel down, Mortimer — Arise Sir John Mortimer.* Vielleicht ist das Erstere nur aus Versehen nicht mit in die Fol. übergegangen. 22) d. h. wenn Ihr abfallt von Cade, wenn Ihr Cade im Stich lasst. 23) *I pass not* = ich beachte es nicht, eigentlich = ich gehe es nicht durch, untersuche es nicht. — So in Marlowe's Tamburlaine: *I pass not for his threats.* 24) Wir stammen Alle von Adam her, der auch nur ein Gärtner war. — So redet die Königin in K. Richard II. (A. 3, Sc. 4) den Gärtner an: *old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden.* 25) Zu Heinrich's V. Zeit hatten, nach Cade's Auffassung, die Engländer so reiche Beute in Frankreich gemacht, dass sich ihre Knaben beim Spiel des Hellerwerfens französischer Kronen statt der Heller bedienten. *span-counter* wurde so gespielt, dass Einer den Rechenpfennig *(counter)* hinwarf und der Andere ihn gewann, wenn er mit seinem Pfennig auf eine Spanne weit dem des Ersten nahe kam. 26) So die Fol. mit einem Wortwitz Cade's, der *mained* im Sinne von *maimed* sagt, weil Dick von dem *dukedom of Maine* gesprochen hatte. — Die Hgg. entlehnen dafür meistens aus den Qs. *mained.* — Auch Dyce behält *mained* im Text bei und citirt dazu aus Hunter's Hallamshire Glossary: *To maine, to lame.* 27) England muss sich auf einen Stab stützen, wie ein Gelähmter oder Verstümmelter. 28) Den veralteten Plural *shoon* für *shoes* hat Sh. ausserdem nur noch in einem Liede in Hamlet (A. 4, Sc. 5) *And his sandal-shoon.* — *shooen* in den beiden ersten Folioausgg.; *shoon* in der dritten, *shoons* in der vierten.

Dick. Here, Sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behavedst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house: therefore thus will I reward thee, — the Lent shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt have a license to kill for a hundred lacking one.[1]

Dick. I desire no more.

Cade. And, to speak truth, thou deservest no less. This monument of the victory will I bear;[2] and the bodies shall be dragged at my horse' heels, till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good,[3] break open the gaols, and let out the prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that,[4] I warrant thee. Come; let 's march towards London. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, *reading a supplication; the Duke of* BUCKINGHAM, *and Lord* SAY, *with him: at a distance, Queen* MARGARET, *mourning over* SUFFOLK'S *head.*

Q. Mar. Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind,
And makes it fearful and degenerate;
Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.
But who can cease to weep, and look on this?
Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast;
But where 's the body that I should embrace?

Buck. What answer makes your grace to the rebels' supplication?

K. Hen. I 'll send some holy bishop to entreat;[1]
For God forbid, so many simple souls
Should perish by the sword! And I myself,
Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,
Will parley with Jack Cade, their general. —
But stay, I 'll read it over once again.

Q. Mar. Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face
Rul'd like a wandering planet over me,[2]
And could it not enforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the same?

K. Hen. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head.

Say. Ay, but I hope, your highness shall have his.

K. Hen. How now, Madam?
Still lamenting, and mourning for Suffolk's death?
I fear me, love,[3] if that I had been dead,
Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.

Q. Mar. No, my love; I should not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

K. Hen. How now! what news? why com'st thou in such haste?

Mess. The rebels are in Southwark. Fly, my lord!
Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer,
Descended from the duke of Clarence' house,
And calls your grace usurper openly,
And vows to crown himself in Westminster.
His army is a ragged multitude
Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless:
Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death
Hath given them heart and courage to proceed.
All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
They call false caterpillars,[4] and intend their death.

K. Hen. O graceless men! they know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious lord, retire to Killingworth,[5]
Until a power be rais'd to put them down.

Q. Mar. Ah! were the duke of Suffolk now alive,
These Kentish rebels would be soon appeas'd.

K. Hen. Lord Say, the traitors hate thee,
Therefore away with us to Killingworth.

Say. So might your grace's person be in danger.
The sight of me is odious in their eyes;
And therefore in this city will I stay,
And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

2. Mess. Jack Cade hath gotten London-bridge;[6]
The citizens fly and forsake their houses;
The rascal people,[7] thirsting after prey,
Join with the traitor; and they jointly swear,
To spoil the city, and your royal court.

Buck. Then linger not, my lord: away, take horse.

K. Hen. Come, Margaret: God, our hope, will succour us.

Q. Mar. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceas'd.

K. Hen. *[To Lord* SAY.*]* Farewell, my lord: trust not the Kentish rebels.

Buck. Trust nobody, for fear you be[8] betray'd.

Say. The trust I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute. *[Exeunt.*

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1) Cade will zu Gunsten seines Freundes, des Metzgers, die Fastenzeit, während welcher andere Metzger nicht schlachten dürfen, noch einmal so lange dauern lassen, und sein Freund soll während der Zeit das ausschliessliche Privilegium geniessen, hundert Stück Schlachtvieh weniger eins zu schlachten. — Malone wollte hinter *lacking one* noch *a week* aus den Qs. hinzufügen, indess liegt die richtige Zeitbestimmung schon in dem Vorhergehenden. 2) Damit meint er die mit goldenen Nägeln geschmückte Rüstung des erschlagenen Stafford, die, Holinshed's Berichten zufolge, Cade sich angelegt hatte. 3) *do good* = etwas Gutes thun. — Vielleicht will aber Dick *do well* sagen. 4) Sei deshalb unbesorgt. Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 4, Anm. 3.

1) Um mit ihnen zu verhandeln. 2) Margarethe ist von Suffolk's Einflusse so gelenkt worden, wie die Planeten nach der Meinung der Astrologen auf die Geschicke der Menschen einwirken. 3) So die Fol.; Capell las dafür mit den Qs. *I fear, my love. — wouldest not* in der folgenden Zeile änderte Theobald für *would'st not* der Fol. — Die spätern Folioausgg. fügten zur Vervollständigung des Verses *half* hinter *would'st* ein. 4) So heissen die Günstlinge des Königs in K. Richard II. (A. 2, Sc. 3) *The caterpillars of the commonwealth,* || *Which I have sworn to weed and pluck away.* 5) *Killingworth* ist das jetzige *Kenilworth,* was die meisten Hgg. dafür in den Text setzen. — Vier Zeilen weiter hat die Fol. *the Traitors hateth thee,* was die zweite Folioausg. verbessert. Andere lesen dafür *the traitor hateth thee,* auf Jack Cade allein bezüglich. 6) Cade, der mit seinen Rebellen von Süden, von Kent her, nach London rückte, hatte nach der Meldung des ersten Boten schon die nach jener Seite gelegene südliche Vorstadt von London, Southwark, eingenommen; jetzt hatte er schon die in die eigentliche Stadt führende Brücke besetzt. 7) *rascal people* = der Pöbel von London, ist der Gegensatz von *citizens* = die wohlhabenden ansässigen Londoner Bürger. 8) *be,* das in der Fol. fehlt, ergänzt die zweite Folioausg.

SCENE V.

The Same. The Tower.

Enter Lord Scales, *and Others, walking on the walls. Then enter certain Citizens, below.*

Scales. How now! is Jack Cade slain?

1. Cit. No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; for they have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them. The lord mayor craves aid of your honour from the Tower, to defend the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can spare, you shall command;
But I am troubled here with them myself:
The rebels have essay'd to win the Tower.
But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,
And thither I will send you Matthew Gough.
Fight for your king, your country, and your lives;
And so farewell, for I must hence again. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The Same. Cannon-Street.

Enter Jack Cade *and his Followers. He strikes his staff on London-stone.*[1]

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge and command, that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit[2] run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now, henceforward, it shall be treason for any that calls me other than Lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier, running.

Sold. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there. *[They kill him.*

Smith. If this fellow be wise, he 'll never call you Jack Cade more: I think, he hath a very fair warning.

Dick. My lord, there 's an army gathered together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come then, let 's go fight with them. But first, go and set London-bridge on fire,[3] and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let 's away. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The Same. Smithfield.

Alarum. Enter, on one side, Cade *and his Company; on the other, the Citizens, and the King's Forces, headed by* Matthew Gough. *They fight; the Citizens are routed, and* Matthew Gough *is slain.*[1]

Cade. So, Sirs. — Now go some and pull down the Savoy;[2] others to the inns of court: down with them all.

Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

Dick. Only, that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.[3]

John. [Aside.] Mass, 't will be sore[4] law then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 't is not whole yet.

Smith. [Aside.] Nay, John, it will be stinking law; for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese.

Cade. I have thought upon it; it shall be so. Away! burn all the records of the realm: my mouth shall be the parliament of England.

John. [Aside.] Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pulled out.

Cade. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, a prize, a prize! here 's the lord Say, which sold the towns in France; he that made us pay one-and-twenty fifteens, and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.[5]

Enter George Bevis, *with the Lord* Say.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times. — Ah, thou say,[6] thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty, for giving up of Normandy unto Monsieur Basimecu,[7] the dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these presence,[8] even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the

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1) *London-stone*, ein Stein, der seit unvordenklicher Zeit in Cannon-Street in der Londoner City zu sehen war. Der Chronist Stowe, ein Zeitgenosse Sh.'s, sagt davon: *The cause why this stone was there set, the very time when, or other memory thereof, is there none.* — Dass Cade mit seinem Stab auf den Stein schlug, zum Zeichen seiner Besitzergreifung der Stadt, fand Sh. in Holinshed; ebenso die meisten andern Züge des Cade'schen Aufstandes. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 854—856. 2) So bezeichnete der rohe Volkswitz wahrscheinlich irgend einen Brunnen Londons in Gestalt einer menschlichen Figur, dessen Röhre beständig lief. — Daher sagt Jack Wilton in seinem Leben: *I have wept so immoderately and lavishly that I thought verily my palate had been turned to the pissing-conduit in London.* 3) Die damalige Londoner Brücke war von Holz gebaut und mit Häusern besetzt.

1) Die Fol. hat dafür folgende unklare Bühnenweisung: *Alarums. Matthew Goffe is slain and all the rest. Then enter Jack Cade and his Company.* 2) Ein ehemaliger königlicher Palast, am Themseufer gelegen, erbaut von Peter, Grafen von Savoyen, im Jahre 1245. — Sh. überträgt hier auf Cade, was Holinshed von einem früheren Aufrührer, Wat Tyler, berichtete. 3) Auch dies hatte der Chronist von Wat Tyler erzählt, der gesagt haben sollte: *that within four days all the laws of England should come forth of his mouth.* 4) *sore* = schlimm, und = wund; im Gegensatz zu letzterer Bedeutung steht dann *whole* = heil, gesund. 5) Lord Say hätte also die Unterthanen nach einander ein und zwanzig Mal den Fünfzehnten statt des Zehnten, als Abgabe von ihrer gesammten Habe, als Subsidiensteuer zahlen lassen, ausserdem einen Schilling auf jedes Pfund Sterling. 6) Wortspiel mit dem Namen des Lords und mit *say* = ein Zeugstoff, der kostbarer war als *serge*, wie dieses mehr werth als *buckram*, wozu Cade ihn degradirt. 7) Eine schimpfliche Bezeichnung der Franzosen, entstellt aus dem französischen *baisez mon cul.* 8) Cade wendet die Anfangsformel der königlichen oder gerichtlichen Erlasse: *Be it known by these present* an, ohne sie zu verstehen. 9) Johnson hebt diesen Anachronismus Sh.'s hervor, da man erst zwanzig Jahre später in England Bücher druckte. — Eben so anachronistisch ist gleich

realm in erecting a grammar-school: and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used;[9] and, contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face, that thou hast men about thee, that usually talk of a noun, and a verb, and such abominable words, as no christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because they could not read, thou hast hanged them; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride in a foot-cloth,[10] dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honester men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

Dick. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent, —

Dick. What say you of Kent?

Say. Nothing but this: 't is *bona terra, mala gens.*[11]

Cade. Away with him! away with him! he speaks Latin.

Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.
Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle:[12]
Sweet is the country, because full of riches;
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;
Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.
I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy;
Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.
Justice with favour have I always done;
Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.
When have I aught exacted at your hands,
But[13] to maintain the king, the realm, and you?
Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,
Because my book preferr'd me to the king,
And seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.[14]
Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,
You cannot but forbear to murder me.
This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings
For your behoof, —

Cade. Tut! when struckst thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men have reaching hands: oft have I struck
Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

Geo. O monstrous coward! what, to come behind folks?

Say. These cheeks are pale for watching[15] for your good.

Cade. Give him a box o' the ear, and that will make 'em red again.

Say. Long sitting, to determine poor men's causes,
Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen caudle then, and the help of hatchet.[16]

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?

Say. The palsy, and not fear, provokes me.

Cade. Nay, he nods at us; as who should say, I 'll be even with you. I 'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole,[17] or no. Take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me, wherein have I offended most?
Have I affected wealth, or honour? speak.
Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?
Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?
Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death?
These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,[18]
This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.
O, let me live!

Cade. I feel remorse in myself with his words; but I 'll bridle it: he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life. Away with him! he has a familiar under his tongue:[19] he speaks not o' God's name. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently; and then break into his son-in-law's house, Sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah, countrymen! if when you make your prayers,
God should be so obdurate as yourselves,
How would it fare with your departed souls?
And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye.

[Exeunt some, with Lord Say.

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nachher *thou hast built a paper-mill.* — In den folgenden Worten gebraucht Cade wieder gerichtliche Ausdrücke: *against the peace of the said lord the king, his crown, and dignity.* 10) So die Fol., von den spätern Folioausgg. in *on a foot-cloth* verändert. Indess kommt *to go in a foot-cloth* in Ben Jonson's The Case is altered vor. Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 1, Anm. 13. 11) Say drückt sich lateinisch so aus, um die aus Kent gebürtigen Rebellen nicht noch mehr zu erzürnen. 12) Sh. fand in Arthur Golding's Uebersetzung der Commentare Julius Cäsar's (1565) diesen Passus: *Of all the inhabitants of this isle the Kentish-men are the civilest.* 13) *But* ist Johnson's Emendation für *Kent* der Fol. — Letztere Lesart wollte Collier als Vocativ der Anrede an die versammelten Leute aus Kent beibehalten. Steevens wollte *Bent* für *Kent* lesen. — Die Interpunction der Fol. verbindet ausserdem diesen Vers mit dem folgenden und setzt ein Fragezeichen hinter *at your hands.* 14) Die meisten Hgg. verbinden diesen Satz mit dem folgenden. — Ein Anonymus der Cambridge Edd. vermuthet zwei Zeilen vorher *books* für *book:* weil meine Buchgelehrsamkeit mich dem Könige empfahl. 15) *for watching* = wegen des Nachtwachens, weil ich gewacht. — Wie die Conjunction *for* bei Sh. für *because* steht, so hier die Präposition für *because of.* 16) d. h. Ihr sollt gehängt und geköpft werden, einen Strick statt einer Kraftsuppe und ein Beil statt sonstiger ärztlicher Hülfe erhalten. — Manche Hgg. lesen mit Farmer willkürlich *the pap with a hatchet*, oder mit Steevens *pap of a hatchet*, weil *pap with a hatchet* als eine sprichwörtliche Phrase der Zeit vorkommt. — Als sprichwörtlich kommt auch *hempen caudle* in dem alten Drama The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington vor: *Here, Warman, put this hempen caudle o'er thy head.* — Die Fol. hat *hempen Candle*, und die zweite Folioausg. fügt vor *hatchet* ein *a* ein. — Zwei Zeilen weiter haben die alten Ausgg. *provokes*, nicht *provoketh*, wie die meisten Hgg. aus metrischen Gründen lesen. 17) Ob Lord Say's Kopf, auf eine Stange gesteckt, fester sitzt, als auf seinem Rumpf, wo er in Folge eines Schlagflusses zittert. 18) *guiltless* bezieht sich mit Sh.'scher Licenz nur auf *blood*, nicht auf das ganze Compositum *blood-shedding.* — Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 2, Anm. 29. 19) Er hat einen vertrauten bösen Geist unter seiner Zunge sitzen, der ihn so beredsam macht. 20) Ehe Diejenigen, welche die

The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute: there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maidenhead, ere they have it.[20] Men shall hold of me *in capite;*[21] and we charge and command, that their wives be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

Dick. My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and take up commodities upon our bills?[22]

Cade. Marry, presently.

All. O, brave!

Re-enter Rebels, with the heads of Lord Say *and his Son-in-law.*

Cade. But is not this braver? — Let them kiss one another, for they loved well, when they were alive.[23] Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night; for with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets; and at every corner have them kiss. — Away! *[Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Southwark.

Alarum. Enter Cade *and all his Rabblement.*

Cade. Up Fish-street! down Saint Magnus' Corner! kill and knock down! throw them into Thames! — *[A parley sounded, then a retreat.]* What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley, when I command them kill?

Enter Buckingham, *and Old* Clifford, *with Forces.*

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee.
Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king
Unto the commons whom thou hast misled;
And here pronounce free pardon to them all
That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent,
And yield to mercy, whilst 't is offer'd you,
Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths?[1]
Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon,
Fling up his cap, and say — God save his majesty!
Who hateth him, and honours not his father,
Henry the Fifth, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Cade. What! Buckingham, and Clifford, are ye so brave? — And you, base peasants, do ye believe him? will you needs be hanged with your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leave me at the White Hart in Southwark? I thought, ye would never have given out these arms, till you had recovered your ancient freedom; but you are all recreants, and dastards, and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burdens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your faces: for me, — I will make shift for one,[2] and so, — God's curse light upon you all!

All. We 'll follow Cade, we 'll follow Cade.

Clif. Is Cade the son of Henry[3] the Fifth,
That thus you do exclaim, you 'll go with him?
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to;
Nor knows he how to live, but by the spoil,
Unless by robbing of your friends, and us.
Were 't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar,
The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,
Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you?
Methinks, already, in this civil broil,
I see them lording it in London streets,
Crying — *Villiago!*[4] unto all they meet.
Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry,
Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.
To France, to France! and get what you have lost.
Spare England, for it is your native coast.
Henry hath money,[5] you are strong and manly:
God on our side, doubt not of victory.

All. A Clifford! a Clifford! we 'll follow the king, and Clifford.

Cade. Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro, as this multitude? The name of Henry the Fifth hales them to an hundred mischiefs, and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads together to surprise me: my sword make way for me, for here is no staying. — In despite of the devils and hell, have through the very midst of you; and heavens and honour be witness, that no want of resolution in me, but only my followers' base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake me to my heels. *[Exit.*

Buck. What! is he fled? go some, and follow him;
And he, that brings his head unto the king,
Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward. —
[Exeunt some of them.
Follow me, soldiers: we 'll devise a mean
To reconcile you all unto the king. *[Exeunt.*

Mädchen heirathen wollen, die Jungfernschaft bekommen. 21) Cade gebraucht auch hier gerichtliche Ausdrücke, indem er *tenure in capite* = Kronlehen, meint. 22) Dasselbe Wortspiel zwischen *bill* = Schuldschein, und = Hellebarde, kommt in Much Ado about Nothing (A. 3, Sc. 3) vor: *We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills. — to take up* ist der technische Ausdruck für das Aufnehmen von Waaren auf Credit. 23) Auch diesen Umstand fand Sh. in Holinshed: *and as it were in a spite caused them in every street to kiss together.* — Die Fol. theilt diese letzte Rede Cade's in neun scheinbare Verse ab.

1) Clifford stellt ihnen ihre künftige Hinrichtung in Aussicht, zu der sie von einem Pöbelhaufen begleitet werden sollen. — Auf diese Hinrichtung weist auch Cade gleich darauf hin mit *will you needs be hanged etc.* — Dyce und Staunton lesen *rebel* für *rabble*, nach einer Aenderung, welche Collier und Singer in ihren Exemplaren der Fol. von zwei Correctoren verzeichnet fanden. 2) Ich will für mich selbst allein Rath schaffen. 3) *Henry* ist auch hier, wie an andern Stellen, dreisylbig *(Hennery)* zu lesen. 4) *Villageois* verbesserte Theobald das *Villiago* der Fol. — Die Franzosen in dem Uebermuthe des Siegers behandeln demnach die Londoner Bürger als Bauern und tituliren sie so in ihrer eigenen Sprache. — Andere fassen das *Villiago* der Fol. als ein italienisches Wort *vigliacco = a rascal, a base varlet* (in Florio's Wörterbuch), das auch bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen vorkommt. So in Ben Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour: *Now out, base viliaco!* und in Dekker's Satiromastix: *before they came near the great hall, the fainthearted viliacoes sounded thrice.* 5) Der König hat Geld, um seine Soldaten damit zu besolden.

SCENE IX.

Kenilworth Castle.

Sound trumpets. Enter King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, *and* SOMERSET, *on the terrace of the castle.*

K. Hen. Was ever king that joy'd an earthly throne,
And could command no more content than I? [1]
No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,
But I was made a king, at nine months old:
Was never subject long'd to be a king,
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *and* CLIFFORD.

Buck. Health, and glad tidings, to your majesty!
K. Hen. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor, Cade, surpris'd?
Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

Enter, below, a number of CADE'S *Followers, with halters about their necks.* [2]

Clif. He 's fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield,
And humbly thus, with halters on their necks,
Expect your highness' doom, of life, or death.
K. Hen. Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise! —
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
And show'd how well you love your prince and country:
Continue still in this so good a mind,
And Henry, though he be infortunate,
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind:
And so, with thanks and pardon to you all,
I do dismiss you to your several countries. [3]
All. God save the king! God save the king!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Please it your grace to be advertised, [4]
The duke of York is newly come from Ireland,
And with a puissant and a mighty power
Of Gallowglasses and stout Kernes, [5]
Is marching hitherward in proud array;
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
His arms are only to remove from thee
The duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.
K. Hen. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York distress'd,
Like to a ship, that, having scap'd a tempest,
Is straightway calm'd [6] and boarded with a pirate.
But now [7] is Cade driven back, his men dispers'd,
And now is York in arms to second him. —
I pray thee, Buckingham, go [8] and meet him,
And ask him, what 's the reason of these arms.
Tell him, I 'll send duke Edmund to the Tower; —
And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
Until his army be dismiss'd from him.
Som. My lord,
I 'll yield myself to prison willingly,
Or unto death, to do my country good.
K. Hen. In any case, be not too rough in terms,
For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.
Buck. I will, my lord; and doubt not so to deal,
As all things shall redound unto your good.
K. Hen. Come, wife, let 's in, and learn to govern better;
For yet may England curse my wretched reign. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

Kent. IDEN'S Garden.

Enter CADE.

Cade. Fie on ambition! fie on myself, that have a sword, and yet am ready to famish! These five days have I hid me in these woods, and durst not peep out, for all the country is laid for me; but now am I so hungry, that if I might have a lease of my life for a thousand years, I could stay no longer. [1] Wherefore, on a brick-wall have I climbed into this garden, to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another while, [2] which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather. And I think this word sallet was born to do me good: for many a time, but for a sallet, [3] my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill; and many a time, when I have been dry and bravely marching, it hath served me instead of a quart-pot to drink in; [4] and now the word sallet must serve me to feed on.

Enter IDEN, *with Servants, behind.*

Iden. Lord! who would live turmoiled in the court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
This small inheritance, my father left me,
Contenteth me, and worth [5] a monarchy.
I seek not to wax great by others' waning; [6]

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1) Es gab nie einen König auf Erden, dem so wenig Zufriedenheit zu Theil geworden ist, wie mir, obgleich er einen Thron besass. 2) Die Bühnenweisung der Fol. ist *Enter Multitudes with halters about their Necks.* 3) So die Fol. und die Hgg. Vielleicht wäre aber *counties* zu lesen, da derselbe Druckfehler auch sonst bei Sh. sich findet. 4) *to advertise* betont Sh. auf der zweiten Sylbe. 5) Dieselbe Zusammenstellung von *Kernes* und *Gallowglasses* findet sich in Macbeth (A. 1, Sc. 2). In Stanihurst's Description of Ireland fand Sh. folgende Schilderung Beider: *The galloglasse useth a kind of pollax for his weapon. These men are grim of countenance, tall of stature, big of limme, lusty of body, wel and strongly timbered. The kerne is an ordinary souldier, using for weapon his sword and target, and sometimes his peece, being commonly good markmen.* 6) Die Lesart der vierten Folioausg. *calm'd* ist dem *calme* der ersten Fol. vorzuziehen. — *to calm*, für *to becalm*, ist, wie *to board*, mit *with a pirate* zu verbinden. — Sidney Walker vermuthet *chas'd* für *calm'd*. 7) *but now* = erst eben, jetzt gerade, ist dem folgenden *now* gegenübergestellt. 8) Manche Hgg. fügen hinter *go* zur Vervollständigung des Verses *forth* ein.

1) d. h. *no longer in these woods.* — Zu Anfang dieser Rede hat die Fol. *ambitions*, was die zweite Folioausg. verbessert. 2) *another while* = ein anderes Mal, zur Abwechslung. Cade will einmal Gras zu essen versuchen, und dann wiederum Salat. 3) Wortspiel zwischen *sallet* = Salat, und = Helm. 4) So in North's Plutarch: *One of the company seeing Brutus a-thirst also, he run to the river for water and brought it in his sallet.* 5) So die Fol. mit einer Sh.'schen Ellipse. Die meisten Hgg. fügen *is* vor *worth* ein. 6) *waning* verbesserte Pope das *warning* der Fol.: Ich suche nicht gross zu werden durch den Verfall Anderer, noch sammle ich Reichthümer mit, gleichviel welcher, Gehässigkeit, die ich mir dabei zuziehen würde. *I care not* ist nicht mit

Or gather wealth I care not with what envy:
Sufficeth that I have maintains[7] my state,
And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

Cade. Here 's the lord of the soil come to seize me for a stray, for entering his fee-simple without leave. Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand crowns of the king by carrying my head to him; but I 'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich,[8] and swallow my sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be,
I know thee not; why then should I betray thee?
Is 't not enough, to break into my garden,
And like a thief to come to rob my grounds,
Climbing my walls in spite of me, the owner,
But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

Cade. Brave thee? ay, by the best blood that ever was broached, and beard thee too. Look on me well: I have eat no meat these five days; yet, come thou and thy five men;[9] and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door-nail,[10] I pray God I may never eat grass more.

Iden. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England stands,
That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.
Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine,
See if thou canst outface me with thy looks:
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser;
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist;
Thy leg a stick, compared with this truncheon;[11]
My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;
And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.
As for words, whose greatness answers words,
Let this my sword report what speech forbears.[12]

Cade. By my valour, the most complete champion that ever I heard. — Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut not out the burly-boned clown in chines of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech Jove[13] on my knees, thou mayest be turned to hobnails. *[They fight.* Cade *falls.]* O! I am slain. Famine, and no other, hath slain me: let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me but the ten meals[14] I have lost, and I 'd defy them all. Wither, garden; and be henceforth a burying-place to all that do dwell in this house, because the unconquered[15] soul of Cade is fled.

Iden. Is 't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor?
Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
And hang thee[16] o'er my tomb, when I am dead:
Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point,
But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
To emblaze the honour that thy master got.

Cade. Iden, farewell; and be proud of thy victory. Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and exhort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never feared any, am vanquished by famine, not by valour. *[Dies.*

Iden. How much thou wrong'st me,[17] heaven be my judge.
Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee![18]
And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave,
And there cut off thy most ungracious head;
Which I will bear in triumph to the king,
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.

[Exeunt Iden, *dragging out the body, and Servants*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

The Same. Fields between Dartford and Blackheath.

The King's camp on one side. On the other, enter York *attended, with drum and colours; his Forces at some distance.*

York. From Ireland thus comes York, to claim his right,
And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head:

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gather wealth, sondern mit *with what envy* zu verbinden. 7) *that I have that which maintains etc.* 8) Der Vogel Strauss sollte Eisen verdauen können. 9) Die fünf Diener, von denen Iden begleitet ist, entsprechen den fünf Tagen, dass Cade nichts gegessen hat. — Der Passus findet sich bereits in den Qs. — Die Fol. lässt Iden allein auftreten: *Enter Iden*, und berücksichtigt die Diener nicht. Die Qs. haben jedoch an der entsprechenden Stelle: *Enter Iacke Cade at one doore, and at the other, maister Alexander Eyden, and his men.* Demgemäss ist am Schlusse der Scene mit Dyce zu setzen *Exeunt Iden, dragging out the body, and Servants.* — Wie die Cambridge Edd. annehmen, sollte Iden in der Fol., abweichend von dem Text der Qs., allein und ohne seine Diener auftreten. Sh. vergass aber die Bezugnahme auf diese Letztern in den Qs. zu streichen: *Yet come thou and thy five men.* Die Cambridge Edd. haben demgemäss *Enter Iden*, ohne den Zusatz *with servants*, wie die Fol. ebenfalls. 10) Eine sprichwörtliche Redensart, die auch in K. Henry IV. Second Part (A. 5, Sc. 3) wiederkehrt: *What! is the old king dead? — As nail in door.* Vgl. Anm. 22 zu der Stelle. 11) Cade's Bein verhält sich zu Iden's Bein, wie ein blosser Stock zu einem Knüttel, und Iden's blosser Fuss ist kräftiger zum Kampf, als Cade's ganze Leibesstärke. 12) Statt grosse, prahlerische Worte mit grossen Worten zu erwiedern, soll dieses Schwert berichten, was die Rede verschweigt. — Den ersten dieser beiden Verse, der metrisch unvollständig ist, wollte M. Mason mit *as for mere words* vervollständigen; frühere Hgg. lasen eben so unsicher *as for more words.* 13) So die Fol. — Viele Hgg. entlehnen aus den beiden ersten Qs. *God* für *Jove.* — Zu der affectirt pomphaften Anrede Cade's an seinen Stahl passt *Jove* vollkommen gut, ohne dass man anzunehmen braucht, dass die Rücksicht auf die Theatercensur, welche keinen Missbrauch des göttlichen Namens duldete, die Umänderung herbeigeführt. 14) *ten meals*, d. h. zwei Mahlzeiten täglich, da er in fünf Tagen nichts gegessen. 15) *unconquered* = unüberwindlich, unbesieglich, nach dem Sh.'schen Gebrauch solcher Bildungen, nicht gerade = unbesiegt. 16) d. h. ich will Dich über meinem Grabe aufhängen lassen. 17) Nach Johnson's Erklärung besteht das Unrecht darin, dass Cade meint, Iden sei auf seinen Sieg stolz; nach Ritson's Meinung darin, dass Cade erklärt, er sei durch Hunger, nicht durch Iden's Tapferkeit bezwungen. — Mit ersterer Deutung steht Iden's vorhergehende Rede in Widerspruch. 18) *her that bare thee* ist vielleicht nicht Cade's leibliche Mutter, sondern Kent, das Land, das ihn gebar, und zu dessen Fluch er geworden war. Dann bezögen sich Iden's Worte auf Cade's vorhergehende: *tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man.*

Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,
To entertain great England's lawful king.
Ah, *sancta majestas!* who would not buy thee dear?
Let them obey, that know not how to rule;
This hand was made to handle nought but gold:
I cannot give due action to my words,
Except a sword, or sceptre, balance it.[1]
A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul,[2]
On which I 'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

Enter Buckingham.

Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me?
The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.
Buck. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.
York. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?
Buck. A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,
To know the reason of these arms in peace;
Or why thou, — being a subject as I am, —
Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,
Shouldst raise so great a power without his leave,
Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.
York. *[Aside.]* Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great.
O! I could hew up rocks, and fight with flint,
I am so angry at these abject terms;
And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury.
I am far better born than is the king,
More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts;
But I must make fair weather yet awhile,
Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong. —
O Buckingham,[3] I pr'ythee, pardon me,
That I have given no answer all this while:
My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
The cause why I have brought this army hither,
Is, to remove proud Somerset from the king,
Seditious to his grace, and to the state.[4]
Buck. That is too much presumption on thy part;
But if thy arms be to no other end,
The king hath yielded unto thy demand:
The duke of Somerset is in the Tower.
York. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?
Buck. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.
York. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers. —
Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves:
Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field,
You shall have pay, and every thing you wish.
And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,[5]
Command my eldest son, — nay, all my sons,
As pledges of my fealty and love;
I 'll send them all, as willing as I live:
Lands, goods, horse, armour, anything I have
Is his to use, so Somerset may die.
Buck. York, I commend this kind submission:
We twain will go into his highness' tent.

Enter King Henry, *attended.*

K. Hen. Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,
That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?
York. In all submission and humility,
York doth present himself unto your highness.
K. Hen. Then what intend these forces thou dost bring?
York. To heave the traitor Somerset from hence;
And fight against that monstrous rebel, Cade,
Who since I heard to be discomfited.[6]

Enter Iden, *with* Cade's *head.*

Iden. If one so rude, and of so mean condition,
May pass into the presence of a king,
Lo! I present your grace a traitor's head,
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.
K. Hen. The head of Cade? — Great God, how just art thou! —
O! let me view his visage being dead,
That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.
Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?
Iden. I was, an 't like your majesty.
K. Hen. How art thou call'd, and what is thy degree?
Iden. Alexander Iden,[7] that 's my name;
A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.
Buck. So please it you, my lord, 't were not amiss,
He were created knight for his good service.
K. Hen. Iden, kneel down. *[He kneels.]* Rise up a knight.
We give thee for reward a thousand marks;
And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.
Iden. May Iden live to merit such a bounty,
And never live but true unto his liege.
K. Hen. See, Buckingham! Somerset comes with the queen:
Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

Enter Queen Margaret *and* Somerset.

Q. Mar. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head,
But boldly stand, and front him to his face.
York. How now! is Somerset at liberty?
Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
Shall I endure the sight of Somerset? —
False king, why hast thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?
King did I call thee? no, thou art not king;
Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.
That head of thine doth not become a crown;
Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,
And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.
That gold[8] must round engirt these brows of mine;
Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,

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1) Da *it* sich auf das vorhergehende *this hand* beziehen muss und der dazwischen stehende Vers diese Verbindung unklar macht, so wäre vielleicht *It cannot* für *I cannot* zu lesen. 2) Wenn ich eine Seele habe, so wahr ich eine Seele habe, soll meine Hand ein Scepter haben, worauf ich die französischen Lilien stecken will; d. h. wenn ich König von England bin, soll auch Frankreich wieder mein werden. — Dieselbe Betheuerung wie hier findet sich in K. Henry VIII. (A. 4, Sc. 1) *Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel.* 3) Das *O* vor *Buckingham* ergänzt die zweite Folioausg. 4) Somerset, der aufrührerisch gesinnt ist gegen die Majestät des Königs und gegen seine Herrschaft. 5) Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 8, Anm. 3. 6) Von dem ich seitdem vernommen, dass er eine Niederlage erlitt. 7) Die Cambridge Edd. vermuthen, dass vor *Alexander* das Wort *Iden* ausgefallen sei. 8) Jene goldene Krone, die Du trägst. — Zwei Zeilen weiter bezieht sich *to kill* auf *frown, to cure* auf *smile*, und Beides sollte

Is able with the change to kill and cure.
Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up,
And with the same to act controlling laws.[9]
Give place: by heaven, thou shalt rule no more
O'er him whom heaven created for thy ruler.
Som. O monstrous traitor! — I arrest thee, York,
Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown.
Obey, audacious traitor: kneel for grace.
York. Wouldst have me kneel? first let me ask of these,[10]
If they can brook I bow a knee to man?
Sirrah, call in my sons[11] to be my bail;
[Exit an Attendant.
I know, ere they will have me go to ward,
They 'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.
Q. Mar. Call hither Clifford; bid him come amain,
To say, if that the bastard boys of York
Shall be the surety for their traitor father.
[Exit Buckingham.
York. O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,[12]
Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge,
The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their father's bail; and bane[13] to those
That for my surety will refuse the boys.

Enter Edward *and* Richard Plantagenet, *with Forces, at one side; at the other, with Forces also. Old* Clifford *and his Son.*

See, where they come: I 'll warrant they 'll make it good.
Q. Mar. And here comes Clifford, to deny their bail.
Clif. Health and all happiness to my lord the king!
[Kneels.
York. I thank thee, Clifford: say, what news with thee?
Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:
We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;
For thy mistaking so,[14] we pardon thee.
Clif. This is my king, York: I do not mistake;
But thou mistak'st me much, to think I do. —
To Bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?
K. Hen. Ay, Clifford; a bedlam[15] and ambitious humour
Makes him oppose himself against his king.
Clif. He is a traitor: let him to the Tower,
And chop away that factious pate of his.
Q. Mar. He is arrested, but will not obey:
His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.
York. Will you not, sons?
Edw. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.
Rich. And if words will not, then our weapons shall.
Clif. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!
York. Look in a glass, and call thy image so;
I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor. —
Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,
That with the very shaking of their chains
They may astonish these fell-lurking curs:[16]
Bid Salisbury, and Warwick, come to me.

Drums. Enter Warwick *and* Salisbury, *with Forces.*

Clif. Are these thy bears? we 'll bait thy bears to death,
And manacle the bear-ward[17] in their chains,
If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting place.
Rich. Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur
Run back and bite, because he was withheld;[18]
Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,[19]
Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs, and cry'd:
And such a piece of service will you do,
If you oppose yourselves to match Lord Warwick.
Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested[20] lump,
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!
York. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.
Clif. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.
K. Hen. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow? —
Old Salisbury, — shame to thy silver hair,
Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son! —
What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?[21]
O! where is faith? O! where is loyalty?
If it be banish'd from the frosty head,[22]

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demgemäss umgestellt werden. 9) *controlling laws* = Gesetze, die ihre Autorität geltend machen. 10) *these*, Theobald's Emendation für *thee* in der Fol., ist wahrscheinlich eine drohende Hinweisung auf die anwesenden irischen Truppen unter York's Botmässigkeit. — Andere beziehen *these* auf York's Söhne, die jedoch erst nachher erwähnt werden und viel später erst erscheinen. — Tyrwhitt verstand unter *these* gar die Kniee York's. 11) *sons* corrigirt die zweite Folioausg. das *son (sonne)* der ersten; ebenso corrigirt dieselbe zwei Verse weiter *for my enfranchisement* das *of my etc.* der ersten Fol. 12) So nennt er die Königin mit Hohn als Tochter eines Titular königs von Neapel. 13) *bane* und *bail* sind auch lautlich einander gegenüber gestellt. 14) Dass Du so einen Missgriff begingst, indem Du, statt vor mir, vor Heinrich Dein Knie beugtest, verzeihen wir Dir. 15) *bedlam* = tollhauswürdig, wie ebenvorher *Bedlam* = Tollhaus, keine Anachronismen, wie Grey meint, da nach Ritson's Nachweis schon im Jahre 1246 ein *Hospital of St. Mary of Bethelem* für Geisteskranke in London gegründet wurde. 16) Das Bild ist von einer Bärenhetze entlehnt, wo die an den Pfahl geketteten Bären schon mit dem blossen Geräusch ihrer Ketten den für den Kampf bestimmten, ingrimmig auf der Lauer liegenden Hunden ein Entsetzen einjagen. — *to astonish* = betäuben, der Besinnung berauben. — Die Nevils führten einen an den Pfahl gebundenen Bären in ihrem Wappen. 17) Unter *bear-ward* = Bärenwärter, ist York selbst gemeint. — Die Fol. schreibt das Wort hier *Berard* und nachher in derselben Scene *Bearard.* — Auch in der folgenden Rede wird das Bild von der Bärenhetze noch fortgeführt. 18) Der hitzige, übermüthige Hund, der von der Bärenhetze zurückgehalten wurde, kehrte sich um und biss Denjenigen, der ihn zurückhielt. — Für *run* wäre vielleicht *turn* zu lesen. 19) Wenn man den Hund gewähren liesse mit der Tatze des Bären, so bereute er seine Kampflust bald. 20) *indigested* = unvollkommen ausgebildet, chaotisch. So heisst der missgestaltete Richard in K. Henry VI. Third Part (A. 5, Sc. 6) *an indigested and deformed lump.* — In der Bühnenweisung der Qs. heisst es beim Auftreten der Söhne York's: *Enter the Duke of York's Sons, Edward the Earl of March, and crook-back Richard, at the one door etc.* 21) Salisbury's Augen, vom Alter stumpf geworden, bedürfen der Brille, um des Unheils ansichtig zu werden, das er anstiften will. 22) *frosty head* ist das weisse, gleichsam vom Frost oder Schnee des Alters bedeckte Haupt Salisbury's. So in Titus Andronicus (A. 5, Sc. 3) *my frosty signs and*

Where shall it find a harbour in the earth? —
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
And shame thine honourable age with blood?
Why art thou old, and want'st experience?
Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,
That bows unto the grave with mickle age.[23]

Sal. My lord, I have consider'd with myself
The title of this most renowned duke;
And in my conscience do repute his grace
The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

K. Hen. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

Sal. I have.

K. Hen. Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an oath?

Sal. It is great sin to swear unto a sin,
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.
Who can be bound by any solemn vow
To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
To wring the widow from her custom'd right,[24]
And have no other reason for this wrong,
But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

Q. Mar. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

K. Hen. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

York. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,
I am resolv'd for death, or dignity.[25]

Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.

War. You were best to go to bed, and dream again,
To keep thee[26] from the tempest of the field.

Clif. I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm,
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;
And that I 'll write upon thy burgonet,[27]
Might I but know thee by thy household badge.

War. Now, by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,[28]
This day I 'll wear aloft my burgonet,
(As on a mountain-top the cedar shows,
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,)
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

Clif. And from thy burgonet I 'll rend thy bear,
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Despite the bear-ward that protects the bear.

Y. Clif. And so to arms, victorious father,[29]
To quell the rebels, and their complices.

Rich. Fie! charity! for shame! speak not in spite,
For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to-night.

Y. Clif. Foul stigmatic,[30] that 's more than thou canst tell.

Rich. If not in heaven, you 'll surely sup in hell.

[Exeunt severally

SCENE II.

Saint Alban's.

Alarums: excursions. Enter Warwick.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 't is Warwick calls:
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
Now, when the angry trumpet sounds alarm,
And dead men's cries[1] do fill the empty air,
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me!
Proud northern[2] lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter York.

How now, my noble lord? what, all afoot?

York. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed;
But match to match I have encounter'd him,
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

Enter Clifford.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.

York. Hold, Warwick! seek thee out some other chase,
For I myself must hunt this deer to death.

War. Then, nobly, York; 't is for a crown thou fight'st. —
As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd. *[Exit.*

Clif. What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou pause?

York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.[3]

Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,[4]
But that 't is shown ignobly, and in treason.

York. So let it help me now against thy sword,
As I in justice and true right express it.[5]

Clif. My soul and body on the action both![6] —

York. A dreadful lay! Address thee instantly.[7]

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chaps of age. 23) *mickle age* = hohes Alter. So in K. Henry VI. First Part (A. 4, Sc. 6) *I shall die with mickle age.* — *mickle* = gross, viel, kommt als ein veraltetes Wort vorzugsweise in Sh.'s Jugenddramen vor. 24) Das Recht, das ihr durch Tradition und Herkommen gesetzlich zugesichert ist. 25) *or* setzte Rowe für das *and* der Fol. — *dignity* = königliche Würde. 26) Der rasche Uebergang von *you* zu *thee*, innerhalb desselben Satzes, ist in Sh.'s Manier. 27) *burgonet* = Helm. — Clifford will diese Warnung mit seinem Schwert in Warwick's Helm eingraben oder einschreiben, wenn er ihn in der Schlacht nur an dem Abzeichen seines Hauses erkennt. — *household badge* ist aus den Qs. entlehnt; die Fol. hat *housed badge*, woraus die zweite Folioausg. *house's* machte. 28) Vgl. oben Anm. 16. 29) Die zweite Folioausg. vervollständigt den Vers mit *victorious noble father.* 30) *stigmatic*, eigentlich = der gebrandmarkte Verbrecher, hier = der von der Natur schon Gezeichnete, geht auf Richard's Missgestalt. So heisst er in K. Henry VI. Third Part (A. 2, Sc. 2) *a foul misshapen stigmatic.* — Das Adjectiv *stigmatical* steht in demselben Sinn in Comedy of Errors (A. 4, Sc. 2) *Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.*

1) *dead men's cries* ist das Geschrei Sterbender, Derer, die schon so gut wie todt sind. — Den Ausdruck bezeichnet dieselbe Sh.'sche Licenz, wie A. 4, Sc. 10: *And hang thee o'er my tomb, when I am dead.* Vgl. dazu Anm. 16. 2) *northern* = aus dem nördlichen England, im Gegensatz zu *southern* = aus dem südlichen England. 3) Ich würde mich in Deine stattliche Haltung verlieben, wenn Du nicht so hartnäckig mein Feind wärest. 4) d. h. Preis und Achtung von meiner Seite. 5) *it*, sowohl in dieser wie in der vorigen Zeile, bezieht sich auf *prowess*, wozu statt *thy* ein *my* hinzuzudenken ist. 6) Clifford will Leib und Seele einsetzen bei dem bevorstehenden Kampfe. — Diesen Einsatz bezeichnet York dann als *dreadful lay.* 7) Mache Dich alsbald fertig, rüste Dich

Clif. *La fin couronne les œuvres.*[8]
[They fight, and Clifford *falls and dies.*
York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.
Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will! *[Exit.*

Enter Young Clifford.

Y. Clif. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout:
Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard.[9] O war! thou son of hell,
Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance! — Let no soldier fly:
He that is truly dedicate to war
Hath no self-love; nor he that loves himself
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
The name of valour.[10] — *[Seeing his father's body.]*
O! let the vile world end,
And the premised[11] flames of the last day
Knit earth and heaven together!
Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities and petty sounds
To cease![12] — Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,
To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
The silver livery of advised age,[13]
And, in thy reverence, and thy chair-days,[14] thus
To die in ruffian battle? — Even at this sight,
My heart is turn'd to stone: and while 't is mine,
It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;
No more will I their[15] babes: tears virginal
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;
And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.[16]
Henceforth I will not have to do with pity:
Meet I an infant of the house of York,
Into as many gobbets will I cut it,
As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:[17]
In cruelty will I seek out my fame.
Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house:
[Taking up the body.
As did Æneas old Anchises bear,[18]
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;
But then Æneas bare a living load,
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine. *[Exit.*

Enter Richard Plantagenet *and* Somerset, *fighting.* Somerset *is killed.*

Rich. So, lie thou there; —
For, underneath an ale-house' paltry sign,
The Castle in Saint Alban's, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.[19]
Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still:
Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill.[20] *[Exit*

Alarums: excursions. Enter King Henry, *Queen* Margaret, *and Others, retreating.*

Q. Mar. Away, my lord! you are slow: for shame, away!
K. Hen. Can we outrun the heavens? good Margaret stay.
Q. Mar. What are you made of? you 'll nor fight, nor fly;
Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,
To give the enemy way, and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.
[Alarum afar off.
If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
Of all our fortunes:[21] but if we haply scape
(As well we may, if not through your neglect),[22]
We shall to London get, where you are lov'd,
And where this breach, now in our fortunes made,
May readily be stopp'd.

Enter Young Clifford.

Y. Clif. But that my heart 's on future mischief set,
I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly;

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zum Kampfe. 8) Dieses Motto, wahrscheinlich ein Wappenspruch, lautet in der Fol. *La fin Corrone les eumenes.* 9) *it* lässt sich nur auf *disorder* beziehen, obwohl dieses Wort als Subject nicht ganz passend bei *should guard* stehen kann: die Unordnung verwundet da, wo sie schützen sollte. Mit Sh.'scher Kühnheit ist vielleicht aus *disorder* nur das Gegentheil *order* zu suppliren: *where order should guard.* 10) Wer nur sich selbst liebt, darf nicht wahrhaft, seinem innern Wesen nach, tapfer heissen, sondern erscheint nur als tapfer vermöge zufälliger Umstände. 11) *premised* erklärt Warburton mit *sent before their time.* — Da das Wort in diesem Sinne kaum anderswo vorkommt, so wäre vielleicht *promised* zu lesen, wie in K. Lear (A. 5, Sc. 3) der jüngste Tag als *the promised end* bezeichnet wird. 12) Die allgemeine, Allen geltende Trompete des jüngsten Gerichts möge jetzt blasen, um einzelne Interessen und geringfügigere Laute zum Schweigen zu bringen. — *general* steht dem *particularities* gegenüber, und *to cease* ist transitives Verbum. 13) *advised age* = das überlegsame, besonnene Greisenalter. 14) *reverence* = Ehrwürdigkeit des Alters; *chair-days* = Tage des Alters, die man im Lehnstuhl zubringen sollte. Beiden entgegengesetzt ist dann *ruffian battle* = wüster, roher Kampf. So kommt *ruffian billows* in K. Henry IV. Second Part (A. 3, Sc. 1) vor. 15) *their* bezieht sich auf das vorhergehende *York*, wobei an die Anhänger York's zugleich mit zu denken ist. 16) Die Schönheit der gefangenen Weiber, welche den erobernden Wütherich oft rührt und bessert, soll meinen Grimm nur steigern, wie Oel und Werg die Flammengluth steigert. 17) Wie es Medea mit dem jungen Absyrtus, ihrem Bruder, machte, dessen Leichnam sie zerstückelte, um ihren Vater auf seiner Verfolgung ihrer Flucht aufzuhalten. 18) So in Julius Cæsar (A. 1, Sc. 2) *as Æneas, our great ancestor, || Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder || The old Anchises bear.* 19) Der Hexenmeister oder Wahrsager, welcher durch Somerset's Tod berühmt werden soll, ist Bolingbroke oder Southwell, denen in A. 1, Sc. 4 in Betreff Somerset's der citirte Geist prophezeite: *Let him shun castles etc.* — Jetzt geht die Prophezeiung in Erfüllung, da Somerset vor einem Wirthshause stirbt, das ein Schloss im Schilde führt. — *paltry* ist zwischen *ale-house* und *sign*, das eigentlich ein Compositum bilden sollte, eingeschoben. Die Qs. haben *a paltry ale-house sign.* 20) scil. *kill their enemies.* 21) Wenn Ihr gefangen genommen würdet, so könnten wir in unsern Schicksalen nicht tiefer sinken, so wären wir auf dem Grunde angelangt. 22) *neglect* ist Heinrich's Saumseligkeit in der Flucht. 23) Für *parts* wollte Tyrwhitt *party* lesen, vielleicht um den Reim von *hearts* und *parts* zu vermeiden. — *all our present parts* ist = unsere ganze Partei, so weit sie anwesend ist. So in Stowe's Chronik: *the which John Cade also after this was sworn to the French parts, and dwelled with them.*

But fly you must: uncurable discomfit
Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.[23]
Away, for your relief! and we will live
To see their day, and them our fortune give.
Away, my lord, away! *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Fields near Saint Alban's.

Alarum: retreat. Flourish; then enter York, Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, *and Soldiers, with drum and colours.*

York. Of Salisbury, who can report of him?
That winter lion,[1] who in rage forgets
Aged contusions and all brush of time,[2]
And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,[3]
Repairs him with occasion?[4] This happy day
Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
If Salisbury be lost.
Rich. My noble father,
Three times to-day I holp him to his horse,
Three times bestrid him;[5] thrice I led him off,
Persuaded him from any further act:[6]
But still, where danger was, still there I met him;
And like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his will in his old feeble body.
But, noble as he is, look where he comes.[7]

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to-day;
By the mass, so did we all. — I thank you, Richard:
God knows how long it is I have to live;
And it hath pleas'd him, that three times to-day
You have defended me from imminent death. —
Well, lords, we have not got that which we have:[8]
'T is not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repairing nature.[9]
York. I know, our safety is to follow them;
For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,
To call a present court of parliament:
Let us pursue him, ere the writs go forth. —
What says Lord Warwick? shall we after them?
War. After them? nay, before them, if we can.
Now, by my faith,[10] lords, 't was a glorious day:
Saint Alban's battle, won by famous York,
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come. —
Sound, drums and trumpets! — and to London all;
And more such days as these to us befall! *[Exeunt.*

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1) Salisbury ist noch im Winter seines Lebens, im Alter, ein Löwe an Tapferkeit. — In den Qs. fragt York *But did you see old Salisbury, since we etc.* — Dyce ändert demgemäss *old Salisbury* für *of Salisbury.* 2) *brush of time* ist die Art und Weise, wie die Zeit den Menschen mitnimmt und abnutzt. So in Troilus and Cressida (A. 5, Sc. 3) *the brushes of the war*, und in Timon of Athens (A. 4, Sc. 3) *one winter's brush.* — Warburton wollte dafür *bruise of time* lesen. 3) *brow of youth* = vordere Seite, erstes frisches Ansehen der Jugend. — Johnson wollte dafür *blow of youth* lesen. 4) Er verjüngt sich, stellt sich wieder her mit der Gelegenheit, die sich ihm beut, sich als verjüngt zu zeigen. 5) *to bestride* mit dem Accusativ = über einen in der Schlacht Darniederliegenden hintreten, um ihn zu schützen. 6) Ich rieth ihm ab von weitern Thaten in der Schlacht. — *to persuade from* = Jemanden durch Ueberredung von Etwas abbringen. 7) Dieser Vers wäre vielleicht so zu interpungiren: *But, noble as he is — Look where he comes,* als ob Richard sich selbst unterbräche und den ersten Satz unvollendet liesse, da er Salisbury kommen sieht. 8) Wir haben unser Besitzthum noch nicht wirklich in Besitz genommen. So, nach einer Lesart, in Sh.'s Lucrece: *That oft they have not that which they possess.* 9) Da es Feinde sind von einer solchen Art, dass sie leicht sich erholen. 10) Die Fol. setzt *by my hand*, wahrscheinlich in Folge der Theatercensur. — *faith* ist aus den Qs. von Malone entlehnt.

KING HENRY VI. — PART III.

Einleitung.

Die Gesammtausgabe der Shakspere'schen Schauspiele in Folio (1623) enthält als das achte Drama in der Reihe der Histories das nachfolgende unter dem Titel The third Part of Henry the Sixt, with the death of the Duke of Yorke. Es ist daselbst so wenig wie das vorhergehende Drama King Henry VI. Second Part in Acte und Scenen eingetheilt.

Thomas Millington, der im Jahre 1594 eine frühere Bearbeitung des King Henry VI. Second Part unter dem Titel The First Part of the Contention etc. (vgl. Einleitung zu dem betreffenden Drama) herausgegeben hatte, liess auf diese Publication im Jahre 1595 die Veröffentlichung einer gleichen abweichenden Textrecension des King Henry VI. Third Part folgen, die auf dem Titelblatt so bezeichnet ist: The true Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the death of the good King Henrie the Sixt, with the whole contention betweene the two Houses Lancaster and Yorke, as it was sundrie times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembrooke his seruants. Printed at London by P. S. for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shoppe under Saint Peters Church in Cornwal. 1595. — Der zweite Theil dieses Titels with the whole contention etc. deutet offenbar auf das vorhergehende, 1594 edirte Stück The First Part of the Contention etc. und auf den inneren wie äusseren Zusammenhang beider Dramen hin. Beide Dramen wurden denn auch im Jahre 1600 von Millington abermals herausgegeben, diesmal in Quarto, während die True Tragedie etc. im Jahre 1595 in Octavformat erschien; im Jahre 1619 endlich gab Thomas Pavier, dem Millington sein Verlagsrecht übertragen hatte, beide Dramen ebenfalls in Quarto unter einem gemeinschaftlichen Titel, diesmal zuerst mit dem Namen des Verfassers, heraus: The Whole Contention Betweene the Two famous Houses, Lancaster and Yorke. With the tragicall Ends of the Good Duke Humfrey, Richard Duke of Yorke, and King Henrie the sixt. Divided into Two Parts: And newly corrected and enlarged. Written by William Shakespeare, Gent. Printed at London for T. P. — Der Zusatz And newly corrected and enlarged enthält, da der Text nur in sehr unbedeutenden Einzelnheiten von denen der Ausgaben von 1594 (5) und 1600 abweicht, eine Unwahrheit, welche aber den Schluss verstattet, dass eine Umarbeitung und Erweiterung des ursprünglichen Werkes von Seiten des Dichters damals eine bekannte Thatsache war, und dass man dem Publicum diesen Abdruck der früheren Skizze jetzt betrüglicher Weise als die vollständigen Dramen Shakspere's verkaufen wollte, in deren von der Shakspere'schen Schauspielergesellschaft gewahrten Besitz der Verleger Thomas Pavier nicht hatte gelangen können. — Wie von der ersten Ausgabe des First Part of the Contention etc. existirt auch von der ersten Ausgabe der True Tragedie etc. nur ein nachweisliches Exemplar, das, wie jenes in der Bodleyanischen Bibliothek zu Oxford aufbewahrt, zugleich mit jenem von J. O. Halliwell für die Shakespeare Society im Jahre 1843 in buchstäblichem Abdruck herausgegeben ist. Ein eben so buchstäblich genauer Abdruck, nur mit Einfügung der Eintheilung in Acte und Scenen zur besseren Vergleichung mit King Henry VI. Third Part, folgt am Ende dieser Einleitung. Wir bezeichnen, wie in den Anmerkungen, den Text des First Part of the Contention etc. und der True Tragedie etc., der Kürze wegen, gemeinschaftlich als den der Quartausgaben (Qs.), den Text der drei Theile des King Henry VI., wie ihn zuerst die Folioausgabe von 1623 enthält, als den der Folio (Fol.).

Die Gründe, welche von der englischen Kritik gegen die Shakspere'sche Autorschaft der Qs. geltend gemacht werden, sind ausführlich und eingehend zusammengestellt in Malone's Dissertation on the Three Parts of King Henry VI. tending to show That those Plays were not written originally by Shakspeare. Malone spricht nämlich den King Henry VI. First Part unserm Dichter ganz ab und schreibt ihm für die beiden andern Theile auch nur dasjenige zu, was den Text der Fol. von dem der Qs. unterscheidet. Einen Beweis für jene erstere Behauptung findet der genannte Kritiker in den gesuchten mythologischen und gelehrten Anspielungen, in der Diction und Versification, welche eher an die Vorgänger Shakspere's im englischen Drama als an Shakspere selbst erinnern sollen. Aber abgesehen davon, dass diese Eigenthümlichkeiten mehr oder weniger sämmtlichen Jugendarbeiten Shakspere's gemeinsam sind, erscheint es begreiflich, dass gerade in den ersten dramatischen Versuchen des wohl noch nicht zur völligen Selbständigkeit entwickelten Dichters sein Styl und Vers sich nicht durchgängig von dem andrer Dramatiker der Zeit unterscheiden, vielmehr in manchen Aeusserlichkeiten sich an dieselben anlehnen musste — ein Punkt, auf den schon in der Einleitung zu King Henry VI. First Part hingewiesen wurde. — Ein noch geringeres Gewicht hat ein anderer Grund Malone's, Shakspere das genannte Drama abzusprechen: die Widersprüche in geringfügigen Einzelnheiten, z. B. in der Angabe von Heinrich's VI. Alter bei dem Tode seines Vaters, welche sich zwischen den drei Theilen des King Henry VI.

bemerkbar machen. Aber solche Widersprüche sind bekanntlich auch innerhalb eines und desselben Dramas selbst aus Shakspere's reifster Zeit nicht unerhört, und sie können daher um so weniger Anstoss erregen innerhalb eines Cyclus von Dramen, der freilich nach einem gemeinschaftlichen Plane entworfen, aber erst, der Reihe nach, in gewissen Zwischenräumen ausgeführt sein muss. Legt man diesen Nebendingen und Zufälligkeiten pedantisch eine Bedeutung bei, die mit Shakspere's eigenthümlicher Art zu dichten durchaus unverträglich ist, so gelangt man freilich mit Malone zu der Hypothese, dass der King Henry VI. First Part einen andern Verfasser gehabt haben müsse, als der First Part of the Contention etc., dieses Stück wiederum einen andern, als die True Tragedie etc.; und wir hätten mithin, da die Shakspere'sche Autorschaft des King Richard III. von keiner Seite jemals angezweifelt wurde, vier Verfasser für vier Dramen, welche nach dem innern Zusammenhange ihrer Construction und Charakteristik nur der Entwurf und das Werk eines einzigen Dichters gewesen sein können.

Eingehender als bei dem King Henry VI. First Part behandelt Malone sodann die Frage der Autorschaft bei dem Second und Third Part und bei den entsprechenden Textrecensionen der Qs. Zunächst hebt er hervor, dass weder bei der Einzeichnung der letztern in die Register der Buchhändlergilde, noch in den beiden ersten Ausgaben von 1594 (5) und 1600 auf dem Titelblatte Shakspere's Name erwähnt wird. Beides sind Erscheinungen, die sich auch bei andern Dramen unseres Dichters wiederholen; Shakspere's Name fehlt nicht nur in den unrechtmässigen, lückenhaften ersten Editionen von Romeo and Juliet (1597) und King Henry V. (1600), sondern auch in den vollständigen ersten Quartausgaben von Titus Andronicus (1600), Romeo and Juliet (1599), King Richard II. (1597), King Richard III. (1597) und King Henry IV. First Part (1598), wie er umgekehrt sich findet auf dem Titel folgender Pseudo-Shakspere'schen Dramen: First Part of the Life of Sir John Oldcastle (1600), The London Prodigal (1605), A Yorkshire Tragedy (1608). Ein Zeugniss gegen den Shakspere'schen Ursprung der beiden Qs. lässt sich also aus der Auslassung seines Namens bei Dramen, welche durch ihren ausserdem hinzugefügten ausführlichen Titel dem Publicum als die von der Bühnenaufführung her hinlänglich bekannten erscheinen mussten, nicht ableiten, und ein unberechtigter Verleger, wie Millington, mochte am wenigsten Veranlassung haben, zu dem Werke, das er so entstellt und verstümmelt herausgab, den Namen des eigentlichen Verfassers, der ohnehin bekannt genug war, hinzuzusetzen, wie er denn auch ein gleiches Verfahren bei seiner ersten verstümmelten Ausgabe des King Henry V. beobachtet hat (vgl. Einleitung zu King Henry V.).

Die Titelangabe der True Tragedie etc., welche sich nach ihrer Stellung auf beide Dramen bezieht: as it was sundrie times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembrooke his seruants, soll im Sinne Malone's ebenfalls erweisen, dass die Stücke nicht von Shakspere herrühren, da dessen Dramen sämmtlich und ausschliesslich von seiner eigenen Schauspielergesellschaft aufgeführt wurden. Aber bei den Jugenddramen unseres Dichters ist es am ersten denkbar, dass sie auch in die Hände rivalisirender Truppen geriethen, wie denn auch das Titelblatt des Titus Andronicus nicht weniger als vier Schauspielergesellschaften namhaft macht, die das Drama aufgeführt, und unter diesen vier ebenfalls »die Diener des Grafen von Pembroke« (vgl. Einleitung zu Titus Andronicus). — Wenn Millington nur diese eine Gesellschaft namhaft macht und die Shakspere'sche Truppe unerwähnt lässt, so mochte ihn dabei dieselbe Vorsicht leiten, welche ihn veranlasste, Shakspere's Namen auf dem Titel zu unterdrücken. Vielleicht auch verdankte er der indiscreten Mittheilung einiger Mitglieder der Pembroke'schen Truppe das mangelhafte Material, aus welchem er, möglicher Weise mit Hinzuziehung eines untergeordneten Dichters, den Text der Qs. mit dem nothdürftigen Anschein vollständiger Shakspere'scher Arbeiten herstellte.

Einen weitern äusserlichen Beweis gegen die Shakspere'sche Autorschaft der beiden Qs. erkennt Malone in dem Umstande, dass Millington nicht alle drei Theile von King Henry VI. mit der Unterscheidung First Part, Second Part und Third Part drucken liess, sondern nur die beiden letzten Theile unter den Titeln First Part of the Contention etc. und The true Tragedie etc. Aber es spricht nichts gegen die Vermuthung, dass Shakspere sämmtliche drei Theile immer und von je her als First, Second, Third Part bezeichnet hatte und dass die andern speciellen Titel nur zur nähern Angabe des Inhalts der einzelnen Dramen bei der Aufführung hinzugefügt wurden. Jene Bezeichnung Second und Third Part musste Millington selbstverständlich unterdrücken, sobald er in seinem Verlage keinen First Part aufzuweisen hatte, sei es, dass er aus der Quelle, die ihm den Text der Qs. lieferte, den entsprechenden Text des First Part nicht erlangen konnte, oder dass dessen für das Lesepublicum vielleicht minder anziehender Inhalt ihm die Kosten des Druckes nicht zu lohnen schien. Wahrscheinlich auch gab er die True Tragedie etc. bloss deshalb nicht gemeinschaftlich mit dem First Part of the Contention etc. heraus, weil er nicht gleichzeitig sich in den Besitz beider Dramen zu setzen vermochte; denn dass ihm der innere Zusammenhang zwischen beiden klar war, zeigt der Zusatz with the whole contention etc. auf dem Titelblatte der True Tragedie etc., der sich, wie schon oben bemerkt ist, auf den First Part of the Contention etc. mitbeziehen muss.

An diese äussern Gründe, welche den Qs. den Shakspere'schen Ursprung aberkennen sollen, schliesst Malone eine Erörterung der innern Gründe, wie sie sich ihm lediglich aus einer detaillirten und minutiösen Vergleichung des Textes der Qs. mit der Fol., Vers für Vers und Wort für Wort, ergeben. Um seinen Lesern diesen Process zu verdeutlichen, druckt er nicht etwa, wie wir, in seiner Ausgabe den ganzen Text der Qs. neben dem der Fol. ab; er lässt vielmehr in dem Druck des letztern diejenigen Zeilen unbezeichnet, die in Qs. und Fol. identisch sind, die also nach seiner Meinung von Shakspere aus der Arbeit eines Vorgängers in seine eigene spätere Arbeit hinübergenommen sein sollen. Die Zeilen, welche sich mit einzelnen Abweichungen in Qs. und Fol. zugleich finden, die also Shakspere umgearbeitet und nicht direct entlehnt haben soll, bezeichnet Malone mit umgekehrtem Comma ‘; die Zeilen endlich, welche sich nur in der Fol., nicht in den Qs. finden und also nach Malone's Ansicht Shakspere's eigentliche Zuthaten enthalten, bezeichnet er mit Asterisken. Indem er wortklauberisch so nur Einzelnheiten gegen Einzelnheiten abwägt, findet er zwischen dem Text der Qs. und dem der Fol. so viele materielle und formelle Abweichungen und Widersprüche, dass er sie sich nur aus der Annahme zweier Verfasser zu erklären vermag. So

haben die Qs. — was jedoch nur höchst selten der Fall ist — Zeilen und Reden, von denen sich in der Fol. keine Spur findet, die also, nach Malone's Ansicht, Shakspere, der spätere Bearbeiter, aus der Arbeit seines Vorgängers ausgemerzt haben muss; während doch die einfachere Erklärung die ist, dass Shakspere selbst entweder bei der Ueberarbeitung solche Zeilen, die er früher geschrieben, strich, oder dass ein untergeordneter Dichter, der für Millington den lückenhaften Text der Qs. redigirte, mit solchen Zeilen eine Lücke ergänzte. Dasselbe Dilemma bietet sich für alle anderen von Malone angeführten Fälle geringfügiger Differenzen zwischen den Qs. und der Fol. dar: z. B. für die mancherlei Zusätze niedrig-komischer Art, welche in den Scenen von Jack Cade (King Henry VI. Second Part, A. 4) die Qs. vor der Fol. voraushaben; für einige Abweichungen in den Scenen der Herzogin von Gloster (ebend. A. 1 und 2); für solche Varianten, wie die, dass Jack Cade in den Qs. als *dyer of Ashford*, in der Fol. als *clothier* bezeichnet wird, dass in King Henry VI. Second Part (A. 1, Sc. 3) die Königin ihren Fächer, in den Qs. aber ihren Handschuh fallen lässt, dass ebendaselbst (A. 4, Sc. 1) *Bargulus, the strong Illyrian pirate*, in den Qs. *Abradas, the great Macedonian pirate* erwähnt wird, dass in King Henry VI. Third Part (A. 3, Sc. 2) Gloster von *the murtherous Machiavel*, in den Qs. von *the aspiring Catiline* spricht. Nach Malone's Meinung ist es sehr begreiflich, wenn hier Greene oder Peele, die muthmasslichen Verfasser der Qs., den Catilina im Sinne gehabt, und wenn Shakspere bei seiner Bearbeitung dafür den Machiavell, der ihm besser bekannt gewesen, gesetzt habe. Aber auch in King Henry VI. First Part (A. 5, Sc. 4) wird Alençon ein *notorious Machiavel* genannt, und doch soll dieses Drama, nach Malone's Ansicht, nicht von Shakspere sein.

Noch misslicher wie mit diesen Beweisen des Nicht-Shakspere'schen Ursprungs der Qs., die aus der Verschiedenheit der Ausdrücke und Phrasen geschöpft sind, steht es mit der Aehnlichkeit in Worten und Gleichnissen, welche einerseits zwischen den Qs. und den Dramen einiger Zeitgenossen und Vorgänger Shakspere's, andererseits zwischen der Fol. und andern unzweifelhaften Werken unseres Dichters bestehen soll. Da Shakspere in seinen früheren Jugenddramen in allen Einzelnheiten des Styls, der Phrase und des Verses sich nicht so scharf, wie in seinen späteren Arbeiten, von den andern Dramatikern der Zeit unterscheidet, vielmehr manche Züge der Art gemeinsam mit ihnen hat, so lässt sich eine solche Ausscheidung des Shakspere'schen und Un-Shakspere'schen, wie Malone sie versucht, nur mit grosser Willkür und nach blossem subjectiven Dafürhalten vornehmen; es lassen sich, wenn man nur das Detail in's Auge fasst, Spuren Marlowe's, Greene's, Peele's eben so gut in den Zusätzen der Fol., wie umgekehrt Spuren der ausschliesslich Shakspere'schen Diction in den Qs. entdecken, ohne dass damit für die Autorschaft des Einen oder des Andern ein bestimmendes Moment gewonnen wäre.

Während Malone in der Betrachtung solcher Wortklaubereien die Qs. in ihren geringfügigsten Details durchmustert, lässt er doch dabei die Beschaffenheit dieser Ausgaben im Ganzen und Grossen ausser Acht, und obwohl die ihm vorangehenden Herausgeber Shakspere's wiederholt auf die Unvollständigkeit und Lückenhaftigkeit des Textes der Qs. hingewiesen haben, behandelt er sie im Verlaufe seiner Dissertation als zwei vollständige, in sich abgeschlossene Werke, die als solche etwa auf demselben Standpunkte einer druckfertigen Textrecension mit der Fol. ständen. Ueber die äusserliche Verwahrlosung, die sich in jeder Zeile der Qs. bemerkbar macht, genügt es, auf den buchstäblich getreuen Abdruck in dieser Einleitung und in der zu King Henry VI. Second Part zu verweisen: die beispiellose Vernachlässigung in Orthographie, Interpunction und Versabtheilung springt jedem Leser bei dem ersten Blick in die Augen; die Verderbniss liegt aber tiefer, als dass sich durch eine einfache Correctur dieser Irrthümer der ursprüngliche Text herstellen liesse. Vielmehr lässt sich die auch dann noch zurückbleibende Ungleichheit, der plötzliche und auf allen Seiten wiederkehrende Wechsel zwischen ausgeführten Reden im regelmässigsten Blankvers und solchen, die nur flüchtig skizzirt in dem holprichtsten Metrum oder auch in gar keinem Metrum abgefasst sind, auf keine andere Weise erklären, als durch die Annahme, dass wir in den Qs. nicht Dramen vor uns haben, wie sie irgend ein Dichter, sei es Shakspere oder ein Anderer, für die Aufführung geschrieben haben kann, sondern nur zahlreiche Bruchstücke, welche nothdürftig von einem Compilator zusammengeflickt und aneinandergereiht sind, und doch dem genauer Zusehenden überall der Ergänzung und der Ausfüllung ihrer Lücken bedürftig scheinen. Die natürlichste Schlussfolgerung, welche sich aus dieser unleugbaren Thatsache ziehen lässt, ist die, dass der Text der Qs. in der Fassung, in der er wirklich geschrieben war, dem Texte der Fol. ungleich näher gekommen sein muss, als der uns vorliegende gedruckte, dass mithin, die Hypothese Malone's und andrer Kritiker als wahr angenommen, die Zuthaten Shakspere's zu der Arbeit eines vermeintlichen Vorgängers sich als noch viel geringfügiger herausstellen würden, als sie ohnehin erscheinen, wenn man nicht bei der Malone'schen dreifachen Unterscheidung der Verse — Shakspere'sche, Halb-Shakspere'sche und Nicht-Shakspere'sche — stehen bleibt, sondern eine selbständige Vergleichung zwischen Qs. und Fol. anstellt. Aus einer solchen Vergleichung ergiebt sich leicht, dass in der That alles Wesentliche, Behandlung und Verarbeitung des in den Chroniken vorliegenden Stoffes zum Drama, Anordnung der Acte und Scenen, Charakteristik der Personen, Styl und Vers, bereits von dem Dichter der Qs. geliefert ist und dass der Dichter der Fol. in keiner dieser Beziehungen etwas Bedeutendes, etwas wirklich Neues oder Anderes hinzugefügt hat. Das Verhältniss zwischen beiden Bearbeitungen ist also keineswegs ein solches, wie zwischen dem ältern King John und dem Shakspere'schen Drama dieses Namens (vgl. Einleitung zu King John), oder wie zwischen dem ältern Taming of a Shrew und dem Shakspere'schen Taming of the Shrew, welche Fälle Malone damit in Parallele stellt. Vielmehr können diese beiden Beispiele zeigen, wie ganz anders Shakspere das Drama eines Vorgängers, das er im Stoff und im Gange der Handlung, den allgemeinen Umrissen nach, benutzt und beibehält, doch in Sprache und Charakteristik durchaus neu schafft und dadurch in sein wahres geistiges Eigenthum verwandelt. Ein solches geistiges Eigenthumsrecht darf aber der Dichter der Fol., dem Dichter der Qs. gegenüber, nicht im Mindesten in Anspruch nehmen, und die Shakspere'sche Autorschaft für den King Henry VI. Second Part und Third Part stände in der That auf den schwächsten Füssen, wenn sie den Kern dieser Dramen, alles Wesentlichste und Beste, an einer anderweitigen anonymen Verfasser der Qs. abtreten müsste.

Wenn die englischen Kritiker, die der Ansicht Malone's beipflichten, mit grosser Entschiedenheit und Uebereinstimmung die Qs. unserm Dichter absprechen, so sind sie weniger einig und bestimmt in Betreff des oder der Verfasser, an welchen Shakspere sein Plagiat begangen haben soll. Malone war anfangs geneigt, den First Part of the Contention etc. für ein Werk George Peele's, und die True Tragedie etc. für ein Werk Robert Greene's zu halten; später schrieb er beide Theile dem Verfasser des ältern King John zu, für den er Christopher Marlowe hielt. Ein ähnliches Schwanken des Urtheils macht sich bei den andern Kritikern geltend; für Greene scheint in ihren Augen eigentlich nur ein gleich anzuführender Passus seines letzten Pamphlets zu sprechen, keineswegs aber eine hervorstechende Uebereinstimmung seiner eignen unzweifelhaften Werke in ihren innern und äussern Merkmalen mit den beiden fraglichen Dramen; auf Marlowe aber musste sich, abgesehen von einigen stylistischen und metrischen Aehnlichkeiten zwischen seinem Drama Edward II. und diesen beiden, die Meinung der Kritiker schon um so eher richten, weil sich ihm, als dem bedeutendsten Vorgänger und Zeitgenossen des jugendlichen Shakspere noch am wahrscheinlichsten zwei Dramen zuschreiben liessen, die für die übrigen Dichter der Zeit, so weit wir sie aus ihren authentischen Werken kennen, offenbar zu gut erschienen. Freilich beruhte auch diese Hypothese auf der Annahme, dass das einzige Marlowe'sche Drama, das sich in manchen Aeusserlichkeiten mit den drei Theilen des King Henry VI. zusammenstellen lässt, Edward II. nämlich, früher als diese geschrieben sei, während aller Wahrscheinlichkeit nach Marlowe bei diesem historischen Schauspiel, dem letzten, das er verfasste, schon Etwas von Shakspere's King Henry VI. und dessen erster Bearbeitung, damals bereits aufgeführt, wenn auch nicht gedruckt, sich zum Muster und Vorbild genommen hat.

Eine überlieferte Notiz aus der Zeit Shakspere's, welche auf einen andern Verfasser der Qs. auch nur von ferne hinwiese und das von Shakspere an diesem Verfasser begangene Plagiat rügte, giebt es nicht, wenn man nicht einem Passus in einem nachgelassenen Pamphlete Greene's nach dieser Seite hin eine gezwungene Deutung geben will. Nach Greene's Tode im Jahre 1592 erschien, von Chettle herausgegeben, seine letzte Schrift, betitelt A Groat's worth of Wit bought with a million of Repentance, und darin ein Abschnitt mit der Ueberschrift To those Gentlemen his Quondam acquaintaince, that spend their wits in making Playes, R. G. wisheth a better exercise, and wisedome to preuent his extremities, dessen hierher gehörende Hauptstelle so lautet: *If wofull experience may moone you (Gentlemen) to beware, or vnheard of wretchednes intreat you to take heed: I doubt not but you will look backe with sorrow on your time past, and endeuour with repentance to spend that which is to come. Wonder not, (for with thee will I first beginne) thou famous gracer of Tragedians, that Green, who hath said with thee like the foole in his heart, There is no God, should now giue glorie vnto his greatnesse: for penetrating is his power, his hand lyes heauy vpon me, he hath spoken vnto me with a voyce of thunder, and I haue left [felt], he is a God that can punish enemies. Why should thy excellent wit, his gift be so blinded, that thou shouldest giue no glory to the Giuer? Is it pestilent Machiuilian policie that thou hast studied? O punish [peevish] follie! What are his rules but meere confused mockeries, able to extirpate in small time, the generation of mankinde. For if „Sic volo, sic iubeo,“ holde in those that are able to commaund: and if it be lawfull „Fas et Nefas,“ to doo any thing that is beneficiall; onely Tyrants should possesse the Earth, and they striuing to exceed in tiranny, should ech to other be a slaughter man: till the mightyest out-liuing all, one stroke were left for Death, that in one age mans life should end. The Brother [broacher] of this Dyabolicall Atheisme is dead, and in his life had neuer the felicitie he aymed at: but as he beganne in craft, liued in feare, and ended in dispaire. „Quam inscrutabilia sunt Dei iudicia!“ This murderer of many Brethren, had his conscience seared like Cayne: this betrayer of him that gaue his life for him, inherited the portion of Judas: this Apostata perished as ill as Julian: and wilt thou my Friend, be his Disciple? Looke vnto mee, by him persuaded to that Libertie, and thou shalt finde it an Infernall bondage. I know the least of my demerits merit this miserable death, but wilfull striuing against knowne truth, exceedeth all the terrors of my soule. Deferre not (with mee) till this last point of extremitie: for little knowest thou how in the end thou shalt be visited.*

With thee I ioyne young Juuenall, that byting Satyrist, that lastly with mee together writ a Comedie. Sweet Boy, might I aduise thee, be aduised, and get not many enemies by bitter words: inueigh against vaine men, for thou canst doo it, no man better, no man so well: thou hast a libertie to reproue all, and name none: for one being spoken to, all are offended, none beeing blamed, no man is iniuried. Stop shallow water still running, it will rage, tread on a worme, and it will turne: then blame not Schollers who are vexed with sharpe and bitter Lines, if they reprooue thy too much liberty of reproofe.

And thou no lesse deseruing then the other two, in some things rarer, in nothing inferiour, driuen (as myselfe) to extreame shifts, a little haue I to say to thee: and were it not an idolatrous oath, I would sweare by sweet S. George, thou art vnworthy better hap, sith thou dependest on so meane a stay. Base minded men all three of you, if by my misery yee bee not warned: for vnto none of you (like me) sought those burs to cleaue; those Puppits (I meane) that speake from our mouths, those Anticks garnisht in our colours. Is it not strange that I to whome they all have bin beholding: is it not like that you, to whom they all haue bin beholding, shall (were yee in that case that I am now) be both of them at once forsaken? Yes trust them not: for there is an vpstart Crow beautified with our Feathers, that with his „Tygres heart, wrapt in a Players hyde,“ supposes hee is as well able to bombast out a Blanke verse, as the best of you: and beeing an absolute Iohannes fac totum, is in his owne conceyt the onely Shake-scene in a Countrey. Oh that I might intreat your rare wittes to bee imployed in more profitable courses: and let these Apes imitate your past Excellence, and neuer more acquaynte them with your admyred Inuentions. I knowe the best husband of you all will neuer prooue an Usurer, and the kindest of them all will neuer proove a kinde Nurse: yet whilst you may, seeke you better Maisters: for it is pitty men of such rare wits should bee subiect to the pleasures of such rude groomes.

In dieser Warnung, welche der in Noth und Elend verkommende Greene an seine Genossen Marlowe *(thou famous gracer of Tragedians)*, Thomas Lodge *(young Juuenall)* und George Peele *(thou no lesse deseruing)* richtet, räth er diesen drei Dramatikern von einer weiteren Thätigkeit für die Bühne ab, aus dem Grunde, weil die Schauspieler sie eben so gut im Stich lassen würden, wie ihn, und zwar weil sie jetzt einen Dichter besässen, der in seiner eignen Meinung den Schauspielern alle übrigen ersetze. Dass Shakspere mit diesem Dichter gemeint sei, bezeichnet Greene deutlich genug mit der Namensanspielung *the onely Shake-scene in a Countrey* und mit der Parodie eines Verses aus der True Tragedie etc. (A. 1, Sc. 4) *O tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide*, eines Verses, der als ein Shakspere'scher hinlänglich bekannt sein musste, wenn anders die Leser des Pamphlets die Pointe, die in dem Citat lag, verstehen sollten. Was weiter vorhergeht, *an vpstart Crow beautified with our Feathers*, kann in dem Munde des erbitterten Greene, der seine eigne Vernachlässigung dem überwiegenden Einfluss Shakspere's auf die Bühne zuschrieb, nur den Sinn haben, dass Shakspere in seinen ersten Arbeiten, und ehe er seinen eignen Styl und Vers selbständig entwickelte, sich an den von Marlowe, Lodge, Peele und Greene auf der englischen Bühne eingeführten Styl und Vers anlehnte und in gewissem Sinne die Manier seiner Vorgänger befolgte, vielleicht auch einzelne Phrasen und Wendungen von ihnen borgte. Hätte Greene statt dieser allgemeinen, lediglich auf subjectiver Auffassung beruhenden Beschwerde gegen den Dichter, der ihn und seine Kunstgenossen damals bereits überflügelt hatte, einen so bestimmten und handgreiflichen Anklagepunkt vorzubringen gehabt, wie ein solcher in der Aneignung zweier Dramen Greene's oder eines der genannten Freunde offenkundig vorgelegen hätte, gewiss würde er, zumal in der gehässigen Stimmung, die ihn damals gegen Shakspere beherrschte, sich nicht mit einer so vagen Beschuldigung begnügt, sondern ihn geradezu als den Plagiator des First Part of the Contention etc. und der True Tragedie etc. mit Namhaftmachung des wahren Verfassers, der nicht unbekannt sein konnte, bezeichnet haben. Die beiden genannten Dramen übertreffen an dichterischem Werthe die anerkannten Werke Marlowe's, Greene's, Peele's so weit, dass keiner von ihnen sich so stillschweigend eine ihm etwa gebührende Autorehre, wenn sie unbegreiflicher Weise in Vergessenheit gerathen wäre, von Shakspere hätte wegescamotiren lassen.

Uebrigens ist Greene's Pamphlet zur Zeit seiner Veröffentlichung keineswegs mit dem guten Glauben an die buchstäbliche Wahrheit der darin enthaltenen Behauptungen aufgenommen worden, welchen Malone und die anderen englischen Kritiker ihm in so viel späterer Zeit geschenkt haben. Nashe, ein Genosse Greene's, den man für den eigentlichen Verfasser des unter Greene's Namen erschienenen Pamphlets hielt, protestirt energisch gegen diese Verläumdung in der Vorrede zu seinem Pierce Pennilesse (vgl. Einleitung zu King Henry VI. First Part) und nennt das Product *a scald trivial lying pamphlet;* und der Herausgeber des Greene'schen Pamphlets, Henry Chettle, giebt noch in demselben Jahre 1592 in einem Schriftchen, betitelt Kind-Hart's Dream, dem gekränkten Shakspere *(the other)* in Bezug auf den eben citirten Ausfall Greene's folgende Ehrenerklärung: *with neither of them that take offence was I acquainted, and with one of them I care not if I ever be: the other whom at that time I did not so much spare as since I wish I had; for that as I have moderated the heat of living writers, and might have used my own discretion (especially in such a case), the author being dead, that I did not I am as sorry as if the original fault had been my fault, because myself have seen his demeanour no less civil than he excellent in the quality he professes: besides divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty; and his facetious grace in writing, that approves his art:* — Schwerlich würde Chettle so geflissentlich Shakspere's *honesty* und *uprightness of dealing* hervorgehoben haben, wenn die dergestalt von ihm, dem Herausgeber selbst, widerrufenen Worte Greene's den Sinn gehabt hätten, den man darin mit gesuchter Deutung in einer viel späteren Zeit hat finden wollen.

Das Resultat unserer Untersuchung ist demnach, dass Heminge und Condell im Jahre 1623 mit demselben vollen Rechte die drei Theile des King Henry VI. als ächt Shakspere'sche Schöpfungen in ihre Folioausgabe aufnehmen durften, mit welchem sie den King Richard III., der nach seiner ganzen Anlage ohne die drei vorhergehenden Schauspiele gar nicht gedacht werden kann, darauf folgen liessen; dass ferner etwaige Ungleichheiten des Styls oder der Charakteristik, die man zwischen diesen Dramen bemerken will, sich genügend aus der in einem längern Zeitraume und durch fortschreitende Uebung sich immer mehr entwickelnden und ausbildenden Kunst des Dichters erklären; dass endlich der First Part of the Contention etc. und die True Tragedie etc. der Qs. sich zu dem King Henry VI. Second Part und Third Part ebenso verhalten, wie die ersten Quartausgaben des Hamlet, des Romeo and Juliet und des King Henry V. (vgl. die Einleitungen zu diesen drei Dramen) zu dem Hamlet, dem Romeo and Juliet und zu dem King Henry V. der Fol.

The true Tragedie of *Richard* Duke of *Yorke*, and the good King *Henry* the Sixt.

(Act I. Scene I.)

Enter *Richard* Duke of *Yorke*, The Earle of *Warwicke*, The Duke of *Norffolke*, Marquis *Montague*, *Edward* Earle of *March*, Crooke-back *Richard*, and the Earle of *Rutland*, with Drumme and Souldiers, with white Roses in their hats.

Warwike. I wonder how the king escapt our hands.

Yorke. Whilst we pursude the horsemen of the North,
He slilie stole awaie and left his men:
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike eares could neuer brooke retrait,
Chargde our maine battels front, and there with him
Lord Stafford and Lord Clifford all abrest
Brake in and were by the hands of common Souldiers slain.

Edw. Lord Staffords father Duke of Buckingham,
Is either slaine or wounded dangerouslie,
I cleft his Beuer with a downe right blow:
Father that this is true behold his bloud.
Mont. And brother heeres the Earle of Wiltshires
Bloud, whom I encountred as the battailes ioind.
Rich. Speake thou for me and tell them what I did.
York. What is your grace dead my L. of Summerset?
Norf. Such hope haue all the line of Iohn of Gawnt.
Rich. Thus doe I hope to shape king Henries head.
War. And so do I victorious prince of Yorke,
Before I see thee seated in that throne
Which now the house of Lancaster vsurpes,
I vow by heauens these eies shal neuer close.
This is the pallace of that fearefull king,
And that the regall chaire? Possesse it Yorke:
For this is thine and not king Henries heires.
York. Assist me then sweet Warwike, and I wil:
For hither are we broken in by force.
Norf. Weele all assist thee, and he that flies shall die.
York. Thanks gentle Norffolke. Staie by me my Lords,
and souldiers staie you heere and lodge this night:
War. And when the king comes offer him no
Violence, vnlesse he seek to put vs out by force.
Rich. Armde as we be, lets staie within this house?
War. The bloudie parlement shall this be calde,
Vnlesse Plantagenet Duke of Yorke be king
And bashfull Henrie be deposde, whose cowardise
Hath made vs by-words to our enemies.
York. Then leaue me not my Lords: for now I meane
To take possession of my right.
War. Neither the king, nor him that loues him best,
The proudest burd that holds vp Lancaster.
Dares stirre a wing if Warwike shake his bels.
Ile plant Plantagenet: and root him out who dares?
Resolue thee Richard: Claime the English crowne.

Enter king *Henrie* the sixt, with the Duke of *Excester*, The Earle of *Northumberland*, the Earle of *Westmerland* and *Clifford*, the Earle of *Cumberland*, with red Roses in their hats.

King. Looke Lordings where the sturdy rebel sits,
Euen in the chaire of state: belike he meanes
Backt by the power of Warwike that false peere,
To aspire vnto the crowne, and raigne as king.
Earle of Northumberland, he slew thy father.
And thine Clifford: and you both haue vow'd reuenge,
On him, his sonnes, his fauorites, and his friends.
Northu. And if I be not, heauens be reuengd on me.
Clif. The hope thereof, makes Clifford mourn in steel.
West. What? shall we suffer this, lets pull him downe
My hart for anger breakes, I cannot speake.
King. Be patient gentle Earle of Westmerland.
Clif. Patience is for pultrouns such as he
He durst not sit there had your father liu'd?
My gratious Lord: here in the Parlement,
Let vs assaile the familie of Yorke.
North. Well hast thou spoken cosen, be it so.
King. O know you not the Cittie fauers them,
And they haue troopes of soldiers at their becke?
Exet. But when the D. is slaine, theile quicklie flie.
King. Far be it from the thoughtes of Henries hart,
To make a shambles of the parlement house.
Cosen of Exeter, words, frownes, and threats,
Shall be the warres that Henrie meanes to vse.
Thou factious duke of Yorke, descend my throne,
I am thy soueraigne.
York. Thou art deceiu'd: I am thine.
Exet. For shame come downe he made thee D. of Yorke.
York. Twas my inheritance as the kingdome is.
Exet. Thy father was a traytor to the crowne.
War. Exeter thou art a traitor to the crowne.
In following this vsurping Henry.
Clif. Whom should he follow but his naturall king.
War. True Clif. and that is Richard Duke of Yorke.
King. And shall I stande while thou sittest in my throne?
York. Content thy selfe it must and shall be so.
War. Be Duke of Lancaster, let him be king.
West. Why? he is both king & Duke of Lancaster,
And that the Earle of Westmerland shall maintaine.
War. And Warwike shall disproue it. You forget
That we are those that chaste you from the field
And slew your father, and with colours spred,
Marcht through the Cittie to the pallas gates.
Nor. No Warwike I remember it to my griefe,
And by his soule thou and thy house shall rew it.
West. Plantagenet of thee and of thy sonnes,
Thy kinsmen and thy friendes, Ile haue more liues,
Then drops of bloud were in my fathers vaines.
Clif. Vrge it no more, least in reuenge thereof,
I send thee Warwike such a messenger,
As shall reueng his death before I stirre.
War. Poore Clifford, how I skorn thy worthles threats.
York. Wil ye we shew our title to the crowne,
Or else our swords shall plead it in the field?
King. What title haste thou traitor to the Crowne?
Thy father was as thou art Duke of Yorke,
Thy grandfather Roger Mortimer earle of March,
I am the sonne of Henrie the Fift who tamde the French,
And made the Dolphin stoope, and seazd vpon their
Townes and prouinces.
War. Talke not of France since thou hast lost it all.
King. The Lord protector lost it and not I,
When I was crownd I was but nine months old.
Rich. You are olde enough now and yet me thinkes you lose,
Father teare the Crowne from the Vsurpers head.
Edw. Do so sweet father, set it on your head.
Mont. Good brother as thou lou'st & honorst armes,
Lets fight it out and not stand cauilling thus.

Rich. Sound drums and trumpets & the king will fly.
York. Peace sonnes:
Northum. Peace thou and giue king Henry leaue to speake.
King. Ah, Plantagenet, why seekest thou to depose me?
Are we not both both Plantagencts by birth,
And from two brothers lineallie discent?
Suppose by right and equitie thou be king,
Thinkst thou that I will leaue my kinglie seate
Wherein my father and my grandsire sat?
No, first shall warre vnpeople this my realme,
I and our colours often borne in France,
And now in England to our harts great sorrow
Shall be my winding sheete, why faint you Lords?
My titles better farre than his.
War. Proue it Henrie and thou shalt be king?
King. Why Henrie the fourth by conquest got the Crowne.
York. T'was by rebellion gainst his soueraigne.
King. I know not what to saie my titles weake,
Tell me maie not a king adopt an heire?
War. What then?
King. Then am I lawfull king. For Richard
The second in the view of manie Lords
Resignde the Crowne to Henrie the fourth,
Whose heire my Father was, and I am his.
York. I tell thee he rose against him being his Soueraigne, & made him to resigne the crown perforce.
War. Suppose my Lord he did it unconstrainde,
Thinke you that were preiudiciall to the Crowne?
Exet. No, for he could not so resigne the Crowne,
But that the next heire must succeed and raigne.
King. Art thou against vs, Duke of Exceter?
Exet. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.
King. All will reuolt from me and turne to him.
Northum. Plantagenet for all the claime thou laist,
Thinke not king Henry shall be thus deposde?
War. Deposde he shall be in despight of thee.
North. Tush Warwike, Thou art deceiued? tis not thy
Southerne powers of Essex, Suffolke, Norffolke, and of
Kent. that makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,
Can set the Duke vp in despight of me.
Cliff. King Henrie be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vowes to fight in thy defence.
Maie that ground gape and swallow me aliue,
Where I do kneele to him that slew my father.
King. O Clifford, how thy words reuiue my soule.
York. Henry of Lancaster resigne thy crowne.
What mutter you? or what conspire you Lords?
War. Doe right vnto this princelie Duke of Yorke,
Or I will fill the house with armed men,

Enter Souldiers.

And ouer the chaire of state where now he sits,
Wright vp his title with thy vsurping bloud.
King. O Warwike, heare me speake.
Let me but raigne in quiet whilst I liue.
York. Confirme the crowne to me and to mine heires
And thou shalt raigne in quiet whilst thou liu'st.
King. Conuey the souldiers hence, and then I will.
War. Captaine conduct them into Tuthill fieldes.
Clif. What wrong is this vnto the Prince your son?
War. What good is this for England and himselfe?
Northum. Base, fearefull, and despairing Henry.
Clif. How hast thou wronged both thy selfe and vs?
West. I cannot staie to heare these Articles. [Exit.
Clif. Nor I, Come cosen lets go tell the Queene.
Northum. Be thou a praie vnto the house of Yorke,
And die in bands for this vnkingly deed. [Exit.
Clif. In dreadfull warre maist thou be ouercome,
Or liue in peace abandon'd and despisde. [Exit.
Exet. They seeke reuenge, and therefore will not yeeld my Lord.
King. Ah Exeter?
War. Why should you sigh my Lord?
King. Not for my selfe Lord Warwike, but my sonne,
Whom I vnnaturallie shall disinherit.
But be it as it maie: I heere intaile the Crowne.
To thee and to thine heires, conditionallie,
That here thou take thine oath, to cease these ciuill
Broiles, and whilst I liue to honour me as thy king and
Soueraigne.
York. That oath I willinglie take and will performe.
War. Long liue king Henry. Plantagenet embrace him?
King. And long liue thou and all thy forward sonnes.
York. Now Yorke and Lancaster are reconcilde.
Exet. Accurst be he that seekes to make them foes,
[Sound Trumpets.
York. My Lord Ile take my leaue, for Ile to Wakefield,
To my castell. [Exit *Yorke* and his sonnes.
War. And ile keepe London with my souldiers.
[Exit.
Norf. And Ile to Norffolke with my followers.
[Exit.
Mont. And I to the sea from whence I came.
[Exit.

Enter the Queene and the Prince.

Exet. My Lord here comes the Queen, Ile steale away.
King. And so will I.
Queene. Naie staie, or else I follow thee.
King. Be patient gentle Queene, and then Ile staie.
Quee. What patience can there? ah timerous man,
Thou hast vndoone thy selfe, thy sonne, and me,
And giuen our rights vnto the house of Yorke.
Art thou a king and wil be forst to yeeld?
Had I beene there, the souldiers should haue tost
Me on their launces points, before I would haue
Granted to their wils. The Duke is made
Protector of the land: Sterne Fawconbridge
Commands the narrow seas And thinkst thou then
To sleepe secure? I heere diuorce me Henry
From thy bed, vntill that Act of Parlement
Be recalde, wherein thou yeeldest to the house of Yorke.

The Northen Lords that haue forsworne thy colours,
Will follow mine if once they see them spred,
And spread they shall vnto thy deepe disgrace.
Come sonne, lets awaie and leaue him heere alone.
King. Staie gentle Margaret, and here me speake.
Queene. Thou hast spoke too much alreadie, therefore be still.
King. Gentle sonne Edwarde, wilt thou staie with me?
Quee. I, to be murdred by his enemies. [Exit.
Prin. When I returne with victorie from the field,
Ile see your Grace, till then Ile follow her. [Exit.
King. Poore Queene, her loue to me and to the prince
Her sonne,
Makes hir in furie thus forget hir selfe.
Reuenged maie she be on that accursed Duke.
Come cosen of Exeter, staie thou here,
For Clifford and those Northern Lords be gone
I feare towards Wakefield, to disturbe the Duke.

(Act I. Scene II.)

Enter *Edward*, and *Richard*, and *Montague*.

Edw. Brother, and cosen Montague, giue mee leaue to speake.
Rich. Nay, I can better plaie the Orator.
Mont. But I haue reasons strong and forceable.

Enter the Duke of *Yorke*.

York. Howe nowe sonnes what at a iarre amongst your selues?
Rich. No father, but a sweete contention,
about that which concernes your selfe and vs,
The crowne of England father.
York. The crowne boy, why Henries yet aliue,
And I haue sworne that he shall raigne in quiet till His death.
Edw. But I would breake an hundred othes to raigne one yeare.
Rich. And if it please your grace to giue me leaue,
Ile shew your grace the waie to saue your oath,
And dispossesse king Henrie from the crowne.
Yorke. I prethe Dicke let me heare thy deuise.
Rich. Then thus my lord. An oath is of no moment
Being not sworne before a lawfull magistrate.
Henry is none but doth vsurpe your right,
And yet your grace stands bound to him by oath.
Then noble father resolue your selfe,
And once more claime the crowne.
Yorke. I, saist thou so boie? why then it shall be so.
I am resolude to win the crowne, or die.
Edward, rhou shalt to Edmund Brooke Lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentishmen will willinglie rise:
Thou cosen Montague, shalt to Norffolke straight,
And bid the Duke to muster vppe his souldiers,
And come to me to Wakefield presentlie.
And Richard thou to London strait shalt post,
And bid Richard Neuill Earle of Warwike
To leaue the cittie, and with his men of warre,
To meete me at Saint Albons ten daies hence.
My selfe heere in Sandall castell will prouide
Both men and monie to furder our attempts.
Now, what newes?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, the Queene with thirtie thousand men,
Accompanied with the Earles of Cumberland,
Northumberland and Westmerland, and others of the House of Lancaster, are marching toward Wakefield,
To besiedge you in your castell heere.

Enter sir *Iohn* and sir *Hugh Mortimer*.

Yorke A Gods name, let them come. Cosen Montague post you hence: and boies staie you with me.

Sir Iohn and sir Hugh Mortemers mine vncles,
Your welcome to Sandall in an happie houre,
The armie of the Queene meanes to besiedge vs.
Sir Iohn. Shee shall not neede my Lorde, weele meete her in the field.
York. What with fiue thousand souldiers vncle?
Rich. I father, with fiue hundred for a need,
A womans generall, what should you feare?
York. Indeed, manie braue battels haue I woon
In Normandie, when as the enimie
Hath bin ten to one, and why should I now doubt
Of the like successe? I am resolu'd. Come lets goe.
Edw. Lets martch awaie, I heare their drums.
[Exit.

(Act I. Scene III.)

Alarmes, and then Enter yong Earle of *Rutland* and his Tutor.

Tutor. Oh flie my Lord, lets leaue the Castell,
And flie to Wakefield straight.

Enter *Clifford*.

Rut. O Tutor, looke where bloudie Clifford comes.
Clif. Chaplin awaie, thy Priesthood saues thy life,
As for the brat of that accursed Duke
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.
Tutor. Oh Clifford spare this tender Lord, least
Heauen reuenge it on thy head: Oh saue his life.
Clif. Soldiers awaie and drag him hence perforce:
Awaie with the villaine. [Exit the Chaplein.
How now, what dead alreadie? or is it feare that
Makes him close his eies? Ile open them.
Rut. So lookes the pent vp Lion on the lambe,
And so he walkes insulting ouer his praie,
And so he turnes againe to rend his limmes in sunder,
Oh Clifford, kill me with thy sword, and
Not with such a cruell threatning looke,
I am too meane a subiect for thy wrath,
Be thou reuengde on men, and let me liue.
Clif. In vaine thou speakest poore boy: my fathers
Bloud hath stopt the passage where thy wordes shoulde enter.
Rut. Then let my fathers blood ope it again? he is a
Man, and Clifford cope with him.
Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their liues and thine
Were not reuenge sufficient for me.
Or should I dig vp thy forefathers graues,
And hang their rotten coffins vp in chaines,

It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my hart.
The sight of anie of the house of Yorke,
Is as a furie to torment my soule.
Therefore till I root out that curseed line
And leaue not one on earth, Ile liue in hell therefore.
Rut. Oh let me praie, before I take my death.
To thee I praie: Sweet Clifford pittie me.
Clif. I, such pittie as my rapiers point affords.
Rut. I neuer did thee hurt, wherefore wilt thou kill mee?
Clif. Thy father hath.
Rut. But twas ere I was borne:
Thou hast one sonne, for his sake pittie me,
Least in reuenge thereof, sith God is iust,
He be as miserablie slaine as I.
Oh, let me liue in prison all my daies,
And when I giue occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.
Clif. No cause? Thy Father slew my father, therefore Die.
Plantagenet I come Plantagenet,
And this thy sonnes bloud cleauing to my blade,
Shall rust vpon my weapon, till thy bloud
Congeald with his, doe make me wipe off both. [Exit.

(Act I. Scene IV.)

Alarmes, Enter the duke of *Yorke* solus.

Yorke. Ah Yorke, post to thy castell, saue thy life,
The goale is lost thou house of Lancaster,
Thrise happie chance is it for thee and thine,
That heauen abridgde my daies and cals me hence,
But God knowes what chance hath betide my sonnes:
But this I know they haue demeand themselues,
Like men borne to renourne by life or death:
Three times this daie came Richard to my sight,
And cried courage Father: Victorie or death.
And twise so oft came Edward to my view,
With purple Faulchen painted to the hilts,
In bloud of those whom he had slaughtered.
Oh, harke, I heare the drums? No waie to flie:
No waie to saue my life? And heere I staie:
And heere my life must end.

Enter the Queene, *Clifford*, *Northumberland*, and souldiers.

Come bloudie Clifford, rough Northumberland,
I dare your quenchlesse furie to more bloud:
This is the But, and this abides your shot.
Northum. Yeeld to our mercies proud Plantagenet.
Clif. I, to such mercie as his ruthfull arme
With downe right paiment lent vnto my father,
Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his carre,
And made an euening at the noone tide pricke.
York. My ashes like the Phœnix maie bring forth
A bird that will reuenge it on you all;
And in that hope I cast mine eies to heauen,
Skorning what ere you can afflict me with:
Why staie you Lords? what, multitudes and feare?
Clif. So cowards fight when they can flie no longer:
So Doues doe pecke the Rauens piersing tallents:
So desperate theeues all hopelesse of their liues,
Breath out inuectiues gainst the officers.
York. Oh Clifford, yet bethinke thee once againe,
And in thy minde orerun my former time:
And bite thy toung that slaunderst him with cowardise,
Whose verie looke hath made thee quake ere this.
Clif. I will not bandie with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blowes twise two for one.
Queene. Hold valiant Clifford for a thousand causes,
I would prolong the traitors life a while.
Wrath makes him death, speake thou Northumberland.
Nor. Hold Clifford, doe not honour him so much,
To pricke thy finger though to wound his hart:
What valure were it when a curre doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand betweene his teeth,
When he might spurne him with his foote awaie?
Tis warres prise to take all aduantages,
And ten to one, is no impeach in warres.
[Fight and take him.
Clif. I, I, so striues the Woodcocke with the gin.
North. So doth the cunnie struggle with the net.
York. To triumphs theeues vpon their conquered
Bootie: So true men yeeld by robbers ouermatcht.
North. What will your grace haue done with him?
Queen. Brave warriors, Clifford & Northumberland
Come make him stand vpon this molehill here,
That aimde at mountaines with outstretched arme,
And parted but the shaddow with his hand.
Was it you that reuelde in our Parlement,
And made a prechment of your high descent?
Where are your messe of sonnes to backe you now?
The wanton Edward, and the lustie George?
Or where is that valiant Crookbackt prodegie?
Dickey your boy, that with his grumbling voice,
Was wont to cheare his Dad in mutinies?
Or amongst the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
Looke Yorke? I dipt this napkin in the bloud,
That valiant Clifford with his rapiers point,
Made issue from the bosome of thy boy.
And if thine eies can water for his death,
I giue thee this to drie thy cheeks withall.
Alas poore Yorke? But that I hate thee much,
I should lament thy miserable state?
I prethee greeue to make me merrie Yorke?
Stamp, raue and fret, that I maie sing and dance.
What? hath thy fierie hart so parcht thine entrailes,
That not a teare can fall for Rutlands death?
Thou wouldst be feede I see to make me sport.
Yorke cannot speake, vnlesse he weare a crowne.
A crowne for Yorke? and Lords bow low to him.
So: hold you his hands, whilst I doe set it on.
I, now lookes he like a king?
This is he that tooke king Henries chaire,
And this is he was his adopted aire.
But how is it that great Plantagenet,
Is crownd so soone, and broke his holie oath,
As I bethinke me you should no' be king,
Till our Henry had shooke hands with death,
And will you impale your head with Henries glorie,
And rob his temples of the Diadem
Now in this life against your holie oath?
Oh, tis a fault too too vnpardonable.
Off with the crowne, and with the crowne his head,
And whilst we breath, take time to doe him dead.
Clif. Thats my office for my fathers death.

Queen. Yet stay: & lets here the Orisons he makes.
York. She wolfe of France, but worse than Wolues of France:
Whose tongue more poison'd then the Adders tooth:
How ill beseeming is it in thy sexe,
To triumph like an Amazonian trull
Vpon his woes, whom Fortune captiuates?
But that thy face is visard like, vnchanging,
Made impudent by vse of euill deeds:
I would assaie, proud Queene, to make thee blush:
To tell thee of whence thou art, from whom deriu'de,
Twere shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shamelesse.
Thy father beares the type of king of Naples,
Of both the Cissiles and Ierusalem,
Yet not so wealthie as an English Yeoman.
Hath that poore Monarch taught thee to insult?
It needes not, or it bootes thee not proud Queene,
Vnlesse the Adage must be verifide:
That beggers mounted, run their horse to death.
Tis beautie, that oft makes women proud,
But God he wots thy share thereof is small.
Tis gouernment, that makes them most admirde,
The contrarie doth make thee wondred at.
Tis vertue that makes them seeme deuine,
That want thereof makes thee abhominable.
Thou art as opposite to euerie good,
As the Antipodes are vnto vs,
Or as the south to the Septentrion.
Oh Tygers hart wrapt in a womans hide?
How couldst thou draine the life bloud of the childe,
To bid the father wipe his eies withall,
And yet be seene to beare a womans face?
Women are milde, pittifull, and flexible,
Thou indurate, sterne, rough, remorcelesse.
Bids thou me rage? why now thou hast thy will.
Wouldst haue me weepe? why so thou hast thy wish,
For raging windes blowes vp a storme of teares,
And when the rage alaies the raine begins.
These teares are my sweet Rutlands obsequies,
And euerie drop begs vengeance as it fals,
On thee fell Clifford, and the false French woman.
North. Beshrew me but his passions moue me so,
As hardlie I can checke mine eies from teares.
York. That face of his the hungrie Cannibals
Could not haue tucht, would not haue staind with bloud
But you are more inhumaine, more inexorable,
O ten times more then Tygers of Arcadia.
See ruthlesse Queene a haplesse fathers teares.
This cloth thou dipts in bloud of my sweet boy,
And loe with teares I wash the bloud awaie.
Keepe thou the napkin and go boast of that,
And if thou tell the heauie storie well,
Vpon my soule the hearers will sheed teares,
I, euen my foes will sheed fast falling teares,
And saie, alas, it was a pitteous deed.
Here, take the crowne, and with the crowne my curse,
And in thy need such comfort come to thee,
As now I reape at thy two cruell hands.
Hard-harted Clifford, take me from the world,
My soule to heauen, my bloud upon your heads.
North. Had he bin slaughterman of all my kin,
I could not chuse but weepe with him to see.
How inlie anger griipes his hart.
Quee. What weeping ripe, my Lorde Northumberland?
Thinke but vpon the wrong he did vs all,
And that will quicklie drie your melting tears.
Clif. Thears for my oath, thears for my fathers death.
Queene. And thears to right our gentle harted kind.
York. Open thy gates of mercie gratious God,
My soule flies foorth to meet with thee.
Queene. Off with his head and set it on Yorke Gates,
So Yorke maie ouerlooke the towne of Yorke.

[Exeunt omnes.

(Act II. Scene I.)

Enter *Edward* and *Richard*, with drum and Souldiers.

Edw. After this dangerous fight and haplesse warre,
How doth my noble brother Richard fare?
Rich. I cannot ioy vntil I be resolu'de,
Where our right valiant father is become.
How often did I see him beare himselfe,
As doth a lion midst a heard of neat,
So fled his enemies our valiant father,
Me thinkes tis pride enough to be his sonne.

[Three sunnes appeare in the aire.

Edw. Loe how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun,
Dasell mine eies or doe I see three suns?
Rich. Three glorious suns, not seperated by a racking
Cloud, but seuered in a pale cleere shining skie.
See, see, they ioine, embrace, and seeme to kisse,
As if they vowde some league inuiolate:
Now are they but one lampe, one light, one sun,
In this the heauens doth figure some euent.
Edw. I thinke it cites vs brother to the field,
That we the sonnes of braue Plantagenet,
Alreadie each one shining by his meed,
May ioine in one and ouerpeere the world,
As this the earth, and therefore hence forward,
Ile beare vpon my Target, three faire shining suns.
But what art thou? that lookest so heauilie?
Mes. Oh one that was a wofull looker on,
When as the noble Duke of Yorke was slaine.
Edw. O speake no more, for I can heare no more.
Rich. Tell on thy tale, for I will heare it all.
Mes. When as the noble Duke was put to flight,
And then pursu'de by Clifford and the Queene,
And manie souldiers moe, who all at once
Let driue at him and forst the Duke to yeeld.
And then they set him on a molehill there,
And crownd the gratious Duke in high despite,
Who then with teares began to waile his fall.
The ruthlesse Queene perceiuing he did weepe,
Gaue him a handkercher to wipe his eies,
Dipt in the bloud of sweet young Rutland
But rough Clifford slaine: who weeping tooke it vp.
Then through his brest they thrust their bloudy swordes,
Who like a lambe fell at the butchers feete.
Then on the gates of Yorke they set his head,
And there it doth remaine the piteous spectacle
That ere mine eies beheld.

Edw. Sweet Duke of Yorke our prop to leane vpon,
Now thou art gone there is no hope for vs:
Now my soules pallace is become a prison.
Oh would she breake from compasse of my breast,
For neuer shall I haue more ioie.
Rich. I cannot weepe, for all my breasts moisture
Scarse serues to quench my furnace burning hart:
I cannot ioie till this white rose be dide,
Euen in the hart bloud of the house of Lancaster.
Richard, I bare thy name, and Ile reuenge thy death,
Or die my selfe in seeking of reuenge.
Edw. His name that valiant Duke hath left with thee,
His chaire and Dukedome that remaines for me.
Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely Eagles bird,
Shew thy descent by gazing gainst the sunne.
For chaire, and dukedome, Throne and kingdome saie:
For either that is thine, or else thou wert not his?

Enter the Earle of *Warwike*, *Montague*, with drum, ancient, and souldiers.

War. How now faire Lords: what fare? what newes abroad?
Rich. Ah Warwike? should we report the balefull
Newes, and at each words deliuerance stab poinyardes
In our flesh till all were told, the words would adde
More anguish then the wounds.
Ah valiant Lord the Duke of Yorke is slaine.
Edw. Ah Warwike Warwike, that Plantagenet,
Which held thee deere: I, euen as his soules redemption,
Is by the sterne L. Clifford, done to death.
War. Ten daies a go I drownd those newes in teares.
And now to adde more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things since then befalne.
After the bloudie fraie at Wakefield fought.
Where your braue father breath'd his latest gaspe,
Tidings as swiftlie as the post could runne,
Was brought me of your losse, and his departure.
I then in London keeper of the King,
Mustred my souldiers, gathered flockes of friends,
And verie well appointed as I thought,
Marcht to saint Albons to entercept the Queene,
Bearing the King in my behalfe along,
For by my scoutes I was aduertised,
That she was coming, with a full intent
To dash your late decree in parliament,
Touching king Henries heires and your succession.
Short tale to make, we at Saint Albons met,
Our battels ioinde, and both sides fiercelie fought:
But whether twas the coldnesse of the king,
He lookt full gentlie on his warlike Queene,
That robde my souldiers of their heated spleene.
Or whether twas report of his successe,
Or more then common feare of Cliffords rigor,
Who thunders to his captaines bloud and death,
I cannot tell. But to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightnings went and came.
Our souldiers like the night Owles lasie flight,
Or like an idle thresher with a flaile,
Fel gentlie downe as if they smote their friends.
I cheerd them vp with iustice of the cause,
With promise of hie paie and great rewardes,
But all in vaine, they had no harts to fight,
Nor we in them no hope to win the daie,
So that We fled. The king vnto the Queene,
Lord George your brother, Norffolke, and my selfe,
In hast, poste hast, are come to ioine with you,
For in the marches here we heard you were,
Making another head to fight againe.
Edw. Thankes gentle Warwike.
How farre hence is the Duke with his power?
And when came George from Burgundie to England?
War. Some fiue miles of the Duke is with his power,
But as for your brother he was latelie sent
From your kind Aunt, Duches of Burgundie,
With aide of souldiers gainst this needfull warre.
Rich. Twas ods belike, when valiant Warwike fled.
Oft haue I heard thy praises in pursute,
But nere till now thy scandall of retire.
War. Nor now my scandall Richard dost thou heare,
For thou shalt know that this right hand of mine,
Can plucke the Diadem from faint Henries head,
And wring the awefull scepter from his fist:
Were he as famous and as bold in warre,
As he is famde for mildnesse, peace and praier.
Rich. I know it well Lord Warwike blame me not,
Twas loue I bare thy glories made me speake.
But in this troublous time, whats to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coates of steele,
And clad our bodies in blacke mourning gownes,
Numbring our Auemaries with our beades?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes,
Tell our deuotion with reuengefull armes?
If for the last, saie I, and to it Lords.
War. Why therefore Warwike came to find you out,
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me Lords, the proud insulting Queene,
With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland,
And of their feather manie mo proud birdes,
Haue wrought the easie melting king like waxe.
He sware consent to your succession,
His oath inrolled in the Parliament.
But now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate his oath or what besides
May make against the house of Lancaster.
Their power I gesse them fifty thousand strong.
Now if the helpe of Norffolke and my selfe,
Can but amount to 48. thousand,
With all the friendes that thou braue earle of March,
Among the louing Welshmen canst procure,
Why via, to London will we march amaine,
And once againe crie charge vpon the foe,
But neuer once againe turne backe and flie.
Rich. I, now me thinkes I heare great Warwike speake;
Nere maie he liue to see a sunshine daie,
That cries retire, when Warwike bids him stay.
Edw. Lord Warwike, on thy shoulder will I leane,
And when thou faints, must Edward fall:
Which perill heaven forefend.

War. No longer Earle of March, but Duke of Yorke,
The next degree, is Englands royall king.
And king of England shalt thou be proclaimde,
In euery burrough as we passe along:
And he that casts not vp his cap for ioie,
Shall for the offence make forfeit of his head.
King Edward, valiant Richard, Montague,
Stay we no longer dreaming of renowne,
But forward to effect these resolutions.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Duke of Norffolke sends you word by me,
The Queene is comming with a puissant power,
And craues your companie for speedie councell.
War. Why then it sorts braue Lordes. Lets march away. [Exeunt Omnes.

(Act II. Scene II.)

Enter the King and Queene, Prince *Edward*, and the Northerne Earles, with drum and Souldiers.

Quee. Welcome my Lord to this braue town of York.
Yonders the head of that ambitious enemie,
That sought to be impaled with your crowne.
Doth not the object please your eie my Lord?
King. Euen as the rockes please them that feare their wracke.
Withhold reuenge deare God, tis not my fault,
Nor wittinglie haue I infringde my vow.
Clif. My gratious Lord, this too much lenitie,
And harmefull pittie must be laid aside,
To whom do Lyons cast their gentle lookes?
Not to the beast that would vsurpe his den.
Whose hand is that the sauage Beare doth licke?
Not his that spoiles his young before his face.
Whose scapes the lurking serpentes mortall sting?
Not he that sets his foot vpon her backe.
The smallest worme will turne being troden on,
And Doues will pecke, in rescue of their broode.
Ambitious Yorke did leuell at thy Crowne,
Thou smiling, while he knit his angrie browes.
He but a Duke, would haue his sonne a king,
And raise his issue like a louing sire.
Thou being a king blest with a goodlie sonne,
Didst giue consent to disinherit him,
Which argude thee a most vnnaturall father.
Vnreasonable creatures feed their youg,
And though mans face be fearefull to their eies,
Yet in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seene them euen with those same wings
Which they haue sometime vsde in fearefull flight,
Make warre with him, that climes vnto their nest,
Offring their owne liues in their yongs defence?
For shame my Lord, make them your president,
Were it not pittie that this goodlie boy,
Should lose his birth right through his fathers fault?
And long hereafter saie vnto his child,
What my great grandfather and grandsire got,
My carelesse father fondlie gaue awaie?
Looke on the boy and let his manlie face,
Which promiseth successefull fortune to vs all,
Steele thy melting thoughtes,
To keepe thine owne, and leaue thine owne with him.

King. Full wel hath Clifford plaid the Orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But tell me, didst thou neuer yet heare tell,
That things euill got had euer bad successe,
And happie euer was it for that sonne,
Whose father for his hoording went to hell?
I leaue my sonne my vertuous deedes behind,
And would my father had left me no more,
For all the rest is held at such a rate,
As askes a thousand times more care to keepe,
Then maie the present profit counteruaile.
Ah cosen Yorke, would thy best friendes did know
How it doth greeue me that thy head stands there
Quee. My Lord, this harmefull pittie makes your followers faint.
You promisde knighthood to your princelie sonne.
Vnsheath your sword and straight doe dub him knight.
Kneele downe Edward.
King. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight.
And learn this lesson boy, draw thy sword in right
Prince. My gratious father by your kingly leaue,
Ile draw it as apparant to the crowne,
And in that quarrel vse it to the death.
Northum. Why that is spoken like a toward prince

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Royall commaunders be in readinesse,
For with a band of fiftie thousand men,
Comes Warwike backing of the Duke of Yorke.
And in the towues whereas they passe along,
Proclaimes him king, and manie flies to him,
Prepare your battels, for they be at hand.
Clif. I would your highnesse would depart the field,
The Queene hath best successe when you are absent.
Quee. Do good my Lord, and leaue vs to our fortunes.
King. Why thats my fortune, therefore Ile stay still.
Clif. Be it with resolution then to fight.
Prince. Good father cheere these noble Lords,
Vnsheath your sword, sweet father crie Saint George.
Clif. Pitch we our battell heere, for hence wee will not moue.

Enter the house of *Yorke*.

Edward. Now periurde Henrie wilt thou yeelde thy crowne,
And kneele for mercie at thy soueraignes feete?
Queen. Go rate thy minions proud insulting boy,
Becomes it thee to be thus malepert,
Before thy king and lawfull soueraigne?
Edw. I am his king, and he should bend his knee,
I was adopted heire by his consent.
George. Since when he hath broke his oath.
For as we heare you that are king
Though he doe weare the Crowne,
Haue causde him by new act of Parlement
To blot our brother out, and put his owne son in.
Clif. And reason George. Who should succeede the father but the son?
Rich. Are you their butcher?

Clif. I Crookbacke, here I stand to answere thee,
or any of your sort.
Rich. Twas you that kild yong Rutland, was it
not?
Csif. Yes, and old Yorke too, and yet not satis-
fide.
Rich. For Gods sake Lords give synald to the
fight.
War. What saiest thou Henry? wilt thou yeelde
thy crowne?
Queen. What, long tongde War. dare you speake?
When you and I met at saint Albones last,
Your legs did better seruice than your hands.
War. I, then twas my turne to flee, but now tis
thine.
Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.
War. Twas not your valour Clifford, that droue
mee thence.
Northum. No, nor your manhood Warwike, that
could make you staie.
Rich. Northumberland, Northumberland, wee
holde
Thee reuerentlie. Breake of the parlie, for scarse
I can refraine the execution of my big swolne
Hart, against that Clifford there, that
Cruell child-killer.
Clif. Why I kild thy father, caldst thou him a
child?
Rich. I like a villaine, and a trecherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland.
But ere sunne set Ile make thee curse the deed.
King. Haue doone with wordes great Lordes,
and
Heare me speake.
Queen. Defie them then, or else hold close thy
lips.
King. I prethe giue no limits to my tongue,
I am a king and priuiledge to speake.
Clif. My Lord the wound that bred this meeting
here
Cannot be cru'd with words, therefore be still.
Rich. Then executioner vnsheath thy sword,
By him that made vs all I am resolu'de,
That Cliffords manhood hangs vpon his tongue.
Edw. What saist thou Henry, shall I haue my
right or no?
A thousand men haue broke their fast to daie,
That nere shall dine, vnless thou yeeld the crowne.
War. If thou denie their blouds be on thy head,
For Yorke in iustice puts his armour on.
Prin. If all be right that Warwike saies is right,
There is no wrong but all things must be right.
Rich. Whosoeuer got thee, there thy mother stands,
For well I wot thou hast thy mothers tongue.
Queen. But thou art neither like thy sire nor
dam,
But like a foule mishapen stygmaticke
Markt by the destinies to be auoided,
As venome Todes, or Lizards fainting lookes.
Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt,
Thy father beares the title of a king,
As if a channell should be calde the Sea;
Shames thou no', knowing from whence thou art de-
Riu'de, to parlie thus with Englands lawfull heires?
Edw. A wispe of straw were worth a thousand
crowns,
To make that shameless callet know her selfe,
Thy husbands father reueld in the hart of France,
And tam'de the French, and made the Dolphin
stoope:
And had he matcht according to his state,
He might haue kept that glorie till this daie.
But when he tooke a begger to his bed,
And gracst thy poore sire with his bridall daie,
Then that sun-shine bred a showre for him
Which washt his fathers fortunes out of France,
Ano heapt seditions on his crowne at home.
For what hath mou'd these tumults but thy pride?
Hadst thou beene meeke, our title yet had slept?
And we in pittie of the gentle king,
Had slipt our claime vntill an other age.
George. But when we saw our summer brought
the gaine,
And that the haruest brought vs no increase,
We set the axe to thy vsurping root,
And though the edge haue something hit our selues,
Yet know thou we will neuer cease to strike,
Till we haue hewne thee downe,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated blouds.
Edw. And in this resolution, I defie thee,
Not willing anie longer conference,
Since thou deniest the gentle king to speake.
Sound trumpets, let our bloudie colours waue,
And either victorie or else a graue.
Quee Staie Edward staie.
Edw. Hence wrangling woman, Ile no longer
staie,
Thy words will cost ten thousand liues to daie,
[Exeunt Omnes.

(Act II. Scene III.)

Alarmes. Enter *Warwike.*

War. Sore spent with toile as runners with the
race,
I laie me downe a little while to breath,
For strokes receiude, and manie blowes repaide,
Hath robd my strong knit sinnews of their strength,
And force perforce needes must I rest my selfe.

Enter *Edward.*

Edw. Smile gentle heavens or strike vngentle
death,
That we maie die vnlesse we gaine the daie:
What fatall starre malignant frownes from heauen
Vpon the harmelesse line of Yorkes true house?

Enter *George.*

George. Come brother, come, lets to the field
againe,
War. How now my lords: what hap, what hope of
good?

Enter *Richard* running.

Rich. Ah Warwike, why haste thou withdrawne
thy selfe?
Thy noble father in the thickest thronges,
Cride still for Warwike his thrise valiant son,
Vntill with thousand swords he was beset,
And manie wounds made in his aged brest,
And as he tottring sate vpon his steede,
He waft his hand to me and cride aloud:
Richard, commend me to my valiant sonne.
And still he cride Warwike reuenge my death,

And with those words he tumbled of his horse,
And so the noble Salsbury gaue vp the ghost.
War. Then let the earth be drunken with his bloud,
Ile kill my horse because I will not flie:
And here to God of heauen I make a vow,
Neuer to passe from forth this bloudy field
Till I am full reuenged for his death.
Edw. Lord Warwike, I doe bend my knees with thine,
And in that vow now ioine my soule to thee,
Thou setter vp and puller downe of kings,
vouchsafe a gentle victorie to vs,
Or let vs die before we loose the daie:
George. Then let vs haste to cheere the souldiers harts,
And call them pillers that will stand to vs,
And hiely promise to remunerate
Their trustie seruice, in these dangerous warres.
Rich. Come, come awaie, and stand not to debate,
For yet is hope of fortune good enough.
Brothers, giue me your hands, and let vs part
And take our leaues vntill we meet againe,
Where ere it be in heauen or in earth.
Now I that neuer wept, now melt in wo,
To see these dire mishaps continue so.
Warwike farewel.
War. Awaie awaie, once more sweet Lords farewell. [Exeunt Omnes.

(Act II. Scene IV.)

Alarmes, and then enter *Richard* at one dore and *Clifford* at the other.

Rich. A Clifford a Clifford.
Clif. A Richard a Richard.
Rich. Now Clifford, for Yorke & young Rutlands death,
This thirsty sword that longs to drinke thy bloud,
Shall lop thy limmes, and slise thy cursed hart,
For to reuenge the murders thou hast made.
Clif. Now Richard, I am with thee here alone,
This is the hand that stabd thy father Yorke,
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland,
And heres the heart that triumphs in their deathes,
And cheeres these hands that slew thy sire and brother,
To execute the like vpon thy selfe,
And so haue at thee.
[Alarmes. They figkt, and then enters *Warwike* and rescues *Richard*, & then exeunt omnes.

(Act II. Scene V.)

Alarmes still, and then enter *Henry* solus.

Hen. Oh gratious God of heauen looke downe on vs,
And set some endes to these incessant griefes,
How like a mastlesse ship vpon the seas,
This woful battaile doth continue still,
Now leaning this way, now to that side driue,
And none doth know to whom the daie will fall,
O would my death might staie these ciuill iars!
Would I had neuer raind, nor nere bin king,
Margaret and Clifford, chide me from the fielde,
Swearing they had best successe when I was thence,
Would God that I were dead so all were well,
Or would my crowne suffice, I were content
To yeeld it them and liue a priuate life.

Enter a souldier with a dead man in his armes.

Sould. Il blowes the wind that profits no bodie.
This man that I haue slaine in fight to daie,
Maie be possessed of some store of crownes,
And I will search to find them if I can,
But stay. Me thinkes it is my fathers face,
Oh I tis he whom I haue slaine in fight,
From London was I prest out by the king,
My father he came on the part of York,
And in this conflict I haue slaine my father:
Oh pardon God, I knew not what I did,
And pardon father, for I knew thee not.

Enter an other souldier with a dead man.

2. Soul. Lie there thou that foughtst with me so stoutly,
Now let me see what store of gold thou haste,
But staie, me thinkes this is no famous face:
Oh no it is my sonne that I haue slain in fight.
O monstrous times begetting such euents,
How cruel bloudy, and ironious,
This deadlie quarrel dailie doth beget,
Poore boy thy father gaue thee lif too late,
And hath bereau'de thee of thy life too sone.
King. Wo aboue wo, griefe more then common griefe,
Whilst Lyons warre and battaile for their dens,
Poore lambs do feele the rigor of their wraths:
The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatall colours of our striuing houses,
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish,
For if you striue, ten thousand liues must perish.
1. Sould. How will my mother for my fathers death,
Take on with me and nere be satisfide?
2. Sol. How will my wife for slaughter of my son,
Take on with me and nere be satisfide?
King. How will the people now misdeeme their king,
Oh would my death their mindes could satisfie
1. Sould. Was euer son so rude his fathers bloud to spil?
2. Soul. Was euer father so vnnaturall his son to kill?
King. Was euer king thus greeud and vexed still?
1. Sould. Ile beare thee hence from this accursed place,
For wo is me to see my fathers face.
[Exit with his father.
2. Soul. Ile beare thee hence & let them fight that wil,
For I haue murdered where I should not kill.
[Exit with his sonne.
K. Hen. Weepe wretched man, Ile lay thee teare for tear,
Here sits a king as woe begone as thee.

Alarmes and enter the Queene.

Queene. Awaie my Lord to Barwicke presentlie.
The daie is lost, our friends are murdered,
No hope is left for vs, therefore awaie.

Enter prince *Edward.*

Prince. Oh father flie, our men haue left the field,
Take horse sweet father, let vs saue our selues.

Enter *Exeter.*

Exet. Awaie my Lord for vengance comes along with him:
Nay stand not to expostulate make hast,
Or else come after, Ile awaie before.
K. Hen. Naie staie good Exeter, for Ile along with thee.

(Act II. Scene VI.)

Enter *Clifford* wounded, with an arrow in his necke.

Clif. Heere burnes my candell out,
That whilst it lasted gaue king Henry light.
Ah Lancaster, I feare thine ouerthrow,
More then my bodies parting from my soule.
My loue and feare glude manie friends to thee,
And now I die, that tough commixture melts.
Impairing Henry strengthened misproud Yorke,
The common people swarme like summer flies,
And whither flies the Gnats but to the sun?
And who shines now but Henries enemie?
Oh Phœbus hadst thou neuer giuen consent,
That Phaeton should checke thy fierie steedes,
Thy burning carre had neuer scorcht the earth.
And Henry hadst thou liu'd as kings should doe,
And as thy father and his father did,
Giuing no foot vnto the house of Yorke,
I and ten thousand in this wofull land,
Had left no mourning Widdowes for our deathes,
And thou this daie hadst kept thy throne in peace,
For what doth cherish weedes but gentle aire?
And what makes robbers bold but lenitie?
Bootlesse are plaintes, and curelesse are my woundes,
No waie to flie, no strength to hold our flight,
The foe is mercilesse and will not pittie me,
And at their hands I haue deserude no pittie.
The aire is got into my bleeding wounds,
And much effuse of bloud doth make me faint,
Come Yorke and Richard, Warwike and the rest,
I stabde your fathers, now come split my brest.

Enter *Edward, Richard* and *Warwike*, and Souldiers.

Edw. Thus farre our fortunes keepes an vpward
Course, and we are grast with wreathes of victorie.
Some troopes pursue the bloudie minded Queene,
That now towards Barwike doth poste amaine,
But thinke you that Clifford is fled awaie with them?
War. No, tis impossible he should escape,
For though before his face I speake the words,
Your brother Richard markt him for the graue.
And where so ere he be I warrant him dead.
[Clifford grones and then dies.
Edw. Harke, what soule is this that takes his heauy leaue?
Rich. A deadlie grone, like life and deaths departure.
Edw. See who it is, and now the battailes ended,
Friend or foe, let him be friendlie vsed.
Rich. Reuerse that doome of mercie, for tis Clifford,
Who kild our tender brother Rutland,
And stabd our princelie father Duke of Yorke.
War. From off the gates of Yorke fetch downe the
Head, Your fathers head which Clifford placed there.
Insteed of that, let his supplie the roome.
Measure for measure must be answered.
Edw. Bring forth that fatall scrichowle to our house,
That nothing sung to vs but bloud and death,
Now his euill boding tougue no more shall speake.
War. I thinke his vnderstanding is bereft.
Say Clifford, doost thou know who speakes to thee?
Darke-cloudie death oreshades his beames of life,
And he nor sees nor heares vs what we saie.
Rich. Oh would he did, and so perhaps he doth,
And tis his policie that in the time of death,
He might auoid such bitter stormes as he
In his houre of death did giue vnto our father.
George. Richard if thou thinkest so, vex him with eager words.
Rich. Clifford, aske mercie and obtaine no grace.
Edw. Clifford, repent in bootlesse penitence.
War. Clifford deuise excuses for thy fault.
George. Whilst we deuise fell tortures for thy fault.
Rich. Thou pittiedst Yorke, and I am sonne to Yorke.
Edw. Thou pittiedst Rutland, and I will pittie thee.
George. Wheres captaine Margaret to fence you now?
War. They mocke thee Clifford, sweare as thou wast wont.
Rich. What not an oth? Nay, then I know hees dead.
Tis hard, when Clifford cannot foord his friend an oath.
By this I know hees dead, and by my soule,
Would this right hand buy but an howres life,
That I in all contempt might raile at him.
Ide cut it off and with the issuing bloud,
Stifle the villaine whose instanched thirst,
Yorke and young Rutland could not satisfie.
War. I, but he is dead, off with the traitors head,
And reare it in the place your fathers stands.
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crowned Englands lawfull king.
From thence shall Warwike crosse the seas to France,
And aske the ladie Bona for thy Queene,
So shalt thou sinew both these landes togither,
And hauing France thy Friend thou needet not dread,
The scattered foe that hopes to rise againe.
And though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet looke to haue them busie to offend thine eares.
First Ile see the coronation done,
And afterward Ile crosse the seas to France,
To effect this marriage if it please my Lord
Edw. Euen as thou wilt good Warwike let it be.
But first before we goe, George kneele downe.
We here create thee Duke of Clarence, and girt thee with the sword.
Our younger brother Richard Duke of Glocester.
Warwike as my selfe shal do & vndo as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of Gloster,
For Glosters Dukedome is too ominous
War. Tush thats a childish obseruation.
Richard be Duke of Gloster. Now to London.
To see these honors in possession. [Exeunt Omnes.

(Act III. Scene I.)

Enter two keepers with bow and arrowes.

Keeper. Come, lets take our stands vpon this hill,
And by and by the deere will come this waie.
But staie, heere comes a man, lets listen him a while.

Enter king *Henrie* disguisde.

Hen. From Scotland am I stolne euen of pure loue,
And thus disguisde to greet my natiue land.
No, Henrie no, It is no land of thine,
No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,
No humble suters sues to thee for right,
For how canst thou helpe them and not thy selfe?
Keeper. I marrie sir, heere is a deere, his skinne is a
Keepers fee. Sirra stand close, for as I thinke,
This is the king, king Edward hath deposde.
Hen. My Queene and sonne poore soules are gone to
France, and as I heare the great commanding Warwike,
To intreat a marriage with the ladie Bona,
If this be true, poore Queene and sonne,
Your labour is but spent in vaine,
For Lewis is a prince soone wun with words,
And Warwike is a subtill Orator.
He laughes and saies, his Edward is instalde,
She weepes, and saies her Henry is deposde,
He on his right hand asking a wife for Edward,
She on his left side crauing aide for Henry.
Keeper. What art thou that talkes of kings and queens?
Hen. More then I seeme, for lesse I should not be.
A man at least, aud more I cannot be,
And men maie talke of kings, and why not I?
Keeper. I but thou talkest as if thou wert a king thy selfe.
Hen. Why so I am in mind though not in shew.
Keeper. And if thou be a king where is thy crowne?
Hen. My crowne is in my hart, not on my head.
My crowne is calde content, a crowne that
Kings doe seldome times enioy.
Keeper. And if thou be a king crownd with content,
Your crowne content and you, must be content
To go with vs vnto the officer, for as we thinke
You are our quondam king, K. Edward hath deposde,
And therefore we charge you in Gods name & the kings
To go along with vs vuto the officers.
Hen. Gods name be fulfild, your kings name be
Obaide, and be you kings, command and Ile obay.
[Exeunt Omnes.

(Act III. Scene II.)

Enter king *Edward*, *Clarence*, and *Gloster*, *Montague*, *Hastings*, and the Lady *Gray*.

K Edw. Brothers of Clarence, and of Glocester,
This ladies husband heere sir Richard Gray,
At the battaile of saint Albones did lose his life,
His lands then were seazed on by the conqueror.
Her sute is now to repossesse those lands,
And sith in quarrell of the house of Yorke,
The noble gentleman did lose his life,
In honor we cannot denie her sute.
Glo. Your highnesse shall doe well to grant it then.
K Edw. I, so I will, but yet Ile make a pause.
Glo. I, is the winde in that doore?
Clarence, I see the Lady hath some thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble sute.
Cla. He knows the game, how well he keepes the wind.
K Ed. Widow come some other time to know our mind.
La. May it please your grace I cannot brooke delaies.
I beseech your highnesse to dispatch me now.
K Ed. Lords giue vs leaue, wee meane to trie this widowes wit.
Cla. I, good leaue haue you.
Glo. For you will haue leaue till youth take leaue,
And leaue you to your crouch.
E Kd. Come hither widdow, howe many children haste thou?
Cla. I thinke he meanes to begge a child on her.
Glo. Nay whip me then, heele rather giue hir two.
La. Three my most gratious Lord.
Glo. You shall haue foure and you wil be rulde by him.
K Ed. Wer not pittie they shoulde loose their fathers lands?
La. Be pittifull then dread L. and grant it them.
K Edw. Ile tell thee how these lands are to be got.
La. So shall you bind me to your highnesse seruice.
K Ed. What seruice wilt thou doe me if I grant it them?
La. Euen what your highnesse shall command.
Glo. Naie then widow Ile warrant you all your
Husbands lands, if you grant to do what he
Commands. Fight close or in good faith
You catch a clap.
Cla. Naie I feare her not vnlesse she fall.
Glo. Marie godsforbot man, for heele take vantage then.
La. Why stops my Lord, shall I not know my taske?
K Ed. An easie taske, tis but to loue a king.
La. Thats soone performde, because I am a subiect.
K Ed. Why then thy husbandes landes I freelie giue thee.
La. I take my leaue with manie thousand thankes.
Cla. The match is made, shee seales it with a cursie.
K Ed. Staie widdow staie, what loue dost thou thinke
I sue so much to get?

La. My humble seruice, such as subiects owes and the lawes commands.
K Ed. No by my troth, I meant no such loue,
But to tell thee the troth, I aime to lie with thee.
La. To tell you plaine my Lord, I had rather lie in prison.
K. Edw. Why then thou canst not get thy husbandes lands.
La. Then mine honestie shall be my dower,
For by that losse I will not purchase them.
K Ed. Herein thou wrongst thy children mightilie.
La. Heerein your highnesse wrongs both them and
Me, but mightie Lord this merrie inclination
Agrees not with the sadnesse of my sute.
Please it your highnesse to dismisse me either with I or no.
K Ed. I, if thou saie I to my request,
No, if thou saie no to my demand.
La. Then no my Lord, my sute is at an end.
Glo. The widdow likes him not, shee bends the brow.
Cla. Why he is the bluntest woer in christendome.
K Ed. Her lookes are all repleat with maiestie,
One waie or other she is for a king,
And she shall be my loue or else my Queene.
Saie that hing Edward tooke thee for his Queene.
La. Tis better said then done, my gratious Lord,
I am a subiect fit to iest withall,
But far vnfit to be a Soueraigne.
K Edw. Sweete widdow, by my state I sweare, I speake
No more then what my hart intends,
And that is to enioie thee for my loue.
La. And that is more then I will yeeld vuto,
I know I am too bad to your Queene,
And yet too good to be your Concubine.
K Edw. You cauill widdow, did I meane my Queene.
La. Your grace would be loath my sonnes should call you father.
K Edw. No more then when my daughters call thee
Mother. Thou art a widow and thou hast some children,
And by Gods mother I being but a bacheler
Haue other some. Why tis a happy thing
To be the father of manie children.
Argue no more, for thou shalt be my Queene.
Glo. The ghostlie father now hath done his shrift.
Cla. When he was made a shriuer twas for shift.
K Edw. Brothers, you muse what talke the widdow
And I haue had, you would thinke it strange
If I should marrie her.
Cla. Marrie her my Lord, to whom?
K Edw. Why Clarence to my selfe.
Glo. That would be ten daies wonder at the least.
Cla. Why thats a daie longer then a wonder lastes.
Glo. And so much more are the wonders in extreames.
K Edw. Well, ieast on brothers, I can tell you, hir
Sute is granted for her husbands lands.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. And it please your grace, Henry your foe is
Taken, and brought as prisoner to your pallace gates.
K Edw. Awaie with him, and send him to the Tower,
And let vs go question with the man about
His apprehension. Lords along, and vse this
Ladie honorablie. [Exeunt Omnes.

Manet *Gloster* and speakes.

Glo. I, Edward will vse women honourablie,
Would he were wasted marrow, bones and all,
That from his loines no issue might succeed
To hinder me from the golden time I looke for,
For I am not yet lookt on in the world.
First is there Edward, Clarence, and Henry
And his sonne, and all they lookt for issue
Of their loines ere I can plant my selfe,
A cold premeditation for my purpose,
What other pleasure is there in the world beside?
I will go clad my bodie in gaie ornaments,
And lull my selfe within a ladies lap,
And witch sweet Ladies with my words and lookes.
Oh monstrous man, to harbour such a thought!
Why loue did scorne me in my mothers wombe.
And for I should not deale in hir affaires,
Shee did corrupt fraile nature in the flesh,
And plaste an enuious mountaine on my backe,
Where sits deformity to mocke my bodie,
To drie mine arme vp like a withered shrimpe.
To make my legges of an vnequall size,
And am I then a man to be belou'd?
Easier for me to compasse twentie crownes.
Tut I can smile, and murder when I smile,
I crie content, to that that greeues me most.
I can adde colours to the Camelion,
And for a need change shapes with Protheus,
And set the aspiring Catalin to schoole.
Can I doe this, and cannot get the crowne?
Tush were it ten times higher, Ile put it downe.
[Exit.

(Act III. Scene III.)

Enter king *Lewis* and the ladie *Bona*, and Queene *Margaret*, Prince *Edward*, and *Oxford* and others.

Lewes. Welcome Queene Margaret to the Court of France,
It fits not Lewis to sit while thou dost stand,
Sit by my side, and here I vow to thee,
Thou shalt haue aide to repossesse thy right,
And beat proud Edward from his vsurped seat.
And place king Henry in his former rule.
Queen. I humblie thanke your royall maiestie.
And pray the God of heauen to blesse thy state,
Great king of France, that thus regards our wrongs.

Enter *Warwike.*

Lew. How now, who is this?
Queen. Our Earle of Warwike Edwardes chiefest friend.
Lew. Welcome braue Warwike, what brings thee to France?
War. From worthly Edward king of England,
My Lord and Soueraigne and thy vowed friend.
I come in kindness and vnfained loue,
First to do greetings to thy royall person,
And then to craue a league of amitie,
And lastlie to confirme that amitie
With nuptiall knot if thou vouchsafe to grant

That vertuous ladie Bona thy faire sister,
To Englands king in lawfull marriage.
Queen. And if this go forward all our hope is done,
War. And gratious Madam, in our kings behalfe,
I am commanded with your loue and fauour,
Humblie to kisse your hand and with my tongue,
To tell the passions of my soueraines hart,
Where fame late entring at his heedfull eares,
Hath plast thy glorious image and thy vertues.
Queen. King Lewes and Lady Bona heare me speake,
Before you answere Warwike or his words,
For hee it is hath done vs all these wrongs.
War. Iniurious Margaret.
Prince Ed. And why not Queene?
War. Because thy father Henry did vsurpe.
And thou no more art Prince then shee is Queene.
Ox. Then Warwike disanuls great Iohn of Gaunt,
That did subdue the greatest part of Spaine,
And after Iohn of Gaunt wise Henry the fourth,
Whose wisedome was a mirrour to the world.
And after this wise prince Henry the fift,
Who with his prowesse conquered all France,
From these our Henries lineallie discent.
War. Oxford, how haps that in this smooth discourse
You told not how Henry the sixt had lost
All that Henry the fift had gotten.
Me thinkes these peeres of France should smile at that,
But for the rest you tell a pettigree
Of threescore and two yeares a sillie time,
To make prescription for a kingdomes worth.
Oxf. Why Warwike, canst thou denie thy king,
Whom thou obeyedst thirtie and eight yeeres,
And bewray thy treasons with a blush?
War. Can Oxford that did euer fence the right,
Now buckler falshood with a pettigree?
For shame leaue Henry and call Edward king.
Oxf. Call him my king by whom mine elder
Brother the Lord Awbray Vere was done to death,
And more than so, my father euen in the
Downefall of his mellowed yeares,
When age did call him to the dore of death?
No Warwike no, whilst life vpholds this arme
This arme vpholds the house of Lancaster.
War. And I the house of Yorke.
K Lewes. Queene Margaret, prince Edward and Oxford, vouchshafe to forbeare a while,
Till I doe talke a word with Warwike.
Now Warwike euen vpon thy honor tell me true;
Is Edward lawfull king or no?
For I were loath to linke with him, that is not lawfull heir.
War. Thereon I pawne miue honour and my credit.
Lew. What is be gratious in the peoples eies?
War. The more, that Henry is vnfortunate.
Lew. What is his loue to our sister Bona?
War. Such it seemes
As maie beseeme a monarke like himselfe.
My selfe haue often heard him saie and sweare,
That this his loue was an eternall plant,
The root whereof was fixt in vertues ground,
The leaves and fruite mantainde with beauties sun,
Exempt from enuie, but not from disdaine,
Vnlesse the ladie Bona quite his paine
Lew. Then sister let vs heare your firme resolue.
Bona. Your grant or your denial shall be mine,
But ere this daie I must confesse, when I
Haue heard your kings deserts recounted,
Mine eares haue tempted iudgement to desire.
Lew. Then draw neere Queene Margaret and be a
Witnesse, that Bona shall be wife to the English king.
Prince Edw. To Edward, but not the English king
War. Henry now liues in Scotland at his ease,
Where hauing nothing, nothing can he lose,
And as for you your selfe our quondam Queene,
You haue a father able to mainetaine your state,
And better twere to trouble him then France.

Sound for a post within.

Lew. Here comes some post Warwike to thee or vs.
Post. My Lord ambassador this letter is for you,
Sent from your brother Marquis Montague.
This from our king vnto your Maiestie,
And these to you Madam, from whom I know not.
Oxf. I like it well that our faire Queene and mistresse,
Smiles at her newes when Warwike frets as his.
P. Ed. And marke how Lewes stamps as he were nettled.
Lew. Now Margaret & Warwike, what are your news?
Queen. Mine such as fils my hart full of ioie.
War. Mine full of sorrow and harts discontent.
Lew. What hath your king married the Ladie Gray,
And now to excuse himselfe sends vs a post of papers?
How dares he presume to vse vs thus?
Quee. This proueth Edwards loue, & Warwiks honesty.
War. King Lewis, I here protest in sight of heauen,
And by the hope I haue of heaucnlie blisse,
That I am cleare from this misdeed of Edwards.
No more my king, for he dishonours me,
And most himselfe, if he could see his shame.
Did I forget that by the house of Yorke,
My father came vntimelie to his death?
Did I let passe the abuse done to thy neece?
Did I impale him with the regall Crowne,
And thrust king Henry from his natiue home,
And most vngratefull doth he vse me thus?
My gratious Queene pardon what is past,
And henceforth I am thy true seruitour,
I will reuenge the wrongs done to ladie Bona,
And replant Henry in his former state.
Queen. Yes Warwike I doe quite forget thy former
Faults, if now thou wilt become king Henries friend.
War. So much his friend, I his vnfained friend.
That if king Lewes vouchsafe to furnish vs
With some few bands of chosen souldiers,
Ile vndertake to land them on our coast,
And force the Tyrant from his seate by warre,
Tis not his new made bride shall succour him.
Lew. Then at the last I firmelie am resolu'd,
You shall haue aide: and English messenger returne
In post, and tell false Edward thy supposed king,

That Lewis of France is sending ouer Maskers
To reuell it with him and his new bride.
Bona. Tell him in hope heele be a Widower shortlie,
Ile weare the willow garland for his sake.
Queen. Tell him my mourning weedes be laide aside,
And I am readie to put armour on.
War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore Ile vncrowne him er't be long.
Thears thy reward, begone.
Lew. But now tell me Warwike, what assurance
I shall haue of thy true loyaltie?
War. This shall assure my constant loyaltie,
If that our Queene and this young prince agree,
Ile ioine mine eldest daughter and my ioie
To him forthwith in holie wedlockes bandes.
Queen. Withall my hart, that match I like full wel,
Loue her sonne Edward, shee is faire and yong,
And giue thy hand to Warwike for thy loue.
Lew. It is enough, and now we will prepare,
To leuie souldiers for to go with you.
And you Lord Bourbon our high Admirall,
Shall waft them safelie to the English coast,
And chase proud Edward from his slumbring trance,
For mocking marriage with the name of France.
War. I came from Edward as Imbassadour
But I returne his sworne and mortall foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gaue me,
But dreadfull warre shall answere his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale but me?
Then none but I shall turne his iest to sorrow.
I was the chiefe that raisde him to the crowne,
And Ile be chiefe to bring him downe againe,
Not that I pittie Henries miserie,
But seeke reuenge on Edwards mockerie. [Exit.

(Act IV. Scene I.)

Enter king *Edward*, the Queene and *Clarence*, and *Gloster*, and *Montague*, ano *Hastings*, and *Penbrooke*, with souldiers.

Edw. Brothers of Clarence, and of Glocester,
What thinke you of our marriage with the ladie Gray?
Cla. My Lord, we thinke as Warwike and Levves
That are so slacke in iudgement, that theile take
No offence at this suddaine marriage.
Edw. Suppose they doe, they are but Levves and
Warvvike, and I am your king and Warvvikes,
And will be obaied.
Glo. And shall, because our king, but yet such
Sudden marriages seldome proueth well.
Edw. Yea brother Richard are you against vs too?
Glo. Not I my Lord, no, God forefend that I should
Once gaine saie your highnesse pleasure,
I, & twere a pittie to sunder them that yoake so well togither.
Edw. Setting your skornes and your dislikes aside,
Shew me some reasons why the Ladie Gray,
Maie not be my loue and Englands Queene?
Speake freelie Clarence, Gloster,
Montague and Hastings.
Cla. My Lord then this is my opinion,
That Warwike beeing dishonored in his embassage,
Doth seeke reuenge to quite his iniuries.
Glo. And Levves in regard of his sisters wrongs,
Doth ioine with Warwike to supplant your state.
Edw. Suppose that Lewis and Warwike be appeasd,
By such meanes as I can best deuise.
Mont. But yet to have ioind with France in this
Alliance, would more haue strengthened this our
Common wealth, gainst forraine stormes,
Then anie home bred marriage.
Hast. Let England be true within it selfe,
We need not France nor any alliance with them.
Cla. For this one speech the Lord Hastings wel deserues,
To haue the daughter and heire of the Lord Hungerford.
Edw. And what then? It was our will it should be so?
Cla. I, and for such a thing too the Lord Scales
Did well deserue at your hands, to haue the
Daughter of the Lord Bonfield, and left your
Brothers to go seeke elsewhere, but in
Your madnes, you burie brotherhood.
Edw. Alasse poore Clarence, is it for a wife,
That thou art mal-content,
Why man be of good cheere, Ile prouide thee one.
Cla. Naie you plaide the broker so ill for your selfe,
That you shall giue me leaue to make my
Choise as I thinke good, and to that intent,
I shortlie meane to leaue you.
Edw. Leaue me or tarrie I am full resolu'd,
Edward will not be tied to his brothers wils.
Queen. My Lords doe me but right, and you must
Confesse, before it pleasd his highnesse to aduance
My state to title of a Queene,
That I was not ignoble in my birth.
Edw. Forbeare my loue to fawne vpon their frownes,
For thee they must obay, naie shall obaie,
And if they looke for fauour at my hands,
Mont. My Lord, heere is the messenger returnd from France.

Enter a Messenger.

Ed. Now sirra, What letters or what newes?
Mes. No letters my Lord, and such newes, as without
your highnesse speciall pardon I dare not relate,
Edw. We pardon thee, and as neere as thou canst
Tell me, What said Lewis to our letters?
Mes. At my departure these were his verie words.
Go tell false Edward thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending ouer Maskers,
To reuill it with him and his new bride.
Edw. Is Lewis so braue, belike he thinkes me Henry.
But what said Lady Bona to these wrongs?
Mes. Tel him quoth she, in hope heele proue a widdower shortly, Ile weare the willow garland for his sake.
Edw. She had the wrong, indeed she could saie
Little lesse. But what saide Henries Queene, for as
I heare, she was then in place?

Mes. Tell him quoth she my mourning weeds be
Doone, and I am readie to put armour on.
Edw. Then belike she meanes to plaie the Amazon.
But what said Warwike to these iniuries?
Mes. He more incensed then the rest my Lord,
Tell him quoth he, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore Ile vncrowne him er't be long.
Ed. Ha, Durst the traytor breath out such proude words?
But I will arme me to preuent the worst.
But what is Warwike friendes with Margaret?
Mes. I my good Lord, theare so linkt in friendship,
That young Prince Edward marries Warwikes daughter.
Cla. The elder, helike Clärence shall haue the
Yonger. All you that loue me and Warwike
Follow me. [Exit *Clarence* and *Summerset.*
Edw. Clarence and Summerset fled to Warwike.
What saie you brother Richard, will you stand to vs?
Glo. I my Lord, in despight of all that shall
Withstand you. For why hath Nature
Made me halt downe right, but that I
Should be valiant and stand to it, for if
I would, I cannot runne awaie.
Edw. Penbrooke, go raiso an armie presentlie,
Pitch vp my tent, for in the field this night
I meane to rest, and on the morrow morne,
Ile march to meet proud Warwike ere he land
Those stragling troopes which be hath got in France.
But ere I goe Montague and Hastings.
You of all the rest are neerest allied
In bloud to Warwike, therefore tell me, if
You fauour him more then me or not:
Speake truelie, for I hath rather haue you open
Enemies, then hollow friends.
Monta. So God helpe Montague as be proues true.
Hast. And Hastings as he fauours Edwards cause.
Edw. It shall suffice, come then lets march awaie.
[Exeunt Omnes.

(Act IV. Scene II.)

Enter *Warwike* and *Oxford*, with souldiers.

War. Trust me my Lords all hitherto goes well,
The common people by numbers swarme to vs,
But see where Sommerset and Clarence comes,
Speake suddenlie my Lords, are we all friends?
Cla. Feare not that my Lord.
War. Then gentle Clarence welcome vnto Warwike.
And welcome Summerset, I hold it cowardise,
To rest mistrustfull where a noble hart,
Hath pawnde an open hand in signe of loue,
Else might I thinke that Clarence, Edwards brother,
Were but a fained friend to our proceedings,
But welcome sweet Clarence my daughter shal be thine.
And now what rests but in nights couerture,
Thy brother being careleslie encampt,
His souldiers lurking in the towne about,
And but attended by a simple guarde,
We maie surprise and take him at our pleasure,
Our skouts haue found the aduenture verie easie,
Then crie king Henry with resolued mindes,
And breake we presentlie into his tent.
Cla. Why then lets on our waie in silent sort,
For Warwike and his friends God and saint George.
War. This is his tent, and see where his guard doth
Stand, Courage my souldiers, now or neuer,
But follow me now, and Edward shall be ours.
All. A Warwike, a Warwike.

(Act IV. Scene III.)

Alarmes, and *Gloster* and *Hastings* flies.

Oxf. Who goes there?
War. Richard and Hastings let them go, heere is the Duke.
Edw. The Duke, why Warwike when we parted
Last, thou caldst me king?
War. I, but the case is altred now.
When you disgraste me in my embassage,
Then I disgraste you from being king,
And now am come to create you Duke of Yorke,
Alasse how should you gouerne anie kingdome,
That knowes not how to vse embassadors,
Nor how to vse your brothers brotherlie,
Nor how to shrowd your selfe from enimies.
Edw. Well Warwike, let fortune doe her worst,
Edward in minde will beare himselfe a king.
War. Then for his minde be Edward Englands king,
But Henry now shall weare the English crowne.
Go conuaie him to our brother archbishop of Yorke,
And when I haue fought with Penbrooke & his followers,
Ile come and tell thee what the ladie Bona saies,
And so for a while farewell good Duke of Yorke.
[Exeunt some with *Edward.*
Cla. What followes now, all hithertoo goes well,
But we must dispatch some lettels to France,
To tell the Queene of our happy fortune,
And bid hir come with speed to ioine with vs.
War. I thats the first thing that we haue to doe,
And free king Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in his regall throne,
Come let vs haste awaie, and hauing past these cares.
Ile post to Yorke, and see how Edward fares.
[Exeunt Omnes.

(Act IV. Scene V.)

Enter *Gloster*, *Hastings*, and sir *William Stanly.*

Glo. Lord Hastings, and sir William Stanly
Know that the cause I sent for you is this.
I looke my brother with a slender traine,
Should come a hunting in this forrest heere.
The Bishop of Yorke befriends him much,
And lets him vse his pleasure in the chase,
Now I haue priuilie sent him word,
How I am come with you to rescue him,
And see where the huntsman and he doth come.

Enter *Edward* and a Huntsman.

Hunts. This waie my Lord the deere is gone.
Edw. No this waie huntsman, see where the
Keepers stand. Now brother and the rest,
What, are yon prouided to depart?
Glo. I, I, the horse stands at the parke corner,
Come, to Linne, and so take shipping into Flanders.

Edw. Come then: Hastings, and Stanlie, I will
Requite your loues. Bishop farewell,
Sheeld thee from Warwikes frowne,
And praie that I maie repossesse the crowne.
Now huntsman what will you doe?
Hunts. Marrie my Lord, I thinke I had as good
Goe with you, as tarrie heere to be hangde.
Edw. Come then lets awaie with speed.
[Exeunt Omnes.

(Act IV. Scene IV.)

Enter the Queene and the Lord *Riuers*.

Riuers. Tel me good maddam, why is your grace
So passionate of late?
Queen. Why brother Riuers, heare you not the newes,
Of that successe king Edward had of late?
Riue What? losse of some pitcht battaile against Warwike,
Tush, feare not faire Queen, but cast those cares aside.
King Edwards noble mind his honours doth display:
And Warwike maie loose, though then he got the day.
Queen. If that were all, my griefes were at an end:
But greater troubles will I feare befall.
Riu. What, is he taken prisoner by the foe,
To the danger of his royall person then?
Queen. I, thears my griefe, king Edward is surprisde,
And led awaie, as prisoner vnto Yorke.
Riu. The newes is passing strange, I must confesse:
Yet comfort your selfe, for Edward hath more friends,
Then Lancaster at this time must perceiue,
That some will set him in his throne againe.
Queen. God grant they maie, but gentle brother come,
And let me leane vpon thine arme a while,
Vntill I come vnto the sanctuarie,
There to preserue the fruit within my wombe,
K. Edwards seed true heire to Englands crowne.
[Exit.

(Act IV. Scene VII.)

Enter *Edward* and *Richard*, and *Hastings* with a troope of Hollanders.

Edw. Thus far from Belgia haue we past the seas,
And marcht from Raunspur hauen vnto Yorke:
But soft the gates are shut, I like not this.
Rich. Sound vp the drum and call them to the wals.

Enter the Lord Maire of Yorke vpon the wals.

Mair. My Lords we had notice of your comming,
And thats the cause we stand vpon our garde,
And shut the gates for to preserue the towne.
Henry now is king, and we are sworne to him,
Edw. Why my Lord Maire, if Henry be your king,
Edward I am sure at least, is Duke of Yorke.
Mair. Truth my Lord, we know you for no lesse.
Edw. I craue nothing but my Dukedome.
Rich. But when the Fox hath gotten in his head,
Heele quicklie make the bodie follow after.
Hast. Why my Lord Maire, what stand you vpon points?
Open the gates, we are king Henries friends.
Mair. Sai you so, then Ile open them presentlie.
[Exit Maire.
Ri. By my faith, a wise stout captain & soone perswaded.
The Maire opens the dore, and brings the keies in his hand.
Edw. So my Lord Maire, these gates must not be shut,
But in the time of warre, giue me the keies;
What, feare not man for Edward will defend
the towne and you, despight of all your foes.

Enter sir *Iohn Mountgommery* with drumme and souldiers.

How now Richard, who is this?
Rich. Brother, this is sir Iohn Mountgommery,
A trustie friend vnlesse I be deceiude.
Edw, Welcome sir Iohn. Wherefore come you in armes?
Sir Iohn. To helpe king Edward in this time of stormes,
As euerie loyall subiect ought to doe.
Edw. Thankes braue Mountgommery,
But I onlie claime my Dukedom.
Vntil it please God to send the rest.
Sir Iohn. Then fare you wel? Drum strike vp and let vs
March away, I came to serue a king and not a Duke.
Edw. Nay staie sir Iohn, and let vs first debate,
With what security we maie doe this thing.
Sir Iohn. What stand you on debating, to be briefe,
Except you presently proclaime your selfe our king.
Ile hence againe, and keepe them backe that come to
Succour you, why should we fight when
You pretend no title?
Rich. Fie brother, fie, stand you vpon tearmes?
Resolue your selfe, and let vs claime the crowne.
Edw. I am resolude once more to claime the crowne,
And win it too, or else to loose my life.
Sir Iohn. I now my soueraigne speaketh like himselfe,
And now will I be Edwards Champion,
Sound Trumpets, for Edward shall be proclaimd.
Edward the fourth by the grace of God, king of England and France, and Lord of Ireland, and whosoeuer gainsaies king Edwards right: by this I challenge him to single fight, long liue Edward the fourth.
All. Long liue Edward the fourth.
Edw. We thanke you all. Lord Maire leade on the waie.
For this night weele harbour here in Yorke,
And then as earlie as the morning sunne,
Liftes vp his beames aboue this horison
Weele march to London, to meete with Warwike:
And pull false Henry from the Regall throne.
[Exeunt Omnes.

(Act IV. Scene VI.)

Enter *Warwike* and *Clarence*, with the Crowne, and then king *Henry*, and *Oxford*, and *Summerset*, and the yong Earle of *Richmond*.

King. Thus from the prison to this princelie seat,
By Gods great mercies am I brought
Againe, Clarence and Warwike doe you
Keepe the crowne, and gouerne and protect
My realme in peace, and I will spend the
Remnant of my daies, to sinnes rebuke
And my Creators praise.
War. What answeres Clarence to his soueraignes will?
Cla. Clarence agrees to what king Henry likes.
King. My Lord of Summerset, what prettie
Boie is that you seeme to be so carefull of?
Sum. And it please your grace, it is yong Henry,
Earle of Richmond.
King. Henry of Richmond, Come hither pretie Ladde.
If heauenlie powers doe aime aright
To my diuining thoughts, thou pretie boy,
Shalt proue this Countries blisse,
Thy head is made to weare a princelie crowne,
Thy lookes are all repleat with Maiestie,
Make much of him my Lords,
For this is he shall helpe you more,
Then you are hurt by me.

(Act IV. Scene VIII.)

Enter one with a letter to *Warwike*.

War. What Counsell Lords, Edward from Belgia,
With hastie Germaines and blunt Hollanders,
Is past in safetie through the narrow seas,
And with his troopes doe march amaine towardes London,
And manie giddie people follow him.
Oxf. Tis best to looke to this betimes,
For if this fire doe kindle any further,
It will be hard for vs to quench it out.
War. In Warwikeshire I haue true harted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in warre,
Them will I muster vp, and thou sonne Clarence shalt
In Essex, Suffolke, Norfolke, and in Kent,
Stir vp the knights and gentlemen to come with thee.
And thou brother Montague, in Leistershire,
Buckingham and Northamptonshire shalt finde,
Men well inclinde to doe what thou commands,
And thou braue Oxford wondrous well belou'd,
Shalt in thy countries muster vp thy friends.
My soueraigne with his louing Citizens,
Shall rest in London till we come to him,
Fair Lords take leaue and stand not to replie,
Farewell my soueraigne.
King. Farewel my Hector, my Troyes true hope.
War. Farewell sweet Lords, lets meet at Couentrie. [Exeunt Omnes.

Enter *Edward* and his traine.

All. Sease on the shamefast Henry.
And once againe conuaie him to the Tower,
Awaie with him, I will not heare him speake.
And now towards Couentrie let vs bend our course
To meet with Warwike and his confederates.
[Exeunt Omnes.

(Act V. Scene I.)

Enter *Warwike* on the walles.

War. Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?
How farre hence is thy Lord my honest fellow?
Oxf. post. By this at Daintrie marching hither ward.
War. Where is our brother Montague?
Where is the post that came from Montague?
Post. I left him at Donsmore with his troopes.
War. Say Summerfield where is my louing son?
And by thy gesse, how farre is Clarence hence?
Sommer. At Southam my Lord I left him with
His force, and doe expect him two houres hence.
War. Then Oxford is at hand, I heare his drum.

Enter *Edward* and his power.

Glo. See brother, where the surly Warwike mans the wal.
War. O vnbid spight, is spotfull Edward come?
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduste,
That we could haue no newes of their repaire?
Edw. Now Warwike wilt thou be sorrie for thy faults,
And call Edward king and he will pardon thee.
War. Naie rather wilt thou draw thy forces backe?
Confesse who set thee vp and puld thee downe?
Call Warwike patron and be penitent,
And thou shalt still remaine the Duke of Yorke.
Glo. I had thought at least he would haue said the king.
Or did he make the iest against his will.
War. Twas Warwike gaue the kingdome to thy brother.
Edw. Why then tis mine, if but by Warwikes gift.
War. I but thou art no Atlas for so great a waight,
And weakling, Warwike takes his gift againe,
Henry is my king, Warwike his subiect.
Edw. I prethe gallant Warwike tell me this,
What is the bodie when the head is off?
Glo. Alasse that Warwike had no more foresight.
But whilst he sought to steale the single ten,
The king was finelie fingerd from the decke?
You left poore Henry in the Bishops pallace,
And ten to one you'le meet him in the Tower.
Edw. Tis euen so, and yet you are olde Warwike still.
War. O cheerefull colours, see where Oxford comes.

Enter *Oxford* with drum and souldiers & al crie,

Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster. [Exit.
Edw. The Gates are open, see they enter in,
Lets follow them and bid them battaile in the streetes.
Glo. No, so some other might set vpon our backes,
Weele staie till all be entered, and then follow them.

Enter *Summerset* with drum and souldiers.

Sum. Summerset, Summerset, for Lancaster. [Exit.
Glo. Two of thy name both Dukes of Summerset,
Haue solde their liues vnto the house of Yorke,
And thou shalt be the third and my sword hold,

Enter *Montague* with drum and souldiers.

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster. [Exit.

Edw. Traitorous Montague, thou and thy brother
Shall deerelie abie this rebellious Act.

Enter *Clarence* with drum and souldiers.

War. And loe where George of Clarence sweepes
Along, of power enough to bid his brother battell.
Cla. Clarence, Clarence, for Lancaster.
Edw. Et tu Brute, wilt thou stab Cæsar too?
A parlie sirra to George of Clarence.

Sound a Parlie, and *Richard* and *Clarence* whispers togither, and then *Clarence* takes his red Rose out of his hat, and throwes is at *Warwike*.

War. Com Clarence come, thou wilt if Warwike call.
Cla. Father of Warwike, know you what this meanes?
I throw mine infamie at thee,
I will not ruinate my fathers house,
Who gaue his bloud to lime the stones togither,
And set vp Lancaster. Thinkest thou
That Clarence is so harsh vnnaturall,
To lift his sword against his brothers life,
And so proud harted Warwike I defie thee,
And to my brothers turne my blushing cheekes?
Pardon me Edward, for I haue done amisse,
And Richard doe not frowne vpon me,
For henceforth I will proue no more vnconstant.
Edw. Welcome Clarence, and ten times more welcome,
Then if thou neuer hadst deserud our hate.
Glo. Welcome good Clarence, this is brotherlie.
War. Oh passing traytor, periurd and vniust.
Edw. Now Warwike, wilt thou leaue
The towne and fight? or shall we beate the
Stones about thine eares?
War. Why I am not coopt vppe heere for defence,
I will awaie to Barnet presently,
And bid thee battaile Edward if thou darest.
Edw. Yes Warwike he dares, and leades the waie,
Lords to the field, saint George and victorie.
[Exeunt Omnes.

(Act V. Scene II.)

Alarmes, and then enter *Warwicke* wounded.

War. Ah, who is nie? Come to my friend or foe,
And tell me who is victor Yorke or Warwike?
Why aske I that? my mangled bodie shewes,
That I must yeeld my bodie to the earth.
And by my fall the conquest to my foes,
Thus yeelds the Cedar to the axes edge,
Whose armes gaue shelter to the princelie Eagle,
Vnder whose shade the ramping Lion slept,
Whose top branch ouerpeerd Ioues spreading tree.
The wrinkles in my browes now fild with bloud,
Were likened oft to kinglie sepulchers.
For who liu'd king, but I could dig his graue?
And who durst smile, when Warwike bent his brow?
Lo now my glorie smeerd in dust and bloud,
My parkes, my walkes, my mannors that I had,
Euen now forsake me, and of all my lands,
Is nothing left me but my bodies length.

Enter *Oxford* and *Summerset*.

Oxf. Ah Warwike, Warwike, cheere vp thy selfe and liue,
For yet thears hope enough to win the daie.
Our warlike Queene with troopes is come from France,
And at South-hampton landed all hir traine,
And mightst thou liue, then would we neuer flie.
War. Whie then I would not flie, nor haue I now,
But Hercules himselfe must yeeld to ods,
For manie wounds receiu'd, and manie moe repaid,
Hath robd my strong knit sinews of their strength,
And spite of spites needes must I yeeld to death.
Som. Thy brother Montague hath breathd his last,
And at the pangs of death I heard him crie
And saie, commend me to my valiant brother,
And more he would haue spoke and more he said,
Which sounded like a clamor in a vault,
That could not be distinguisht for the sound,
And so the valiant Montague gaue vp the ghost.
War. What is pompe, rule, raigne, but earth and dust?
And liue we how we can, yet die we must.
Sweet rest his soule, flie Lords and saue your selues,
For Warwike bids you all farewell to meet in Heauen. [He dies.
Oxf. Come noble Summerset, lets take our horse,
And cause retrait be sounded through the campe,
That all our friends that yet remaine aliue,
Maie be awarn'd and saue themselues by flight.
That done, with them weele post vnto the Queene,
And once more trie our fortune in the field.
[Ex. ambo.

(Act V. Scene III.)

Enter *Edward*, *Clarence*, *Gloster*, with souldiers.

Edw. Thus still our fortune giues vs victorie,
And girts our temples with triumphant ioies,
The bigboond traytor Warwike hath breathde his last,
And heauen this daie hath smilde vpon vs all,
But in this cleere and brightsome daie,
I see a blacke suspitious cloud appeare
That will encounter with our glorious sunne
Before he gaine his easefull westerne beames,
I mean those powers which the Queen hath got in Fraunce
Are landed, and meane once more to menace vs.
Glo. Oxford and Summerset are fled to hir,
And tis likelie if she haue time to breath,
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.
Edw. We are aduertisde by our louing friends,
That they doe hold their course towards Tewxburie.
Thither will we, for willingnes rids waie,
And in euerie countie as we passe along,
Our strengthes shall be augmented.
Come lets goe, for if we slacke this faire
Bright Summers daie, sharpe winters
Showers will marre our hope for haie [Ex. Omnes.

(Act V. Scene IV.)

Enter the Queene, Prince *Edward*, *Oxford* and *Summerset*, with drum and souldiers.

Quee. Welcome to England, my louing friends of France.
And welcome Summerset, and Oxford too.

Once more haue we spread our sailes abroad,
And though our tackling be almost consumde,
And Warwike as our maine mast ouerthrowne,
Yet warlike Lords raise you that sturdie post,
That beares the sailes to bring vs vnto rest,
And Ned and I as willing Pilots should
For once with carefull mindes guide on the sterne,
To beare vs through that dangerous gulfe
That heretofore hath swallowed vp our friends.
Prince. And if there be, as God forbid there should,
Amongst vs a timorous or fearefull man,
Let him depart before the battels ioine,
Least he in time of need intise another,
And so withdraw the souldiers harts from vs.
I will not stand aloofe and bid you fight,
But with my sword presse in the thickest thronges,
And single Edward from his strongest guard,
And hand to hand enforce him for to yeeld,
Or leaue my bodie as witnesse of my thoughts.
Oxf. Women and children of so high resolue,
And Warriors faint, why twere perpetuall
Shame? Oh braue youg Prince, thy
Noble grandfather doth liue againe in thee,
Long maiest thou liue to beare his image,
And to renew his glories.
Sum. And he that turnes and flies when such do fight,
Let him to bed, and like the Owle by daie
Be hist, and wondered at if he arise.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lords, Duke Edward with a mighty power,
Is marching hitherwards to fight with you.
Oxf. I thought it was his pollicie, to take vs vnprouided,
But here will we stand and fight it to the death

Enter king *Edward, Cla. Glo. Hast,* and Souldiers.

Edw. See brothers, yonder stands the thornie wood,
Which by Gods assistance and your prowesse,
Shall with our swords yer night be cleane cut downe.
Queen. Lords, Knights & gentlemen, what I should say,
My teares gainesaie, for as you see, I drinke
The water of mine eyes. Then no more.
But this. Henry your king is Prisoner
In the tower, his land and all our friends
Are quite distrest, and yonder standes
The Wolfe that makes all this,
Then on Gods name Lords togither cry saint George.
All. Saint George for Lancaster.

(Act V. Scene V.)

Alarmes to the battell, *Yorke* flies, then the chambers be discharged. Then enter the king, *Cla. & Glo.* & the rest, & make a great shout, and crie, for Yorke, for Yorke, and then the Queene is taken, & the prince, & *Oxf. & Sum*, and then sound and enter all againe.

Edw. Lo here a period of tumultuous broiles,
Awaie with Oxford to Hames castell straight,
For Summerset off with his guiltie head.
Awaie I will not heare them speake.
Oxf. For my part ile not trouble thee with words.
[Exit *Oxford.*
Sum. Nor I, but stoope with patience to my death.
[Exit *Sum.*
Edw. Now Edward what satisfaction canst thou make,
For stirring vp my subiects to rebellion?
Prin. Speahe like a subiects proud ambitious Yorke,
Suppose that I am now my fathers mouth,
Resigne thy chaire, and where I stand kneele thou,
Whilst I propose the selfesame words to thee,
Which traytor thou woudst haus me answere to.
Queen. Oh that thy father had bin so resolu'd:
Glo. That you might still haue kept your
Peticote, and nere haue stolne the
Breech from Lancaster.
Prince. Let Aesop fable in a winters night,
His currish Riddles sorts not with this place.
Glo. By heauen brat Ile plague you for that word.
Queen. I, thou wast borne to be a plague to men.
Glo. For Gods sake take awaie this captiue scold.
Prin. Nay take away this skolding Crooktbacke rather.
Edw. Peace wilfull boy, or I will tame your tongue,
Cla. Vntuterd lad thou art too malepert.
Prin. I know my dutie, you are all vndutifull.
Lasciuious Edward, and thou periurd George,
And thou mishapen Dicke, I tell you all.
I am your better, traytors as you be.
Edw. Take that, the litnes of this railer heere.
Queen. Oh kill me too.
Glo. Marrie and shall.
Edw. Hold Richard hold, for we haue doone too much alreadie.
Glv. Why should she liue to fill the world with words?
Ed. What doth she swound? make meanes for
Her recouerie?
Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother,
I must to London on a serious matter,
Ere you come there, you shall heare more newes.
Cla. About what, prethe tell me?
Glo. The Tower man, the Tower, Ile root them out.
[Exit *Gloster.*
Queen. Ah Ned, speake to thy mother boy? ah
Thou canst not speake.
Traytors, Tyrants, bloudie Homicides,
They that stabd Cæsar shed no bloud at all,
For he was a man, this in respect a childe,
Whats worse then tyrant that I maie name,
You haue no children Deuils, if you had,
The thought of them would then haue stopt your rage,
But if you euer hope to haue a sonne,
Looke in his youth to haue him so cut off,
As Traitors you haue doone this sweet young prince.
Edw. Awaie, and beare her hence.
Queen. Naie nere beare me hence, dispatch
Me heere, heere sheath thy sword,
Ile pardon thee my death. Wilt thou not?
Then Clarence, doe thou doe it?
Cla. By Heauen I would not doe thee so much ease.

Queen. Good Clarence doe, sweet Clarence kill me too.
Cla. Didst thou not heare me sweare I would not do it?
Queen. I, but thou vsest to forsweare thy selfe,
Twas sinne before, but now tis charitie.
Whears the Diuels butcher, hardfauored Richard,
Richard where art thou? He is not heere,
Murder is his almes deed, petitioners
For bloud he nere put backe.
Edw. Awaie I saie, and take her hence perforce.
Queen. So come to you and yours, as to this prince. [Ex.
Edw. Clarence, whithers Gloster gone?
Cla. Marrie my Lord to London, and as I gesse, to
Make a bloudie supper in the Tower.
Edw. He is suddan if a thing come in his head.
Well, discharge the common souldiers with paie
And thankes, and now let vs towards London,
To see our gentle Queene how shee doth fare,
For by this I hope shee hath a sonne for vs.
[Exeunt Omnes.

(Act V. Scene VI.)

Enter *Gloster* to king *Henry* in the Tower.

Glo. Good day my Lord. What at your booke so hard?
Hen. I my good Lord. Lord I should saie rather,
Tis sinne to flatter, good was little better.
Good Gloster, and good Diuell, were all alike,
What scene of Death hath Rosius now to act?
Glo. Suspition alwaies haunts a guiltie mind.
Hen. The birde once limde doth feare the fatall bush,
And I the haplesse maile to one poore birde,
Haue now the fatall obiect in mine eie,
Where my poore young was limde, was caught & kild.
Glo. Why, what a foole was that of Creete?
That taught his sonne the office
Of a birde, and yet for all that the poore
Fowle was drownde.
Hen. I Dedalus, my poore sonne Icarus,
Thy father Minos that denide our course,
Thy brother Edward, the sunne that searde his wings,
And thou the enuious gulfe that swallowed him.
Oh better can my brest abide thy daggers point,
Then can mine eares that tragike historic.
Glo. Why dost thou thinke I am an executioner?
Hen. A persecutor I am sure thou art,
And if murdering innoceuts be executions,
Then I know thou art an executioner.
Glo. Thy sonne I kild for his presumption.
Hen. Hadst thou bin kild when first thou didst presume,
Thou hadst not liude to kill a sonne of mine,
And thus I prophesie of thee.
That manie a Widdow for her husbands death,
And many an infants water standing eie,
Widowes for their husbands, children for their fathers,
Shall curse the time that euer thou wert borne.
The owle shrikt at thy birth, an euill signe,
The night Crow cride, aboding lucklesse tune,
Dogs howld and hideous tempests shooke down trees,
The Rauen rookt her on the Chimnies top,
And chattering Pies in dismall discord sung,
Thy mother felt more then a mothers paine,
And yet brought forth lesse then a mothers hope,
To wit: an vndigest created lumpe,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree,
Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast borne,
To signifi thou camst to bite the world,
And if the rest be true that I haue heard,
Thou camst into the world [He stabs him.
Glo. Die prophet in thy speech, Ile heare
No more, for this amongst the rest, was I ordainde.
Hen. I and for much more slaughter after this.
O God forgiue my sinnes, and pardon thee. [He dies.
Glo. What? will the aspiring bloud of Lancaster
Sinke into the ground, I had thought it would haue mounted,
See how my sword weepes for the poore kings death.
Now maie such purple teares be alwaies shed,
For such as seeke the downefall of our house.
If anie sparke of life remaine in thee.
[Stab him againe.
Downe, downe to hell, and saie I sent thee thither.
I that haue neither pittie, loue nor feare.
Indeed twas true that Henry told me of,
For I haue often heard my mother saie,
That I came into the world with my legs forward,
And had I not reason thinke you to make hast,
And seeke their ruines that vsurpt our rights?
The women wept and the midwife cride,
O Iesus blesse vs, he is borne with teeth.
And so I was indeed, which plainelie signifide,
That I should snarle and bite and plaie the dogge.
Then since Heauen hath made my bodie so,
Let hell make crookt my mind to answere it.
I had no father, I am like no father,
I haue no brothers, I am like no brothers,
And this word Loue *which graybeards tearme diuine,*
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me, I am my selfe alone.
Clarence beware, thou keptst me from the light,
But I will sort a pitchie daie for thee.
For I will buz abroad such prophesies,
As Edward shall be fearefull of his life,
And then to purge his feare, Ile be thy death.
Henry and his sonne are gone, thou Clarence next,
And by one and one I will dispatch the rest,
Counting my selfe but bad, till I be best.
Ile drag thy bodie in another roome,
And triumph Henry in thy daie of doome. [Exit.

(Act V. Scene VII.)

Enter king *Edward*, Queene *Elizabeth*, and a Nurse with the young prince, and *Clarence*, and *Hastings*, and others.

Edw. Once more we sit in Englands royall throne,
Repurchasde with the bloud of enemies,
What valiant foemen like to Autumnes corne,
Haue we mow'd downe in tops of all their pride?
Three Dukes of Somerset, threefold renowmd
For hardie and vndoubted champions.
Two Cliffords, as the father and the sonne,
And two Northumberlands, two brauer men
Nere spurd their coursers at the trumpets sound.
With them the two rough Beares, Warwike and Montague,

That in their chaines fettered the kinglie Lion,
And made the Forrest tremble when they roard,
Thus haue we swept suspition from our seat,
And made our footstoole of securitie.
Come hither Besse, and let me kisse my boie,
Young Ned, for thee, thine Vncles and my selfe,
Haue in our armors watcht the Winters night,
Marcht all a foote in summers skalding heat,
That thou mightst repossesse the crowne in peace,
And of our labours thou shalt reape the gaine.
Glo. Ile blast his haruest and your head were laid,
For yet I am not lookt on in the world.
This shoulder was ordaind so thicke to heaue,
And heaue it shall some waight or breake my backe,
Worke thou the waie, and thou shalt execute.
Edward. Clarence and Gloster, loue my louelie Queene,
And kisse your princely nephew brothers both.
Cla. The dutie that I owe vnto your, Maiestie,
I seale vpon the rosiate lips of this sweet babe.
Queen. Thankes noble Clarence worthie brother thankes.
Gloster. And that I loue the fruit from whence thou
Sprangst, witnesse the louing kisse I giue the child.
To saie the truth so Iudas kist his maister,
And so he cride all haile, and meant all harme.
Edward. Nowe am I seated as my soule delights,
Hauing my countries peace, and brothers loues.
Cla. What will yeur grace haue done with Margaret,
Ranard her father to the king of France,
Hath pawnd the Cyssels and Ierusalem,
And hither haue they sent it for her ransome.
Edw. Awaie with her, and wafte hir hence to France,
And now what rests but that we spend the time,
With stately Triumphs and mirthfull comicke shewes,
Such as befits the pleasures of the Court.
Sound drums and Trumpets, farewell to sower annoy,
For heere I hope begins our lasting ioie.

[Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.[1]

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.
EDWARD, Prince of Wales, his Son.
LEWIS XI., King of France.
DUKE OF SOMERSET, } on King Henry's side.
DUKE OF EXETER,
EARL OF OXFORD,
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND,
EARL OF WESTMORELAND,
LORD CLIFFORD,
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York.
EDWARD, Earl of March, afterwards King Edward IV., } his Sons.
EDMUND, Earl of Rutland,
GEORGE, afterwards Duke of Clarence,
RICHARD, afterwards Duke of Glocester.
DUKE OF NORFOLK, } of the Duke of York's party.
MARQUESS OF MONTAGUE,
EARL OF WARWICK,
EARL OF PEMBROKE,
LORD HASTINGS,
LORD STAFFORD,
SIR JOHN MORTIMER, } Uncles to the Duke of York.
SIR HUGH MORTIMER,
HENRY, Earl of Richmond, a Youth.
LORD RIVERS, Brother to Lady Grey.
SIR WILLIAM STANLEY.
SIR JOHN MONTGOMERY.
SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.
Tutor to Rutland.
Mayor of York.
Lieutenant of the Tower.
A Nobleman.
Two Keepers.
A Huntsman.
A Son that has killed his Father.
A Father that has killed his Son.

QUEEN MARGARET.
LADY GREY, afterwards Queen to Edward IV.
BONA, Sister to the French Queen.

Soldiers, and other Attendants on King Henry and King Edward, Messengers, Watchmen, etc.

SCENE, during part of the Third Act, in France; during the rest of the Play, in England.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

London. The Parliament-house.

Drums. Some Soldiers of York's *party break in. Then enter the Duke of* York, Edward, Richard, Norfolk, Montague, Warwick, *and Others, with white roses in their hats.*[2]

War. I wonder how the king escap'd our hands.
York. While we pursu'd the horsemen of the north,
He slily stole away, and left his men:
Whereat the great lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,[3]
Cheer'd up the drooping army; and himself,
Lord Clifford, and Lord Stafford, all abreast,
Charg'd our main battle's front, and, breaking in,
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.[4]
Edw. Lord Stafford's father, duke of Buckingham,
Is either slain or wounded dangerous:
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow;
That this is true, father, behold his blood.
[Showing his bloody sword.
Mont. [To York, *showing his.]* And, brother, here 's the earl of Wiltshire's blood,
Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.
Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.
[Throwing down the Duke of Somerset's *head.*[5]
York. Richard hath best deserv'd of all my sons. —
But,[6] is your grace dead, my lord of Somerset?
Norf. Such hope[7] have all the line of John of Gaunt!
Rich. Thus do I hope to shake king Henry's head.
War. And so do I. — Victorious prince of York,
Before I see thee seated in that throne,
Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
I vow by heaven these eyes shall never close.
This is the palace of the fearful king,[8]

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1) Das Personenverzeichniss ist zuerst von Rowe seiner Ausgabe (1709) hinzugefügt. 2) Diese Bühnenweisung ist in ihren Details von den Hggn. theilweise aus den Qs. entlehnt; die Fol. fasst sich ganz kurz darin. 3) Der kriegerische Northumberland konnte es nie ertragen, wenn man zu ihm von einem Rückzug sprach. 4) Sh. vergass, dass nach seiner Darstellung in K. Henry VI. Second Part Clifford durch das Schwert York's gefallen war, und folgte hier dem Berichte des Chronisten, von dem er an jener andern Stelle abgewichen war. — Zwei Zeilen weiter las Theobald mit den Qs. *dangerously* für *dangerous* der Fol. 5) Diese Bühnenweisung, welche zum Verständniss der Worte Richard's unentbehrlich ist, fehlt in den alten Ausgg. und ist erst von den spätern Hggn. hinzugefügt worden. 6) So die Fol.; Malone entlehnte dafür *what* aus den Qs. 7) *hope* = Erwartung: Solch ein Ausgang, solch eine Aussicht, wie dem Somerset, möge dem ganzen Geschlecht der Lancasters bevorstehen! 8) Der Palast, den der König Heinrich in seiner Furcht geräumt hatte. — Demnach müsste der Palast des Königs

And this the regal seat: possess it, York;
For this is thine, and not king Henry's heirs'.
York. Assist me then, sweet Warwick, and I will;
For hither we have broken in by force.[9]
Norf. We 'll all assist you; he that flies shall die.
York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk. — Stay by me, my lords: —
And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this night.
War. And when the king comes, offer him no violence,
Unless he seek to thrust you out perforce.
[The Soldiers retire.[10]
York. The queen this day here holds her parliament,
But little thinks we shall be of her council.
By words or blows here let us win our right.
Rich. Arm'd as we are, let 's stay within this house.
War. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,
Unless Plantagenet, duke of York, be king,
And bashful Henry depos'd, whose cowardice
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.
York. Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute;
I mean to take possession of my right.
War. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,
The proudest he[11] that holds up Lancaster,
Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.[12]
I 'll plant Plantagenet,[13] root him up who dares. —
Resolve thee, Richard: claim the English crown.
[Warwick *leads* York *to the throne, who seats himself.*

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland, Westmoreland, Exeter, *and Others, with red roses in their hats.*[14]

K. Hen. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,
Even in the chair of state! belike, he means,
Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer,
To aspire unto the crown, and reign as king. —
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father, —
And thine, Lord Clifford; and you both have vow'd revenge
On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.
North. If I be not, heavens be reveng'd on me![15]
Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.
West. What! shall we suffer this? let 's pluck him down:
My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.
K. Hen. Be patient, gentle earl of Westmoreland.
Clif. Patience is for poltroons,[16] such as he:
He durst not sit there, had your father liv'd.
My gracious lord, here in the parliament
Let us assail the family of York.
North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin: be it so.
K. Hen. Ah! know you not, the city favours them,
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?
Exe. But when the duke is slain, they 'll quickly fly.[17]
K. Hen. Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,
To make a shambles of the parliament-house!
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats,
Shall be the war that Henry means to use.
[They advance to the Duke.
Thou factious duke of York, descend my throne,
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet;
I am thy sovereign.
York. I am thine.[18]
Exe. For shame! come down: he made thee duke of York.
York. 'T was my inheritance, as the earldom was.[19]
Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.
War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown,
In following this usurping Henry.[20]
Clif. Whom should he follow but his natural king?
War. True, Clifford; and that 's[21] Richard, duke of York.
K. Hen. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?
York. It must and shall be so. Content thyself.
War. Be duke of Lancaster: let him be king.
West. He is both king and duke of Lancaster;
And that the lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.
War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget,
That we are those which chas'd you from the field,
And slew your fathers,[22] and with colours spread
March'd through the city to the palace gates.
North. Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;
And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.
West. Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy sons,
Thy kinsmen, and thy friends, I 'll have more lives,
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.
Clif. Urge it no more; lest that instead of words
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger,
As shall revenge his death before I stir.
War. Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats.
York. Will you, we show our title to the crown?
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

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und das Parlamentshaus als identisch gelten, was jedoch nicht übereinstimmt mit Heinrich's späteren Worten *And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court.* 9) Wie wir mit Gewalt hier eingedrungen sind, werden wir des Beistandes bedürfen, um uns zu behaupten. 10) Die Fol. hat *They go up*, d. h. sie begeben sich auf den im Hintergrunde der Sh.'schen Bühne befindlichen Balcon. 11) *he* substantivisch = Mann, wie *she* = Frau, von Sh. öfter gebraucht. 12) Das Bild ist von der Falkenjagd entlehnt, wo kein Vogel emporzufliegen wagt, wenn ein Jagdfalke, wie Warwick, nur die Glöckchen, die er am Halse trägt, schüttelt. 13) Wortspiel zwischen *to plant* und *Plantagenet.* 14) Auch diese Bühnenweisung ist aus den Qs. zum Theil entlehnt. 15) *to be revenged* = seine Rache erhalten. Wenn ich nicht an ihm mich räche, mag sich der Himmel an mir rächen wegen des Gelübdes, das ich dann brechen würde. 16) Die Fol. schreibt das bei Sh. nur hier vorkommende Wort *Poultroones*, die Qs. *pultrounes*, also wahrscheinlich dreisylbig, mit dem Ton auf der zweiten Sylbe. — Manche Hgg. fügen mit der zweiten Folioausg. von 1632 ein *and* vor *such* ein. 17) Diese Zeile ertheilen nur die Qs. dem Exeter zu, dem sie offenbar gehört. Die Fol. legt sie fälschlich dem Westmoreland bei. 18) Theobald entlehnte willkürlich und matt aus den Qs.: *Thou art deceiv'd, I am thine.* 19) Wie ich von mütterlicher Seite durch Erbschaft Graf von March bin, so habe ich das Herzogthum York nicht einer Ernennung durch den König Heinrich, sondern der Vererbung von väterlicher Seite zu danken. — Die Qs. haben dafür *as the kingdom is.* 20) *Henry* ist hier, wie an verschiedenen Stellen der beiden vorhergehenden Dramen, dreisylbig *(Hennery)* zu lesen. 21) Das in der ersten Fol. zufällig ausgefallene *and* ergänzt in Uebereinstimmung mit den Qs. die zweite Folioausg. 22) Mit *your fathers* sind die Väter Northumberland's und Clifford's gemeint. — Northumberland in seiner Antwort meint dann mit *his soul* seinen Vater. 23) So die Qs.; den Druckfehler der Fol. *my father* verbesserte zuerst Rowe.

K. Hen. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?
Thy father[23] was, as thou art, duke of York;
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, earl of March.
I am the son of Henry[24] the Fifth,
Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop,
And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces.
War. Talk not of France, sith[25] thou hast lost it all.
K. Hen. The lord protector lost it, and not I:
When I was crown'd, I was but nine months old.
Rich. You are old enough now, and yet, methinks, you lose.
Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.
Edw. Sweet father, do so: set it on your head.
Mont. *[To* York.*]* Good brother, as thou lov'st and honour'st arms,
Let 's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.
Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly.
York. Sons, peace!
K. Hen. Peace thou, and give king Henry leave to speak.
War. Plantagenet shall speak first: hear him, lords;
And be you silent and attentive too,
For he that interrupts him shall not live.
K. Hen. Think'st thou, that I will leave my kingly throne,
Wherein my grandsire and my father sat?
No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;
Ay, and their[26] colours — often borne in France,
And now in England, to our heart's great sorrow, —
Shall be my winding-sheet. — Why faint you, lords?
My title 's good, and better far than his.
War. Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.
K. Hen. Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown.
York. 'T was by rebellion against his king.
K. Hen. *[Aside.]* I know not what to say: my title 's weak. —
Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?
York. What then?
K. Hen. An if he may, then am I lawful king;
For Richard, in the view of many lords,
Resign'd the crown to Henry the Fourth,
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.
York. He rose against him, being his sovereign,
And made him to resign his crown perforce.
War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
Think you, 't were prejudicial to his crown?[27]
Exe. No; for he could not so resign his crown,
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.
K. Hen. Art thou against us, duke of Exeter?
Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.
York. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?
Exe. My conscience tells me he is lawful king.
K. Hen. All will revolt from me, and turn to him.
North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not, that Henry shall be so depos'd.
War. Depos'd he shall be in despite of all.
North. Thou art deceiv'd: 't is not thy southern power,
Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent, —
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud, —
Can set the duke up in despite of me.
Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence:
May that ground[28] gape, and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!
K. Hen. O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!
York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown.[29]
What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords?
War. Do right unto this princely duke of York,
Or I will fill the house with armed men,
And o'er the chair of state, where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.[30]
[He stamps with his foot, and the Soldiers show themselves.
K. Hen. My lord of Warwick, hear me but one word.[31]
Let me for this my life-time reign as king.
York. Confirm the crown to me, and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.
K. Hen. I am content: Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.
Clif. What wrong is this unto the prince your son!
War. What good is this to England, and himself![32]
West. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!
Clif. How hast thou injur'd both thyself and us!
West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.[33]
North. Nor I.
Clif. Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.
West. Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,
In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.
North. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
And die in bands for this unmanly deed!
Clif. In dreadful war may'st thou be overcome,
Or live in peace, abandon'd, and despis'd!
[Exeunt Northumberland, Clifford, *and* Westmoreland.
War. Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.
Exe. They seek revenge,[34] and therefore will not yield.
K. Hen. Ah, Exeter!
War. Why should you sigh, my lord?
K. Hen. Not for myself, Lord Warwick, but my son,
Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.
But be it as it may, I here entail
The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever;
Conditionally, that here thou take an oath
To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,
To honour me as thy king and sovereign;
And neither by treason, nor hostility,[35]
To seek to put me down, and reign thyself.

— Malone bemerkt dazu, dass York's Vater nicht Herzog von York, sondern Graf von Cambridge war. 24) Vgl. oben Anm. 20. 25) Das veraltende *sith* für *since* kommt vorzugsweise in Sh.'s Jugenddramen vor. 26) *their* bezieht sich auf *my grandsire* und *my father*. 27) Glaubt Ihr, dass es das wahre Erbrecht der Krone beeinträchtigt hätte, wenn Richard II. freiwillig ihr entsagt hätte zu Gunsten eines nicht zur Erbfolge berufenen Adoptiverben? — Diesem Adoptiverben ist dann im Folgenden *next heir* = der nächste angestammte Erbe, entgegengesetzt. 28) *that ground* bezieht sich auf das folgende *where:* der Boden, auf den ich niederkniee. 29) *thy crown* = die Krone, die Du jetzt noch trägst. — Derselbe Vers steht in den Qs. 30) *usurping blood* = das Blut des Usurpators, das Blut Heinrich's. — Die folgende Bühnenweisung findet sich schon in der Fol. 31) Das *me* fügt, in Uebereinstimmung mit den Qs., die dritte Folioausg. ein. 32) scil. *to Henry himself*. 33) Westmoreland kann es nicht über sich gewinnen, die Bedingungen anzuhören, unter denen Heinrich seine Krone auf York übertragen will. 34) Rache wegen der Niederlage, die ihre Partei erlitten hat. 35) *treason* = heimliche Anschläge, *hostility* =

York. This oath I willingly take, and will perform.
[Coming from the throne.
War. Long live king Henry! — Plantagenet, embrace him.
K. Hen. And long live thou, and these thy forward sons!
York. Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.
Exe. Accurs'd be he that seeks to make them foes!
[Sennet. The Lords come forward.
York. Farewell, my gracious lord: I 'll to my castle.[36]
War. And I 'll keep London with my soldiers.
Norf. And I to Norfolk with my followers.
Mont. And I unto the sea from whence I came.
[Exeunt York *and his Sons,* Warwick, Norfolk, Montague, *Soldiers, and Attendants.*
K. Hen. And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court.

Enter Queen Margaret *and the Prince of* Wales.

Exe. Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray[37] her anger:
I 'll steal away.
K. Hen. Exeter, so will I.
Q. Mar. Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee.
K. Hen. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.
Q. Mar. Who can be patient in such extremes?
Ah, wretched man! 'would I had died a maid,
And never seen thee, never borne thee son,
Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father!
Hath he deserv'd to lose his birthright thus?
Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I,
Or felt that pain which I did for him once,
Or nourish'd him, as I did with my blood,
Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,
Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir,
And disinherited thine only son.
Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me.
If you be king, why should not I succeed?
K. Hen. Pardon me, Margaret; — pardon me, sweet son: —
The earl of Warwick and the duke enforc'd me.
Q. Mar. Enforc'd thee! art thou king, and wilt be forc'd?
I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!
Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me,
And given unto the house of York such head,
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.
To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,[38]
What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,
And creep into it far before thy time?
Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais;
Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow seas;[39]
The duke is made protector of the realm;
And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds
The trembling lamb, environed with wolves.
Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes,
Before I would have granted to that act;
But thou preferr'st thy life before thine honour:
And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself,
Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
Until that act of parliament be repeal'd,
Whereby my son is disinherited.
The northern lords, that have forsworn thy colours,
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread;
And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace,
And utter ruin of the house of York.
Thus do I leave thee. — Come, son, let 's away:
Our army is ready; come, we 'll after them.
K. Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.
Q. Mar. Thou hast spoke too much already:[40] get thee gone.
K. Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?
Q. Mar. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.
Prince. When I return with victory from the field,[41]
I 'll see your grace; till then, I 'll follow her.
Q. Mar. Come, son, away! we may not linger thus.
[Exeunt Queen Margaret *and the* Prince.
K. Hen. Poor queen! how love to me, and to her son,
Hath made her break out into terms of rage!
Reveng'd may she be on that hateful duke,
Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
Will cost[42] my crown, and, like an empty eagle,
Tire[43] on the flesh of me and of my son!
The loss of those three lords[44] torments my heart:
I 'll write unto them, and entreat them fair. —
Come, cousin; you shall be the messenger.
Exe. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all. *[Exeunt*

SCENE II.

A Room in Sandal Castle,[1] near Wakefield.

Enter Edward, Richard, *and* Montague.

Rich. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.
Edw. No, I can better play the orator.[2]
Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter York.

York. Why, how now, sons and brother,[3] at a strife?
What is your quarrel? how began it first?

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offene Feindseligkeit. 36) Er meint sein Schloss Sandal Castle in Yorkshire. 37) *to bewray* = verrathen, enthüllen. 38) *to entail* construirte Sh. vorher auf die gewöhnliche Weise: *I here entail the crown to thee.* 39) Thomas Nevil, ein Bastard des Lord Faulconbridge, war von Warwick zum Viceadmiral ernannt mit dem Auftrag, in der Meerenge zwischen Calais und Dover Wacht zu halten, dass keine Anhänger Heinrich's von Frankreich nach England hinüberkämen. — So in Marlowe's K. Edward II.: *The haughty Dane commands the narrow seas.* 40) Er hatte zu viel gesprochen in der mündlichen Verhandlung mit York. 41) So die Qs. und die späteren Folioausgg.; die erste Fol. hat *to the field.* 42) Dessen Uebermuth mir die Krone kosten, mich der Krone berauben wird. — Manche Hgg. adoptiren für *cost* Warburton's Emendation *coast* = streifen an Etwas, sich zur Seite halten von Etwas. 43) *to tire*, vom Raubvogel gebraucht, bezeichnet die gierige Art, wie ein solcher seine Beute zerzaust und zerreisst, ehe er sie verschlingt. So in Venus and Adonis: *Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,* || *Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone.* 44) d. h. Northumberland, Westmoreland und Clifford, die im Zorn von ihm geschieden waren.

1) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1, Anm. 36. 2) So in K. Henry VI. First Part (A. 4, Sc. 1) *the king* || *Prettily, methought, did play the orator.* 3) *brother* in uneigentlichem Sinne hier für *brother-in-law*, da Sh. den Montague, wenn auch fälschlich, für einen Schwager York's hielt. 4) Manche Hgg. adoptiren dafür aus den Qs. *a*

Edw. No quarrel, but a slight contention.[4]
York. About what?
Rich. About that which concerns your grace, and us;
The crown of England, father, which is yours.
York. Mine, boy? not till king Henry be dead.
Rich. Your right depends not on his life, or death.
Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:
By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,
It will outrun you, father, in the end.
York. I took an oath that he should quietly reign.
Edw. But for a kingdom any oath may be broken:
I would break a thousand oaths to reign one year.
Rich. No; God forbid, your grace should be forsworn.
York. I shall be, if I claim by open war.[5]
Rich. I 'll prove the contrary, if you 'll hear me speak.
York. Thou canst not, son: it is impossible.
Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful magistrate,
That hath authority over him that swears:
Henry had none, but did usurp the place;
Then, seeing 't was he that made you to depose,[6]
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.
Therefore, to arms. And, father, do but think,
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown,
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.
Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest,
Until the white rose, that I wear, be dyed
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.
York. Richard, enough: I will be king, or die. —
Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
And whet on Warwick to this enterprise. —
Thou, Richard, shalt to the duke of Norfolk,
And tell him privily of our intent. —
You, Edward, shall unto my lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise:
In them I trust; for they are soldiers,
Witty,[7] courteous, liberal, full of spirit. —
While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more,
But that I seek occasion how to rise,
And yet the king not privy to my drift,[8]
Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

Enter a Messenger.[9]

But, stay. — What news? Why com'st thou in such post?[10]
Mess. The queen with all the northern earls and lords
Intend here to besiege you in your castle.
She is hard by with twenty thousand men,
And therefore fortify your hold,[11] my lord.
York. Ay, with my sword. What! think'st thou, that we fear them? —
Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me;
My brother Montague shall post to London:
Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,
Whom we have left protectors of the king,
With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
And trust not simple Henry, nor his oaths.
Mont. Brother, I go; I 'll win them, fear it not:
And thus most humbly I do take my leave. *[Exit.*

Enter Sir John *and Sir* Hugh Mortimer.[12]

York. Sir John, and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles,
You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;
The army of the queen mean to besiege us.
Sir John. She shall not need, we 'll meet her in the field.
York. What, with five thousand men?
Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.
A woman 's general; what should we fear?[13]
[A march afar off.
Edw. I hear their drums: let 's set our men in order,
And issue forth, and bid them battle straight.
York. Five men to twenty! — though the odds be great,
I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.
Many a battle have I won in France,
Whenas[14] the enemy hath been ten to one:
Why should I not now have the like success?
[Alarum. Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Plains near Sandal Castle.

Alarums: excursions. Enter Rutland *and his Tutor.*

Rut. Ah! whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands?
Ah, tutor! look, where bloody Clifford comes.

Enter Clifford *and Soldiers.*

Clif. Chaplain,[1] away: thy priesthood saves thy life.
As for the brat of this accursed duke,
Whose[2] father slew my father, he shall die.
Tut. And I, my lord, will bear him company.
Clif. Soldiers, away with him.
Tut. Ah, Clifford! murder not this innocent child,
Lest thou be hated both of God and man.
[Exit, forced off by Soldiers.
Clif. How now! is he dead already? Or is it fear
That makes him close his eyes? I 'll open them.
Rut. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws;[3]

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sweet contention, das Theobald sehr gezwungen so deutet: *the argument of their dispute was upon a grateful topic.* 5) Ich werde meineidig, wenn ich mit offenbaren Feindseligkeiten Ansprüche auf die Krone erhebe. 6) Da es sich zeigt, dass Er es war, der Euch den Eid leisten liess. 7) *witty* = klug, gewitzt. — Manche Hgg. lesen *witty and courteous* zur Verbesserung des Verses, doch ist wohl eher *courteous* dreisylbig. 8) Als dass ich eine Gelegenheit zum Aufstande suche, ohne dass doch der König von meiner Absicht Etwas erfahre. 9) So die Qs.; die Fol. hat *Enter Gabriel*, wahrscheinlich der Name des Schauspielers, der die Rolle des Boten übernahm. 10) *post* steht für das gewöhnliche *post-haste.* 11) *hold* = Veste, fester Platz. So in K. Henry IV. Second Part (Induction) *this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone.* — York will aber sein Schloss nicht weiter befestigen, als dass er es mit seinem Schwerte vertheidigt. 12) *Enter Mortimer and his Brother* in der Fol. 13) Wenn ein Weib die Feinde anführt, so haben wir nichts zu fürchten. 14) *whenas* für *when.*

1) Rutland's Erzieher war nach der Chronik ein Priester Namens Sir Robert Aspall. 2) *whose* bezieht sich auf *this brat*, eine schmähende Bezeichnung des jungen Rutland. 3) Der Löwe, eingesperrt und ausgehungert, blickt so drohend den armen Sünder an, der ihm vorgeworfen wird. — Wäre die Anwendung von *devouring* auf *paws*, so dass die zugreifenden Tatzen gleichsam als die verschlingenden gefasst werden, nicht so sehr in Sh.'s kühner Manier, so liesse sich für *paws* etwa *jaws* vermuthen, wie in K. Henry IV. First Part (A. 3, Sc. 2) *against the*

And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey,
And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder. —
Ah, gentle Clifford! kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threatening look.
Sweet Clifford! hear me speak before I die:
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath;
Be thou reveng'd on men,[4] and let me live.
Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy: my father's blood
Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter.
Rut. Then let my father's blood open it again:
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.
Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives and thine
Were not revenge sufficient for me.
No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the house of York
Is as a fury[5] to torment my soul;
And till I root out their accursed line,
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.
Therefore —[6]
Rut. O! let me pray before I take my death. —
To thee I pray: sweet Clifford, pity me!
Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.
Rut. I never did thee harm: why wilt thou slay me?
Clif. Thy father hath.[7]
Rut. But 't was ere I was born.
Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me,
Lest, in revenge thereof, sith God is just,
He be as miserably slain as I.
Ah! let me live in prison all my days;
And when I give occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.
Clif. No cause?
Thy father slew my father: therefore, die. *[Stabs him.*
Rut. *Di faciant, laudis summa sit ista tuæ!*[8] *[Dies.*
Clif. Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!
And this thy son's blood, cleaving to my blade,
Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both. *[Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The Same.

Alarum. Enter York.

York. The army of the queen hath got the field:
My uncles[1] both are slain in rescuing me;
And all my followers to the eager foe
Turn back, and fly like ships before the wind,
Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starved wolves.
My sons — God knows, what hath bechanced them:
But this I know, they have demean'd themselves
Like men born to renown, by life, or death.
Three times did Richard make a lane to me,[2]
And thrice cried, — »Courage, father! fight it out!«
And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple faulchion, painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encounter'd him:
And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
Richard cried, — »Charge! and give no foot of ground!«
And cried, — »A crown, or else a glorious tomb!
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!«[3]
With this, we charg'd again; but, out, alas!
We bodg'd[4] again: as I have seen a swan
With bootless labour swim against the tide,
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.
[A short alarum within.
Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue;
And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury;
And were I strong, I would not shun their fury.
The sands are number'd, that make up my life;[5]
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter Queen Margaret, Clifford, Northumberland, *the young* Prince, *and Soldiers.*

Come, bloody Clifford, — rough Northumberland, —
I dare your quenchless fury to more rage.
I am your butt, and I abide your shot.
North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.
Clif. Ay, to such mercy, as his ruthless arm
With downright payment show'd unto my father.
Now Phaëthon hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noontide prick.[6]
York. My ashes, as the phœnix, may bring forth
A bird that will revenge upon you all;
And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.
Why come you not? — what! multitudes, and fear?
Clif. So cowards fight, when they can fly no further;
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;[7]
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.
York. O Clifford! but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'errun my former time;
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face,

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lion's armed jaws. 4) *men* = Männer, im Gegensatz zu Kindern, wie Rutland. 5) *fury* ist hier persönlich = Furie, Rachegöttin, welche die abgeschiedenen Seelen in der Unterwelt quält. 6) Einige Hgg. fügen hier die Bühnenweisung *Lifting his hand* hinzu. 7) scil. *hath done harm to me.* 8) Dieser Ovidische Vers, der in den Qs. sich an der entsprechenden Stelle noch nicht findet, ist, wie Steevens bemerkt, auch in einem Pamphlet von Nashe, Have with you to Saffron Waldon (1596), citirt.

1) d. h. *Sir John* und *Sir Hugh Mortimer.* — Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 2, Anm. 12. 2) Sein Sohn Richard hatte sich dreimal durch das Schlachtgedränge mit dem Schwert einen Weg zu seinem Vater gebahnt. 3) *earthly sepulchre* = ein Grab in der Erde. 4) *to bodge* halten Einige für gleichbedeutend mit *to botch* = Flickwerk machen, stümpern, wie bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen *bodgery* für *botchery* vorkommt; Andere fassen *to bodge* wie *to budge* = weichen, sich vom Flecke bewegen. Letztere Erklärung ist die wahrscheinlichere. — Staunton fasst *to bodge* synonym mit *to bungle* und citirt dazu aus Florio's italienischem Wörterbuch: *Sbozzi = bodges, or hungerlike workes*, also doch ungefähr dasselbe wie *to botch.* 5) Die Sandkörner in dem Stundenglas seines Lebens sind bald abgelaufen, lassen sich schon zählen. So in K. Henry VI. First Part (A. 4, Sc. 2) *ere the glass, that now begins to run,* || *Finish the process of his sandy hour.* 6) Clifford vergleicht das nahende gewaltsame und vorzeitige Ende York's mit dem Sturze des Phaethon aus dem Sonnenwagen seines Vaters, wodurch ein Abend herbeigeführt wurde zu einer Zeit, als der Zeiger der Uhr noch auf Mittag stand. — In der folgenden Zeile vermuthen die Cambridge Edd. *phœnix'* für *phœnix*, das jedoch mit der gewöhnlichen Sh.'schen Licenz gesetzt ist.

And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice,
Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this.
Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one. *[Draws.*
Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes
I would prolong awhile the traitor's life. —
Wrath makes him deaf: [8] speak thou, Northumberland.
North. Hold, Clifford! do not honour him so much
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart. [9]
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away?
It is war's prize [10] to take all vantages,
And ten to one is no impeach of valour. [11]
[They lay hands on York, *who struggles.*
Clif. Ay, ay: so strives the woodcock with the gin.
North. So doth the cony struggle in the net.
[York *is taken prisoner.*
York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;
So true men [12] yield, with robbers so o'ermatch'd.
North. What would your grace have done unto him now?
Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,
Come, make him stand upon this molehill here,
That raught [13] at mountains with outstretched arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand. —
What! was it you, that would be England's king?
Was 't you that revell'd in our parliament,
And made a preachment [14] of your high descent?
Where are your mess [15] of sons to back you now?
The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?
And where 's that valiant crook-back prodigy, [16]
Dicky your boy, that, with his grumbling voice,
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
Look, York: I stain'd this napkin [17] with the blood
That valiant Clifford with his rapier's point
Made issue from the bosom of the boy;
And if [18] thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable state.
I pr'ythee, grieve, to make me merry, York:
What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails,
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldst be mad;
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance. [19]
Thou wouldst be fee'd, I see, to make me sport;
York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown. —
A crown for York! — and, lords, bow low to him. —
Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on. —
[Putting a paper crown on his head. [20]
Ay, marry, Sir, now looks he like a king.
Ay, this is he that took king Henry's chair;
And this is he was his adopted heir. —
But how is it, that great Plantagenet
Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?
As I bethink me, you should not be king,
Till our king Henry had shook hands with death.
And will you pale your head in Henry's glory, [21]
And rob his temples of the diadem,
Now in his life, against your holy oath?
O! 't is a fault too too unpardonable. —
Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his head!
And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead. [22]
Clif. That is my office, for my father's sake.
Q. Mar. Nay, stay; let 's hear the orisons [23] he makes.
York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France;
Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!
How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex,
To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,
Upon their woes [24] whom fortune captivates!
But that thy face is, visor-like, unchanging,
Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush:
To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,
Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shameless.
Thy father bears the type [25] of king of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, [26] and Jerusalem,

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7) So in Antony and Cleopatra (A. 3, Sc. 11) *the dove will peck the estridge.* 8) Clifford in seiner Wuth hört nicht auf Margarethens Worte, und fährt fort mit dem Schwert auf York einzudringen. — Drei Zeilen vorher ist *buckle* von Theobald aus den Qs. entlehnt; die Fol. hat *buckler.* 9) Geschähe es auch, um seinem Herzen den Todesstoss zu versetzen. 10) *prize* erklärt Johnson = gute Beute: im Kriege gilt es als gute Beute, alle Vortheile wahrzunehmen; M. Mason dagegen fasst *prize* = Schätzung: es ist eine Schätzung, die im Kriege gilt, dass man alle Vortheile wahrnimmt. 11) *impeach* = Beeinträchtigung. Mit Zehn gegen Einen loszugehen, thut im Kriege der Tapferkeit keinen Abbruch. — Die folgende Bühnenweisung ist modern; die Qs. haben nur *Fight and take him.* 12) *true men* = ehrliche Leute, bei Sh. der gewöhnliche Gegensatz zu *thieves* = Diebe oder Räuber. 13) *raught*, die veraltete Form des Präteritums und Particips von *to reach* = die Hand ausstrecken, recken nach Etwas. 14) *preachment*, in verächtlichem Sinn = pomphafte Rede. 15) *mess*, eigentlich = eine Tischgesellschaft von vier Personen, insofern an grossen Tafeln für je vier Gäste zusammen servirt ward. Hier sind also die vier Söhne York's gemeint, die gleich nachher aufgezählt werden. 16) *prodigy* = Phänomen von übler Vorbedeutung, geht hier auf die körperliche Missbildung des buckligen Richard, der hier familiär *Dicky* genannt wird. — Damit in Uebereinstimmung steht gleich darauf das von Thieren gebräuchliche *dad* für *father.* 17) *napkin* = Taschentuch. 18) Das *and if* der Fol. ist vielleicht auch hier, wie an so manchen andern Stellen, *an if* zu lesen. 19) Diese Zeile folgt in den Qs. unmittelbar auf die vorhergehende *I pr'ythee, grieve, to make me merry, York*, und Malone adoptirt diese Anordnung, indem er ohne Grund von der Fol. abweicht. 20) Diese Bühnenweisung rührt von Rowe her. 21) *to pale* = begrenzen, einschliessen. — *glory*, eigentlich = Glorie um das Haupt, ist hier die Krone Heinrich's. — Für *pale* haben die Qs. *impale.* — Drei Zeilen weiter fassen manche Hgg. *too too* als Compositum *too-too.* 22) *to do him dead* = ihn todt machen. Gewöhnlicher bei Sh. als dieses Synonym von *to kill* ist *to do him to death.* 23) *orisons* sind hier die Sterbegebete, mit denen York sich auf den Tod vorbereiten soll. 24) *his woes* in den Qs. 25) *type* = Zeichen, Abzeichen, namentlich von königlicher Würde; in diesem Zusammenhang etwa = Wappen und Titel zugleich. 26) *both the Sicils* = beide Sicilien, d. h.

Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?[27]
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen;
Unless the adage must be verified,
That beggars, mounted, run their horse to death.[28]
'T is beauty that doth oft make women proud;
But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small.
'T is virtue that doth make them most admir'd;
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at.
'T is government[29] that makes them seem divine;
The want thereof makes thee abominable.
Thou art as opposite to every good,
As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the south to the septentrion.[30]
O tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide![31]
How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal;[32]
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.[33]
Bidd'st thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy wish:
Wouldst have me weep? why, now thou hast thy will.
For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
And when the rage allays, the rain begins.[34]
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies,
And every drop cries vengeance for his death,
'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false Frenchwoman.

North. Beshrew me, but his passions[35] move me so,
That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

York. That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood;[36]
But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,
O, ten times more, than tigers of Hyrcania.[37]
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears!
This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
And I with tears do wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this;[38]
And if thou tell'st the heavy story right,[39]
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
And say, — »Alas! it was a piteous deed.«[40] —
There, take the crown, and with the crown my curse,
And in thy need such comfort come to thee,
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand! —
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world;
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!

North. Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,
I should not, for my life, but weep with him,
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

Q. Mar. What! weeping-ripe,[41] my lord Northumberland?
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Clif. Here 's for my oath; here 's for my father's death. *[Stabbing him.*

Q. Mar. And here 's to right our gentle-hearted king. *[Stabbing him.*

York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!
My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee. *[Dies.*

Q. Mar. Off with his head, and set it on York gates:
So York may overlook the town of York. *[Flourish. Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Plain near Mortimer's Cross in Herefordshire.

A March. Enter Edward *and* Richard, *with their Power.*

Edw. I wonder, how our princely father 'scap'd;[1]
Or whether he be 'scap'd away, or no,
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit.
Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;
Or had he 'scap'd, methinks we should have heard
The happy tidings of his good escape. —
How fares my brother? why is he so sad?

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd
Where[2] our right valiant father is become.
I saw him in the battle range about,
And watch'd him how he singled Clifford forth.
Methought, he bore him[3] in the thickest troop,

Neapel und die Insel, eine Bezeichnung, die bei Sh. sonst nicht vorkommt. 27) *to insult* = triumphiren, prahlen, ohne den jetzigen Nebenbegriff des Kränkens. 28) Bettler, des Reitens unkundig, muthen in ihrem Uebermuthe dem Pferde, das sie gestohlen und bestiegen haben, zu viel zu. Das Sprichwort lautet bei Ray: *Let a beggar on horseback and he 'll a gallop.* 29) *government* = Haltung, Benehmen, die Herrschaft über Körper und Geist. So in K. Henry IV. First Part (A. 3, Sc. 1) *Defect of manners, want of government.* 30) *septentrion* = Nord, als Himmelsgegend. Sh. hat das gesuchte Wort nur an dieser Stelle. 31) Auf diesen Vers spielt Greene in seinem Pamphlet A Groat's Worth of Wit (1592) an, wenn er sagt *with his tiger's heart, wrapped in a player's hide.* Vgl. Einleitung pag. 920 u. 921. 32) d. h. mit dem Tuche, mit welchem sie das Blut des jungen Rutland aufgefangen hatte, sollte der Vater sich die Augen wischen. 33) *remorseless* = unbarmherzig, empfindungslos. 34) York bezieht sich auf Margarethens frühere Worte *Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.* — Das folgende Bild, wo der Sturm mit dem Seufzer und lauten Schmerzensausbruch, der darauf folgende Regen mit den Thränen zusammengestellt wird, kehrt bei Sh. häufig wieder. 35) *passions* = Ausbruch des leidenschaftlichen Schmerzes, Aeusserung des Affects. — So die Qs. und die zweite Folioausg.; die Fol. hat *passions moves*, und die Cambridge Edd. setzen deshalb *passion moves.* 36) So lautet der Vers in der Fol. und in den Qs., nur dass letztere *could* für das erste *would* lesen. — Die späteren Folioausgg. haben dafür *Would not have stain'd the roses just with blood*, was Theobald *juiced with blood* lesen wollte. 37) *the Hyrcan tiger* in Macbeth (A. 3, Sc. 4). 38) Manche Hgg. fügen hier die Bühnenweisung ein: *He gives back the handkerchief.* 39) Wenn Du die traurige Geschichte wahrheitsgemäss erzählst. 40) *piteous deed* = eine klägliche, mitleiderregende That. 41) *weeping-ripe* = zum Weinen reif, dem die Thränen nahe stehen. — So in Love's Labour's Lost (A. 5, Sc. 2) *The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.*

1) Vgl. den Anfang des ersten Actes: *I wonder how the king escap'd our hands.* 2) *where* steht für *to what* oder *whereto:* Ich kann nicht froh werden, bis ich gewiss bin, was aus unserm Vater geworden ist.

As doth a lion in a herd of neat:
Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs;
Who[4] having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
So far'd our father with his enemies;
So fled his enemies my warlike father:
Methinks, 't is prize[5] enough to be his son.
See, how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun:[6]
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimm'd like a younker, prancing to his love!

Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?[7]

Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun,
Not separated with the racking[8] clouds,
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.
See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vow'd some league inviolable:
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun!
In this the heaven figures some event.

Edw. 'T is wondrous strange, the like yet never heard of.
I think, it cites us, brother, to the field,
That we, the sons[9] of brave Plantagenet,
Each one already blazing by our meeds,[10]
Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together,
And over-shine the earth, as this the world.
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair-shining[11] suns.

Rich. Nay, bear three daughters:[12] by your leave I speak it,
You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger.[13]

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

Mess. Ah! one that was a woful looker-on,
Whenas the noble duke of York was slain,
Your princely father, and my loving lord.

Edw. O, speak no more! for I have heard too much.

Rich. Say, how he died, for I will hear it all.

Mess. Environed he was with many foes;
And stood against them, as the hope of Troy[14]
Against the Greeks, that would have enter'd Troy.
But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.
By many hands your father was subdu'd;
But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting Clifford, and the queen,
Who crown'd the gracious duke in high despite;[15]
Laugh'd in his face; and, when with grief he wept,
The ruthless queen gave him, to dry his cheeks,
A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain:
And, after many scorns, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of York
They set the same; and there it doth remain,
The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

Edw. Sweet duke of York! our prop to lean upon,
Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay.
O Clifford! boisterous Clifford! thou hast slain
The flower of Europe for his chivalry;[16]
And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,
For, hand to hand, he would have vanquish'd thee.
Now, my soul's palace is become a prison:
Ah! would she break from hence, that this my body
Might in the ground be closed up in rest!
For never henceforth shall I joy again,
Never, O! never, shall I see more joy.

Rich. I cannot weep, for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning[17] heart:
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burden;
For self-same wind, that I should speak withal,
Is kindling coals that fire[18] all my breast,
And burn me up with flames that tears would quench.
To weep is to make less the depth of grief:
Tears, then, for babes; blows and revenge for me! —
Richard, I bear thy name, I 'll venge thy death,
Or die renowned by attempting it.

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3) *to bear* als reflexives Verbum, hier mit *him* für *himself*, = sich halten, sich benehmen. So in Romeo and Juliet (A. 1, Sc. 5) *He bears him like a portly gentleman.* 4) *who*, auf *bear* bezüglich, wie *a few* auf *dogs* geht, steht anakoluthisch ohne ein dazu gehöriges Verbum. 5) *prize*, wofür die Qs. *pride* lesen, erklärt Malone wohl richtiger mit *privilege* = Vorzug, als Johnson = Kriegsbeute. — Sidney Walker vermuthet *praise*. 6) *morning* ist hier = Aurora, die personificirte Morgenröthe, welche aus ihrem goldenen Thor den Sonnengott auf seine Tagesfahrt entlässt. — Das *it* in der folgenden Zeile bezieht sich schwerlich auf *morning*, sondern in ungenauer Beziehung auf den Aufgang der Sonne oder auf den Beginn der Wanderung der Sonne, welcher in den vorigen Versen angedeutet liegt. 7) Die Qs. haben dazu die Bühnenweisung *Three suns appear in the air.* 8) *to rack* als Verbum Neutrum bezeichnet ebenso das Ziehen der Wolken in langen, dünnen Streifen am Himmel, wie das entsprechende substantivische *rack* = Wolkenzug, Wolkenstreif. 9) Ein Wortspiel von *sun* und *son* ist bei Sh. so häufig, dass es auch hier vermuthet werden darf, wie es denn zum Schluss dieser Rede und in Richard's Antwort deutlich hervortritt. 10) *meed* erklärt M. Mason mit *merit*, es ist genauer = das jedem Einzelnen Eigenthümliche oder Zukommende. 11) *fair-shining* gehört zusammen, = schön oder hell leuchtend. — Die Yorks führten von dieser Zeit an drei Sonnen im Wappenschilde. 12) So sagt in Love's Labour's Lost (A. 5, Sc. 2) Boyet zu *sun-beamed eyes* mit demselben Wortspiel: *They will not answer to that epithet;* || *You were best call it daughter-beamed eyes.* — In Richard's Worten liegt eine spöttische Anspielung auf die verliebte Sinnesart seines Bruders. 13) Die Fol. hat dafür *Enter one blowing.* Das Blasen des Hornes deutete dem Sh.'schen Publicum den aus der Ferne kommenden Eilboten an; so in K. John (A. 1, Sc. 1) *What woman-post is this? hath she no husband,* || *That will take pains to blow a horn before her?* 14) d. h. Hektor. So nennt A. 4, Sc. 8 König Heinrich den Warwick *my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.* 15) d. h. sie setzte ihm zu bitterer Verhöhnung eine papierne Krone auf. 16) Diese Zeile findet sich nicht in den Qs. Dagegen haben die Qs. in K. Henry VI. Second Part (A. 4, Sc. 10) *Oh villain, thou hast slain the flower of Kent for chivalry.* 17) *furnace-burning* = heiss wie Ofengluth. 18) *fire* ist zweisylbig, wie oft bei Sh. — Die Fol. hat *fires* und *burne*. 19) *chair* ist der Herzogsthron, der Stuhl, den er als Herzog von York einnahm, und der gleich nachher dem *throne* = Königsthron, entgegengestellt wird. 20) *bird* ist der junge Vogel, das Junge des Adlers.

Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with thee;
His dukedom and his chair [19] with me is left.
Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird, [20]
Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun:
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say;
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

March. Enter WARWICK *and* MONTAGUE, *with their Army.*

War. How now, fair lords? What fare? what news abroad?
Rich. Great lord of Warwick, if we should recount
Our baleful news, and at each word's deliverance
Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.
O valiant lord! the duke of York is slain.
Edw. O Warwick! Warwick! that Plantagenet,
Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemption,
Is by the stern lord Clifford done to death.
War. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears, [21]
And now, to add more measure [22] to your woes,
I come to tell you things sith then befallen.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
Were brought me of your loss, and his depart.
I, then in London, keeper of the king,
Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
And very well appointed, as I thought, [23]
March'd towards Saint Alban's to intercept the queen,
Bearing the king in my behalf along;
For by my scouts I was advertised, [24]
That she was coming with a full intent
To dash our late decree in parliament,
Touching king Henry's oath and your succession.
Short tale to make, — we at Saint Alban's met,
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought;
But, whether 't was the coldness [25] of the king,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,
That robb'd my soldiers of their heated [26] spleen,
Or whether 't was report of her success,
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
Who thunders to his captives blood and death, [27]
I cannot judge: but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and went;
Our soldiers' — like the night-owl's lazy flight, [28]
Or like an idle thresher with a flail, —
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
With promise of high pay and great rewards:
But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,
And we, in them, no hope to win the day;
So that we fled: the king unto the queen;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
In haste, post-haste, [29] are come to join with you;
For in the marches here, we heard, you were,
Making another head to fight again.
Edw. Where is the duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?
War. Some six miles off the duke is with the soldiers;
And for your brother, he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, duchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.
Rich. 'T was odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled: [30]
Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er, till now, his scandal of retire.
War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear;
For thou shalt know, this strong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful sceptre from his fist,
Were he as famous, and as bold in war,
As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer.
Rich. I know it well, Lord Warwick; blame me not:
'T is love I bear thy glories makes me speak.
But in this troublous time, what 's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numbering our Ave-Maries with our beads? [31]
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the last, say — Ay, and to it, lords.
War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out,
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, lords. The proud insulting [32] queen,
With Clifford, and the haught [33] Northumberland,
And of their feather many more proud birds,
Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax.
He swore consent to your succession,
His oath enrolled in the parliament;
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath, and what beside
May make against the house of Lancaster: [34]
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong.
Now, if the help of Norfolk, and myself,
With all the friends that thou, brave earl of March,
Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,
Will but amount to five-and-twenty thousand,

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21) Warwick wusste schon vor zehn Tagen von dem Tode York's und konnte damals vor Thränen diese Nachricht nicht weiter erzählen. 22) Um das Mass Eures Leids noch durch Mittheilung neuen Leides zu vermehren. 23) Diese Zeile, welche in der Fol. zufällig ausgefallen sein mag, entnahm zuerst Steevens aus den Qs., deren Text an dieser Stelle so ziemlich mit dem der Fol. übereinstimmt. 24) *to advertise* betont Sh. auf der zweiten Sylbe. 25) *coldness* = Kaltblütigkeit, Gleichmuth. 26) *heated spleen* ist die erhitzte Kampflust der Soldaten Warwick's. Viele Hgg. setzen stillschweigend und ohne Grund *hated* für *heated*, wie Qs. und Fol. lesen. 27) Clifford droht Denen, die in seine Gefangenschaft gerathen sollten, im Voraus mit donnernder Stimme einen blutigen Tod an. 28) *our soldiers'* scil. *weapons:* die Waffen der Soldaten Warwick's fielen so träge und langsam auf den Feind, wie die Nachteule träge und langsam fliegt, oder wie ein fauler Drescher mit seinem Dreschflegel langsam zuschlägt. — *an idle thresher* entlehnte Capell zuerst aus den Qs.; die Fol. hat *a lazy thresher*. 29) So in Othello (A. 1, Sc. 2) *your haste-post-haste appearance.* — Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 2, Anm. 10. 30) Der Kampf muss wohl ein sehr ungleicher gewesen sein, wenn ein so tapferer Mann, wie Warwick, davon floh, denn oft hörte ich ihn rühmen, weil er den Feind so hitzig verfolgte, aber nie ihn schmähen, weil er sich zurückzog. 31) Indem wir an den Kügelchen unseres Rosenkranzes eine Anzahl von Gebeten sprechen. — Richard denkt an das Lob, das Warwick der Frömmigkeit des Königs Heinrich spendet, und fragt, ob er es ebenso machen solle, wie der. 32) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 4, Anm. 27. 33) *haught* = hochmüthig, stolz. 34) Sowohl den Eid des Königs für ungültig zu erklären,

Why, *Via!* to London will we march amain,[35]
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
And once again cry — Charge! upon our foes!
But never once again turn back, and fly.

Rich. Ay, now, methinks, I hear great Warwick speak.
Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,
That cries — Retire, if Warwick bid him stay.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;
And when thou fail'st,[36] (as God forbid the hour!)
Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forfend!

War. No longer earl of March, but duke of York:
The next degree is England's royal throne;
For king of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
In every borough as we pass along;
And he that throws not up his cap for joy,
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
King Edward, — valiant Richard, — Montague, —
Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,[37]
But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

Rich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,
As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

Edw. Then strike up, drums! — God and Saint George for us!

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now? what news?

Mess. The duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,
The queen is coming with a puissant host;
And craves your company for speedy counsel.[38]

War. Why then it sorts:[39] brave warriors, let 's away. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before York.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, *Queen* Margaret, *the Prince of* Wales, Clifford, *and* Northumberland, *with drums and trumpets.*

Q. Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.
Yonder 's the head of that arch-enemy,
That[1] sought to be encompass'd with your crown:
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

K. Hen. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wrack:
To see this sight, it irks my very soul. —
Withhold revenge, dear God! 't is not my fault.
Nor wittingly[2] have I infring'd my vow.

Clif. My gracious liege, this too much lenity,
And harmful pity, must be laid aside.
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?
Not his that spoils her young before her face.
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
Not he that sets his foot upon her back.
The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on;
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.
Ambitious York did level at thy crown;
Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brows:
He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
And raise his issue like a loving sire;
Thou, being a king, bless'd with a goodly son,
Didst yield consent to disinherit him,
Which argu'd thee a most unloving father.[3]
Unreasonable creatures feed their young;
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seen them, even with those wings
Which sometime they have us'd with fearful flight,[4]
Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
Offering their own lives in their young's[5] defence?
For shame, my liege! make them your precedent.
Were it not pity, that this goodly boy
Should lose his birthright by his father's fault,
And long hereafter say unto his child, —
»What my great-grandfather and grandsire got,
My careless father fondly[6] gave away.«
Ah! what a shame were this! Look on the boy;
And let his manly face, which promiseth
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

K. Hen. Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear,
That things ill got had ever bad success?
And happy always was it for that son,
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?[7]
I 'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;
And 'would my father had left me no more;
For all the rest is held at such a rate
As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep,
Than in possession any jot of pleasure.
Ah, cousin York! 'would thy best friends did know
How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

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als auch Alles zu vereiteln, was sonst dem Hause der Lancasters entgegentreten kann. 35) Das Wort *amain*, da in der Fol. zufällig ausgefallen scheint, ist aus den Qs., die auch hier sich dem Text der Fol. ziemlich genau anschliessen, entlehnt. 36) So die Fol., von Steevens willkürlich in *fall'st* umgeändert; die Qs. haben *faintst*. 37) Wir wollen nicht länger vom Ruhm bloss müssig träumen, sondern ihn im Kampfe erwerben. 38) *and craves* gehört zu *the duke of Norfolk:* Der Herzog lässt Euch sagen, dass die Königin heranrückt, und entbietet Euch zu schleuniger Berathung. 39) *to sort* = sich fügen, sich schicken, passen.

1) Das relative *that* bezieht sich nicht auf *arch-enemy*, obgleich dieses Wort mit dem demonstrativen *that* bezeichnet ist, sondern auf das ganze vorhergehende *the head of that arch-enemy*. 2) Heinrich hat nicht absichtlich und bewusst das Gelübde gebrochen, das er dem York in Betreff der Thronfolge geleistet hatte, sondern ohne sein Zuthun war es geschehen. — Für *nor wittingly*, wie Qs. und Fol. lesen, setzte Reed willkürlich *not wittingly*. Sidney Walker vermuthete *willingly*. 3) *a most unloving father* ist der natürliche Gegensatz zu dem vorhergehenden *a loving sire*. 4) *with fearful flight* = mit banger Eile. Die Qs. haben dafür *in fearful flight*. 5) *their young* ist collectiv = ihre Jungen, wie vorher *her young* gleichfalls pluralisch stand. 6) *fondly* = aus thörichter Schwäche oder Blindheit. 7) Der Satz *And happy always was it etc.* hängt ebenfalls von *didst thou never hear* ab. — Dem Sprichwort, auf das hier angespielt wird, *Happy the child whose father went to the devil*, hat den Sinn, dass dann der Sohn, der die Erbschaft des Vaters antritt, nicht zugleich für die

Q. Mar. My lord, cheer up your spirits: our foes are nigh,
And this soft courage[8] makes your followers faint.
You promis'd knighthood to our forward son:
Unsheathe your sword, and dub him presently. —
Edward, kneel down.

K. Hen. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;
And learn this lesson, — Draw thy sword in right.

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
I 'll draw it as apparent[9] to the crown,
And in that quarrel use it to the death.

Clif. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royal commanders, be in readiness:
For, with a band of thirty thousand men,
Comes Warwick, backing of the duke of York;
And in the towns, as they do march along,
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him.
Darraign[10] your battle, for they are at hand.

Clif. I would, your highness would depart the field:
The queen hath best success when you are absent.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.

K. Hen. Why, that 's my fortune too; therefore I 'll stay.

North. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence.
Unsheathe your sword, good father: cry, »Saint George!«

March. *Enter* Edward, George, Richard, Warwick, Norfolk, Montague, *and Soldiers.*

Edw. Now, perjur'd Henry, wilt thou kneel for grace,
And set thy diadem upon my head,
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?[11]

Q. Mar. Go, rate thy minions,[12] proud insulting boy!
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms,
Before thy sovereign, and thy lawful king?

Edw. I am his king, and he should bow his knee
I was adopted heir by his consent;[13]
Since when, his oath is broke: for, as I hear,
You, that are king, though he do wear the crown,
Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament,
To blot out me, and put his own son in.

Clif. And reason too:
Who should succeed the father but the son?

Rich. Are you there, butcher? — O! I cannot speak.[14]

Clif. Ay, crook-back; here I stand, to answer thee,
Or any he[15] the proudest of thy sort.

Rich. 'T was you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not?

Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.

Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.

War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?

Q. Mar. Why, how now, long-tongu'd[16] Warwick! dare you speak?
When you and I met at Saint Alban's last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.[17]

War. Then 't was my turn to fly, and now 't is thine.

Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.

War. 'T was not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.

North. No, nor your manhood, that durst make you stay.

Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently.
Break off the parley;[18] for scarce I can refrain
The execution of my big-swoln heart[19]
Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.

Clif. I slew thy father: call'st thou him a child?

Rich. Ay, like a dastard,[20] and a treacherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;
But ere sunset I 'll make thee curse the deed.

K. Hen. Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.

K. Hen. I pr'ythee, give no limits to my tongue:
I am a king, and privileg'd to speak.

Clif. My liege, the wound, that bred this meeting here,
Cannot be cur'd by words; therefore be still.

Rich. Then, executioner, unsheathe thy sword.
By Him that made us all, I am resolv'd[21]
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

Edw. Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or no?
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,
That ne'er shall dine,[22] unless thou yield the crown.

War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;
For York in justice puts his armour on.

Sünden des Vaters mehr zu büssen habe. 8) *courage* = Sinn, Gesinnung, Stimmung. — Dyce citirt dazu aus Spenser's Faerie Queene: *Disleall knight, whose coward corage chose* || *To wreake itself on beast all innocent.* — Damit erscheint M. Mason's Aenderung *soft carriage* überflüssig. 9) scil. *heir-apparent* = muthmasslicher, nächster Thronerbe. So in bildlichem Sinn in Winter's Tale (A. 1, Sc. 2) *Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's* || *Apparent to my heart.* 10) *to darraign*, gewöhnlich in Verbindung mit *battle* = ein Heer schlagfertig machen, ein veraltetes Wort, das Sh. nur an dieser Stelle hat, das aber auch noch bei Spenser vorkommt. Die Qs. haben *prepare your battles.* 11) Oder willst Du es auf die verderbliche Glücksentscheidung einer Schlacht ankommen lassen? 12) *minion* ist hier verächtlich und in weiblichem Sinne zu verstehen, wie in Comedy of Errors (A. 2, Sc. 1) *His company must do his minions grace.* — Es ist eine Anspielung auf Eduard's verliebtes Temperament. Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 1, Anm. 12. 13) Die folgenden vier Verse theilt die Fol. dem George Clarence, dem jüngern Bruder Eduard's, zu, während sie dem Eduard selbst angehören, wie die Worte *to blot out me* deutlich zeigen. — In den Qs. spricht sie George allerdings, aber dort heisst es auch *to blot our brother out.* — Der Irrthum der Fol. ist schon in den spätern Folioausgg. verbessert. 14) Richard kann vor Wuth nicht sprechen, da er den Mörder seines Vaters und seines Bruders erblickt. — In Clifford's vorhergehender Rede steht *reason* elliptisch = *it is reason.* 15) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1, Anm. 11. 16) *long-tongued* = dessen Zunge lang ist oder lange aushält. So in Titus Andronicus (A. 4, Sc. 2) *a long-tongu'd babbling gossip.* 17) Steevens findet darin eine Anspielung auf das Sprichwort *One pair of heels is worth two pair of hands.* 18) *parley*, das Wort der Qs. und der Fol., änderte Reed in *parle* um. 19) Die Vollführung dessen an Clifford, was mein empörtes Herz mir zu thun gebietet. 20) *like a dastard* bezieht sich auf *I slew thy father.* 21) *to be resolved* = im Klaren über Etwas, einer Sache gewiss sein. 22) Zwischen der Zeit des Frühstücks und des Mittagsessens

Prince. If that be right, which Warwick says is right,
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.
Rich. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands;
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.[23]
Q. Mar. But thou art neither like thy sire, nor dam;
But like a foul misshapen stigmatic,[24]
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,
As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.[25]
Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt,[26]
Whose father bears the title of a king,
(As if a channel[27] should be call'd the sea,)
Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,[28]
To let thy tongue detect[29] thy base-born heart?
Edw. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make this shameless callat know herself.[30]
Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
Although thy husband may be Menelaus;[31]
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
By that false woman, as this king by thee.
His father revell'd in the heart of France,[32]
And tam'd the king, and made the Dauphin stoop;
And had he[33] match'd according to his state,
He might have kept that glory to this day;
But when he took a beggar to his bed,
And grac'd thy poor sire with his bridal-day,
Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for him,
That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,
And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.
For what hath broach'd this tumult,[34] but thy pride?
Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept,[35]
And we, in pity of the gentle king,
Had slipp'd our claim until another age.
Geo. But when we saw our sunshine made thy spring,
And that thy summer bred us no increase,
We set the axe to thy usurping root:[36]
And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,
We 'll never leave, till we have hewn thee down,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.[37]
Edw. And in this resolution I defy thee;
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou deniest the gentle king to speak. —
Sound trumpets! — let our bloody colours wave!
And either victory, or else a grave.
Q. Mar. Stay, Edward.
Edw. No, wrangling woman; we 'll no longer stay:
These words[38] will cost ten thousand lives this day.[39]
[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

A Field of Battle near Towton.

Alarums: excursions. Enter WARWICK.

War. Forspent[1] with toil, as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe;
For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
And, spite of spite,[2] needs must I rest awhile.

Enter EDWARD, *running.*

Edw. Smile, gentle heaven, or strike, ungentle death!
For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.
War. How now, my lord? what hap? what hope of good?

Enter GEORGE.

Geo. Our hap is loss, our hope[3] but sad despair:
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us.
What counsel give you? whither shall we fly?
Edw. Bootless is flight; they follow us with wings;
And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

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werden viele Leute in der Schlacht fallen, die wir beginnen wollen, wenn Du nicht der Krone entsagst. 23) Diese ehrenrührige Hindeutung auf eine ehebrecherische Abstammung des jungen Prinzen Eduard legen die Qs. mit Recht dem Richard, die Fol. mit Unrecht dem Warwick bei. 24) So war der verwachsene Richard bereits in K. Henry VI. Second Part (A. 5, Sc. 1) bezeichnet: *Foul stigmatic, that 's more than thou canst tell.* 25) Vgl. K. Henry VI. Second Part A. 3, Sc. 2, Anm. 50. — Die entsprechende Lesart der Qs. ist *lizards' fainting looks.* 26) Anspielung auf die ursprüngliche Armuth der Margarethe, die sich erst in England bereichert, gleichsam übergoldet hat. — *gilt* ist alles äusserlich zur Schau getragene Gold. 27) *channel* = Gosse, Rinne. 28) *extraught*, ein veraltetes Particip von *to extract*, kommt bei Sh. nur hier vor, sonst aber u. A. auch in dem von Sh. benutzten alten K. John: *I beg some instance whence I am extraught.* — So gebraucht Sh. auch *distraught* für *distracted.* 29) *to detect* = blossstellen, enthüllen, mit dem Nebenbegriff der Beschämung. 30) Ein Strohwisch würde zur Strafe als ein schimpfliches Abzeichen einem zänkischen oder liederlichen Weibe angeheftet; eben solch ein Strohwisch wäre mit tausend Goldstücken nicht zu theuer erkauft, wenn man der Margarethe damit zur Selbsterkenntniss verhelfen könnte. So in Nashe's Strange News (1592): *A wisp, a wisp, you kitchen-stuff wrangler.* — In *crown* steckt vielleicht das Wortspiel der Bedeutungen = Krone, und = Goldmünze. 31) Menelaus als Prototyp aller Hahnreie wird in solcher Eigenschaft in Troilus and Cressida (A. 5, Sc. 1) geschildert: *the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds.* 32) Heinrich V. fühlte sich in dem unterworfenen Frankreich so sicher und wohlgemuth, als sei er bei einer Lustbarkeit, nicht in Feindesland und auf Schlachtfeldern. 33) *he* bezieht sich auf das vorhergehende *this king* scil. Heinrich VI. 34) *tumult* sind hier die Wirren des Bürgerkriegs. 35) Wärest Du nicht so übermüthig gewesen, so hätte der Rechtsanspruch der Yorks an die Krone sich nicht laut gemacht, sondern für dieses Zeitalter sich still verhalten. 36) Margarethe ist in diesem Bilde der Baum, der unter der Sonne York's gedeiht, ohne dass die Yorks selbst davon Vortheil haben, und der deshalb abgehauen werden soll. — In *sunshine* liegt eine Anspielung auf das Abzeichen im Wappenschilde der Yorks. Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 1, Anm. 11. 37) Mit dem Blut, das heiss aus der Wunde strömt und so den Baum, mit dem Margarethe verglichen wird, in seinem Wachsthume fördert. — Drei Zeilen weiter ist wohl besser mit den Qs. *deniest* als mit der Fol. *deniedst* zu lesen. 38) *these words* sind die beiderseits gewechselten schnöden Worte, die nicht zum Frieden, sondern nur zu grösserer gegenseitiger Erbitterung und zu der nun beginnenden blutigen Schlacht geführt haben. 39) So die Fol.; viele neuere Hgg. setzen stillschweigend *to-day* dafür, was die Qs. haben.

1) *forspent* = ganz und gar erschöpft, eine Steigerung des einfachen *spent.* 2) *spite of spite* = allem Trotz, allem Widerstande zum Trotz. So in K. John (A. 5, Sc. 4) *in spite of spite.* 3) Vgl. A. 1. Sc. 1, Anm. 7.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Ah, Warwick! why hast thou withdrawn thyself?
Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,[4]
Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance;
And in the very pangs of death he cried,
»Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!«
So, underneath the belly of their steeds,
That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.
War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:
I 'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage;
And look upon,[5] as if the tragedy
Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?
Here on my knee I vow to God above,
I 'll never pause again, never stand still,
Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,
Or fortune given me measure of revenge.
Edw. O Warwick! I do bend my knee with thine;
And, in this vow, do chain my soul to thine. —
And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,[6]
Thou setter-up and plucker-down of kings,
Beseeching thee, — if with thy will it stands,
That to my foes this body must be prey, —
Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul. —
Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where'er it be, in heaven, or in earth.[7]
Rich. Brother, give me thy hand; — and, gentle Warwick,
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms.
I, that did never weep, now melt with woe,
That winter should cut off our spring-time so.
War. Away, away! Once more, sweet lords, farewell.
Geo. Yet let us all together to our troops,
And give them leave to fly that will not stay,
And call them pillars that will stand to us;
And if we thrive promise them such rewards
As victors wear at the Olympian games.[8]
This may plant courage in their quailing[9] breasts;
For yet is hope of life, and victory. —
Forslow[10] no longer; make we hence amain. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Same. Another Part of the Field.

Excursions. Enter Richard *and* Clifford.

Rich. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone.
Suppose, this arm is for the duke of York,
And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,
Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.
Clif. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone.
This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York,
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland;
And there 's the heart that triumphs in their death,
And cheers these hands, that slew thy sire and brother,
And so, have at thee!
[They fight. Warwick *comes;* Clifford *flies.*
Rich. Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase;
For I myself will hunt this wolf to death.[1] *[Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. Enter King Henry.

K. Hen. This battle fares like to the morning's war,[1]
When dying clouds contend with growing light;
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,[2]
Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,[3]
Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind:
Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea,
Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind:
Sometime, the flood prevails; and then, the wind;
Now, one the better, then, another best;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,[4]
Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered:
So is the equal poise of this fell war.
Here, on this molehill, will I sit me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory;
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle; swearing both,
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
'Would I were dead! if God's good will were so;
For what is in this world but grief and woe?
O God! methinks, it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,

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4) In den Qs. schildert Richard den Fall von Warwick's Vater. 5) *to look upon* = zusehen, Zuschauer sein, ohne dass ein Object zu *upon* supplirt werden müsste. 6) Ein an die Gottheit gerichtetes Wort, welche hier mit *thee* angeredet wird, wie vorher Warwick mit *thine* verstanden war. An einer spätern Stelle (A. 3, Sc. 3) wird Warwick selbst als *setter-up and puller-down of kings* bezeichnet. 7) *in earth* sagt Sh. im Anschluss an *in heaven*. Die Hgg. setzen meistens stillschweigend *on earth* dafür. — Auch die Qs. haben wie die Fol. *in earth*. 8) Die olympischen Wettkämpfe erwähnt Sh. auch in Troilus and Cressida (A. 4, Sc. 5) *like an Olympian wrestling*. 9) *to quail* = verzagen, erschlaffen. 10) *to forslow* kommt bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen sowohl transitiv = hinzögern, versäumen, als auch wie hier intransitiv = zögern, säumen, vor. So in Marlowe's Edward II. *Forslow no time; sweet Lancaster, let 's march;* und in Peele's Battle of Alcazar: *Why, king Sebastian, wilt thou now forslow?*

1) So sagte in K. Henry VI. Second Part (A. 5, Sc. 2) York in der Schlacht von St. Albans: *Hold, Warwick! seek thee out some other chase,* || *For I myself must hunt this deer to death.*

1) Diese Schlacht steht wie der Krieg, den am Morgen das hinschwindende Nachtgewölk mit dem aufsteigenden Lichte zu bestehen hat. 2) Der früh aufstehende Hirte bläst sich auf die Finger, um sie zu erwärmen. — *of* steht hinter *blowing*, weil es ein Particip ist, oder als synonym mit *on*. 3) Sh. fand dieses Bild bei Holinshed an der betreffenden Stelle angedeutet: *This deadly battle and bloody conflict continued ten hours in doubtful victory, the one part sometime flowing, and sometime ebbing.* 4) Das Bild ist von dem Kampfe zweier Ringer entlehnt, die, Brust gegen Brust gedrückt, einander zu Boden zu werfen suchen. 5) Die Anfertigung

To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,[5]
Thereby to see the minutes how they run,
How many make the hour[6] full complete;
How many hours bring about the day;
How many days will finish up the year;
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times:
So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;[7]
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will ean;
So many years[8] ere I shall shear the fleece:
So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,[9]
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn-bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich-embroider'd canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
O! yes, it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.
And to conclude, — the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands[10] sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious[11] bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason waits on him.

Alarum. Enter a Son that hath killed his Father, with the dead body.[12]

Son. Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.[13]
This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
May be possessed with some store of crowns:[14]
And I, that haply take them from him now,
May yet ere night yield both my life and them
To some man else, as this dead man doth me.[15]
Who 's this? — O God! it is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I unwares[16] have kill'd.
O heavy times, begetting such events!
From London by the king was I press'd forth:
My father, being the earl of Warwick's man,
Came on the part of York, press'd by his master;
And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
Have by my hands of life bereaved him. —
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did; —
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee. —
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;
And no more words, till they have flow'd their fill.

K. Hen. O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
While lions war, and battle for their dens,
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.[17]
Weep, wretched man, I 'll aid thee, tear for tear;
And let our hearts, and eyes, like civil war,
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief.[18]

Enter a Father, who has killed his Son, with the body in his arms.[19]

Fath. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold,
For I have bought it with an hundred blows. —
But let me see: — is this our foeman's[20] face?
Ah, no, no, no! it is mine only son! —
Ah, boy! if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eye: see, see, what showers arise,
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,[21]
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart! —
O, pity, God, this miserable age!
What stratagems,[22] how fell, how butcherly,

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hölzerner Zifferblätter für die Uhren mit dem darauf angegebenen Stundenweiser *(point)* wird hier als eine Nebenbeschäftigung der Schäfer aufgefasst. — *quaintly* = kundig, geschickt. 6) *hour* ist bei Sh. bald einsylbig, bald zweisylbig zu lesen. 7) *to contemplate*, das nur an dieser Stelle bei Sh. vorkommt, scheint den Ton auf der ersten Sylbe zu haben. 8) Rowe setzte *months* für *years;* aber, wie Malone mit Recht bemerkt, sind die Jahre gemeint, die darüber hingehen, ehe das geworfene Lamm geschoren werden kann. — Ebenso fügte Rowe in der folgenden Zeile *weeks* hinter *days* ein; aber Sh. las vielleicht wie *hours* auch *months* zweisylbig (*monthes*, wie die Fol. schreibt). — In der vorhergehenden Zeile änderte Theobald *ean* in *yean* um. 9) scil. *to the end they were created to* = zu dem Ziel, für das sie geschaffen waren. Das *to* am Ende liess Sh. mit dem relativen Pronomen aus, weil schon ein *to* vorherging. So in Cymbeline (A. 5, Sc. 5) *Whom heavens, in justice (both on her and hers), || Have laid most heavy hand*, wo das *on* hinter *hand* ausgelassen ist, weil der Zwischensatz ein *on* enthält. 10) Unter *viands* muss Sh. hier, wie *sparkling* und *golden cup* zeigt, Getränke, etwa Mischgetränke, nicht Speisen, verstanden haben, während in seinem Sinne das vorhergehende *delicates* Speisen bezeichnen sollte. 11) *curious* = mit Sorgfalt oder Kunst bereitet. So in Cymbeline (A. 5, Sc. 5) *in a most curious mantle.* 12) Die Fol. hat hier die Bühnenweisung *Enter a Son that hath killed his Father, at one door; and a Father that hath killed his Son, at another door.* Im Widerspruch damit lässt sie nachher den Vater mit dem Leichnam des Sohnes noch einmal auftreten: *Enter Father, bearing of his Son.* — Die Anregung zu dieser Episode fand Sh. in Holinshed, der von dieser Schlacht sagt: *This conflict was in manner unnatural, for in it the son fought against the father, the brother against the brother, the nephew against the uncle, and the tenant against the lord.* 13) Auf das Sprichwort wird auch angespielt in K. Henry IV. Second Part (A. 5, Sc. 3) *Not the ill wind which blows no man to good.* 14) *crown* = Geldmünze, Geldstück. 15) scil. *doth yield them to me.* 16) So die Fol. Erst die vierte Folioausg. setzt willkürlich und im Widerspruch mit dem Versmass *unawares* dafür. 17) Die Löwen, die um ihre Höhle mit einander kämpfen, sind die Yorks und Lancasters, die sich den Thron streitig machen; die Lämmer, welche deren Feindseligkeiten auszuhalten haben, sind solche Privatleute, wie der Sohn und nachher der Vater, die hier auftreten. 18) Genau construirt bezieht sich *blind with tears* nur auf *eyes*, dagegen *break o'ercharg'd with grief* auf *hearts.* Auch passt der Vergleich *like civil war* eigentlich nur zu ersterem: blind wie der Bürgerkrieg wüthet; zu *break etc.* ist ein Wort wie *country* oder *state* hinzuzudenken: das Land oder der Staat im Bürgerkrieg. 19) Die Fol. hat hier *Enter Father, bearing of his Son.* Vgl. oben Anm. 12. 20) *our foeman* sagt er als Anhänger der bestimmten Partei, zu der er gehört. 21) So in A. 1, Sc. 4: *For raging wind blows up incessant showers.* 22) *stratagem* ist bei Sh. jede auffallende

Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget! —
O boy! thy father gave thee life too soon,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.[23]

K. Hen. Woe above woe! grief more than common grief!
O, that my death would stay these ruthful deeds!
O, pity, pity! gentle heaven, pity! —
The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our striving houses:
The one his purple blood right well resembles;
The other his pale cheeks, methinks, presenteth;[24]
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish!
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.[25]

Son. How will my mother, for a father's death,
Take on[26] with me, and ne'er be satisfied!

Fath. How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,
Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfied!

K. Hen. How will the country, for these woful chances,
Misthink the king,[27] and not be satisfied!

Son. Was ever son so rued a father's death?

Fath. Was ever father so bemoan'd his son?

K. Hen. Was ever king so griev'd for subjects' woe?
Much is your sorrow; mine, ten times so much.

Son. I 'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.
[Exit, with the body.

Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;
My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre,
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go.
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;
And so obsequious[28] will thy father be,
Son,[29] for the loss of thee, having no more,
As Priam was for all his valiant sons.
I 'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,
For I have murder'd where I should not kill.
[Exit, with the body.

K. Hen. Sad-hearted men, much overgone[30] with care,
Here sits a king more woful than you are.

Alarum: excursions. Enter Queen MARGARET, *Prince of* WALES, *and* EXETER.

Prince. Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,
And Warwick rages like a chafed bull.
Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

Q. Mar. Mount you, my lord: towards Berwick post amain.
Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds,
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.

Exe. Away! for vengeance comes along with them.
Nay, stay not to expostulate; make speed,
Or else come after: I 'll away before.

K. Hen. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter:
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither[31] the queen intends. Forward! away! *[Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The Same.

A loud alarum. Enter CLIFFORD, *wounded.*[1]

Clif. Here burns my candle out; ay, here it dies,[2]
Which, while it lasted, gave king Henry light.
O Lancaster! I fear thy overthrow,
More than my body's parting with my soul.
My love, and fear,[3] glued many friends to thee;
And, now I fall, thy tough commixture melts,
Impairing Henry, strengthening misproud York;[4]
And whither fly the gnats, but to the sun?

That, jedes gewaltige Ereigniss im Kriege. So in K. Henry IV. Second Part (A. 1, Sc. 1) *every minute now || Should be the father of some stratagem.* 23) Der Vater hatte den Sohn insofern zu früh erzeugt, als Letzterer, später geboren, nicht in den Bürgerkrieg hätte mitziehen müssen; der Vater hatte den Sohn insofern zu spät umgebracht, als es zu spät war, im Kampfe ihn zu erkennen und so sein Leben zu schonen. So in Sh.'s Lucrece: *O! quoth Lucretius, I did give that life, || Which she too early and too late hath spill'd.* — In den Qs. steht *too late* am Schluss der ersten, *too soon* am Schluss der zweiten Zeile. 24) Da dem Sinne nach *his purple blood* wie *his pale cheeks* Subject sind, so müsste entweder *cheek* oder *present* gelesen werden. Indess sind solche Verwechslungen des Numerus, veranlasst durch das vorausgehende Object des Satzes, bei Sh. häufig. 25) Die Qs. haben *perish* für *wither* und damit einen Reim auf *flourish*. 26) *to take on* = sich anstellen, sich wild oder kläglich geberden. 27) Wie wird das Land wegen dieser traurigen Ereignisse sich an den König halten, sie ihm verdenken. — *to misthink* kommt so vor in Antony and Cleopatra (A. 5, Sc. 2) *that we, the greatest, are misthought for things that others do.* 28) *obsequious* erklärt Johnson hier und an einigen andern Stellen mit *careful of obsequies.* Es ist vielleicht = innig hingegeben, anhänglich an einen Verstorbenen. — *obsequious* in dem angegebenen Sinne scheint nur bei Sh. vorzukommen. 29) Die Fol. liest mit offenbarem Druckfehler *Men*, daraus machten die späteren Folioausgg. *Man*, eine Anrede, die hier schlecht passen will. Rowe las nicht viel besser *Sad* dafür, was neben *obsequious* nur stören würde. Dyce schlug *E'en* vor. Vielleicht ist *Men* aus *Son* verdruckt, was ohnehin zu *no more* zu ergänzen ist, und was einen Gegensatz zu dem folgenden *all his valiant sons* bilden würde. 30) *to overgo* = überwältigen, überhäufen. 31) *whether* in der Fol., von der zweiten Folioausg. verbessert.

1) So die Fol. Die Qs. fügen zu *wounded* noch hinzu *with an arrow in his neck.* Sh. folgte dabei der Angabe Holinshed's: *The lord Clifford, either for heat or pain, putting off his gorget suddenly, with an arrow, as some say, without a head, was stricken into the throat and immediately rendered his spirit.* 2) So in K. Henry VI. First Part (A. 2, Sc. 5) *Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer.* 3) Die Liebe zu mir und die Furcht vor mir hatte viele Freunde mit Dir verkittet; und nun ich sterbe, löst sich das zähe Gemisch oder Band, das Dich mit Jenen verknüpfte. 4) Die Hgg. schieben hinter diesen Vers einen von Theobald aus den Qs. entlehnten ein, den sie an dieser Stelle für unentbehrlich und nur zufällig in der Fol. ausgefallen halten: *The common people swarm like summer-flies.* Es scheint das eine Zeile, welche der Compilator des Textes der Qs. wahrscheinlich aus der in der Fol. bald nachher folgenden Zeile *They never then had sprung like summer-flies* fabricirte und an verkehrter Stelle einschob. Sie stört offenbar den Zusammenhang zwischen *strengthening mis-*

And who shines now but Henry's enemies?
O Phœbus![5] hadst thou never given consent
That Phaëthon should check thy fiery steeds,
Thy burning car never had scorch'd the earth;
And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,
Or as thy father, and his father, did,
Giving no ground unto the house of York,
They[6] never then had sprung like summer-flies;
I, and ten thousand in this luckless realm,
Had left no mourning widows for our death,
And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.
For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air?[7]
And what makes robbers bold but too much lenity?
Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds;
No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight:[8]
The foe is merciless, and will not pity;
For at their hands I have deserv'd no pity.
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much effuse[9] of blood doth make me faint. —
Come, York, and Richard, Warwick, and the rest;
I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast.
[He faints.

Alarum and retreat. Enter Edward, George, Richard, Montague, Warwick, *and Soldiers.*

Edw. Now breathe we, lords: good fortune bids us pause,
And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks. —
Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,
That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,
Command an argosy to stem the waves.[10]
But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?
War. No, 't is impossible he should escape;
For, though before his face[11] I speak the words,
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave;
And wheresoe'er he is, he 's surely dead.
[Clifford *groans and dies.*[12]
Edw. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?
Rich. A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.[13]
Edw. See who it is: and, now the battle 's ended,
If friend, or foe, let him be gently us'd.
Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 't is Clifford;
Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,[14]
But set his murdering knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring, —
I mean, our princely father, duke of York.
War. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,
Your father's head, which Clifford placed there;
Instead whereof, let this supply the room:
Measure for measure must be answered.[15]
Edw. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,
That nothing sung but death to us and ours:
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.
[Attendants bring the body forward.
War. I think, his understanding is bereft. —
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee? —
Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,
And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.
Rich. O, 'would he did! and so, perhaps, he doth:
'T is but his policy to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
Which in the time of death[16] he gave our father.
Geo. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager[17] words.
Rich. Clifford! ask mercy, and obtain no grace.
Edw. Clifford! repent in bootless penitence.
War. Clifford! devise excuses for thy faults.
Geo. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.
Rich. Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.
Edw. Thou pitiedst Rutland, I will pity thee.
Geo. Where 's captain Margaret,[18] to fence you now?
War. They mock thee, Clifford: swear[19] as thou wast wont.
Rich. What! not an oath? nay, then the world goes hard,
When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath. —
I know by that, he 's dead; and, by my soul,

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proud York und *whither fly the gnats, but to the sun*, mit der Anspielung auf die Sonne als das Wappenabzeichen der Yorks: indem die Mücken dieser Sonne zufliegen, wird die Partei York's verstärkt. 5) Die Unbesonnenheit des Phöbus, der seinem Sohne Phaethon den Sonnenwagen anvertraute und so der Erde Verderben brachte, wird in Parallele gestellt mit der Unbesonnenheit Heinrich's VI., der den Yorks zu viel traute, zu viel Macht einräumte, und dadurch den Bürgerkrieg veranlasste. 6) *they* bezieht sich in der Art auf *house of York*, dass die Anhänger York's mit darunter verstanden sind. — Diese Zeile ist die einzige in Clifford's Monolog, welche in dem Texte der Qs. sich nicht findet, oder vielmehr, von dem Compilator modificirt, weiter oben findet (vgl. Anm. 4). 7) Denselben Gedanken spricht Sh. in Antony and Cleopatra (A. 1, Sc. 2) aus: *O! then we bring forth weeds, when our quick winds lie still.* 8) Ich habe keinen Weg zur Flucht vor mir, und auch nicht mehr körperliche Kraft genug, um fliehen zu können. 9) *effuse* = Erguss, ein ungebräuchliches Substantiv, das Sh. nur an dieser Stelle hat. 10) Margarethe, wie sie den duldenden, willenlosen Heinrich von dem Schlachtfeld mit sich schleppt, wird mit einem Segel verglichen, das, von einem treibenden Windstosse geschwellt, ein schwerfälliges Kauffahrteischiff der Wellenströmung entgegen treibt. — *to fret* = treiben, in Bewegung setzen, von dem Winde gebraucht, findet sich in Merchant of Venice (A. 4, Sc. 1) *the mountain pines — — || When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven.* 11) *his face* geht auf *your brother Richard*: wenn ich auch in's Gesicht ihn rühmen muss. 12) Die Bühnenweisung ist aus den Qs.; die Fol. hat nur *Clifford groans.* — In der Vertheilung der folgenden Reden weichen die neuern Hgg. mit Recht von derjenigen der Fol. ab, indem sie mit den Qs. die erste Zeile *Whose soul etc.* dem Eduard, die zweite *A deadly etc.* dem Richard, die dritte und vierte *See who it is — — us'd* wieder dem Eduard zuertheilen. Die Fol. ertheilt die Worte *Whose soul — — who it is* dem Richard, die Worte *And now — — us'd* dem Eduard zu. 13) *departing* = das Scheiden, die Trennung. 14) Das Bild von einem jungen Baumzweig, der abgehauen wird, als er sich eben erst belaubt hatte, wird hier auf den von Clifford in zarter Jugend erschlagenen Rutland (vgl. A. 1, Sc. 3) angewandt. 15) Dem Masse des Begangenen muss mit gleichem Masse entsprochen, Gleiches mit Gleichem vergolten werden. So in Measure for Measure (A. 5, Sc. 1) *Like doth quit like, and Measure still for Measure.* 16) d. h. als unser Vater durch Clifford's Hände starb. Die Qs. haben *in his hour of death.* 17) *eager* = scharf, bitter. 18) Eine höhnische Bezeichnung des kriegerischen Mannweibes, der Königin Margarethe. 19) *to swear* = fluchen, seinem Zorn durch Flüche Luft machen. — In

If this right hand would buy two hours' life,
That I in all despite might rail at him,
This hand should chop it off; and with the issuing blood
Stifle the villain, whose unstaunched[20] thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.
War. Ay, but he 's dead. Off with the traitor's head,
And rear it in the place your father's stands.[21]
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crowned England's royal king.
From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,
And ask the lady Bona for thy queen.
So shalt thou sinew both these lands together;
And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread
The scatter'd foe that hopes to rise again;
For though they[22] cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buz, to offend thine ears.
First will I see the coronation,
And then to Brittany I 'll cross the sea,
To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.
Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be;
For in[23] thy shoulder do I build my seat,
And never will I undertake the thing,
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting. —
Richard, I will create thee duke of Gloster; —
And George, of Clarence; — Warwick, as ourself,
Shall do, and undo, as him pleaseth best.
Rich. Let me be duke of Clarence, George of Gloster,
For Gloster's dukedom is too ominous.[24]
War. Tut! that 's a foolish observation:
Richard, be duke of Gloster. Now to London,
To see these honours in possession.[25] *[Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A Chase in the North of England.

Enter Two Keepers,[1] *with cross-bows in their hands.*

1. Keep. Under this thick-grown brake[2] we 'll shroud ourselves;
For through this laund anon the deer will come;
And in this covert will we make our stand,
Culling the principal of all the deer.
2. Keep. I 'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.
1. Keep. That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:
And, for[3] the time shall not seem tedious,
I 'll tell thee what befell me on a day,
In this self place[4] where now we mean to stand.
2. Keep. Here comes a man, let 's stay till he be past.

Enter King Henry, *disguised, with a prayer-book.*[5]

K. Hen. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love[6]
To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.
No, Harry, Harry, 't is no land of thine;
Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,
Thy balm wash'd off wherewith thou wast anointed:
No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,
No humble suitors press to speak for right,[7]
No, not a man comes for redress of thee,[8]
For how can I help them, and not myself?
1. Keep. Ay, here 's a deer whose skin 's a keeper's fee:
This is the *quondam* king; let 's seize upon him.
K. Hen. Let me embrace the sour adversities;[9]
For wise men say, it is the wisest course.
2. Keep. Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.
1. Keep. Forbear awhile; we 'll hear a little more.
K. Hen. My queen and son are gone to France for aid;
And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister
To wife for Edward. If this news be true,
Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost;
For Warwick is a subtle orator,
And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.
By this account[10] then, Margaret may win him,
For she 's a woman to be pitied much:
Her sighs will make a battery in his breast,
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
The tiger will be mild whiles she doth mourn,
And Nero will be tainted with remorse,[11]
To hear and see her plaints, her brinish tears.
Ay, but she 's come to beg; Warwick, to give:
She on his left side craving aid for Henry,

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demselben Sinne steht in den folgenden Zeilen das substantivische *oath.* 20) *unstaunched* = unlöschbar, was nicht zu stillen ist, nicht bloss = ungelöscht. So gebraucht Sh. die mit *un-* zusammengesetzten Participia überhaupt. 21) scil. *in the place where your father's head stands*, d. h. auf dem Thore der Stadt York. 22) *they* bezieht sich auf das als Mehrheit gedachte *foe.* Die Feinde werden hier als stechende, summende Insecten gefasst. 23) So die Fol., deren Lesart die Schulter als den Grund auffasst, in den der Thron hineingebaut werden soll. — Manche Hgg. lesen mit den späteren Folioausgg. *on thy shoulder.* 24) Sh. entlehnte diesen Gedanken aus einer Notiz, die er bei Hall fand: *It seemeth to many men that the name and title of Gloster hath been unfortunate and unlucky to divers which for their honour have been erected by creation of princes to that style and dignity.* 25) Um zu sehen, dass wir diese neugewonnenen Ehren in Besitz nehmen.

1) So die Qs. — Die Fol. setzte dafür aus Versehen, wie an einer frühern Stelle (vgl. A. 1, Sc. 2, Anm. 9), die Namen der auftretenden Schauspieler: *Enter Sincklo and Humphrey.* — Der Erstgenannte ist durch ein ähnliches Versehen auch in Taming of the Shrew (Induction Sc. 1) statt des dort auftretenden Schauspielers erwähnt, und von dem Zweitgenannten vermuthet Malone, dass er *Humphrey Jeaffes* hiess. 2) *brake* = Dickicht. — *laund*, in dem folgenden Verse, ist eine veraltete Form für *lawn.* 3) *for* = *because, in order that.* 4) Die Hgg. machen ein Compositum *self-place* daraus; *self* ist jedoch = *same*, also *in this same place.* 5) Die Bühnenweisung ist aus der der Fol. und derjenigen der Qs. zusammengesetzt. 6) *even of pure love* = bloss aus Liebe, aus liebevoller Sehnsucht, ist mit dem folgenden *To greet etc.* zu verbinden. 7) Keine demüthigen Bittsteller werden sich um Dich drängen, um zu ihrem Rechte zu gelangen. 8) Wegen Herstellung oder Genugthuung, die von Dir ausgehen sollte. 9) *adversities* ist Pope's Emendation für das *adversaries* der Fol. Weniger nothwendig erscheint die Aenderung desselben Hggs. *these sour adversities* für das *the* der Fol. — Dyce liest *Let me embrace thee, sour adversity!* 10) Zufolge dieser Rechnung, dieser Erwägung. 11) Selbst ein Wütherich wie Nero wird sich von Erbarmen und Rührung durchdringen lassen, wenn er ihre Klagen hört und ihre salzigen

He on his right asking a wife for Edward.
She weeps, and says — her Henry is depos'd;
He smiles, and says — his Edward is install'd;
That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more:
Whiles Warwick tells his title,[12] smooths the wrong,
Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,[13]
And, in conclusion, wins the king from her,
With promise of his sister, and what else,
To strengthen and support king Edward's place.
O Margaret! thus 't will be; and thou, poor soul,
Art then forsaken, as thou wentst forlorn.

2. Keep. Say, what art thou that talk'st of kings and queens?

K. Hen. More than I seem, and less than I was born to:
A man at least, for less I should not be;
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

2. Keep. Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

K. Hen. Why, so I am, in mind;[14] and that 's enough.

2. Keep. But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown?

K. Hen. My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not deck'd with diamonds, and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen: my crown is call'd, content;
A crown it is, that seldom kings enjoy.

2. Keep. Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,
Your crown content,[15] and you, must be contented
To go along with us; for, as we think,
You are the king, king Edward hath depos'd;
And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,
Will apprehend you as his enemy.

K. Hen. But did you never swear, and break an oath?

2. Keep. No, never such an oath; nor will not now.

K. Hen. Where did you dwell, when I was king of England?

2. Keep. Here in this country, where we now remain.

K. Hen. I was anointed king at nine months old;
My father and my grandfather were kings;
And you were sworn true subjects unto me:
And tell me then, have you not broke your oaths?

1. Keep. No;
For we were subjects but while you were king.

K. Hen. Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?[16]
Ah, simple men! you know not what you swear.[17]
Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind[18] when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust:
Such is the lightness of you common men.
But do not break your oaths; for of that sin
My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded;
And be you kings: command, and I 'll obey.

1. Keep. We are true subjects to the king, king Edward.

K. Hen. So would you be again to Henry,
If he were seated as king Edward is.

1. Keep. We charge you, in God's name, and the king's,[19]
To go with us unto the officers.

K. Hen. In God's name, lead; your king's name be obey'd:
And what God will, that[20] let your king perform;
And what he will, I humbly yield unto. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King Edward, Gloster, Clarence, *and Lady* Grey.

K. Edw. Brother of Gloster, at Saint Alban's field
This lady's husband, Sir Richard Grey,[1] was slain,
His lands then seiz'd on by the conqueror:
Her suit is now, to repossess those lands;
Which we in justice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of the house of York
The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

Glo. Your highness shall do well, to grant her suit;
It were dishonour, to deny it her.

K. Edw. It were no less; but yet I 'll make a pause.

Glo. [Aside to Clarence.*]* Yea; is it so?
I see, the lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble suit.

Clar. [Aside to Gloster.*]* He knows the game: how true he keeps the wind![2]

Glo. [Aside to Clarence.*]* Silence!

K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your suit,
And come some other time to know our mind.

L. Grey. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay:
May it please your highness to resolve me now,
And what your pleasure is shall satisfy me.

Glo. [Aside to Clarence.*]* Ay, widow? then I 'll warrant you all your lands,
An if what pleases him shall pleasure you.
Fight closer, or, good faith, you 'll catch a blow.

Thränen sieht. 12) *his title* ist Eduard's Rechtsanspruch auf den englischen Thron. 13) So in A. 2, Sc. 2: *Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,* || *Inferring arguments of mighty force.* — In der nächsten Rede des zweiten *Keeper* lässt die Fol. das *that*, das die Qs. haben, zufällig aus. 14) Malone findet hier eine Anspielung auf den Anfang eines altenglischen Liedes: *My mind to me a kingdom is.* 15) So muss Eure Krone, die Ihr die Zufriedenheit nennt, und Ihr selbst es Euch gefallen lassen mitzugehen. 16) Athme ich nicht wie ein lebendiger Mensch? 17) Das *sweare* der Fol. sollte vielleicht *sware*, die ältere bei Sh. auch sonst begegnende Präteritumsform von *to swear* sein. 18) *to obey with* = gegen Jemanden willfährig sein. — *my wind* = der Hauch meines Mundes, wird dem *another wind* = eine andere Luftströmung, entgegengesetzt. 19) Rowe fügte hinter *and* des Versmasses wegen ein *in* ein. Da der Ton jedoch auf *God's* wie auf *king's* ruhen muss, ist eher hinter *charge you* eine Verspause von einer Sylbe anzunehmen. — Auch haben die Qs. *we charge you in God's name and the king's* ohne *in*. 20) *that* in der Fol., von manchen Hggn. willkürlich in *then* umgeändert.

1) Die Hgg. berichtigen, dass der Betreffende Sir John Grey geheissen habe und in der Schlacht bei St. Alban's auf Seiten Heinrich's VI. gefallen sei. Sie lassen demgemäss den einen Irrthum im Text stehen und corrigiren nur den andern, indem sie *John* für *Richard* setzen. Dass Sh. aber *Richard* schrieb, erhellt sowohl aus dem Texte der Fol., wie aus dem der Qs., wo der entsprechende Vers lautet *This lady's husband here, Sir Richard Grey,* || *At the battle of Saint Alban's did lose his life.* — In der folgenden Zeile ist besser mit den Qs. *lands* als mit der Fol. *land* zu lesen. 2) Das Bild ist von einem Jagdhund, der auf der Verfolgung des Wildes die Witte-

Clar. [Aside to Gloster.*]* I fear her not,[3] unless she chance to fall.
Glo. [Aside to Clarence.*]* God forbid that, for he 'll take vantages.
K. Edw. How many children hast thou, widow? tell me.
Clar. [Aside to Gloster.*]* I think, he means to beg a child of her.
Glo. [Aside to Clarence.*]* Nay, whip me then; he 'll rather give her two.
L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.
Glo. [Aside to Clarence.*]* You shall have four, if you 'll be rul'd by him.
K. Edw. 'T were pity, they should lose their father's lands.
L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.[4]
K. Edw. Lords, give us leave: I 'll try this widow's wit.
Glo. [Aside to Clarence.*]* Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave,
Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.
[Gloster *and* Clarence *stand apart.*
K. Edw. Now tell me, Madam, do you love your children?
L. Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.
K. Edw. And would you not do much, to do them good?
L. Grey. To do them good I would sustain some harm.
K. Edw. Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.
L. Grey. Therefore I came unto your majesty.
K. Edw. I 'll tell you how these lands are to be got.
L. Grey. So shall you bind me to your highness' service.
K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?
L. Grey. What you command, that rests in me to do.
K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my boon.
L. Grey. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.
K. Edw. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.
L. Grey. Why then, I will do what your grace commands.
Glo. [Aside to Clarence.*]* He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble.
Clar. [Aside to Gloster.*]* As red as fire![5] nay, then her wax must melt.
L. Grey. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?
K. Edw. An easy task: 't is but to love a king.
L. Grey. That 's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.
K. Edw. Why then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.
L. Grey. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.
Glo. [Aside to Clarence.*]* The match is made: she seals it with a curtsy.
K. Edw. But stay thee; 't is the fruits of love I mean.
L. Grey. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.
K. Edw. Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense.
What love think'st thou I sue so much to get?
L. Grey. My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers:
That love which virtue begs, and virtue grants.
K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.
L. Grey. Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.
K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my mind.
L. Grey. My mind will never grant what I perceive
Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.[6]
K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.
L. Grey. To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.
K. Edw. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.
L. Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower;
For by that loss I will not purchase them.
K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.
L. Grey. Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.
But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the sadness[7] of my suit;
Please you dismiss me, either with ay, or no.
K. Edw. Ay, if thou wilt say ay to my request;
No, if thou dost say no to my demand.
L. Grey. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.
Glo. [Aside to Clarence.*]* The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.
Clar. [Aside to Gloster.*]* He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.
K. Edw. [Aside.] Her looks do argue her replete with modesty;
Her words do show her wit incomparable;
All her perfections challenge sovereignty:
One way, or other,[8] she is for a king,
And she shall be my love, or else my queen. —
Say,[9] that king Edward take thee for his queen?
L. Grey. 'T is better said than done, my gracious lord:
I am a subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a sovereign.
K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,
I speak no more than what my soul intends;
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.
L. Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto.
I know, I am too mean to be your queen,
And yet too good to be your concubine.
K. Edw. You cavil, widow: I did mean, my queen.
L. Grey. 'T will grieve your grace, my sons should call you father.
K. Edw. No more than when my daughters[10] call thee mother.
Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;
And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,
Have other some: why, 't is a happy thing
To be the father unto many sons.
Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

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rung nicht verliert. 3) Ich bin ihretwegen unbesorgt. — Vier Verse weiter lesen die Qs. *nay, whip me then* für *nay then, whip me* der Fol. und die meisten Hgg. folgen mit Recht der ältern Lesart. 4) Bemerkenswerth ist die Variante der Qs., welche *them* für *then* lesen. 5) *as red as fire* bezieht sich auf Eduard. 6) *to aim* = zielen auf Etwas, nach Etwas streben, und = errathen, vermuthen. 7) *sadness* = Ernst, ernste Meinung. 8) Entweder auf unehrlichem Wege oder auf ehrlichem, ist sie für einen König bestimmt. 9) *say* = nimm an, setze den Fall. — Lady Grey in ihrer Antwort fasst *to say* in gewöhnlichem Sinn. — Die Umrisse zu dem nun folgenden Theile des Dialogs fand Sh. in seinen Chroniken bereits vor. 10) Reed setzte *thy daughters* dafür. — *my daughters*, wie Qs. und Fol. lesen, sind die unehelich erzeugten Töchter Eduard's, die er mit in die Ehe bringt.

Glo. [Aside to Clarence.*]* The ghostly father[11] now hath done his shrift.
Clar. [Aside to Gloster.*]* When he was made a shriver, 't was for shift.
K. Edw. Brothers, you muse[12] what chat we two have had.
Glo. The widow likes it not, for she looks very sad.
K. Edw. You 'd think it strange if I should marry her.
Clar. To whom, my lord?
K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.
Glo. That would be ten days' wonder[13] at the least.
Clar. That 's a day longer than a wonder lasts.
Glo. By so much is the wonder in extremes.
K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you both,
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,
And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.
K. Edw. See that he be convey'd unto the Tower: —
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
To question of his apprehension. —
Widow, go you along. — Lords, use her honourably.[14]
[Exeunt King Edward, *Lady* Grey, Clarence, *and Lord.*
Glo. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.
'Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
To cross me[15] from the golden time I look for!
And yet, between my soul's desire, and me, —
The lustful Edward's title buried,[16] —
Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,
And all the unlook'd-for issue of their bodies,
To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:
A cold premeditation for my purpose![17]
Why then, I do but dream on sovereignty;
Like one that stands upon a promontory,
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye;
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
Saying — he 'll lade it dry[18] to have his way:
So do I wish the crown, being so far off,
And so I chide the means that keep me from it;
And so I say — I 'll cut the causes off,
Flattering me with impossibilities. —
My eye 's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,
Unless my hand and strength could equal them.
Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard,
What other pleasure can the world afford?
I 'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
O miserable thought! and more unlikely,
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns.
Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb:
And, for I should not deal in her[19] soft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe,
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size;
To disproportion me in every part;[20]
Like to a chaos,[21] or an unlick'd bear-whelp,
That carries no impression like the dam.[22]
And am I then a man to be belov'd?
O monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!
Then, since this earth affords no joy to me
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
As are of better person than myself,
I 'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown;
And, whiles I live, to account this world but hell,
Until my misshap'd trunk, that bears this head,
Be round impaled with a glorious crown.[23]
And yet I know not how to get the crown,
For many lives stand between me and home:[24]
And I, — like one lost in a thorny wood,
That rents[25] the thorns, and is rent with the thorns,
Seeking a way, and straying from the way,
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desperately to find it out, —
Torment myself to catch the English crown:
And from that torment I will free myself,
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile,
And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart,
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions.

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11) *ghostly father* = Seelsorger, Beichtvater, wie der Mönch in Romeo and Juliet öfter neben *ghostly confessor* genannt wird. 12) *to muse* = sich wundern über Etwas, verwundert über Etwas grübeln. 13) Ein Wunder, das sprichwörtlich neun Tage dauert, muss also ein ganz ausserordentliches sein, wenn es länger dauern soll. Umgekehrt in As you like it (A. 3, Sc. 2) *I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder, before you came.* — *to marry* = heirathen, und = verheirathen, — ein Wortspiel, das auch sonst bei Sh. vorkommt. 14) *honourably* in den Qs. und späteren Folioausgg.; die Fol. hat *honourable*, aber *honourably* in dem folgenden Verse. 15) *to cross* = Jemandem hinderlich in den Weg treten, ist hier mit *from* verbunden, als ob, wie in den Qs., *to hinder* dafür stände. 16) Wenn auch das Thronrecht des wollüstigen Eduard begraben ist, wenn auch Eduard selbst todt ist. 17) Das ist eine vorgängige Erwägung, die abkühlend, niederschlagend für meinen Plan wirkt. 18) *to lade* = ausschöpfen. 19) Wie hier personificirt Sh. auch an einigen andern Stellen *love* als weiblich, so in Comedy of Errors (A. 3, Sc. 2) *Let Love, being light, be drowned if she sink!* 20) *to disproportion* = des Ebenmasses berauben, körperlich entstellen. 21) *chaos* = wüste Masse, hier ausnahmsweise von einer einzelnen Person gebraucht. 22) Ein ungeleckter junger Bär, der kein bestimmtes, der Mutter ähnliches Gepräge oder Aussehen hat. Es ist eine Anspielung auf den Volksglauben, dass die Bärin ihr Junges als eine formlose Masse zur Welt bringe und demselben erst später durch eifriges Lecken die Gestalt eines Bären gebe. 23) Die Construction ist ungenau, da *Be round impaled etc.* sich auf *this head* beziehen sollte, in der That aber nur von *this misshap'd trunk* abhängt. — Dyce setzt nach einer Conjectur von Steevens daher *Until my head, that this misshap'd trunk bears,* || *Be round etc.* 24) Mit *between me and home* leitet Sh. schon von dem directen Wortsinn zu der Vergleichung über, die in den folgenden Zeilen weiter ausgeführt wird. Eben so abrupt kehrt er nachher bei den Worten *to catch the English crown* von dem Gleichnisse wieder zur Sache zurück. 25) *to rent*, die ältere Form für *to rend*, wird bei Sh. unterschiedslos neben der andern gebraucht. 26) scil. *shall ever drown.*

I 'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall,[26]
I 'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
I 'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
Deceive more slily than Ulysses could,
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy.[27]
I can add colours to the chameleon,[28]
Change shapes with Proteus, for advantages,
And set the murd'rous Machiavel to school.[29]
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
Tut! were it further off, I 'll pluck it down. *[Exit.*

SCENE III.

France. A Room in the Palace.

Flourish. Enter Lewis *the French King, and Lady* Bona, *attended: the King takes his state. Then enter Queen* Margaret, *Prince* Edward, *and the Earl of* Oxford.[1]

K. Lew. [Rising.] Fair queen of England, worthy Margaret,
Sit down with us: it ill befits thy state
And birth, that thou shouldst stand, while Lewis doth sit.
Q. Mar. No, mighty king of France; now Margaret
Must strike her sail, and learn awhile to serve,
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,
Great Albion's queen in former golden days;
But now mischance hath trod my title down,
And with dishonour laid me on the ground,
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,[2]
And to my humble seat conform myself.
K. Lew. Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this deep despair?
Q. Mar. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears,
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.
K. Lew. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,
And sit thee by our side: *[seats her by him]* yield not thy neck
To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.
Be plain, queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
It shall be eas'd, if France can yield relief.
Q. Mar. Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,
And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.
Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,
That Henry, sole possessor of my love,
Is of a king become a banish'd man,
And forc'd to live in Scotland, a forlorn;[3]
While proud ambitious Edward, duke of York,
Usurps the regal title, and the seat
Of England's true-anointed lawful king.
This is the cause, that I, poor Margaret,
With this my son, prince Edward, Henry's heir,
Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;
And if thou fail us, all our hope is done.
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;
Our people and our peers are both misled,
Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight,
And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.[4]
K. Lew. Renowned queen, with patience calm the storm,
While we bethink a means to break it off.
Q. Mar. The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe.
K. Lew. The more I stay, the more I 'll succour thee.
Q. Mar. O! but impatience waiteth on true sorrow:
And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

Enter Warwick, *attended.*

K. Lew. What 's he, approacheth boldly[5] to our presence?
Q. Mar. Our[6] earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.
K. Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick. What brings thee to France?
[Descending from his state. Queen Margaret *rises.*[7]
Q. Mar. Ay, now begins a second storm[8] to rise;
For this is he that moves both wind and tide.
War. From worthy Edward, king of Albion,
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,
I come, in kindness, and unfeigned love,
First, to do greetings to thy royal person;
And then, to crave a league of amity;
And lastly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous lady Bona, thy fair sister,
To England's king in lawful marriage.
Q. Mar. If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.[9]

— Eine Anspielung auf den Mythus von den Sirenen ist u. A. in Comedy of Errors (A. 3, Sc. 2) *I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.* — Die plausible Conjectur eines Anonymus ist *the mermaids all.* 27) Sinon, dessen heuchlerische Reden und Thränen das trojanische Ross in die belagerte Stadt brachten, wird in ähnlicher Beziehung in Titus Andronicus (A. 5, Sc. 3) erwähnt: *Tell us, what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears.* 28) So lautet in Two Gentlemen of Verona (A. 2, Sc. 4) auf Silvia's Frage: *Sir Thurio! do you change colour?* Valentin's spöttische Bemerkung: *Give him leave, Madam: he is a kind of chameleon.* — *for advantages* = so dass ich ihm den Vorrang abgewinne. 29) Der grausame Machiavell kann noch bei mir in die Schule gehen. — Denselben Anachronismus beging Sh. in K. Henry VI. First Part (A. 5, Sc. 4) *Alençon, that notorious Machiavel!* — Die Qs. haben dafür *the aspiring Catiline.*

1) Die Fol. hat *Enter Lewis the French King, his Sister Bona, his Admiral, called Bourbon: Prince Edward, Queen Margaret, and the Earl of Oxford. Lewis sits and riseth up again*, d. h. der König steht auf von seinem Sitz beim Eintritt der Königin. — Den Admiral Bourbon, eine stumme Figur, die der König am Schluss der Scene einmal anredet, haben die Hgg. aus der Bühnenweisung gestrichen und in das Personenverzeichniss nicht mit aufgenommen. — Bona ist die Schwägerin, nicht die Schwester des Königs. 2) Ich muss einen Sitz einnehmen, der in seiner Niedrigkeit meiner jetzigen Glücksstellung entspricht. 3) *forlorn* = ein verlorner, preisgegebener Mensch, ist hier substantivisch gebraucht. 4) *heavy plight* = traurige, gedrückte Lage. — *ourselves* ist Margarethe und ihr Sohn. 5) *boldly*, insofern Warwick unangemeldet eintritt. 6) *our earl*, das sich in Qs. und Fol. findet, sagt Margarethe als Königin von England, also auch Warwick's Königin. 7) Die Fol. hat kürzer *He descends. She ariseth.* 8) *a second storm* bezieht sich auf Ludwig's frühere Worte *with patience calm the storm.* 9) So ist es mit Heinrich's Hoffnung vorbei. So hatte Margarethe vorher gesagt *And if thou*

War. [To Bona.*]* And, gracious Madam, in our king's behalf,
I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart;
Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,
Hath plac'd thy beauty's image, and thy virtue.
Q. Mar. King Lewis, and Lady Bona, hear me speak,
Before you answer Warwick. His demand
Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,[10]
But from deceit, bred by necessity;
For how can tyrants safely govern home,
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?
To prove him tyrant, this reason may suffice,
That Henry liveth still; but were he dead,
Yet here prince Edward stands, king Henry's son.
Look, therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage
Thou draw not on[11] thy danger and dishonour;
For though usurpers sway the rule awhile,
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.
War. Injurious Margaret!
Prince. And why not queen?
War. Because thy father Henry did usurp,
And thou no more art prince, than she is queen.
Oxf. Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;
And after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth,
Who by his prowess conquered all France:
From these our Henry lineally descends.
War. Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth discourse,
You told not, how Henry the Sixth hath lost
All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten?
Methinks, these peers of France should smile at that.
But for the rest, — you tell a pedigree
Of threescore and two years; a silly time
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.[12]
Oxf. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy liege,
Whom thou obeyedst thirty and six years,
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?[13]
War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?
For shame! leave Henry, and call Edward king.
Oxf. Call him my king, by whose injurious doom
My elder brother, the lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death? and more than so, my father,
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
When nature brought him to the door of death?
No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.
War. And I the house of York.
K. Lew. Queen Margaret, prince Edward, and Oxford,
Vouchsafe at our request to stand aside,
While I use further conference with Warwick.
Q. Mar. Heavens grant, that Warwick's words bewitch him not!
[Retiring with the Prince *and* Oxford.*]*[14]
K. Lew. Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conscience,
Is Edward your true king? for I were loath,
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.
War. Thereon I pawn my credit, and mine honour.
K. Lew. But is he gracious[15] in the people's eye?
War. The more, that Henry was unfortunate.[16]
K. Lew. Then further, all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth the measure of his love
Unto our sister Bona.
War. Such it seems,
As may beseem a monarch like himself.
Myself have often heard him say, and swear,
That this his love was an eternal[17] plant,
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun,
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,[18]
Unless the lady Bona quit his pain.
K. Lew. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.
Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine. —
[To Warwick.*]* Yet I confess, that often ere this day,
When I have heard your king's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.[19]
K. Lew. Then, Warwick, thus: — our sister shall be Edward's;
And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
Touching the jointure that your king must make,
Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd. —
Draw near, queen Margaret, and be a witness,
That Bona shall be wife to the English king.
Prince. To Edward, but not to the English king.
Q. Mar. Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device,
By this alliance to make void my suit:
Before thy coming, Lewis was Henry's friend.
K. Lew. And still is friend to him and Margaret:
But if your title to the crown be weak,
As may appear by Edward's good success,
Then 't is but reason, that I be releas'd
From giving aid which late I promised.
Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand,
That your estate requires, and mine can yield.

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fail us, all our hope is done. Solche Wiederholungen kommen in diesen Jugenddramen Sh.'s öfter vor. 10) Warwick's Werbung entspringt nicht aus einer Liebe, welche etwa Eduard aufrichtig und redlich für Bona empfände, sondern u. s. w. 11) *to draw on* = herbeiziehen, fördern, als transitives Verbum mit dem Accusativ des Objectes. — Johnson, der *on* als Präposition auffasste, wollte *thy* in *thee* ändern. 12) Eine Frist von zwei und sechszig Jahren ist eine Zeit, zu kümmerlich, als dass man darauf hin den Besitz eines Königreiches für verjährt erklären könnte. 13) Und Du offenbarst durch kein Erröthen ein Bewusstsein des Verraths, den Du jetzt an Deinem König begehst. 14) Die Fol. hat *They stand aloof.* 15) *gracious* erklärt Malone mit *a favourite with the people.* Vielleicht ist es aber = mit den Gaben Gottes versehen, die einen König zieren sollen, und es bezöge sich die Frage auf die innerliche und persönliche Berechtigung Eduard's zur Königswürde, während die vorhergehende Frage nur die Legitimität und die Rechtmässigkeit der Wahl betraf. So in Macbeth mehrere Mal *the gracious Duncan.* 16) Dass Heinrich kein Glück hatte, galt in den Augen des Volks für ein Zeichen, dass die Gnade des Himmels nicht auf ihm ruhe, dass er also nicht *gracious* sei. 17) *eternal*, von Steevens richtig mit *perennial* erklärt, ist die Lesart der Qs. — Die Fol. hat *external* dafür. 18) Eduard's Liebe zu der Bona ist unbesorgt vor dem Hasse oder dem bösen Leumunde der Welt, aber nicht vor einem Verschmähen von Seiten Bona's selbst. 19) Ich hörte das Lob des Königs so gern an, dass darüber mein besonneneres Urtheil Gefahr lief, in Liebe

War. Henry now lives in Scotland, at his ease,
Where having nothing, nothing can he lose.
And as for you yourself, our *quondam* queen,
You have a father able[20] to maintain you,
And better 't were you troubled him than France.
Q. Mar. Peace! impudent and shameless Warwick, peace,[21]
Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings;[22]
I will not hence, till with my talk and tears,
Both full of truth, I make king Lewis behold
Thy sly conveyance,[23] and thy lord's false love;
For both of you are birds of self-same feather.
[A horn sounded within.[24]
K. Lew. Warwick, this is some post to us, or thee.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord ambassador, these letters are for you,
Sent from your brother, marquess Montague; —
These from our king unto your majesty; —
And, Madam, these for you; from whom, I know not.
[They all read their letters.[25]
Oxf. I like it well, that our fair queen and mistress
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.
Prince. Nay, mark how Lewis[26] stamps as he were nettled:
I hope all 's for the best.
K. Lew. Warwick, what are thy news? and yours, fair queen?
Q. Mar. Mine, such as fill my heart with unhop'd joys.
War. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.
K. Lew. What! has your king married the lady Grey,
And now, to sooth your forgery and his,[27]
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?[28]
Is this the alliance that he seeks with France?
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?
Q. Mar. I told your majesty as much before:
This proveth Edward's love, and Warwick's honesty.
War. King Lewis, I here protest, in sight of heaven,
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's;
No more my king, for he dishonours me;
But most himself, if he could see his shame.[29]
Did I forget, that by the house of York
My father came untimely to his death?
Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?[30]
Did I impale him with the regal crown?
Did I put Henry from his native right?
And am I guerdon'd[31] at the last with shame?
Shame on himself, for my desert is honour:[32]
And to repair my honour lost for him,
I here renounce him, and return to Henry.
My noble queen, let former grudges pass,
And henceforth I am thy true servitor.
I will revenge his wrong to Lady Bona,[33]
And replant Henry in his former state.
Q. Mar. Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate to love;
And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
And joy that thou becom'st king Henry's friend.
War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,
That if king Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us
With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
I 'll undertake to land them on our coast,
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.
'T is not his new-made bride shall succour him:
And as for Clarence, as my letters tell me,
He 's very likely now to fall from him,
For matching more for wanton lust than honour[34]
Or than for strength and safety of our country.
Bona. Dear brother, how shall Bona be reveng'd,
But by thy help to this distressed queen?
Q. Mar. Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry live,
Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?
Bona. My quarrel, and this English queen's, are one.
War. And mine, fair lady Bona, joins with yours.
K. Lew. And mine, with hers, and thine, and Margaret's.
Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolv'd,
You shall have aid.
Q. Mar. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.
K. Lew. Then, England's messenger, return in post;
And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over masquers,
To revel it with him and his new bride.[35]
Thou seest what 's past; go fear thy king withal.[36]
Bona. Tell him, in hope he 'll prove a widower shortly,
I 'll wear the willow garland for his sake.[37]

überzugehen. 20) Da sonst überall nur von der Armuth Reignier's die Rede ist, so hält Johnson diese Verweisung auf ihn hier für ironisch; indess scheint die Ironie im Munde Warwick's weniger passend an dieser Stelle, wo es dem Redenden ernstlich daran liegen muss, das Band zwischen Margarethe und dem König von Frankreich zu lösen. 21) Das zweite *peace*, das in der Fol. zufällig ausgefallen war, ergänzt die zweite Folioausg. von 1632. 22) Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 3, Anm. 6, und Anm. 9 dieser Scene. 23) *conveyance* = List, Intrigue, heimliche Betreibung einer Sache. 24) Die Bühnenweisung der Fol. lautet *Post blowing a horn within.* — Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 1, Anm. 13. — Demgemäss hat die Fol. auch *Enter the Post.* 25) So die Bühnenweisung der Fol. 26) *Lewis*, das in der Regel bei Sh. einsylbig gelesen wird, ist hier ausnahmsweise zweisylbig. 27) Um Eure Fälschung und seine eigene zu beschönigen. 28) *to persuade* mit dem Dativ der Person und dem Accusativ der Sache = Einen zu Etwas überreden. 29) Er würde sich selbst am meisten entehrt fühlen, wenn er seine Schande sehen könnte. 30) Sh. spielt hier auf ein Ereigniss an, welches im Drama weiter nicht berührt wird, von dem aber Holinshed berichtet: *King Edward did attempt a thing once in the earl's house, which was much against the earl's honesty (whether he would have deflowered his daughter or his niece, the certainty was not for both their honours revealed), for surely such a thing was attempted by King Edward.* 31) *to guerdon* = vergelten, belohnen. — Das veraltete Verbum findet sich sonst nur noch in K. Henry VI. Second Part (A. 1, Sc. 4). 32) *honour* ist Gegensatz zu dem vorhergehenden *shame:* Ehre, nicht Schmach, ist meine Gebühr, kommt mir zu. 33) Das Unrecht, das Eduard der Bona zugefügt hat. 34) Weil Eduard mehr nach üppigem Triebe, als der Ehre gemäss sich vermählt hat. 35) Mit solchen Maskeraden pflegte ein Hochzeitsfest verherrlicht zu werden; der König versteht seine Soldaten darunter, die er als Hülfstruppen Margarethens nach England hinübersenden will. 36) Setze Deinen König damit in Schrecken und Furcht. — *to fear* mit dem Accusativ = Jemandem Schrecken einjagen, Jemanden bange machen. 37) Ein Weidenzweig oder Weidenkranz als Abzeichen einer verlassenen oder nach dem

Q. Mar. Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid aside,
And I am ready to put armour on.
War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I 'll uncrown him ere 't be long.
There 's thy reward: be gone. *[Exit Messenger.*
K. Lew. But, Warwick, thou,
And Oxford, with five thousand men,
Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle:
And, as occasion serves, this noble queen
And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt:
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?
War. This shall assure my constant loyalty: —
That if our queen and this young prince agree,
I 'll join mine eldest daughter,[38] and my joy,
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.
Q. Mar. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion.
Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;
And with thy hand thy faith irrevocable,
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.
Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it;
And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.
[He gives his hand to Warwick.[39]
K. Lew. Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be levied,
And thou, Lord Bourbon, our high admiral,
Shalt waft them over with our royal fleet. —
I long till Edward fall by war's mischance,
For mocking marriage with a dame of France.[40]
[Exeunt all but Warwick.
War. I came from Edward as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.[41]
Had he none else to make a stale[42] but me?
Then none but I shall turn his jest[43] to sorrow.
I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,
And I 'll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity Henry's misery,
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. *[Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Gloster, Clarence, Somerset, *and* Montague.

Glo. Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you
Of this new marriage with the lady Grey?
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?
Clar. Alas! you know, 't is far from hence to France:
How could he stay till Warwick made return?[1]
Som. My lords, forbear this talk: here comes the king.
Glo. And his well-chosen bride.
Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

Flourish. Enter King Edward, *attended; Lady* Grey, *as Queen;* Pembroke, Stafford, *and* Hastings.[2]

K. Edw. Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our choice,
That you stand pensive as half malecontent?
Clar. As well as Lewis of France, or the earl of Warwick;
Which are so weak of courage, and in judgment,
That they 'll take no offence at our abuse.[3]
K. Edw. Suppose they take offence without a cause,
They are but Lewis and Warwick: I am Edward,
Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.
Glo. And you[4] shall have your will, because our king;
Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.
K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?
Glo. Not I:
No, God forbid, that I should wish them sever'd
Whom God hath join'd together; ay, and 't were pity,
To sunder them that yoke so well together.
K. Edw. Setting your scorns, and your mislike,[5] aside,
Tell me some reason why the lady Grey
Should not become my wife, and England's queen. —
And you too, Somerset, and Montague,
Speak freely what you think.
Clar. Then this is mine opinion, — that king Lewis
Becomes your enemy, for mocking him
About the marriage of the lady Bona.
Glo. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,
Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.
K. Edw. What, if both Lewis and Warwick be appeas'd
By such invention as I can devise?
Mont. Yet to have join'd with France in such alliance,
Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth
'Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred marriage
Hast. Why, knows not Montague, that of itself
England is safe, if true within itself?[6]
Mont. Yes;[7] but the safer, when 't is back'd with France.

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entfernten Liebhaber sich sehnenden Geliebten kommt oft bei Sh. und seinen Zeitgenossen vor, so in Merchant of Venice (A. 5, Sc. 1) *In such a night || Stood Dido with a willow in her hand || Upon the wild sea-banks*, und noch ähnlicher in Field's Drama Woman is a Weathercock: *The middlemost wears willow for his sake.* 38) Die Tochter Warwick's, die hier irrig als die älteste bezeichnet wird, hat Sh. in K. Richard III. (A. 1, Sc. 1) richtiger als die jüngste bezeichnet: *For then I 'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter.* 39) So die Fol. 40) Weil er sein Spiel trieb mit der Heirath einer französischen Dame. — In A. 4, Sc. 1 heisst es *for mocking him || About the marriage of the lady Bona.* 41) *demand* ist hier = Heirathswerbung, wie schon oben (vgl. Anm. 10). 42) *stale* = eine zur Täuschung oder Lockung vorgeschobene Person oder Sache; eine solche Rolle hatte Warwick ohne Wissen und Willen für Eduard bei dem französischen Könige spielen müssen. — Andere fassen *stale* einfach = *laughing-stock.* 43) *his jest* ist der Spass, den sich Eduard mit Warwick erlaubt hat, dasselbe, was nachher *Edward's mockery* heisst.

1) Eine Anspielung auf die geringe Enthaltsamkeit Eduard's. 2) Die Fol., welche überhaupt in ihrem Texte dieses Dramas mehr und speciellere Bühnenweisungen hat, als sonst bei ihr gewöhnlich sind, fügt hier noch hinzu: *Four stand on one side, and four on the other*, d. h. auf der einen Seite stehen Gloster, Clarence, Somerset und Montague, die Gegner der eben abgeschlossenen Heirath des Königs; auf der andern Seite stehen, neben der Königin, die Gönner der Vermählung, Pembroke, Stafford und Hastings; der König selbst in der Mitte.

Hast. 'T is better using France, than trusting France.
Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas,
Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps[8] only defend ourselves:
In them and in ourselves our safety lies.
Clar. For this one speech Lord Hastings well deserves
To have the heir[9] of the lord Hungerford.
K. Edw. Ay, what of that? it was my will, and grant;
And for this once my will shall stand for law.
Glo. And yet, methinks, your grace hath not done well,
To give the heir and daughter of Lord Scales
Unto the brother of your loving bride:
She better would have fitted me, or Clarence;
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.[10]
Clar. Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir
Of the lord Bonville on your new wife's son,
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.
K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife,
That thou art malecontent? I will provide thee.
Clar. In choosing for yourself you show'd your judgment;
Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the broker in mine own behalf;
And to that end I shortly mind to leave you.
K. Edw. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,
And not be tied unto his brother's will.
Q. Eliz. My lords, before it pleas'd his majesty
To raise my state to title of a queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of descent:[11]
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
But as this title honours me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.
K. Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns.
What danger, or what sorrow can befall thee,
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands;
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.
Glo. [Aside.] I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.

Enter a Messenger.

K. Edw. Now, messenger, what letters, or what news,
From France?

Mess. My sovereign liege, no letters, and few words;
But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate.
K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee: therefore, in brief,
Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess[12] them.
What answer makes king Lewis unto our letters?
Mess. At my depart these were his very words: —
»Go tell false Edward, thy[13] supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over masquers,
To revel it with him and his new bride.«
K. Edw. Is Lewis so brave? belike, he thinks me Henry.
But what said Lady Bona to my marriage?
Mess. These were her words, utter'd with mild disdain:
»Tell him, in hope he 'll prove a widower shortly,
I 'll wear the willow garland for his sake.«
K. Edw. I blame not her, she could say little less;
She had the wrong: but what said Henry's queen?
For I have heard, that she was there in place.[14]
Mess. »Tell him,« quoth she, »my mourning weeds are done,[15]
And I am ready to put armour on.«
K. Edw. Belike, she minds to play the Amazon.
But what said Warwick to these injuries?
Mess. He, more incens'd against your majesty
Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these words: —
»Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I 'll uncrown him ere 't be long.«
K. Edw. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud words?
Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd:
They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.
But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?
Mess. Ay, gracious sovereign: they are so link'd in friendship,
That young prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.
Clar. Belike, the elder; Clarence will have the younger.[16]
Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;
That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
I may not prove inferior to yourself. —
You, that love me and Warwick, follow me.
[Exit CLARENCE, *and* SOMERSET *follows.*
Glo. [Aside.] Not I:
My thoughts aim at a further matter; I
Stay not for the love of Edward, but the crown.

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3) *our abuse* = die Kränkung, die wir ihnen zugefügt. 4) *you*, das in der Fol. fehlt, ergänzte zuerst Rowe. — Sidney Walker vermuthete *Ay, and shall have etc.* 5) *your scorns* bezieht sich auf Gloster, *your mislike* auf Clarence. 6) Diesen Gedanken, den Sh. am Schlusse seines K. John aussprach, wie er ihn in dem älteren K. John ausgesprochen fand, entnahm er, nach Reed's Meinung, aus Andrew Borde's First Boke of the Introduction of Knowledge, wo es von den Engländern heisst: *if they were true within themselves, they need not to fear although all nations were set against them.* 7) *yes* ist aus der zweiten Folioausg. von 1632 supplirt. 8) *helps* steht im Plural, weil es sich auf *God* und auf *seas* zugleich bezieht. 9) *heir* für *heiress* ist bei Sh. gewöhnlich. — Nach der Chronik heirathete ein Sohn des Lord Hastings die Tochter des Lord Hungerford. 10) Eure junge Frau lässt Euch Eure Brüder vergessen. 11) Sie war mütterlicherseits mit Heinrich V. verwandt. — Am Schluss dieser Rede hat die Fol. *dislikes* und *doth*, was Rowe verbesserte. Die Cambridge Edd. lesen *dislike* und *doth;* indess ist, da das Substantiv sich auf Mehrere bezieht, in Sh.'scher Redeweise der Plural natürlicher. 12) *to guess* = ungefähr treffen, aus der Erinnerung zusammenbringen. 13) *thy* in den Qs., in Uebereinstimmung mit den hier wiederholten Worten des französischen Königs (vgl. A. 3, Sc. 3). Die Fol. hat *the*, was Rowe zuerst verbesserte. 14) *in place* = am Platze, anwesend. 15) Mit meinen Trauerkleidern ist's vorüber. Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 3, Anm. 9. — Die citirten Worte Margarethens lauten eigentlich (A. 3, Sc. 3) *my mourning weeds are laid aside.* 16) So steht der Vers in Qs. und Fol. — Theobald stellte, indem er mehr der Geschichte als

K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick!
Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen,
And haste is needful in this desperate case. —
Pembroke, and Stafford, you in our behalf[17]
Go levy men, and make prepare for war;
They are already, or quickly will be landed:
Myself in person will straight follow you.
[Exeunt Pembroke *and* Stafford.
But, ere I go, Hastings, and Montague,
Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,
Are near to Warwick by blood, and by alliance:
Tell me if you love Warwick more than me?
If it be so, then both depart to him:
I rather wish you foes, than hollow friends;[18]
But, if you mind to hold your true obedience,
Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
That I may never have you in suspect.
Mont. So God help Montague, as he proves true!
Hast. And Hastings, as he favours Edward's cause!
K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?
Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.[19]
K. Edw. Why so; then am I sure of victory.
Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour,
Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Plain in Warwickshire.

Enter Warwick *and* Oxford *with French and other Forces.*[1]

War. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well:
The common people by numbers swarm to us.[2]

Enter Clarence *and* Somerset.

But see, where Somerset and Clarence come!
Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends?
Clar. Fear not that, my lord.
War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick:
And welcome, Somerset. — I hold it cowardice,
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love;
Else might I think, that Clarence, Edward's brother,
Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings:
But welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter shall be thine.
And now what rests, but in night's coverture,
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
His soldiers lurking in the towns[3] about,
And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?
Our scouts have found the adventure very easy:
That as Ulysses, and stout Diomede,
With sleight and manhood[4] stole to Rhesus' tents,
And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds;
So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,
At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
And seize himself; I say not, slaughter him,
For I intend but only to surprise him. —
You, that will follow me to this attempt,
Applaud the name of Henry with your leader.
[They all cry, Henry!
Why, then, let 's on our way in silent sort.[5]
For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George!
[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Edward's Camp near Warwick.

Enter certain Watchmen, to guard the King's tent.

1. Watch. Come on, my masters, each man take his stand:
The king by this is set him down to sleep.
2. Watch. What, will he not to bed?
1. Watch. Why, no; for he hath made a solemn vow,
Never to lie and take his natural rest,
Till Warwick or himself be quite suppress'd.
2. Watch. To-morrow then, belike, shall be the day,
If Warwick be so near as men report.
3. Watch. But say, I pray, what nobleman is that,
That with the king here resteth in his tent?
1. Watch. 'T is the lord Hastings, the king's chiefest friend.
3. Watch. O! is it so? But why commands the king,
That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
While he himself keeps in the cold field?
2. Watch. 'T is the more honour, because more dangerous.
3. Watch. Ay, but give me worship and quietness;
I like it better than a dangerous honour.
If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,
'T is to be doubted, he would waken him.[1]
1. Watch. Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.
2. Watch. Ay; wherefore else guard we his royal tent,
But to defend his person from night-foes?

Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset, and *Forces.*[2]

War. This is his tent; and see, where stand his guard.

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dem Dichter folgte, *elder* und *younger* um. Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 3, Anm. 38. 17) In unserem Namen und in unserem Interesse. 18) Die Antithese ist in den Qs. deutlicher ausgedrückt: *I had rather have you open enemies than hollow friends.* 19) *to withstand* = Widerstand leisten, ist dem *to stand by* = bei Jemandem Stand halten, entgegengestellt.

1) Die Fol. hat *Enter Warwick and Oxford in England with French soldiers.* Der Zusatz *in England* wird durch das Auftreten der französischen Soldaten motivirt, die man sich natürlich in Frankreich dachte. 2) Dieser Vers erinnert an einen frühern der Qs., den die meisten Hgg. mit Unrecht in den Text der Fol. gesetzt haben: *The common people swarm like summer-flies.* Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 6, Anm. 4. 3) Eduard's Soldaten waren zerstreut in den verschiedenen Städten der Nachbarschaft untergebracht. — Theobald's Verbesserung *towns* für *town* in Qs. und Fol. erscheint nicht bloss durch den Sinn gefordert, sondern auch durch eine Rede des *3. Watchman* in der nächsten Scene: *But why commands the king,* || *That his chief followers lodge in towns about him?* 4) *sleight* = List, bezieht sich auf *Ulysses*, und *manhood* auf *Diomede.* — Eine andere Anspielung auf die Ereignisse des trojanischen Kriegs kam schon einmal in diesem Drama vor (vgl. A. 3, Sc. 2, Anm. 27). 5) *in silent sort* = in schweigender Haltung, so dass Niemand von uns ein Wort spricht.

Courage, my masters! honour now, or never![3]
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.
1. Watch. Who goes there?
2. Watch. Stay, or thou diest.
[WARWICK, *and the rest, cry all — Warwick! Warwick! and set upon the Guard; who fly, crying — Arm! Arm!* WARWICK, *and the rest, following them.*

Drums beating, and trumpets sounding, re-enter WARWICK, *and the rest, bringing the King out in his gown, sitting in a chair:*[4] GLOSTER *and* HASTINGS *fly over the stage.*

Som. What are they that fly there?
War. Richard, and Hastings: let them go; here 's the duke.
K. Edw. The duke! why, Warwick, when we parted last,[5]
Thou call'dst me king!
War. Ay, but the case is alter'd:
When you disgrac'd me in my embassade,
Then I degraded you from being king,
And come now to create you duke of York.
Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use ambassadors,
Nor how to be contented with one wife,
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly,
Nor how to study for the people's welfare,
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies?
K. Edw. Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?
Nay, then I see that Edward needs must down. —
Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,
Of thee thyself, and all thy complices,
Edward will always bear himself as king:
Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.[6]
War. Then, for his mind,[7] be Edward England's king:
[*Takes off his crown.*
But Henry now shall wear the English crown,
And be true king indeed; thou but the shadow. —
My lord of Somerset, at my request,
See that forthwith duke Edward be convey'd
Unto my brother, archbishop of York.
When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
I 'll follow you, and tell what answer
Lewis, and the lady Bona, send to him: —
Now, for a while, farewell, good duke of York.
K. Edw. What fates impose, that men must needs abide:
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.
[*Exit King* EDWARD, *led out;* SOMERSET *with him.*
Oxf. What now remains, my lords, for us to do,
But march to London with our soldiers?
War. Ay, that 's the first thing that we have to do;
To free king Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the regal throne. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.

London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Queen ELIZABETH *and* RIVERS.

Riv. Madam, what makes you in[1] this sudden change?
Q. Eliz. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn,
What late misfortune is befall'n king Edward?
Riv. What! loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick?
Q. Eliz. No, but the loss of his own royal person.
Riv. Then is my sovereign slain?
Q. Eliz. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner;
Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard,
Or by his foe surpris'd at unawares:
And, as I further have to understand,
Is new committed to the bishop of York,
Fell Warwick's brother, and by that[2] our foe.
Riv. These news, I must confess, are full of grief;
Yet, gracious Madam, bear it as you may:
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.
Q. Eliz. Till then, fair hope must hinder life's decay;
And I the rather wean me from despair,
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:
This is it that makes me bridle passion,
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross;
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,[3]
Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown
King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English crown.
Riv. But, Madam, where is Warwick then become?[4]
Q. Eliz. I am informed, that he comes towards London,
To set the crown once more on Henry's head.
Guess thou the rest; king Edward's friends must down:
But to prevent the tyrant's violence,
(For trust not him that hath once broken faith,
I 'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,[5]
To save at least the heir of Edward's right:
There shall I rest secure from force, and fraud.
Come therefore; let us fly while we may fly:
If Warwick take us, we are sure to die. [*Exeunt.*[6]

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1) Wenn Warwick wüsste, in welcher Lage König Eduard sich befindet, so ist's zu vermuthen, dass er ihn wecken, d. h. überraschen würde. — *to doubt* = vermuthen, kommt bei Sh. öfter vor. 2) Die Fol. fügt hinzu *silent all.* 3) Es gilt jetzt Ehre zu erwerben oder niemals. 4) Sie bringen Eduard aus seinem Zelt, in seinem Nachtgewand und auf dem Stuhl, auf welchem er, seinem vorher erwähnten Gelübde gemäss, der Nachtruhe gepflogen hatte. — Diese letzten Bühnenweisungen finden sich in derselben Ausführlichkeit bereits in der Fol. 5) *last*, das in der Fol. zufällig ausgefallen ist, ist von Capell aus den Qs. ergänzt. 6) Mein Geist lässt sich nicht in die Schranken des Rades der Fortuna bannen, ist nicht den Wendungen und Drehungen desselben unterworfen. 7) *for his mind* = was den Geist anbelangt.

1) *in* steht hier, wie oft bei Sh., für *into*, und *to make* für *to form, to shape* = was versetzt Euch in diese plötzlich veränderte Stimmung? 2) *by that* = deswegen, in Folge dessen, dass er Warwick's Bruder ist, ist er unser Feind. 3) So kam *blood-consuming sighs* und *blood-drinking sighs* in K. Henry VI. Second Part (A. 3, Sc. 2) vor. 4) Wohin ist Warwick denn gerathen, was ist aus ihm geworden? 5) Zu der Freistatt, welche ein kirchlich geweihter Ort ihr gewährte und von der sie nicht mit Gewalt weggeschleppt werden konnte. 6) Diese vierte Scene findet sich in den Qs. erst hinter der folgenden fünften, eine Umstellung, die nicht in dem Plane des Dichters gelegen haben kann, sondern auf einer Nachlässigkeit der Redaction des Textes der Qs. beruhen muss.

SCENE V.

A Park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *Sir* WILLIAM STANLEY, *and Others.*

Glo. Now, my lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley,
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this chiefest thicket of the park.
Thus stands the case. You know, our king, my brother,
Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands
He hath good usage and great liberty,
And often, but attended with weak guard,
Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
I have advertis'd him by secret means,
That if about this hour he make this way,
Under the colour of his usual game,
He shall here find his friends, with horse and men,
To set him free from his captivity.

Enter King EDWARD *and a Huntsman.*

Hunt. This way, my lord, for this way lies the game.
K. Edw. Nay, this way, man: see, where the huntsmen stand. —
Now, brother of Gloster, Lord Hastings, and the rest,
Stand you thus close, to steal the bishop's deer?
Glo. Brother, the time and case requireth haste.
Your horse stands ready at the park-corner.
K. Edw. But whither shall we then?
Hast. To Lynn, my lord; and ship[1] from thence to Flanders.
Glo. Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my meaning.
K. Edw. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.
Glo. But wherefore stay we? 't is no time to talk.
K. Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?
Hunt. Better do so, than tarry and be hang'd.
Glo. Come then; away! let 's have no more ado.
K. Edw. Bishop, farewell: shield thee from Warwick's frown,
And pray that I may repossess the crown. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A Room in the Tower.

Enter King HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMERSET, *young* RICHMOND, OXFORD, MONTAGUE, *Lieutenant of the Tower, and Attendants.*

K. Hen. Master lieutenant, now that God and friends
Have shaken Edward from the regal seat,
And turn'd my captive state to liberty,
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys,
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?[1]
Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns;
But if an humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your majesty.
K. Hen. For what, lieutenant? for well using me?
Nay, be thou sure, I 'll well requite thy kindness,
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure:
Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds
Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,
At last by notes of household harmony[2]
They quite forget their loss of liberty. —
But, Warwick, after God, thou setst me free,
And chiefly therefore I thank God, and thee;
He was the author, thou the instrument.
Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite,
By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me,
And that the people of this blessed land
May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars,[3]
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
I here resign my government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.
War. Your grace hath still been fam'd for virtuous,[4]
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
By spying, and avoiding, fortune's malice;
For few men rightly temper with the stars:[5]
Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,
For choosing me when Clarence is in place.[6]
Clar. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the heavens in thy nativity
Adjudg'd an olive branch, and laurel crown,
As likely to be blest in peace, and war;
And, therefore, I yield thee my free consent.
War. And I choose Clarence only for protector.[7]
K. Hen. Warwick, and Clarence, give me both your hands.
Now join your hands, and with your hands your hearts,
That no dissension hinder government:
I make you both protectors of this land,
While I myself will lead a private life,
And in devotion spend my latter days,
To sin's rebuke, and my Creator's praise.
War. What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?
Clar. That he consents, if Warwick yield consent;
For on thy fortune I repose myself.
War. Why then, though loath, yet must I be content.
We 'll yoke together, like a double shadow
To Henry's body, and supply his place;
I mean, in bearing weight of government,
While he enjoys the honour,[8] and his ease.
And, Clarence, now then, it is more than needful,
Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a traitor,
And all his lands and goods be confiscate.[9]

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1) Die Fol. hat *shipt.* — Ebenso hat die Fol. in Gloster's erster Rede in dieser Scene *Thus stand the case etc.* und *Come hunting this way etc.*

1) Die Gebühren, die Dir zukommen, wegen der Obhut, in welcher Du mich im Tower gehalten hast. 2) Bei den Tönen der Musik, die sie sich selbst im Hause, d. h. im Käfige, bereiten, vergessen sie ganz, dass sie ihre Freiheit eingebüsst haben. 3) Durch das widerwärtige Geschick, das meine Sterne mir bestimmt haben. 4) *for virtuous* für *for being virtuous.* 5) Wenige wissen mit den Sternen sich recht zu stellen, wissen sich recht in das Geschick zu finden, das die Sterne ihnen vorzeichnen. 6) Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 1, Anm. 14. 7) *protector* ist hier = Regent des Reichs, nicht = Warwick's Beschützer. 8) scil. *the honour of his place.* 9) *be* fügt Malone vor *confiscate,* was Sh. überall für *confiscated* als Particip gebraucht, ein. So in Merchant of Venice (A. 4, Sc. 1) *thy lands and goods || Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate.* — Die meisten Hgg. lesen dafür nach dem Vorgange der späteren Folioausgg. *confiscated,* mit dem Tone auf der zweiten Sylbe, und schieben kein *be* ein, das sich

Clar. What else? and that succession be determin'd.
War. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.
K. Hen. But, with the first of all your chief affairs,
Let me entreat (for I command no more), [10]
That Margaret your queen, and my son Edward,
Be sent for to return from France with speed:
For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear
My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.
Clar. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.
K. Hen. My lord of Somerset, what youth is that,
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?
Som. My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond.
K. Hen. Come hither, England's hope. *[Lays his hand on his head.]* If secret powers
Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts, [11]
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.
His looks are full of peaceful majesty;
His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a sceptre; and himself
Likely in time to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords; for this is he,
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Messenger. [12]

War. What news, my friend?
Mess. That Edward is escaped from your brother,
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.
War. Unsavoury news! but how made he escape?
Mess. He was convey'd by Richard duke of Gloster,
And the lord Hastings, who attended him [13]
In secret ambush on the forest side,
And from the bishop's huntsmen rescu'd him;
For hunting was his daily exercise.
War. My brother was too careless of his charge. —
But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
A salve for any sore that may betide.

[Exeunt all but Somerset, Richmond, *and* Oxford.

Som. My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's;
For, doubtless, Burgundy will yield him help,
And we shall have more wars, before 't be long.
As Henry's late presaging prophecy
Did glad my heart with hope of this young Richmond,
So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts
What may befall him, to his harm and ours:
Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith we 'll send him hence to Brittany,
Till storms be past of civil enmity.
Oxf. Ay, for if Edward repossess the crown,
'T is like that Richmond with the rest shall down.
Som. It shall be so; he shall to Brittany.
Come therefore; let 's about it speedily. *[Exeunt.* [14]

SCENE VII.

Before York.

Enter King Edward, Gloster, Hastings, *and Forces.*

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, Lord Hastings, and the rest, [1]
Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,
And says that once more I shall interchange
My waned state for Henry's regal crown.
Well have we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas,
And brought desired help from Burgundy:
What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
From Ravenspurg haven before the gates of York,
But that we enter, as into our dukedom? [2]
Glo. The gates made fast! — Brother, I like not this;
For many men, that stumble at the threshold,
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.
K. Edw. Tush, man! abodements must not now affright us:
By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us.
Hast. My liege, I 'll knock once more to summon them.

Enter, on the walls, the Mayor of York, and his Brethren. [3]

May. My lords, we were forewarned of your coming,
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.
K. Edw. But, master mayor, if Henry be your king,
Yet Edward, at the least, is duke of York.
May. True, my good lord; I know you for no less.
K. Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom,
As being well content with that alone.
Glo. [Aside.] But when the fox hath once got in his nose,
He 'll soon find means to make the body follow.
Hast. Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt?
Open the gates: we are king Henry's friends.
May. Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd.
[Exeunt from above.
Glo. A wise stout captain, and soon persuaded! [4]
Hast. The good old man would fain that all were well, [5]

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in der That aus der vorigen Zeile hinzudenken lässt. 10) *no more* für *no longer:* ich habe jetzt nur noch zu bitten, nicht mehr zu befehlen. 11) Diese Prophezeiung findet sich schon in den Qs. und kann aus Holinshed nur darum entlehnt sein, weil Heinrich Richmond in dem folgenden Drama, K. Richard III., eine so bedeutende Rolle zu spielen hatte. 12) *Enter a Post* in der Fol. Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 3, Anm. 24. — Die an ihn gerichtete Frage ertheilt Boswell dem König Heinrich zu, während der Bote sich nur an Warwick wendet, wie nicht allein die Fol. zeigt, sondern auch die Bühnenweisung der Qs. *Enter one with a letter to Warwick* und die Antwort des Boten selbst ebenfalls. — In den Qs. schliesst sich hier sogleich an, was die Fol. erst A. 4, Sc. 8 hat. 13) *to attend him* erklärt Steevens hier mit *to wait for him;* es ist vielleicht eher = auflauern, wie in Twelfth-Night (A. 3, Sc. 4) *thy intercepter — — attends thee at the orchard-end.* 14) Diese Scene folgt in den Qs. erst auf die nächste, und ist dort mit derselben nachlässigen Willkür umgestellt, wie eine frühere (vgl. A. 4, Sc. 4, Anm. 6).

1) Ein ähnlicher Vers kam schon A. 4, Sc. 5 vor: *Now, brother of Gloster, Lord Hastings, and the rest.* 2) Die Stadt York ist der Hauptpunkt des Herzogthumes, von dem Eduard den Namen führt; er betritt sie also wie sein rechtmässiges, unbestrittenes Eigenthum. 3) *his Brethren* sind die Collegen des Mayor, die Aldermen der Stadt York. — Bald nachher heissen sie *his brothers.* 4) Pope änderte zur Verbesserung des Verses, der in Qs. und Fol. übereinstimmend so lautet, *persuaded soon.* — Sh. durfte in einem Jugendwerke, das an Archaismen reich ist, sehr wohl *captain* dreisylbig *(capitain)* lesen, wie Gascoigne in seiner Jocasta: *But they them*

So 't were not 'long of him; but, being enter'd,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

Re-enter the Mayor, and Two Aldermen, below.

K. Edw. So, master mayor: these gates must not be shut,
But in the night, or in the time of war.
What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys,
[Takes his keys.
For Edward will defend the town, and thee,
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

March. Enter MONTGOMERY *and Forces.*

Glo. Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.
K. Edw. Welcome, Sir John; but why come you in arms?
Mont. To help king Edward in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do.
K. Edw. Thanks, good Montgomery; but we now forget
Our title to the crown, and only claim
Our dukedom, till God please to send the rest.
Mont. Then fare you well, for I will hence again:
I came to serve a king, and not a duke. —
Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.
[A march begun.
K. Edw. Nay, stay, Sir John, awhile; and we 'll debate,
By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.
Mont. What talk you of debating? in few words,
If you 'll not here proclaim yourself our king,
I 'll leave you to your fortune, and be gone
To keep them back that come to succour you.
Why shall we fight, if you pretend no title?[6]
Glo. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?
K. Edw. When we grow stronger, then we 'll make our claim.
Till then, 't is wisdom to conceal our meaning.
Hast. Away with scrupulous wit! now arms must rule.
Glo. And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand:
The bruit[7] thereof will bring you many friends.
K. Edw. Then be it as you will; for 't is my right,
And Henry but usurps the diadem.
Mont. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself,
And now will I be Edward's champion.
Hast. Sound, trumpet! Edward shall be here proclaim'd. —
Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.
[Gives him a paper. Flourish.

Sold. [Reads.] »Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God, king of England and France, and lord of Ireland, etc.«
Mont. And whosoe'er gainsays king Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.
[Throws down his gauntlet.
All. Long live Edward the Fourth!
K. Edw. Thanks, brave Montgomery, and thanks unto you all:
If fortune serve me, I 'll requite this kindness.
Now, for this night, let 's harbour here in York,
And when the morning sun shall raise his car
Above the border of this horizon,[8]
We 'll forward towards Warwick, and his mates;
For, well I wot, that Henry is no soldier. —
Ah, froward Clarence! how evil it beseems thee,
To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother!
Yet, as we may, we 'll meet both thee and Warwick. —
Come on, brave soldiers: doubt not of the day;
And, that once gotten,[9] doubt not of large pay. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

London. A Room in the Palace.

Flourish. Enter King HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE, MONTAGUE, EXETER, *and* OXFORD.[1]

War. What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,[2]
With hasty Germans, and blunt Hollanders,
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,[3]
And with his troops doth march amain to London;
And many giddy people flock to him.
K. Hen. Let 's levy men, and beat him back again.[4]
Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.
War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;
Those will I muster up: — and thou, son Clarence,
Shalt stir up in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee: —
Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
Northampton, and in Leicestershire,[5] shalt find
Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st: —
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd
In Oxfordshire, shalt muster up thy friends. —
My sovereign, with the loving citizens,[6]
Like to his island girt in with the ocean,
Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs,
Shall rest in London, till we come to him. —
Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply. —
Farewell, my sovereign.
K. Hen. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.[7]

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chose for guides and capitains. 5) Der alte Mann möchte gern, dass Alles gut stände, wenn es nur ohne ihn geschähe, wenn er nur aus dem Spiele bliebe. — Die Fol. hat *long.* 6) Wenn Ihr keinen Anspruch an die Königswürde geltend macht. — Die vorhergehende Bühnenweisung lautet in der Fol. *The drum begins to march.* 7) *bruit* = Gerücht, Verbreitung des Gerüchts. 8) Sh. betont das Wort, das er nur an dieser Stelle hat, auf der ersten Sylbe. 9) Wenn wir den Tag, die Schlacht, einmal gewonnen haben.

1) Die Fol. lässt irrthümlich Somerset statt Exeter auftreten, obgleich sie nachher Exeter namhaft macht. 2) Diese Worte und die folgenden schliessen sich in den Qs. unmittelbar an das Auftreten des Boten in der sechsten Scene an (vgl. A. 4, Sc. 6, Anm. 12). 3) *narrow seas* = der St. Georgscanal. — Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1, Anm. 39. — *giddy* = wankelmüthig. 4) Manche Hgg. ertheilen ohne Grund diese Worte dem Oxford zu, statt sie dem König Heinrich zu lassen, welchem die Fol. sie beilegt. 5) Das *shire* in *Leicestershire* ist auch zu *Buckingham* und *Northampton* hinzuzudenken. 6) Unter *citizens* werden vorzugsweise die Bürger der Stadt London, der City, verstanden. — Vor *with the loving citizens* ist aus dem Folgenden ein Particip von *circled* oder *girt in* zu suppliren. 7) Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 1, Anm. 14. 8) Es steht zu besorgen, dass er die andern Leute durch Schmeichelkünste

Clar. In sign of truth, I kiss your highness' hand.
K. Hen. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate.
Mont. Comfort, my lord; — and so I take my leave.
Oxf. [*Kissing* Henry's *hand.*] And thus I seal my truth, and bid adieu.
K. Hen. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,
And all at once, once more a happy farewell.
War. Farewell, sweet lords: let 's meet at Coventry.
[*Exeunt* Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, *and* Montague.
K. Hen. Here at the palace will I rest awhile.
Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?
Methinks, the power, that Edward hath in field,
Should not be able to encounter mine.
Exe. The doubt is,[8] that he will seduce the rest.
K. Hen. That 's not my fear; my meed[9] hath got me fame.
I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
My mercy dry'd their water-flowing tears;[10]
I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd.
Then, why should they love Edward more than me?
No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace:[11]
And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never cease to follow him.
[*Shout within: A Lancaster! a Lancaster!*[12]
Exe. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

Enter King Edward, Gloster, *and Soldiers.*

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry! bear him hence,
And once again proclaim us king of England. —
You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow:
Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,
And swell so much the higher by their ebb.
Hence with him to the Tower! let him not speak.
[*Exeunt some with King* Henry.
And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,
Where peremptory Warwick now remains.
The sun shines hot, and, if we use delay,
Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.[13]
Glo. Away betimes, before his forces join,
And take the great-grown traitor unawares:
Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Coventry.

Enter, upon the walls, Warwick, *the Mayor of Coventry, Two Messengers, and Others.*

War. Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?
How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?
1. Mess. By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.
War. How far off is our brother Montague? —
Where is the post that came from Montague?
2. Mess. By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

Enter Sir John Somerville.

War. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?
And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?
Som. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence.
[*Drum heard.*
War. Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his drum.
Som. It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies:
The drum your honour hears marcheth from Warwick.
War. Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.
Som. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

March. Flourish. Enter King Edward, Gloster, *and Forces.*

K. Edw. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.
Glo. See, how the surly Warwick mans the wall.[1]
War. O unbid spite![2] is sportful Edward come?
Where slept our scouts,[3] or how are they seduc'd,
That we could hear no news of his repair?
K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates?
Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee,
Call Edward king, and at his hands beg mercy,
And he shall pardon thee these outrages.
War. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down?[4]
Call Warwick patron, and be penitent,
And thou shalt still remain the duke of York.
Glo. I thought, at least, he would have said — the king,[5]
Or did he make the jest against his will?
War. Is not a dukedom, Sir, a goodly gift?
Glo. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give:
I 'll do thee service[6] for so good a gift.

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und Ueberredung für sich gewinne. 9) *my meed*, das Steevens mit *my merit* erklärt und das Warburton in *my deed* verändert wollte, ist auch hier wohl, wie an einer früheren Stelle (vgl. A. 2, Sc. 1, Anm. 10) = meine Art, das mir Eigenthümliche und als solches Anerkannte. Worin diese Art oder Eigenthümlichkeit besteht, sagen die folgenden Worte. 10) Thränen, die so reichlich flossen wie Wasser. 11) *grace* = Tugend, Gnade, und = Freundlichkeit, Huld. 12) *A Lancaster!* ist die Losung, welche Heinrich's Anhänger bei dem Andrange der Yorks ausstossen, um sich als Parteigenossen zu erkennen zu geben. 13) Das diesen beiden Versen entsprechende gereimte Verspaar haben die Qs. in A. 5, Sc. 3 am Schlusse.

1) Seht, wie der trotzige Warwick mit seinen Leuten die Mauern von Coventry besetzt hält, wie er auf der Mauer steht. 2) *unbid spite* = ein Verdruss, den sie nicht veranlasst oder gewünscht haben. 3) So in K. John (A. 4, Sc. 2) *O! where hath our intelligence been drunk? || Where hath it slept?* 4) Warwick war schon vorher einmal *Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings* genannt (vgl. A. 3, Sc. 3, Anm. 22). 5) scil. *thou shalt still remain the king.* 6) *service* ist der Dienst des Lehnsmanns für seinen Lehnsherrn, als welchen Gloster, im Sinne seines Bruders mit einem Herzogthum belehnt, den Warwick, den *poor earl*, ironisch betrachtet. 7) *deck* = ein Spiel Karten. Während Warwick seinem Gegner im Kartenspiel die nach seiner Meinung höchste Karte, die Zehn, abzugewinnen dachte, war die mit dem König bezeichnete Karte, ohne dass er es merkte, bereits schlau aus dem Spiele entwandt. 8) Der Palast des Bischofs von London war Heinrich's Residenz gewesen, als die Yorks den

War. 'T was I, that gave the kingdom to thy brother.
K. Edw. Why then, 't is mine, if but by Warwick's gift.
War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.
K. Edw. But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner;
And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this:
What is the body, when the head is off?
Glo. Alas! that Warwick had no more forecast,
But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,
The king was slily finger'd from the deck![7]
You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace,[8]
And, ten to one, you 'll meet him in the Tower.
K. Edw. 'T is even so: yet you are Warwick still.[9]
Glo. Come, Warwick, take the time;[10] kneel down, kneel down.
Nay, when?[11] strike now, or else the iron cools.
War. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,
And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail to strike[12] to thee.
K. Edw. Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend,
This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall, whiles thy head is warm, and new cut off,
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood, —
»Wind-changing[13] Warwick now can change no more.«

Enter OXFORD, *with drum and colours.*

War. O cheerful colours! see, where Oxford comes.
Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!
[OXFORD *and his Forces enter the city.*
Glo. The gates are open, let us enter too.
K. Edw. So other foes may set upon our backs.
Stand we in good array; for they, no doubt,
Will issue out again, and bid us battle:
If not, the city being but of small defence,
We 'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.[14]
War. O! welcome, Oxford, for we want thy help.

Enter MONTAGUE, *with drum and colours.*

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!
[*He and his Forces enter the city.*
Glo. Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason
Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.
K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater victory:
My mind presageth happy gain, and conquest.

Enter SOMERSET, *with drum and colours.*

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!
[*He and his Forces enter the city.*
Glo. Two of thy name, both dukes of Somerset,
Have sold their lives unto the house of York;
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter CLARENCE, *with drum and colours.*

War. And lo! where George of Clarence sweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his brother battle;
With whom an[15] upright zeal to right prevails,
More than the nature of a brother's love. —
[GLOSTER *and* CLARENCE *whisper.*[16]
Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick calls.
Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means?
[*Taking the red rose out of his hat.*
Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:
I will not ruinate my father's house,
Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,[17]
And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick,
That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt-unnatural,[18]
To bend the fatal instruments of war
Against his brother, and his lawful king?
Perhaps, thou wilt object my holy oath:
To keep that oath, were more impiety
Than Jephtha's, when he sacrific'd his daughter.
I am so sorry for my trespass made,
That to deserve well at my brother's hands,
I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe;
With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee,
(As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad,)
To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.
And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks. —
Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends;
And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.
K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more belov'd,
Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.
Glo. Welcome, good Clarence: this is brother-like.
War. O passing[19] traitor, perjur'd, and unjust!
K. Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town, and fight,
Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?
War. Alas! I am not coop'd here for defence:
I will away towards Barnet presently,
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.

König überfielen und verhafteten. 9) Ironisch: trotz dieses Missgeschicks, das Euren König betroffen hat, seid Ihr noch Warwick, haltet Ihr Euch noch für den Ersten des Landes? — Die Qs. haben *and yet you are old Warwick still.* 10) Benutze den günstigen Augenblick und unterwirf Dich. 11) *when?* ein Ausruf der Ungeduld und der Mahnung = nun? wird's bald? 12) *to strike,* das Gloster in Bezug auf das Sprichwort gebraucht hatte, dass das Eisen geschmiedet werden muss, so lange es warm ist, wendet Warwick an in der Verbindung mit *a sail* = das Segel vor Jemandem streichen. 13) *wind-changing* = der mit jedem Winde oder wie der Wind sich dreht. 14) Da die Stadt nur geringe Vertheidigungskräfte hat, so werden wir rasch die Feinde, die sich in ihr festgesetzt haben, d. h. Warwick und Oxford, und wer noch zu ihnen stossen mag, aufjagen. 15) Die Fol. hat *in,* das die späteren Folioausgg. verbessern. 16) Diese Bühnenweisung und die folgende fehlen in der Fol. und sind als zum Verständniss des Textes nothwendig aus den Qs. entlehnt. 17) Den uneigentlichen Ausdruck *the house* fasst Clarence hier in eigentlichem Sinne: der alte Herzog von York vergoss sein Blut, um die Steine seines Hauses fester mit diesem Mörtel an einander zu kitten. — Das folgende *and set up* hängt wieder von *I will* ab. 18) Sidney Walker verbindet sehr plausibel *blunt-unnatural* = unnatürlich stumpf. — Fünf Zeilen weiter hat die Fol. *Iepha* für *Jephtha's,* von Rowe verbessert. 19) *passing* = auserlesen, ausnehmend, von *to pass* = Etwas übertreffen, über Etwas hinausgehen, gebraucht Sh. häufiger als Adverbium, seltener als Adjectiv. 20) Die Fol. fügt noch hinzu *Warwick and his Company follows.*

K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way. —
Lords, to the field! Saint George, and victory!
[March. Exeunt.[20]

SCENE II.

A Field of Battle near Barnet.

Alarums, and excursions. Enter King EDWARD, *bringing in* WARWICK *wounded.*

K. Edw. So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear;
For Warwick was a bug,[1] that fear'd us all. —
Now, Montague, sit fast:[2] I seek for thee,
That Warwick's bones may keep thine company.[3] *[Exit.*

War. Ah! who is nigh? come to me, friend or foe,
And tell me, who is victor, York, or Warwick?
Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms[4] gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept;
Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree,[5]
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,
Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
To search the secret treasons of the world:
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres;[6]
For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me; and, of all my lands,
Is nothing left me, but my body's length.[7]
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter OXFORD *and* SOMERSET.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are,[8]
We might recover all our loss again.
The queen from France hath brought a puissant power;
Even now we heard the news. Ah, couldst thou fly!

War. Why, then I would not fly. — Ah, Montague!
If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my soul awhile.
Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood,
That glues my lips, and will not let me speak.
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

Som. Ah, Warwick! Montague hath breath'd his last;
And to the latest gasp cried out for Warwick,
And said — »Commend me to my valiant brother.«
And more he would have said; and more he spoke,[9]
Which sounded like a cannon in a vault,
That mought not be distinguish'd: but, at last,
I well might hear, deliver'd with a groan, —
»O, farewell, Warwick!«

War. Sweet rest his soul! — Fly, lords, and save yourselves;
For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in heaven.[10]
[Dies.

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the queen's great power!
[Exeunt, bearing off WARWICK's *body.*

SCENE III.

Another Part of the Field.

Flourish. Enter King EDWARD *in triumph; with* CLARENCE, GLOSTER, *and the rest.*

K. Edw. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious sun,[1]
Ere he attain his easeful western bed:
I mean, my lords, those powers, that the queen
Hath rais'd in Gallia, have arriv'd our coast,[2]
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

Clar. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,
And blow it to the source from whence it came:
Thy very beams will dry those vapours up,
For every cloud engenders not a storm.

Glo. The queen is valu'd thirty thousand strong,
And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her;
If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd,
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

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1) *bug* = Popanz, Schreckbild, das jetzige *bugbear*, das Sh. aber auch schon neben *bug* gebraucht. — *to fear* = in Schrecken setzen. — So in Gosson's School of Abuse: *These bugs are fitter to fear babes than to move men.* 2) d. h. fest zu Pferde. 3) Damit Warwick's Gebeine mit den Deinigen zusammen ihr Grab finden mögen. 4) *whose arms* sind die Zweige der Ceder. 5) So heisst die Eiche auch in As you like it (A. 3, Sc. 2) *it may well be call'd Jove's tree.* 6) Wenn Warwick seine Stirn drohend in Runzeln zusammenzog, so galt das als eine schlimme Vorbedeutung für einen König, den Warwick stürzen konnte. Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 3, Anm. 22. 7) d. h. so viel Land, wie mein Körper lang ist, für mein Grab. — Die beiden folgenden Zeilen finden sich in den Qs. etwas später, in der letzten Rede Warwick's an Somerset. — Zwei Zeilen vorher ist *my walks* in Bezug auf *my parks* = die einzelnen Gehege oder Districte des Parkes. 8) Wärest Du so frisch und gesund wie wir Beide. 9) Sh. unterscheidet hier zwischen *to say* = Etwas sagen, so sprechen, dass der Andre es versteht, und zwischen *to speak* = Etwas sprechen, ohne diese Nebenbeziehung des Verstandenwerdens. Das *spoke* wird dann näher dahin charakterisirt, dass es dumpf klang, wie etwa der Schuss aus einem Geschütz in einem Gewölbe, wo der Ton zusammengehalten wird und sich nicht frei entwickeln kann. — Das relative *that* bezieht sich nicht eigentlich auf *cannon*, sondern auf ein Substantiv wie *sound*, das aus dem verbalen *sounded* zu entnehmen ist. — Die Qs. haben *clamour* für *cannon*. — Für das veraltete *mought* der Fol. (*could* in den Qs.) setzte Pope *might.* 10) So lauten diese beiden Verse übereinstimmend in Qs. und Fol. — Manche Hgg. nehmen aus metrischen Gründen einige Aenderungen damit vor, indem sie lesen: *O, farewell, Warwick!* War. *Sweet rest to his soul!* || *Fly, lords, and save yourselves: for Warwick bids* || *You all farewell, to meet again in heaven.*

1) Wiederum eine Anspielung auf die Sonne im Wappenschilde der Yorks. 2) *to arrive* als transitives Verbum = Etwas erreichen, an Etwas anlegen, findet sich öfter bei Sh. 3) Ein bereiter, williger Muth schafft

K. Edw. We are advertis'd by our loving friends,
That they do hold their course toward Tewksbury.
We, having now the best at Barnet field,
Will thither straight, for willingness rids way;[3]
And, as we march, our strength will be augmented
In every county as we go along. —
Strike up the drum! cry — Courage! and away.[4]
[Flourish. Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Plains near Tewksbury.

March. Enter Queen MARGARET, *Prince* EDWARD, SOMERSET, OXFORD, *and Soldiers.*

Q. Mar. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown over-board,
The cable broke, the holding-anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood;
Yet lives our pilot still: is 't meet that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much;[1]
Whiles in his moan the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have sav'd?
Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
Say, Warwick was our anchor; what of that?
And Montague our topmast; what of him?
Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; what of these?
Why, is not Oxford here another anchor,
And Somerset another goodly mast?
The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?[2]
And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
We will not from the helm, to sit and weep,
But keep our course, though the rough wind say no,
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wrack.
As good to chide the waves, as speak them fair.
And what is Edward but a ruthless sea?
What Clarence but a quicksand of deceit?
And Richard but a ragged fatal rock?[3]
All these the enemies to our poor bark.
Say, you can swim; alas! 't is but a while:
Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly sink:
Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,
Or else you famish; that 's a threefold death.[4]
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
In case some one of you would fly from us,
That there 's no hop'd-for mercy[5] with the brothers,
More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and rocks.
Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided,
'T were childish weakness to lament, or fear.

Prince. Methinks, a woman of this valiant spirit
Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
And make him, naked,[6] foil a man at arms.
I speak not this as doubting any here;
For, did I but suspect a fearful man,[7]
He should have leave to go away betimes,
Lest, in our need, he might infect another,
And make him of like spirit to himself.
If any such be here, — as God forbid! —
Let him depart before we need his help.

Oxf. Women and children of so high a courage,
And warriors faint! why, 't were perpetual shame. —
O brave young prince! thy famous grandfather
Doth live again in thee: long may'st thou live,
To bear his image, and renew his glories!

Som. And he, that will not fight for such a hope,
Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,
If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

Q. Mar. Thanks, gentle Somerset: — sweet Oxford, thanks.

Prince. And take his thanks, that yet hath nothing else.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand,
Ready to fight: therefore, be resolute.

Oxf. I thought no less: it is his policy
To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

Som. But he 's deceiv'd: we are in readiness.

Q. Mar. This cheers my heart to see your forwardness.

Oxf. Here pitch our battle; hence we will not budge.

Flourish and march. Enter King EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, *and Forces.*

K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood,
Which, by the heavens' assistance and your strength,
Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.
I need not add more fuel to your fire,
For, well I wot, ye blaze to burn them[8] out.
Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords!

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den Weg fort, verkürzt die Länge des Marsches. 4) Die Qs. schliessen hier mit einem Reimpaar, das in etwas veränderter Fassung die Fol. am Schlusse des vierten Actes hat. Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 8, Anm. 13.

1) Dasselbe Gedankenspiel kehrt öfter bei Sh. wieder; so von einem Hirsch, dessen Thränen in den Bach fallen, in As you like it (A. 2, Sc. 1) *the hairy fool — — || Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,|| Augmenting it with tears*, und dann *Poor deer, — — thou mak'st a testament || As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more || To that which had too much.* 2) *tacklings* ist dreisylbig *(tackelings)* zu lesen. 3) Wie *quicksand* sich auf das vorhergehende *shelves* bezieht, so *rock* auf das vorhergehende *rocks*. 4) Der dreifache Tod ist: entweder ein Versinken in den Triebsand, oder ein Weggespültwerden von der Klippe, oder endlich ein Hungerssterben auf der Klippe. Genau genommen tritt noch eine vierte Todesart hinzu in den Worten *Say, you can swim; alas! 't is but a while.* 5) scil. *there is no more mercy to be hoped for with the brothers than with ruthless waves etc.* 6) *naked* = unbewaffnet, ungerüstet. So in Othello (A. 5, Sc. 2) *naked as I am, I will assault thee.* 7) Hielte ich nur einen Mann im Verdacht der Furchtsamkeit. 8) *them* bezieht sich auf *thorny wood* = das Dorngehölz, als eine Masse von einzelnen Bäumen gefasst, nicht auf *by the roots.* 9) *to gainsay* = für nichtig erklären, widerrufen, ist dem *to say* entgegengestellt. 10) Ich vergiesse solche Thränenströme, dass ich sie, wie sie von meinen Augen niederfliessen, wider Willen trinken muss. — *mine eyes* entlehnte Capell aus den Qs. für *my eye* der Fol.

Q. Mar. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should say,
My tears gainsay;[9] for every word I speak,
Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.[10]
Therefore, no more but this: — Henry, your sovereign,
Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,
His realm a slaughterhouse, his subjects slain,
His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.
You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.
[Exeunt both Armies.

SCENE V.

Another Part of the Same.

Alarums: excursions; and afterwards a retreat. Then enter King EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, *and Forces; with Queen* MARGARET, OXFORD, *and* SOMERSET, *Prisoners.*

K. Edw. Now, here a period of tumultuous broils.
Away with Oxford to Ham's castle[1] straight:
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.
Go, bear them hence: I will not hear them speak.
Oxf. For my part, I 'll not trouble thee with words.
Som. Nor I; but stoop with patience to my fortune.
[Exeunt OXFORD *and* SOMERSET, *guarded.*
Q. Mar. So part we sadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.[2]
K. Edw. Is proclamation made, that who finds Edward
Shall have a high reward, and he his life?
Glo. It is: and lo, where youthful Edward comes!

Enter Soldiers, with Prince EDWARD.

K. Edw. Bring forth the gallant: let us hear him speak.
What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?[3]
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?
Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York.
Suppose, that I am now my father's mouth:
Resign thy chair, and where I stand kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.
Q. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been so resolv'd!
Glo. That you might still have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.[4]
Prince. Let Æsop[5] fable in a winter's night;
His currish riddles sort not with this place.
Glo. By heaven, brat, I 'll plague you for that word.
Q. Mar. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.
Glo. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.
Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crook-back, rather.
K. Edw. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.[6]
Clar. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.
Prince. I know my duty: you are all undutiful.[7]
Lascivious Edward, — and thou perjur'd George, —
And thou misshapen Dick, — I tell ye all,
I am your better, traitors as ye are;
And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.
K. Edw. Take that, the likeness of this railer here.[8]
[Stabs him.
Glo. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony.
[Stabs him.
Clar. And there 's for twitting me with perjury.
[Stabs him.
Q. Mar. O, kill me too!
Glo. Marry, and shall. *[Offers to kill her.*
K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold! for we have done too much.
Glo. Why should she live, to fill the world with words?[9]
K. Edw. What! doth she swoon? use means for her recovery.
Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the king, my brother.
I 'll hence to London on a serious matter:
Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.
Clar. What? what?
Glo. The Tower! the Tower![10] *[Exit.*
Q. Mar. O Ned! sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy:
Canst thou not speak? — O traitors! murderers!
They that stabb'd Cæsar shed no blood at all,
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,
If this foul deed were by to equal it:
He was a man; this, in respect,[11] a child;
And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.
What 's worse than murderer, that I may name it?
No, no; my heart will burst, an if I speak;
And I will speak, that so my heart may burst. —
Butchers and villains! bloody cannibals!
How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!

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1) *Ham's castle* ist das Schloss Ham in der Picardie. — Die meisten Hgg. schreiben *Hammes'* dafür, Qs. und Fol. *Hames.* — Die späteren Folioausgg. schreiben *Now here 's a period etc.* 2) Das himmlische Jerusalem. 3) Vgl. A. 5, Sc. 4, Anm. 8. 4) Wenn der schwache Heinrich VI. so entschlossen und kühn gewesen wäre, wie sein Sohn, so hätte Margarethe in ihrer weiblichen Rolle bleiben können und nicht statt ihres Gemahls sich männlich zu geberden brauchen. — Eine ähnliche Hindeutung auf dieses umgekehrte Verhältniss kam in K. Henry VI. Second Part (A. 1, Sc. 3) vor: *Though in this place most master wear no breeches,* || *She shall not strike dame Eleanor unreveng'd.* 5) Der verwachsene, bucklichte Richard wird hier spöttisch mit dem eben so gestalteten griechischen Fabeldichter Aesop verglichen, da dieser, wie jener, in Gleichnissen aus der Thierwelt *(currish riddles)* spricht. 6) *charm your tongue*, eine Redensart, die bei Sh. und seinen Zeitgenossen öfter vorkommt, erklärt Malone: *I will compel you to be as silent as you would be if you were charmed, if you were deprived of speech by the power of enchantment.* 7) Der Nachdruck liegt auf *I* und auf *you.* 8) Prinz Eduard ist ein Ebenbild seiner schmähsüchtigen Mutter, versteht sich eben so gut auf das Schimpfen, wie diese. — *the likeness*, mit der Anwendung des Artikels, auch bei einem Vocativ, der eigentlich Apposition zu einem zu suppli-renden *thou* sein sollte, ist Sh.'sch. So in K. Lear (A. 1, Sc. 1) *The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes* || *Cordelia leaves you.* — Rowe änderte *thou likeness.* 9) *words* = blosse Worte, Gerede, den Thaten gegenübergestellt. 10) In der Fol. fehlt das erste *the* vor *Tower*, das sich jedoch an der entsprechenden Stelle der Qs. findet. Dort heisst es: *The Tower, man, the Tower! — I'll root them out*, was Theobald in den Text setzte. — Was Gloster im Tower will, ergiebt die folgende Scene. — Diese Worte Gloster's sind nur bei Seite zu Clarence

You have no children, butchers! if you had,
The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse: [12]
But, if you ever chance to have a child,
Look in his youth to have him so cut off, [13]
As, deathsmen, you have rid this sweet young prince!

K. Edw. Away with her! go, bear her hence perforce.

Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, despatch [14] me here:
Here sheathe thy sword, I 'll pardon thee my death.
What! wilt thou not? — then, Clarence, do it thou.

Clar. By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease. [15]

Q. Mar. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.

Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?

Q. Mar. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself:
'T was sin before, [16] but now 't is charity.
What! wilt thou not? Where is that devil's butcher, [17]
Hard-favour'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?
Thou art not here: murder is thy alms-deed;
Petitioners for blood thou ne'er putt'st back.

K. Edw. Away, I say! I charge ye, bear her hence.

Q. Mar. So come to you, and yours, as to this prince! [18] *[Exit.*

K. Edw. Where 's Richard gone?

Clar. To London, all in post; and, as I guess,
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

K. Edw. He 's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.
Now march we hence: discharge the common sort [19]
With pay and thanks, and let 's away to London,
And see our gentle queen how well she fares:
By this, I hope, she hath a son for me. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

London. A Room in the Tower.

King HENRY *is discovered sitting with a book in his hand, the Lieutenant attending. Enter* GLOSTER. [1]

Glo. Good day, my lord. What! at your book so hard?

K. Hen. Ay, my good lord: my lord, I should say rather:
'T is sin to flatter; good was little better: [2]
Good Gloster, and good devil, were alike,
And both preposterous; therefore, not good lord.

Glo. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must confer. *[Exit Lieutenant.*

K. Hen. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf:
So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,
And next his throat unto the butcher's knife. —
What scene of death hath Roscius now to act? [3]

Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind:
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

K. Hen. The bird, that hath been limed in a bush,
With trembling wings misdoubteth [4] every bush;
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird, [5]
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

Glo. Why, what a peevish [6] fool was that of Crete, [7]
That taught his son the office of a fowl?
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.

K. Hen. I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;
Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;
The sun, that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy,
Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea,
Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.
Ah! kill me with thy weapon, not with words.
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,
Than can my ears that tragic history.
But wherefore dost thou come? is 't for my life?

Glo. Think'st thou I am an executioner?

K. Hen. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art:
If murdering innocents be executing,
Why, then thou art an executioner.

Glo. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

K. Hen. Hadst thou been kill'd, when first thou didst presume,
Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.
And thus I prophesy, — that many a thousand,
Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear; [8]
And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,
And many an orphan's water-standing eye, —
Men for their sons', wives for their husbands',
Orphans for their parents' timeless death, [9] —
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.

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gesprochen. 11) scil. *in respect to Cæsar.* 12) Es würde der Gedanke an Eure Kinder Euer Mitleid rege gemacht haben, so dass Ihr nicht mein Kind umgebracht hättet. — *remorse* ist auch hier, wie oft bei Sh., das Bedenken vor einer zu verrichtenden Unthat, nicht die Reue nach derselben. 13) *in his youth* gehört zu *cut off*: macht Euch darauf gefasst, ihn so in seiner Jugend weggerafft zu sehen, wie Ihr diesen jungen Prinzen aus dem Wege geschafft habt. 14) *to despatch* euphemistisch = umbringen. So in K. Henry VI. Second Part (A. 3, Sc. 2) *We have despatch'd the duke, as he commanded.* — Bei dem *here* des folgenden Verses deutet Margarethe auf ihre Brust. 15) Insofern für Margarethe ein schleuniger Tod eine Erlösung von ihren Leiden sein würde. 16) Clarence sündigte, als er den Eid der Treue, den er dem König Heinrich geleistet, brach, aber den Schwur zu brechen, dass er das Leben Margarethens schonen wolle, wäre christliche Liebe. 17) *devil's butcher* = ein Würger, dessen der Teufel sich bedient. — Die Fol. fügt dahinter noch *Richard* ein, wahrscheinlich aus Versehen, wie es denn auch in den Qs. nicht steht. 18) Möge es Euch und den Eurigen so ergehen, wie meinem Sohne. 19) *common sort* = das gemeine Volk, der Haufen, der Eduard's Schaaren verstärkt hatte.

1) Die Bühnenweisung der Fol. ist *Enter Henry the sixth, and Richard, with the Lieutenant on the Walls*, die der Qs. *Enter Gloster to King Henry in the Tower.* 2) scil. *to say good was little better than sin.* 3) Der römische Schauspieler Roscius, den Sh. in Hamlet (A. 2, Sc. 2) erwähnt: *when Roscius was an actor in Rome*, galt auch bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen für einen ausgezeichneten Tragödienspieler, so in Acolastus his Afterwitte (1600) *Through thee each murthering Roscius is appointed || To act strange scenes of death on God's anointed.* 4) *to misdoubt* = in bösem, wenn auch verkehrtem Verdacht haben. 5) *male* nennt sich hier Heinrich bildlich als den alten Vogel, dessen Sorge es gemeinschaftlich mit dem Weibchen sein sollte, ihr Junges, d. h. den Prinzen Eduard, zu hüten. — Ueber *bird* vgl. A. 2, Sc. 1, Anm. 20. 6) *peevish* ist bei Sh. Der, welcher sich nicht zu helfen, nicht mit den Leuten fertig zu werden weiss, und entspricht häufig unserm »unpraktisch«. 7) So hiess Dädalus schon in K. Henry VI. First Part (A. 4, Sc. 6) *thy desperate sire of Crete.* 8) Die jetzt noch in keinem Stücke eine Vorahnung haben von Dem, was mir Grauen erweckt. 9) *timeless*

The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;
The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook down trees;
The raven rook'd her [10] on the chimney's top,
And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope;
To wit, — an indigested [11] and deformed lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
Teeth hadst thou in thy head, when thou wast born,
To signify, thou cam'st to bite the world:
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'st — [12]

Glo. I'll hear no more; — die, prophet, in thy speech:
[Stabs him.
For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd. [13]

K. Hen. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.
O! God forgive my sins, and pardon thee. *[Dies.*

Glo. What! will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
See, how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!
O, may such purple tears be always shed
From those that wish the downfall of our house! —
If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither:
[Stabs him again.
I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.
Indeed, 't is true, that Henry told me of; [14]
For I have often heard my mother say,
I came into the world with my legs forward.
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?
The midwife wonder'd; and the women cried,
»O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!«
And so I was; which plainly signified
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.
Then, since the heavens have shap'd my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it. [15]
I have no brother, I am like no brother;
And this word love, which greybeards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me: I am myself alone. —
Clarence, beware: thou keep'st me from the light;
But I will sort [16] a pitchy day for thee:
For I will buz abroad such prophecies,
That Edward shall be fearful of his life;
And then, to purge his fear, [17] I 'll be thy death.
King Henry, and the prince his son, are gone:
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest;
Counting myself but bad, till I be best. —
I 'll throw thy body in another room,
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.
[Exit, with the body.

SCENE VII.

The Same. A Room in the Palace.

King Edward *is discovered sitting on his throne; Queen* Elizabeth *with the infant Prince,* Clarence, Gloster, Hastings, *and Others, near him.* [1]

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's royal throne,
Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies.
What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,
Have we mow'd down, in tops of all their pride!
Three dukes of Somerset, three-fold renown'd
For hardy and undoubted champions; [2]
Two Cliffords, as the father and the son;
And two Northumberlands: two braver men
Ne'er spurr'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound;
With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,
That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion, [3]
And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat, [4]
And made our footstool of security. —
Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy. —
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles, and myself,
Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night;
Went all a-foot in summer's scalding heat,
That thou mightst repossess the crown in peace;
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

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death bezieht sich auf die Genitive *sons'*, *husbands'* und *parents'* zugleich; manche Hgg. verwischen diese Construction, indem sie hinter *husbands'* mit der zweiten Folioausg. *fate* einfügen. Richtiger setzt vielleicht die zweite Folioausg. *and* vor *orphans.* 10) *to rook* oder *to ruck*, hier als reflexives Verbum = niederkauern wie im Neste, vorzugsweise von Raben, Eulen u. s. w. als ein böses Omen gebraucht, wenn sie sich auf ein Haus niederlassen. So in Golding's Uebersetzung des Ovid: *The furies made the bridegroom's bed, and on the house did ruck || A cursed owl, the messenger of ill success and luck.* 11) *indigested* = unausgebildet, unentwickelt. Manche Hgg. setzen des Verses wegen, indem sie das folgende *and* weglassen, das synonyme *indigest* dafür, das substantivisch in K. John (A. 5, Sc. 7) und adjectivisch in Sh.'s Sonnets (114) vorkommt: *things indigest.* — Die Qs. haben *an indigest created lump.* 12) Theobald vervollständigte, mit Beziehung auf das, was Gloster in dem folgenden Monologe sagt, den Vers so: *Thou cam'st into the world with thy legs forward.* — Dass aber Gloster den König gar nicht ausreden lässt, sondern ihn mitten in seinen Worten unterbricht, ergiebt sich auch aus der Lesart der Qs. *Thou cam'st into the world —* 13) Der Satz ist ironisch gemeint: zu den mancherlei Dingen, zu denen ich, nach Deiner Prophezeiung, vom Schicksal bestimmt bin, gehört auch Deine Ermordung. 14) Dieser Vers bezieht sich nicht genau auf das folgende *I came into the world etc.*, sondern im Allgemeinen auf den letzten Theil von Heinrich's vorhergehender Rede, deren Inhalt Gloster hier vervollständigt. 15) Wie der Himmel meinen Körper missgestaltet geschaffen hat, so möge die Hölle meinen Geist missgestaltet machen, damit er dem Körper entspreche. 16) *to sort* oder *to sort out* = auswählen, anordnen: ich will einen pechschwarzen, unheilvollen Tag für Dich auswählen, deswegen, weil Du mir im Lichte stehst, zwischen mir und dem Throne stehst. — In der vorigen Zeile hat die Fol. *keepʼst*, die Qs. *keptst;* die dritte Folioausg. setzte *keepʼst* dafür. 17) Um ihn von seiner Furcht zu curiren.

1) Die Bühnenweisung der Fol. lautet: *Flourish. Enter King, Queen, Clarence, Richard, Hasting, Nurse, and Attendants.* — Die Qs. haben für *Nurse* deutlicher *a Nurse with the young prince.* 2) Sie waren dreifach berühmt als tapfere und zuverlässige, anerkannte Kämpen. 3) Sie legten dem königlichen Löwen die Fesseln an, die sie selbst getragen hatten. 4) Unser Thron wird nicht mehr mit argwöhnischen Blicken betrachtet,

Glo. [Aside.] I 'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid;
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd so thick, to heave;
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back. —
Work thou the way, — and thou shalt execute.[5]
K. Edw. Clarence, and Gloster, love my lovely queen,
And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.
Clar. The duty, that I owe unto your majesty,
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.
Q. Eliz. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.[6]
Glo. And, that I love the tree from whence thou sprangst,
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit. —
[Aside.] To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master,
And cried — all hail! when as he meant — all harm.
K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace, and brothers' loves.
Clar. What will your grace have done with Margaret?
Reignier, her father, to the king of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent it[7] for her ransom.
K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to France. —
And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs,[8] mirthful comic shows,
Such as befits[9] the pleasure of the court?
Sound, drums and trumpets! — farewell, sour annoy!
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy. *[Exeunt.*

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ist sicher gestellt. 5) So die Qs.; die Fol. hat *that shalt execute.* — Wie Steevens vermuthet, deutet Gloster bei dem ersten *thou* auf seinen Kopf, der die Pläne entwirft; bei dem zweiten *thou* meint er seine Hand, die die Pläne ausführt. Eine ähnliche erklärende Gerberde ist hinzuzudenken in Hamlet (A. 2, Sc. 2) bei Polonius' Worten: *Take this from this, if this be otherwise.* 6) Diesen Vers ertheilen die Qs. der Königin, die beiden ersten Folioausgg. dem Clarence zu. Die meisten Hgg. legen sie, den späteren Folioausgg. folgend, dem König bei, obwohl er in dem Munde der Königin, welche die Gunst ihrer Schwäger sich erwerben möchte, durchaus passend erscheint. Sie redet den Clarence eben so als *brother Clarence* an, wie sie in dem folgenden Drama K. Richard III. wiederholt *brother Gloster* sagt. — Wahrscheinlich hat der Drucker der Fol. die Abbreviatur *Qu.* missverständlich *Cla.* gelesen. 7) *it* bezieht sich genau auf kein vorhergehendes Wort, sondern auf ein zu supplirendes Substantiv, wie etwa das aus der Verpfändung gelöste Geld. 8) *triumphs* = öffentliche Lustbarkeiten, Festzüge. — *comic shows* = theatralische Aufführungen ergötzlicher Art, wie die *Interludes* des altenglischen Theaters waren. 9) *befits*, die Lesart der Qs. und Fol., scil. *as it befits*, änderte Pope in *befit* um, in Beziehung auf den vorhergehenden Plural.

KING RICHARD III.

Einleitung.

Shakspere's King Richard III. wurde am 20. October 1597 als ein neuer Verlagsartikel von Andrew Wise in die Register der Buchhändler eingetragen und erschien noch in demselben Jahre gedruckt, ohne den Namen des Verfassers, aber mit Angabe der Schauspielergesellschaft, welcher Shakspere angehörte, unter folgendem Titel: The Tragedy of King Richard the third. Containing, His treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence: the pittiefull murther of his innocent nephewes: his tyrannical usurpation: with the whole course of his detested life, and most deserued death. As it hath beene lately Acted by the Right honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Seruants. At London Printed by Valentine Sims, for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Angell. 1597. — Dieser ersten Ausgabe in Quarto (Q. A.) folgte im Jahre 1598 eine zweite, die auf dem Titelblatte den Verfasser namhaft macht: By William Shake-speare; dann im Jahre 1602 eine dritte, welche, sowie die folgenden Quartausgaben von 1605, 1612 u. s. w., auf dem Titelblatte fälschlich als Newly augmented bezeichnet wird. Alle diese Ausgaben (Qs.) unterscheiden sich nur durch vermehrte Druckfehler und durch unauthentische, übrigens geringfügige Abweichungen von der ersten und unter einander, weshalb eine specielle Anführung der einzelnen Quartausgaben und ihrer speciellen Lesarten in den Noten zum Text grösstentheils überflüssig erscheint.

In der Gesammtausgabe der Shakspere'schen Dramen in Folio steht The Tragedy of Richard the Third: with the Landing of Earle Richmond, and the Battell at Bosworth Field, mit der Ueberschrift auf den Seiten The Life and Death of Richard the Third, als neuntes Drama in der Reihe der Histories, hier zuerst in Acte und Scenen eingetheilt, aber ohne Personenverzeichniss, das erst Rowe in seiner Ausgabe (1709) hinzugefügt hat. Der Text der Fol., wenn er sich auch in manchen Eigenthümlichkeiten und Druckfehlern an die späteren Qs. und namentlich an die Q. von 1602 anlehnt, unterscheidet sich doch von dem gemeinsamen Text der Qs. nicht nur durch die Zusätze, welche die Fol. wirklich enthält, während die späteren Qs. sie nur fälschlich auf dem Titelblatt mit der Bezeichnung Newly augmented ankündigen, sondern auch in jeder Scene durch neue Wendungen und Worte, von denen Malone sagt: *In this play the variations between the original copy in quarto, and the folio, are more numerous than, I believe, in any other of our author's pieces. The alterations, it is highly probable, were made not by Shakspeare, but by the players, many of them being very injudicious.* — Anders und richtiger urtheilt Steevens, der u. A. in einer Anmerkung sagt: *I have followed the folio, which, of this play, is by far the most correct copy.* — Gewiss lag dem Druck der Fol., unter einer, jedoch nur partiellen, Benutzung der Q. von 1602, ein Bühnenmanuscript zum Grunde, das neben einigen Textveränderungen und Willkürlichkeiten, die von den Schauspielern auf eigene Hand vorgenommen sein mögen, eine Menge von Verbesserungen und Zusätzen enthielt, die nur von der Hand des Dichters herrühren können, und die auch Malone, so sehr er in der Theorie den Quartausgaben anhängt, in praktischem Widerspruche damit nicht verschmäht hat, zum grossen Theil in den von ihm construirten Text seiner Ausgabe von King Richard III. aufzunehmen, wie denn auch seine Vorgänger und Nachfolger gethan haben. In den Anmerkungen unserer Edition finden sich alle irgend erheblichen Varianten der Qs. verzeichnet, nicht nur solche, welche Malone und andere Herausgeber den entsprechenden Lesarten der Fol. vorgezogen haben, sondern auch andere, welche, obgleich mit Stillschweigen von ihnen übergangen, doch geeignet sind, das Verhältniss der Qs. zur Fol. als des ursprünglichen Textes zu dem von Shakspere später revidirten, in das wahre Licht zu setzen. Ebenso sind in den nachfolgenden Anmerkungen neben den bedeutenden Zusätzen, welche die Fol. durch das ganze Drama hindurch vor den Qs. voraus hat, auch die wenigen, wenn auch theilweise charakteristischen Zeilen und Stellen hervorgehoben, welche sich nur in den Qs. finden, sei es, dass solche durch Nachlässigkeit des Druckes in der Fol. ausgefallen, oder dass sie aus irgend einem Grunde in dem Theatermanuscript, das der Drucker der Fol. vor sich gehabt haben muss, nicht mehr enthalten waren.

Wie lange vor dem Jahre 1597, wo King Richard III. zuerst im Druck erschien, das Drama geschrieben und zur Aufführung gelangte, das lässt sich nicht mit einer genauen Jahresangabe bestimmen. Dass das Drama wenigstens schon drei Jahre vorher bekannt und populär gewesen sein muss, ist daher zu vermuthen, dass, wie in anderen Fällen auch in diesem, ein Verleger, der dem Publicum nicht das Shakspere'sche historische Schauspiel bieten konnte, statt dessen ein älteres gleiches Namens und Inhaltes von unbekanntem Verfasser, im Jahre 1594 veröffentlichte. Dieses Drama hat folgenden Titel: The True Tragedie of Richard the third: Wherein is showne the death of Edward the fourth, with the smothering of the two yoong Princes in the Tower:

With a lamentable ende of Shores wife, an example for all wicked women. And lastly, the coniunction and ioyning of the two noble Houses, Lancaster and Yorke. As it was playd by the Queenes Maiesties Players. London Printed by Thomas Creede, and are to be sold by William Barley etc. 1594. — Von diesem Drama, das im Lauf der Zeit äusserst selten geworden war, gab zuerst Boswell in der Malone'schen Ausgabe des Shakspere ein bedeutendes Bruchstück, später im Jahre 1844 Barron Field für die Shakespeare-Society das Ganze heraus. Als eine Probe von dem Styl dieses Stückes, das Shakspere gekannt, wenn auch kaum weiter als in einzelnen Zügen benutzt haben mag, lassen wir hier zunächst den Anfang, den Prolog und die erste Scene, folgen:

Enters *Truth* and *Poetrie*. To them the Ghoast of *George* Duke of *Clarence*.

Ghost.

Cresse cruor sanguinis, satietur sanguine cresse,
Quod spero scitio. O scitio, scitio, vendicta. [Exit.

Poetrie. Truth well met.

Truth. Thankes Poetrie, what makes thou vpon a stage?

Poet. Shadowes.

Truth. Then will I adde bodies to the shadowes,
Therefore depart and giue Truth leaue
To shew her pageant.

Poe. Why will Truth be a Player?

Truth. No, but Tragedia like for to present
A Tragedie in England done but late,
That will reuiue the hearts of drooping mindes.

Poe. Whereof?

Truth. Marry thus.
Richard Plantagenet of the House of Yorke,
Claiming the Crowne by warres, not by dissent,
Had as the Chronicles make manifest,
In the two and twentith yeare of Henry the sixth,
By act of Parliament intailed to him
The Crowne and titles to that dignitie,
And to his ofspring lawfully begotten,
After the decease of that forenamed King,
Yet not contented for to staie the time,
Made warres vpon King Henry then the sixth,
And by outrage suppressed that vertuous King,
And wonne the Crowne of England to himselfe,
But since at Wakefield in a battell pitcht,
Outragious Richard breathed his latest breath,
Leauing behind three branches of that line,
Three sonnes: the first was Edward now the King,
George of Clarence, and Richard Glosters Duke,
Then Henry claiming after his decease
His stile, his Crowne and former dignitie
Was quite suppressed, till this Edward the fourth.

Poe. But tell me truth, of Henry what ensued?

Tru. Imprisoned he, in the Tower of London lies,
By strict command, from Edward Englands King,
Since cruelly murthered, by Richard Glosters Duke.

Poe. Whose Ghoast was that did appeare to vs?

Tru. It was the ghost of George the duke of Clarence,
Who was attected in King Edwards raigne,
Falsly of Treason to his royaltie,
Imprisoned in the Tower was most vnnaturally,
By his owne brother, shame to parents stocke,
By Glosters Duke drowned in a but of wine.

Poe. What shield was that he let fall?

Tru. A shield conteining this, in full effect,
Blood sprinkled, springs: blood spilt, craues due reuenge:
Whereupon he writes, „Cresse cruor,
Sanguis satietur, sanguine cresse,
Quod spero scitio: O scitio scitio, vendicta.“

Poe. What maner of man was this Richard Duke of Gloster?

Tru. A man ill shaped, crooked backed, lame armed, withall,
Valiantly minded, but tyrannous in authoritie,
So during the minoritie of the yoong Prince,
He is made Lord Protector ouer the Realme.
Gentiles suppose that Edward now hath raigned
Full two and twentie yeares, and now like to die,
Hath summond all his Nobles to the Court,
To sweare alleageance with the Duke his brother,
For truth vnto his sonne the tender Prince,
Whose fathers soule is now neare flight to God,
Leauing behind two sonnes of tender age,
Fiue daughters to comfort the haplesse Queene,
All vnder the protection of the Duke of Gloster:
Thus gentles, excuse the length by the matter,
And here begins Truthes Pageant, Poetrie
Wend with me. [Exeunt.

Enter *Edward* the fourth, Lord *Hastings*, Lord *Marcus*, and *Elizabeth*. To them *Richard*.

Hastings. Long liue my soueraigne, in all happinesse.

Marcus. An honourable age with Cressus wealth,
Hourely attend the person of the King.

King. And welcome you Peeres of England unto your King.

Hast. For our vnthankfulnesse the heauens hath throwne thee downe.

Mar. I feare for our ingratitude, our angry God doth frowne.

King. Why Nobles, he that laie me here
Can raise me at his pleasure.
But my deare friends and kinsmen,
In what estate I now lie it is seene to you all,
And I feel myselfe neare the dreadful stroke of death.
And the cause that I haue requested you in friendly wise
To meete togither is this,
That where malice & enuy sowing sedition in the harts of men
So would I haue that admonished and friendly fauours,
Ouercome in the heart of you Lord Marcus and Lord Hastings
Both, for how I haue gouerned these two and twentie yeares,
I leaue it to your discretions.
The malice hath still bene an enemy to you both,
That in my life time I could neuer get any lege of amity betwixt you,
Yet at my death let me intreate you to imbrace each other,
That at my last departure you may send my soule
To the ioyes celestiall:
For leaving behinde me my yoong sonne,
Your lawfull King after my decease,

May be by your wise and graue counsell so gouerned,
Which no doubt may bring comfort
To his famous realme of England.
But (what saith Lord Marcus and Lord Hastings)
What not one word? nay then I see it will not be,
For they are resolute in their ambition.
Elizabeth. Ah yeeld Lord Hastings,
And submit your selues to each other:
And you Lord Marcus, submit your selfe,
See here the aged King my father,
How he sues for peace betwixt you both:
Consider Lord Marcus, you are son to my mother the Queene,
And therefore let me intreat you to mittigate your wrath,
And in friendly sort, imbrace each other.
King. Nay cease thy speech Elizabeth,
It is but folly to speake to them,
For they are resolute in their ambitious mindes,
Therefore Elizabeth, I feele my selfe at the last instant of death,
And now must die being thus tormented in minde.
Hast. May it be that thou Lord Marcus
That neither by intreatie of the Prince,
Nor curtuous word of Elizabeth his daughter,
May withdraw thy ambition from me.
Marc. May it be that thou Lord Hastings,
Canst not perceiue the mark his grace aimes at.
Hast. No I am resolute, except thou submit.
Marc. If thou beest resolute giue vp the vpshot,
And perhaps thy head may paie for the losses.
King. Ah Gods, sith at my death you iarre,
What will you do to the yoong Prince after my decease?
For shame I say, depart from my presence, and leaue me to my self,
For these words strikes a second dying to my soule:
Ah my Lords I thought I could haue commanded
A greater thing then this at your hands,
But sith I cannot, I take my leaue of you both,
And so depart and trouble me no more.
Hast. With shame and like your Maiestie I submit therfore,
Craving humble pardon on my knees.
And would rather that my body shal be a pray to mine enemy,
Rather then I will offend my Lord at the houre
And instance of his death.
King. Ah thankes Lord Hastings.
Eliza. Ah yeeld Lord Marcus, sith Lord Hastings
Is contented to be vnited.
King. Ah yeeld Lord Marcus, thou art too obstinate.
Marc. My gracious Lord, I am content,
And humbly craue your graces pardon on my knee,
For my foule offence,
And see my Lord my brest opened to mine aduersary,
That he may take reuenge, then once it shall be said,
I will offend my gratious suffereinge.
King. Now let me see you friendly giue one an other your hands.
Hast. With a good will ant like your grace,
Therefore Lord Marcus take here my hand,
Which was once vowde and sworne to be thy death,
But now through intretie of my Prince,
I knit a league of amitie for euer.
Mar. Well Lord Hastings, not in show but in deed,
Take thou here my hand, which was once vowed
To a shiuered thy bodie in peecemeales,
That the foules of the ayre should haue fed
Their yoong withall,
But now vpon aleageance to my Prince, I vow perfect loue,
And liue friendship for euer.
King. Now for confirming of it, here take your oathes.
Hast. If I Lord Hastings falcifie my league of friendship
Vowde to Lord Marcus, I craue confusion.
Marcus. Like oath take I, and craue confusion.
King. Confusion.
Now my Lords, for your yoong King, that lieth now at Ludlo,
Attended with Earle Riuers, Lord Gray, his two vnkles,
And the rest of the Queenes kindred,
I hope you will be vnto him as you haue bene to me,
His yeares are but yoong, thirteene at the most.
Vnto whose gouernment, I commit to my brother the Protector,
But to thee Elizabeth my daughter,
I leaue thee in a world of trouble,
And commend me to thy mother, to all thy sisters,
And especially I giue thee this in charge vpon & at my death,
Be loyall to thy brother during his authoritie,
As thy selfe art vertuous, let thy praiers be modest,
Still be bountifull in deuotion.
And thus leauing thee with a kisse, I take my last farwell,
For I am so sleepie, that I must now make an ende,
And here before you all, I commit my soule to almighty God,
My sauior, and sweet redeemer, my bodie to the earth,
My Scepter and Crowne to the yoong Prince my sonne:
And now Nobles, draw the Curtaines and depart,
He that made me saue me,
Vnto whose hands I commit my spirit.
[The King dies in his bed.

Ebenso die Scene, welche dem Falle Richard's vorangeht:

Enters the King, and the Lord *Louell.*

King. The hell of life that hangs vpon the Crowne,
The daily cares, the nightly dreames,
The wretched crewes, the treason of the foe,
And horror of my bloodie practise past,
Strikes such a terror to my wounded conscience,
That sleep I, wake I, or whatsoeuer I do,
Meethinkes their ghoasts comes gaping for reuenge,
Whom I haue slaine in reaching for a Crowne.
Clarence complaines, and crieth for reuenge.
My Nephues bloods, Reuenge, reuenge, doth crie.
The headlesse Peeres come preasing for reuenge.
And euery one cries, let the tyrant die.
The Sunne by day shines hotely for reuenge.
The Moone by night eclipseth for reuenge.
The Stars are turnd to Comets for reuenge.
The Planets chaunge their courses for reuenge.
The birds sing not, but sorrow for reuenge.
The silly lambes sits bleating for reuenge.

The screeking Rauen sits croking for reuenge.
Whole heads of beasts comes bellowing for reuenge
And all, yea all the world I thinke,
Cries for reuenge, and nothing but reuenge.
But to conclude, I haue deserued reuenge.
In company I dare not trust my friend,
Being alone, I dread the secret foe:
I doubt my foode, least poyson lurke therein.
My bed is vncoth, rest refraines my head.
Then such a life I count far worse to be,
Then thousand deaths vnto a damned death:
How wast death I said? who dare attempt my death?
Nay who dare so much as once to thinke my death?
Though enemies there be that would my body kill,
Yet shall they leaue a neuer dying minde.
But you villaines, rebels, traitors as you are
How came the foe in, preasing so neare?
Where, where, slept the garrison that should a beat them back?
Where was our friends to intercept the foe?
All gone, quite fled, his loyaltie quite laid a bed?
Then vengeance, mischiefe, horror, with mischance,
Wilde-fire, with whirlewinds, light upon your heads,
That thus betrayd your Prince by your vntruth.
King. Frantike man, what meanst thou by this mood?
Now he is come more need to beate him backe.
Lou. Sowre is his sweete that sauours thy delight, great is his power that threats thy ouerthrow.
King. The bad rebellion of my foe is not so much, as for to see my friends do flie in flocks from me.
Lou. May it please your grace to rest your selfe content, for you haue power inough to defend your land.
Kin. Dares Richmond set his foote on land with such a small power of stragling fugatiues?
Lou. May it please your grace to participate the cause that thus doth trouble you?
King. The cause Buzard, what cause should I participate to thee? My friends are gone away, and fled from me, keep silence villaine, least I by poste do send thy soule to hell, not one word more, if thou doest loue thy life. [Enters *Catsbie.*
Cat. My Lord.
King. Yet againe vilaine, ô Catesbie is it thou? What comes the Lord Standley or no?
Cat. My Lord, he answeres no.
King. Why didst not tell him then, I would send his sonne George Standleys head to him.
Cat. My Lord I did so, & he answered, he had another sonne left to make Lord Standley.
King. O vilaine vilde, and breaker of his oath, the bastardes ghoast shall hant him at the heeles, and crie reuenge for his vild fathers wrongs, go Louell, Catsbie, fetch George Standly forth, him with these handes will I butcher for the dead, and send his headlesse bodie to his sire.
Catesbie. Leaue off executions now the foe is heere that threatens vs most cruelly of our liues.
King. Zownes, foe mee no foes, the fathers fact condemnes the sonne to die.
Lou. But guiltlesse blood will for reuengement crie.
King. Why was not he left for fathers loyaltie?
Lou. Therein his fathcr greatly iniured him.
King. Did not your selues in presence, see the bondes sealde and assignde?
Lo. What tho my Lord, the vardits own, the titles doth resign.
King. The bond is broke and I will sue the fine, except you will hinder me, what will you haue it so?
Lou. In doing true iustice, else we answere no.
King. His trecherous father hath neglect his word and done imparshall past by dint of sword, therefore sirrha go fetch him. Zownes draw you cuts who shall go, I bid you go Catesby. A Richard, now maist thou see thy end at hand, why sirs why fear you thus? why we are ten to one, if you seeke promotion, I am Kinge alreadie in possession, better able to performe then he. Louell, Catesby, lets ioyne louingly and deuoutly togither, and I will diuide my whole kingdome amongst you.
Both. We will my Lord.
King. We will my Lord, a Catesbie, thou lookest like a dog, and thou Louell too, but you will runne away with them that be gone, and the diuel go with you all, God I hope, God, what talke I of God, that haue serued the diuell all this while. No, fortune and courage for mee, and ioyne England against mee with England, Ioyne Europe with Europe, come Christendome, and with Christendome the whole world, and yet I will neuer yeeld but by death onely. By death, no die, part not childishly from thy Crowne, but come the diuell to claime it, strike him down, & tho that Fortune hath decreed, to set reuenge with triumphs on my wretched head, yet death, sweete death, my latest friend, hath sworne to make a bargaine for my lasting fame, and this, I this verie day, I hope with this lame hand of mine, to rake out that hatefull heart of Richmond, and when I haue it, to eate it panting hote with salt and drinke his blood luke warme, tho I be sure twil poyson me. Sirs you that be resolute follow me, the rest go hang your selues. [Exit.

The battell enters, *Richard* wounded, with his Page.

King. A horse, a horse, a fresh horse.
Page. A flie my Lord, and saue your life.
King. Flie villaine, looke I as tho I would flie, no first shall this dull and sencelesse ball of earth receiue my bodie cold and void of sence, you watry heauens rowle on my gloomy day, and darksome cloudes close vp my cheerfull sownde, downe is thy sunne Richard, neuer to shine againe, the birdes whose feathers should adorne my head, houers aloft & dares not come in sight, yet faint not man, for this day if Fortune will, shall make thee King possest with quiet Crown, if Fates deny, this ground must be my graue, yet golden thoughts that reache for a crowne, danted before by Fortunes cruell spight, are come as comforts to my drooping heart, and bids me keepe my Crowne and die a King. These are my last, what more I haue to say, ile make report among the damned soules. [Exit.

Wenn, wie Collier vermuthet, dieses rohe und kunstlos gearbeitete Schauspiel schon vor dem Jahre 1588 geschrieben wurde, wie denn bereits im Jahre 1579 ein in Cambridge im St. John's College aufgeführtes lateinisches Schauspiel von Dr. Legge, Richardus Tertius betitelt, Aufsehen erregte*) und in bleibender Erinnerung blieb,

*) Noch im Jahre 1612 citirt Thomas Heywood in seinem Pamphlet An Apology for Actors die 1591 von Sir John Harington darüber geäusserten Worte so: *Likewise a learned gentleman in his Apology for Poetry speakes*

so führte auch gleichzeitig mit dem Shakspere'schen Drama die rivalisirende Henslowe'sche Schauspielergesellschaft einen Richard III. auf, und Ben Jonson erhielt im Jahre 1602 noch von dem Theaterdirector Henslowe die Summe von 10 Pfund Sterling für ein Drama Richard Crookback, das er schreiben sollte — ein Beweis wenigstens für die anhaltende Popularität des Shakspere'schen Dramas, welche andere Schauspielertruppen zum Wetteifer in der theatralischen Vorführung desselben Stoffes veranlassen mochte. Was aber, abgesehen von der überlegenen Kunst unseres Dichters, alle diese dramatischen Behandlungen der Geschichte Richard's III. von dem Werke Shakspere's unterschieden haben wird, das ist, dass Jene den einzelnen Stoff zu einem einzelnen Drama bearbeiteten, während Shakspere sein Drama im engsten Zusammenhange mit den vorhergehenden drei Theilen K. Henry VI. entwarf und ausführte, gleichsam als den letzten Act der grossen Tragödie von York und Lancaster, die er vielleicht als dramatischer Anfänger mit K. Henry VI. First Part begann und als ein im Verlauf der Arbeit gereifter Künstler mit K. Richard III. zum Abschluss brachte, im Jahre 1593, wenn Malone's Vermuthung richtig ist, schwerlich viel später, nach den Merkmalen des Styls und des Verses zu urtheilen, welche entschieden noch auf die erste Periode der dichterischen Thätigkeit Shakspere's hindeuten.

Shakspere's Quellen für King Richard, die Chronisten Hall und Holinshed, benutzten für die Ereignisse der Regierung Richard's vorzugsweise Sir Thomas More's Tragical History of Richard III.; und zwar giebt Hall, den Holinshed nachher copirte, nach jenem Gewährsmann folgende Schilderung von dem Helden unseres Dramas: *Richard Duke of Gloster was in wit and courage equal with the others (his brothers Edward and George), but in beauty and lineaments of nature far underneath both; for he was little of stature, evil-featured of limbs, crookbacked, the left shoulder much higher than the right, hard favoured of visage, such as in estates is called a warlike visage, and among common persons a crabbed face. He was malicious, wrathful, and envious, and, as it is reported, his mother the duchess had much ado in her travail, and that he came into the world the feet forward, as men be borne outward, and, as the fame ran, not untoothed: whether that men of hatred reported above the truth, or that nature changed her course in his beginning which in his life many things unnaturally committed, this I leave to God his judgment. He was none evil captain in war, as to the which his disposition was more inclined to than to peace. Sundry victories he had, and some overthrows, but never for default of his own person, either for lack of hardiness or politic order. Free he was of his dispenses, and somewhat above his power liberal; with large gifts he got him unsteadfast friendship, for which cause he was fain to borrow, pill, and extort in other places, which got him steadfast hatred. He was close and secret, a deep dissimuler, lowly of countenance, arrogant of heart, outwardly familiar where he inwardly hated, not letting to kiss whom he thought to kill; despiteous and cruel, not alway for evil will, but often for ambition and to serve his purpose; friend and foe were all indifferent where his advantage grew; he spared no man's death whose life withstood his purpose. He slew in the Tower King Henry the Sixth, saying, Now is there no heir male of King Edward the Third but we of the house of York: which murder was done without King Edward his assent, which would have appointed that butcherly office to some other rather than to his own brother. Some wise men also ween that his drift lacked not in helping forth his own brother of Clarence to his death, which thing to all appearance he resisted, although he inwardly minded it. And the cause thereof was, as men noting his doings and proceedings did mark, because that he long in King Edward his time thought to obtain the crown in case that the king his brother, whose life he looked that evil diet would soon shorten, should happen to decease, as he did indeed, his children being young. And then, if the Duke of Clarence had lived, his pretended purpose had been far hindered; for if the Duke of Clarence had kept himself true to his nephew the young king, or would have taken upon him to be king, every one of these casts had been a trump in the Duke of Gloster's way; but when he was sure that his brother of Clarence was dead, then he knew he might work without that jeopardy. But of these points there is no certainty, and whosoever divineth or conjectureth may as well shoot too far as too short; but this conjecture afterward took place (as few do), as you shall perceive hereafter.*

Noch einige weitere Auszüge mögen zur Vergleichung folgen. Zunächst, was das Schicksal des Lord Hastings betrifft (A. 3, Sc. 2 u. 4), so erzählt Hall darüber: *A marvellous case it is to hear, either the warnings that he should have voided, or the tokens of that he could not void. For the next night before his death the Lord Stanley sent to him a trusty messenger at midnight in all the haste, requiring him to rise and ride away with him, for he was disposed utterly no longer for to abide, for he had a fearful dream, in the which he thought that a boar with his tusks so rased them both by the heads that the blood ran about both their shoulders; and for as much as the protector gave the boar for his cognizance, he imagined that it should be he. This dream made such a fearful impression in his heart, that he was thoroughly determined no longer to tarry, but had his horse ready, if the Lord Hastings would go with him; so that they would ride so far that night that they should be out of danger by the next day. Ah! good Lord (quoth the Lord Hastings to the messenger): leaneth my lord thy master so much to such trifles, and hath such faith in dreams, which either his own fear phantasieth, or do rise in the night's rest by reason of the day's thought? Tell him it is plain witchcraft to believe in such dreams, which, if they were tokens of things to come, why thinketh he not that we might as likely make them true by our going, if we were caught and brought back (as friends fail fliers), for then had the boar a cause likely to rase us with his tusks, as folks that fled for*

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thus: Tragedies well handled be a most worthy kind of poesie. — Comedies make men see and shame at their faults: and, proceeding further, amongst other University-playes he remembers the Tragedy of Richard the Third, acted in St. Johns, in Cambridge, so essentially, that had the tyrant Phalaris beheld his bloudy proceedings, it had mollified his heart, and made him relent at sight of his inhuman massacres. — Dieser lateinische Richardus Tertius ist von Barron Field im Anhange zu seinem Reprint der True Tragedy of Richard III. nach dem in Cambridge aufbewahrten Manuscript abgedruckt worden.

some falsehood, wherefore either is there peril, nor none there in deed, or if any be it is rather in going than abiding. And if we should needs fall in peril one way or other, yet had I liefer that men should say it were either our own fault or faint feeble heart: and therefore go to thy master and commend me to him, and say that I pray him to be merry and have no fear, for I assure him I am assured of the man he wotteth of, as I am sure of mine own hand. God send grace (quoth the messenger); and so departed. Certain it is also that in riding toward the Tower the same morning in which he was beheaded, his horse that he accustomed to ride on stumbled with him twice or thrice almost to the falling; which thing, although it happeth to them daily to whom no mischance is toward, yet hath it been as an old evil token observed as a going toward mischief. Now this that followeth was no warning, but an envious scorn. The same morning, ere he were up from his bed, there came to him Sir Thomas Haward, son to the Lord Haward (which lord was one of the priviest of the lord protector's council and doing), as it were of courtesy to accompany him to the council, but of truth sent by the lord protector to haste him hitherward.

This Sir Thomas, while the Lord Hastings staid awhile communing with a priest whom he met in the Tower-street, brake the lord's tale, saying to him merely, What, my lord! I pray you come on; wherefore talk you so long with that priest? you have no need of a priest yet: and laughed upon him, as though he would say, You shall have need of one soon. But little wist the other what he meant (but or night these words were well remembered by them that heard them); so the true Lord Hastings little mistrusted, and was never merrier, nor thought his life in more surety in all his days, which thing is often a sign of change: but I shall rather let anything pass me than the vain surety of man's mind so near his death; for upon the very Tower wharf, so near the place where his head was off so soon after as a man might well cast a ball, a pursuivant of his own, called Hastings, met with him, and of their meeting in that place he was put in remembrance of another time in which it happened them to meet before together in the place, at which time the Lord Hastings had been accused to King Edward by the Lord Rivers, the queen's brother, insomuch that he was for a while, which lasted not long, highly in the king's indignation. As he now met the same pursuivant in the same place, the jeopardy so well passed, it gave him great pleasure to talk with him thereof, with whom he had talked in the same place of that matter, and therefore he said, Ah, Hastings, art thou remembered when I met thee here once with an heavy heart? Yea, my lord (quoth he), that I remember well, and thanked be to God they gat no good nor you no harm thereby. Thou wouldest say so (quoth he) if thou knewest so much as I do, which few know yet, and more shall shortly. That meant he, that the Earl Rivers and the Lord Richard and Sir Thomas Vaughan should that day be beheaded at Pomfret, as they were indeed; which act he wist well should be done, but nothing ware that the axe hung so near his own head. In faith, man (quoth he), I was never so sorry, nor never stood in so great danger of my life, as I did when thou and I met here; and lo! the world is turned now; now stand mine enemies in the danger, as thou mayest hap to hear more hereafter, and I never in my life merrier, nor never in so great surety. I pray God it prove so (quoth Hastings). Prove! (quoth he) doubtest thou that? nay, nay, I warrant thee. And so in manner displeased he entered into the Tower.

The lord protector caused a council to be set at the Tower on the Friday the thirteenth day of June, where was much communing for the honourable solemnity of the coronation, of the which the time appointed approached so near that the pageants were a making day and night at Westminster, and victual killed which afterward was cast away.

These lords thus sitting communing of this matter, the protector came in among them about nine of the clock, saluting them courteously, excusing himself that he had been from them so long, saying merely that he had been a sleeper that day; and after a little talking with them he said to the Bishop of Ely, My lord, you have very good strawberries in your garden at Holborn, I require you let us have a mess of them. Gladly, my lord (quoth he), I would I had some better thing as ready to your pleasure as that: and with that in all haste he sent his servant for a dish of strawberries. The protector set the lords fast in communing, and thereupon prayed them to spare him a little, and so he departed, and came again between ten and eleven of the clock into the chamber all changed, with a sour angry countenance, knitting the brows, frowning, and fretting, and gnawing on his lips, and so set him down in his place. All the lords were dismayed, and sore marvelled of this manner and sudden change, and what thing should him ail. When he had sitten awhile, thus he began: What were they worthy to have that compass and imagine the destruction of me, being so near of blood to the king, and protector of this his royal realm? At which question all the lords sat sore astonished, musing much by whom the question should be meant, of which every man knew himself clear.

Then the Lord Hastings, as he that for the familiarity that was between them thought he might be boldest with him, answered and said, That they were worthy to be punished as heinous traitors, whatsoever they were: and all the other affirmed the same. That is (quoth he) yonder sorceress my brother's wife, and other with her: meaning the queen. At these words many of the lords were sore abashed which favoured her; but the Lord Hastings was better content in his mind that it was moved by her than by any other that he loved better, albeit his heart grudged that he was not afore made of counsel of this matter, as well as he was of the taking of her kindred, and of their putting to death, which were by his assent before devised to be beheaded at Pomfret this self-same day, in the which he was not ware that it was by other devised that he himself should the same day be beheaded at London. Then, said the protector, in what wise that sorceress and other of her counsel, as Shore's wife with her affinity, have by their sorcery and witchcraft thus wasted my body: and therewith plucked up his doublet-sleeve to his elbow on his left arm, where he showed a wearish withered arm and small, as it was never other. And thereupon every man's mind misgave them, well perceiving that this matter was but a quarrel, for well they wist that the queen

was both too wise to go about any such folly, and also, if she would, yet would she of all folk make Shore's wife least of her counsel, whom of all women she most hated as that concubine whom the king her husband had most loved.

Also, there was no man there but knew that his arm was ever such sith the day of his birth. Nevertheless the Lord Hastings, which from the death of King Edward kept Shore's wife, on whom he somewhat doted in the king's life, saying, it is said, that he forbare her for reverence toward his king, or else of a certain kind of fidelity toward his friend; yet now his heart somewhat grudged to have her whom he loved so highly accused, and that as he knew well untruly; therefore he answered and said, Certainly, my lord, if they have so done they be worthy of heinous punishment. What! (quoth the protector) thou servest me, I ween, with if and with and: I tell thee they have done it, and that will I make good on thy body, traitor: and therewith (as in a great anger) he clapped his fist on the board a great rap; at which token given, one cried treason without the chamber, and therewith a door clapped, and in came rushing men in harness, as many as the chamber could hold; and anon the protector said to the Lord Hastings, I arrest thee, traitor! What, me, my lord? quoth he. Yea, thee traitor, quoth the protector; and one let fly at the Lord Stanley, which shrunk at the stroke, and fell under the table, or else his head had been cleft to the teeth, for as shortly as he shrank yet ran the blood about his ears. Then was the Archbishop of York, and Doctor Morton Bishop of Ely, and the Lord Stanley, taken, and divers other, which were bestowed in divers chambers, save the Lord Hastings (whom the protector commanded to speed and shrive him apace), For by Saint Paul (quoth he), I will not dine till I see thy head off. It booted him not to ask why, but heavily he took a priest at a venture and made a short shrift, for a longer would not be suffered, the protector made so much haste to his dinner, which might not go to it till this murther were done for saving of his ungracious oath. So was he brought forth into the green beside the chapel within the Tower, and his head laid down on a log of timber that lay there for building of the chapel, and there tyrannously stricken off, and after his body and head were interred at Windsor by his master, King Edward the Fourth, whose souls Jesu pardon. Amen.

Für den zweiten Theil der 7. Scene des 3. Acts fand Shakspere bei Hall folgende Grundzüge: *Then on the morrow the mayor and aldermen and chief commoners of the city, in their best manner apparelled, assembling them together at Paul's resorted to Baynard's castle, where the protector lay, to which place also, according to the appointment, repaired the Duke of Buckingham, and divers nobles with him, besides many knights and gentlemen. And thereupon the duke sent word to the lord protector of the being there of a great honourable company to move a great matter to his grace. Whereupon the protector made great difficulty to come down to them, except he knew some part of their errand, as though he doubted, and partly mistrusted, the coming of such a number to him so suddenly, without any warning or knowledge whether they came for good or harm. Then, when the duke had showed this to the mayor and other, that they might thereby see how little the protector looked for this matter, they sent again by the messenger such loving message, and therewith so humbly besought him to vouchsafe that they might resort to his presence to purpose their intent, of which they would to none other person any part disclose. At the last he came out of his chamber, and yet not down to them, but in a gallerie over them, with a bishop on every hand of him, where they beneath might see him and speak to him, as though he would not yet come near them till he wist what they meant. And thereupon the Duke of Buckingham first made humble petition to him, on the behalf of them all, that his grace would pardon them, and license them to purpose unto his grace the intent of their coming without his displeasure, without which pardon obtained they durst not be so bold to move him of that matter; in which, albeit they meant as much honour to his grace as wealth to all the realm beside, yet were they not sure how his grace would take it, whom they would in no wise offend. Then the protector, as he was very gentle of himself, and also longed sore apparently to know what they meant, gave him leave to purpose what him liked, verily trusting for the good mind that he bare them all, none of them anything would intend to himward, wherewith he thought to be grieved. When the duke had this leave and pardon to speak, then waxed he bold to show him their intent and purpose, with all the causes moving them thereto, as ye before have heard; and finally, to beseech his grace that it would like him, of his accustomed goodness and zeal unto the realm, now with his eye of pity to behold the long continued distress and decay of the same, and to set his gracious hand to the redress and amendment thereof, by taking upon him the crown and governance of the realm according to his right and title lawfully descended unto him, and to the laud of God, profit and surety of the land, and unto his grace so much the more honour and less pain, in that that never prince reigned upon any people that were so glad to live under his obeisance as the people of this realm under his.*

When the protector had heard the proposition he looked very strangely thereat, and made answer, that albeit he knew partly the things by them alleged to be true, yet such entire love he bare to King Edward and his children, and so much more regarded his honour in other realms about than the crown of any one, of which he was never desirous, so that he could not find in his heart in this point to induce to their desire, for in all other nations where the truth were not well known it should peradventure be thought that it were his own ambitious mind and device to depose the prince and to take himself the crown, with which infamy he would in no wise have his honour stained for any crown, in which he had ever perchance perceived much more labour and pain than pleasure to him that so would use it, as he that would not and were not worthy to have it. Notwithstanding, he not only pardoned them of the motion that they made him, but also thanked them for the love and hearty favour they bare him, praying them for his sake to bear the same to the prince under whom he was and would be content to live, and with his labour and counsel, as far as it should like the king to use it, he would do his uttermost devoir to set the realm in good

estate, which was already in the little time of his protectorship (lauded be God!) well begun, in that the malice of such as were before the occasion of the contrary, and of new intended to be, were now, partly by good policy, partly more by God his special providence than man's provision, repressed and put under.

Upon this answer given, the Duke of Buckingham by the protector his license a little rounded, as well with other noble men about him as with the mayor and recorder of London. And after that (upon like pardon desired and obtained) he showed aloud unto the protector, for a final conclusion, that the realm was appointed that King Edward his line should no longer reign upon them, both that, they had so far gone that it was now no surety to retreat, as for that they thought it for the weal universal to take that way, although they had not yet begun it. Wherefore, if it would like his grace to take the crown upon him, they would humbly beseech him thereunto, and if he would give them a resolute answer to the contrary (which they would be loth to hear), then must they seek, and should not fail to find, some other nobleman that would. These words much moved the protector, which, as every man of small intelligence may wit, would never have inclined thereto; but when he saw there was none other way but that he must take it, or else he and his both to go from it, he said to the lords and commons, Sith it is we perceive well that all the realm is so set (whereof we be very sorry), that they will not suffer in any wise King Edward his line to govern them, whom no man earthly can govern against their wills: and we also perceive that no man is there to whom the crown can by so just title appertain as to ourself, as very right heir lawfully begotten of the body of our most dread and dear father Richard late Duke of York, to which title is now joined your election, the nobles and commons of the realm, which we of all titles possible take for most effectual, we be content and agree favourably to incline to your petition and request, and according to the same here we take upon us the royal estate of pre-eminence and kingdom of the two noble realms England and France; the one, from this day forward by us and our heirs to rule, govern, and defend; the other, by God his grace and your good help, to get again, subdue, and establish for ever in due obedience unto this realm of England, the advancement whereof we never ask of God longer to live than we intend to procure and set forth. With this there was a great cry and shout, crying King Richard! and so the lords went up to the king, and so he was after that day called.

Den Schluss dieser Auszüge bilde Hall's Schilderung der Schlacht bei Bosworth (A. 5, Sc. 3 u. 4): *In the mean season King Richard (which was appointed now to finish his last labour by the very divine justice and providence of God, which called him to condign punishment for his scelerate merits and mischievous deserts) marched to a place meet for two battles to encounter, by a village called Bosworth, not far from Leicester, and there he pitched his field, refreshed his soldiers, and took his rest. The fame went that he had the same night a dreadful and a terrible dream, for it seemed to him, being asleep, that he saw divers images like terrible devils, which pulled and hauled him, not suffering him to take any quiet or rest. The which strange vision not so suddenly strake his heart with a sudden fear, but it stuffed his head and troubled his mind with many dreadful and busy imaginations; for incontinent after his heart being almost damped, he prognosticated before the doubtful chance of the battle to come, not using the alacrity and mirth of mind and of countenance as he was accustomed to do before he came toward the battle. — — — He (King Richard) had scantly finished his saying but the one army espied the other. Lord! how hastily the soldiers buckled their helms! how quickly the archers bent their bows and frushed their feathers! how readily the billmen shook their bills and proved their staves! ready to approach and join, when the terrible trumpet should sound the bloody blast to victory or death. Between both armies there was a great morass, which the Earl of Richmond left on his right hand for this intent that it should be on that side a defence for his part, and in so doing he had the sun at his back and in the faces of his enemies. When King Richard saw the earl's company was passed the morass, he commanded with all haste to set upon them; then the trumpets blew and the soldiers shouted, and the king's archers courageously let fly their arrows: the earl's bowmen stood not still, but paid them home again. The terrible shot once passed, the armies joined and came to hand-strokes, where neither sword nor bill was spared; at which encounter the Lord Stanley joined with the earl. — — — While the two forwards thus mortally fought, each intending to vanquish and convince the other, King Richard was admonished by his explorators and espials that the Earl of Richmond, accompanied with a small number of men of arms, was not far off; and as he approached and marched towards him, he perfectly knew his personage by certain demonstrations and tokens which he had learnt and known of other; and being inflamed with ire and vexed with outrageous malice, he put his spurs to his horse, and rode out of the side of the range of his battle, leaving the avant-gardes fighting, and like a hungry lion ran with spear in rest toward him. The Earl of Richmond perceived well the king furiously coming toward him, and, by cause the whole hope of his wealth and purpose was to be determined by battle, he gladly proffered to encounter with him body to body and man to man. King Richard set on so sharp at the first brunt that he overthrew the earl's standard and slew Sir William Brandon, his standard-bearer, and matched hand to hand with Sir John Cheinye, a man of great force and strength, which would have resisted him, and the said John was by him manfully overthrown, and so he making open passage by dint of sword as he went forward, the Earl of Richmond withstood his violence and kept him at the sword's point without advantage longer than his companions other thought or judged; which being almost in despair of victory, were suddenly recomforted by Sir William Stanley, which came to succours with three thousand tall men, at which very instant King Richard's men were driven back and fled, and he himself, manfully fighting in the middle of his enemies, was slain and brought to his death as he worthily had deserved.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING EDWARD THE FOURTH.
EDWARD, Prince of Wales, } Sons to the King.
RICHARD, Duke of York, }
GEORGE, Duke of Clarence, } Brothers to the King.
RICHARD, Duke of Gloster, }
A young Son of Clarence.
HENRY, Earl of Richmond.
CARDINAL BOURCHIER, Archbishop of Canterbury.
THOMAS ROTHERHAM, Archbishop of York.
JOHN MORTON, Bishop of Ely.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
DUKE OF NORFOLK.
EARL OF SURREY, his Son.
EARL RIVERS, Brother to King Edward's Queen.
MARQUESS OF DORSET, and LORD GREY, her Sons.
EARL OF OXFORD.
LORD HASTINGS.
LORD STANLEY.
LORD LOVEL.
SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN.
SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.
SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.
SIR JAMES TYRREL.
SIR JAMES BLOUNT.
SIR WALTER HERBERT.
SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY, Lieutenant of the Tower.
CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, a Priest. Another Priest.
Lord Mayor of London. Sheriff of Wiltshire.

ELIZABETH, Queen of King Edward IV.
MARGARET, Widow of King Henry VI.
DUCHESS OF YORK, Mother to King Edward IV., Clarence, and Gloster.
LADY ANNE, Widow of Edward Prince of Wales.
A young Daughter of Clarence.

Lords, and other Attendants; two Gentlemen, a Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers, Messengers, Ghosts, Soldiers, etc.

SCENE, England.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

London. A Street.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Now is the winter of our discontent [1]
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,[2]
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds,
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He[3] capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.[4]
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty,
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this[5] fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,[6]
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable,
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them; —
Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,[7]
Unless to see[8] my shadow in the sun,

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1) *the winter of our discontent* = die traurige Zeit, da Gloster und die Seinigen missvergnügt sich die Herrschaft der Lancasters gefallen lassen mussten, bis mit dem Sturze Heinrich's VI. Eduard IV. den Thron bestieg. — Das Bild wird fortgeführt in *this sun of York*, da die Yorks eine Sonne im Schilde führten. (Vgl. K. Henry VI. Third Part (A. 2, Sc. 1, Anm. 11). — Die Qs. und die Fol. lesen *son of York*, als ob Sh. auch hier ein anderswo von ihm öfter gebrauchtes Wortspiel beabsichtige. 2) *stern alarums*, als Gegensatz zu *merry meetings*, = die durch wilden Alarmruf zusammenberufenen und mit dem Feinde zusammenstossenden Kriegerhaufen. — So werden die *dreadful marches* = grauenvolle Kriegsmusik auf dem Marsch der Soldaten, den *delightful measures* = ergötzliche Tanzmusik, entgegengestellt. 3) *he* kann sich nur auf das vorhergehende *grim-visaged war* beziehen, nicht auf *York* in der zweiten Zeile dieser Rede, um so weniger, da mit *York* nicht König Eduard speciell, sondern das ganze Geschlecht verstanden ist. Der Krieg, d. h. der Ritter, der sich bisher im Kriege grimmig umthat, macht jetzt gewandt einer Dame den Hof, er tanzt, wie es der Laute beliebt, ihn springen zu lassen. 4) So die Fol. Die Qs. haben *love*. 5) *this* ist hinweisend auf das Vorhergehende: solch ein schönes Ebenmass der Glieder, wie es nöthig ist, um bei den Damen Glück zu machen. 6) *dissembling* erklärt Johnson mit *fraudful, deceitful;* Warburton aber, plausibler, fasst *to dissemble* = ungleich sein, ungleich handeln, wie die Natur bei Gloster Leib und Seele nicht in Einklang geschaffen hat. So in dem ältern King John: *Can Nature so dissemble in her frame,* || *To make the one so like as like may be,* || *And in the other print no character? — feature* = Körperbildung überhaupt. 7) Ich weiss keine Ergötzlichkeit, womit ich mir die Zeit vertreiben könnte. 8) So

And descant on mine own deformity:
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,[9]
I am determined to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions[10] dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence and the king
In deadly hate the one against the other:
And if king Edward be as true and just,
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up,
About a prophecy, which says — that G
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.[11]
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul: here Clarence comes.

Enter CLARENCE, *guarded, and* BRAKENBURY.

brother, good day. What means this armed guard,
That waits upon your grace?
Clar. His majesty,
Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.
Glo. Upon what cause?
Clar. Because my name is George.
Glo. Alack! my lord, that fault is none of yours:
He should, for that, commit your godfathers.
O! belike, his majesty hath some intent,
That you should[12] be new-christen'd in the Tower.
But what 's the matter, Clarence? may I know?
Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know; but I protest,
As yet I do not: but, as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophecies and dreams;
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,[13]
And says, a wizard told him, that by G
His issue disinherited should be;
And, for my name of George begins with G,
It follows in his thought that I am he.[14]
These, as I learn, and such like toys[15] as these,
Have mov'd his highness to commit me now.
Glo. Why, this it is, when men are rul'd by women!
'T is not the king, that sends you to the Tower:
My lady Grey, his wife, Clarence, 't is she
That tempers him to this extremity.[16]
Was it not she, and that good man of worship,
Antony Woodville, her brother there,
That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower,
From whence this present day he is deliver'd?
We are not safe, Clarence; we are not safe.
Clar. By heaven, I think, there is no man secure
But the queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds[17]
That trudge betwixt the king and Mistress Shore.
Heard you not, what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?[18]
Glo. Humbly complaining to her deity
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.
I 'll tell you what; I think, it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the king,
To be her men, and wear her livery:
The jealous o'erworn widow, and herself,[19]
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty gossips in our[20] monarchy.
Brak. I beseech your graces both to pardon me:
His majesty hath straitly given in charge,
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever, with his brother.
Glo. Even so; an 't please your worship, Brakenbury,
You may partake of any thing we say.
We speak no treason, man: we say, the king
Is wise and virtuous, and his noble queen
Well struck in years, fair, and not jealous: —
We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue;
And that the queen's kindred are made gentlefolks.
How say you, Sir? can you deny all this?
Brak. With this, my lord, myself have nought to do.
Glo. Naught[21] to do with Mistress Shore? I tell thee, fellow,
He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were best to do it secretly, alone.
Brak. What one,[22] my lord?
Glo. Her husband, knave. Wouldst thou betray me?
Brak. I beseech[23] your grace to pardon me; and withal,
Forbear your conference with the noble duke.
Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.
Glo. We are the queen's abjects,[24] and must obey. —
Brother, farewell: I will unto the king;
And whatsoe'er you will employ me in,
Were it to call king Edward's widow[25] sister,
I will perform it to enfranchise you.

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die Fol.; die Qs. *spy.* 9) Da ich mich nicht zum Courmacher qualificire, um so mit diesen Tagen, in denen eine sanfte Rede gilt, fertig zu werden. — So hat Ben Jonson in seinem Every Man out of his Humour: *ignorant, well-spoken days.* 10) *induction* = Einleitung, Vorbereitung zu Etwas. 11) Anders spricht Hall: *a foolish prophecy, the effect of which was, after King Edward should reign one whose first letter of his name should be a G.* 12) So die Fol.; die Qs. *shall.* — Zwei Zeilen weiter haben die Qs. *for I protest.* 13) Er hält sich, der Prophezeiung glaubend, an den Buchstaben G, der ganz harmlos im A-B-C-Buch steht. 14) d. h. das G, von dem die Prophezeiung spricht. 15) *toy* = Grille. 16) So steht der Vers in Q. A. — Spätere Qs. lasen *tempts* für *tempers*, und die Fol. endlich las *That tempts him to this harsh extremity.* — *to temper* = Jemanden modeln, zurecht machen zu Etwas. 17) Eine ironische Bezeichnung der Höflinge, welche das geheime Liebesverhältniss zwischen dem Könige und seiner Geliebten, Jane Shore, fördern. — Die vorhergehende Zeile las Capell *there 's no man is secure*, weil die ersten Qs. haben *there is no man is securde.* Unser Text folgt der Fol. 18) Die Fol. hat unvollständig *Lord Hastings was for her delivery.* 19) Die Königin, die der König als die nicht mehr junge Wittwe des Sir John Grey geheirathet hatte, und der er dann Gelegenheit zur Eifersucht gab, ist mit der *widow* gemeint; *herself* geht auf die Mistress Shore. — Die Standeserhebung Beider wird ironisch als ein ihnen ertheilter Ritterschlag gefasst. 20) *our* in der Fol., *this* in den Qs. — Vier Zeilen weiter haben die Qs. *his brother*, die Fol. *your brother.* 21) Wortspiel zwischen *nought* = nichts, und *naught* = nichtsnutzig, hier als neutrales Adjectiv gefasst in frivolem Sinne. 22) Unter *one* hatte vorher Richard den König verstanden; jetzt, da er fürchtet, Brakenbury würde ihn angeben *(betray)*, sagt er *her husband* dafür. 23) Die Fol. hat *I do beseech.* 24) *abject* = ein Verworfener, elender Wicht, kommt auch bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen substantivisch vor; so in Lyly's Alexander and Campaspe in derselben Construction wie hier: *you shall not be as abjects of*

Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.
Clar. I know, it pleaseth neither of us well.
Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;
I will deliver you, or else lie for you:[26]
Meantime, have patience.
Clar. I must perforce: farewell.
[Exeunt Clarence, Brakenbury, *and Guard.*
Glo. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,
Simple, plain Clarence! — I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
If heaven will take the present at our hands.
But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings?

Enter Hastings.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious lord.
Glo. As much unto my good lord chamberlain.
Well are you welcome to this open air.
How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?
Hast. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must;
But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks,
That were the cause of my imprisonment.
Glo. No doubt, no doubt, and so shall Clarence too;
For they that were your enemies are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him as you.
Hast. More pity that the eagle should be mew'd,
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.[27]
Glo. What news abroad?
Hast. No news so bad abroad as this at home: —
The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.[28]
Glo. Now, by Saint Paul,[29] that news is bad indeed.
O! he hath kept an evil diet long,
And overmuch consum'd his royal person:
'T is very grievous to be thought upon.
What, is he in his bed?[30]
Hast. He is.
Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you. *[Exit* Hastings.
He cannot live, I hope; and must not die,
Till George be pack'd with posthorse up to heaven.
I 'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take king Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in:
For then I 'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter:[31]
What though I kill'd her husband, and her father?
The readiest way to make the wench amends,
Is to become her husband and her father:
The which will I; not all so much for love
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her which I must reach unto.[32]
But yet I run before my horse to market:
Clarence still breathes; Edward still lives and reigns;
When they are gone, then must I count my gains. *[Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Same. Another Street.

Enter the corse of King Henry *the Sixth, borne in an open coffin, Gentlemen bearing halberds, to guard it; and Lady* Anne *as mourner.*

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable load —
If honour may be shrouded in a hearse —
Whilst I awhile obsequiously[1] lament
The untimely fall[2] of virtuous Lancaster. —
Poor key-cold[3] figure of a holy king!
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!
Be it lawful that I invocate thy ghost,
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,
Stabb'd by the self-same hand that made these wounds![4]
Lo, in these windows,[5] that let forth thy life,
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes: —
O, cursed be the hand that made these holes!
Cursed the heart[6] that had the heart to do it!
Cursed the blood that let this blood from hence!
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Than I can wish to adders, spiders,[7] toads,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!
If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
May fright the hopeful mother at the view;
And that be heir to his unhappiness![8]
If ever he have wife, let her be made

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war, but as subjects to Alexander. 25) Die Wittwe, welche König Eduard geheirathet hat. 26) Oder an Deiner Stelle in Haft liegen. — Die Qs. lassen *else* aus. 27) Der Adler, der verkehrter Weise eingesperrt war, ist Hastings; die ebenso verkehrt frei auf Beute umherschweifenden Geier und Falken sind die Verwandten der Königin und der Mistress Shore. — *eagle* und *prey* haben die Qs., die Fol. liest *eagles* und *play* dafür. 28) *to fear* mit dem Accusativ = um Jemanden besorgt sein. 29) So die Qs., die Fol. *by Saint John.* — Für *that news* haben die Qs. *this news.* 30) So die Qs.; die Fol. *Where is he, in his bed?* 31) Die Wittwe des Prinzen Eduard von Wales, Lady Anne, die in der folgenden Scene erscheint. — Die folgende Zeile interpungirt Staunton: *What though I kill'd her husband and her father;* = wenn ich auch ihren Gatten und ihren Vater tödtete. 32) Die Construction ist: *an intent unto which I must reach by marrying her.*

1) *obsequiously* erklärt Steevens vielleicht zu speciell mit *funereal;* Sh. fasst es, in Uebereinstimmung mit der gewöhnlichen Bedeutung des Wortes, wohl nur = ergeben, anhänglich, auch in der Erinnerung an einen Gestorbenen. So in Sh.'s Sonnets (31) *How many a holy and obsequious tear* || *Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye.* — Ohne Zweifel hat jedoch Sh. bei *obsequious* und *obsequiously* an das substantivische *obsequies* gedacht und dessen Bedeutung auch in das Adjectiv und Adverb gelegt. 2) *untimely fall* ist der gewaltsame, vor der Zeit erfolgende Tod Heinrich's durch Richard's Hand. 3) *key-cold*, eine Potenzirung oder Modificirung des einfachen *cold*, kommt bei Sh. und seinen Zeitgenossen auch sonst vor; so in Dekker's Satiromastix: *it is best you hide your head, for fear your wise brains take key-cold.* Steevens erklärt es von der Kälte eines eisernen Schlüssels, mit dem man das Blut einer Wunde zu stillen pflege. 4) So die Fol.; die Qs. haben *holes.* 5) *windows* sind die klaffenden Wunden. Aehnlich in K. Lear (A. 3, Sc. 4) *your loop'd and window'd raggedness.* 6) So die Fol.; die Qs. lesen *Curst be the hand that made these fatal holes,* || *Curst be the heart etc.*

More[9] miserable by the death of him,
Than I am made by my young lord, and thee! —
Come, now towards Chertsey[10] with your holy load,
Taken from Paul's to be interred there;
And still, as you are weary of this[11] weight,
Rest you, whiles I lament king Henry's corse.
[The Bearers take up the corse and advance.

Enter Gloster.

Glo. Stay you, that bear the corse, and set it down.
Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
To stop devoted charitable deeds?
Glo. Villains! set down the corse; or, by Saint Paul,
I 'll make a corse of him that disobeys.
1. Gent. My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.
Glo. Unmanner'd dog! stand thou when I command:
Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,[12]
Or, by Saint Paul, I 'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.
[The Bearers set down the coffin.
Anne. What! do you tremble? are you all afraid?
Alas! I blame you not; for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil. —
Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!
Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have: therefore, be gone.
Glo. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.
Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not;
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deep exclaims.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.[13] —
O, gentlemen! see, see! dead Henry's wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh![14] —
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity,
For 't is thy presence that exhales[15] this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells:
Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge most unnatural. —
O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!
O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!
Either, heaven, with lightning strike the murderer dead,
Or, earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick,[16]
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!
Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.
Anne. Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man:
No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.
Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.
Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!
Glo. More wonderful, when angels are so angry. —
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed evils,[17] to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.
Anne. Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection[18] of a man,
For these known evils but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.
Glo. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.
Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make
No excuse current, but to hang thyself.
Glo. By such despair,[19] I should accuse myself.
Anne. And by despairing shalt thou stand excus'd;
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
That didst unworthy slaughter[20] upon others.
Glo. Say, that I slew them not.
Anne. Then say they were not slain:[21]
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.
Glo. I did not kill your husband.
Anne. Why, then he is alive.
Glo. Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.
Anne. In thy foul throat[22] thou liest: queen Margaret saw
Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood;
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.
Glo. I was provoked by her sland'rous tongue,
That laid their[23] guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.
Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
That never dream'st on aught but butcheries.
Didst thou not kill this king?
Glo. I grant ye.

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und lassen die folgende Zeile aus. 7) So die Qs., die Fol. *to wolves, to spiders.* 8) Und dieses Kind werde ebenso ungerathen und bösartig, wie der Vater ist. In diesem Sinne kommt *unhappy* auch sonst bei Sh. vor. — Dieser Vers fehlt in den Qs. 9) Die Qs. haben *as* für *more* und demgemäss in der folgenden Zeile *as* für *than*. — Zu *my young lord* ist aus dem Vorhergehenden *the death of my young lord* hinzuzudenken. 10) Holinshed sagt von Heinrich's Leichnam: *it was conveyed in a boat, without priest or clerk, torch or taper, singing or saying, unto the monastery of Chertsey, distant from London fifteen miles.* — Anna hatte die Leiche aus der Paulskirche in London geholt, wo sie einen Tag ausgestellt gewesen war. 11) *this* in der Fol., *the* in den Qs. 12) Der Edelmann hatte seine Hellebarde gegen die Brust Gloster's ausgestreckt und Gloster befiehlt ihm, sie wieder emporzurichten. — Die Fol. hat *stand'st* für *stand.* — In Gloster's vorhergehender Rede haben die Qs. *villain* für *villains* der Fol. 13) Heinrich's Ermordung ist eine Probe, ein Probestück von den Metzeleien Richard's. 14) Drayton, Sh.'s Zeitgenosse, sagt in seinen Sonetten, Idea betitelt, in Uebereinstimmung mit dieser Stelle: *If the vile actor of the heinous deed || Near the dead body happily be brought, || Oft 't hath been prov'd the breathless corse will bleed.* 15) *to exhale* steht hier in ungewöhnlichem Sinne für *to draw out.* 16) Verschlinge ihn bei lebendigem Leibe. 17) So die Qs., welche die *supposed evils* den *known evils* in Anna's Antwort gegenüberstellen. Die Fol. hat *supposed crimes.* — *by circumstance* = ausführlich. 18) *diffused*, in den Qs. und in den beiden ersten Folios *defus'd*, = wüst, entstellt. — *infection* = Pest, ist lautlich und begrifflich der Gegensatz zu *perfection.* — Die Fol. hat in der folgenden Zeile *of these known evils.* 19) *despair* = That der Verzweiflung, wie ein Selbstmord sein würde. — In der folgenden Zeile haben die Qs. *shouldst* für *shalt* der Fol. 20) *unworthy slaughter* = eine Ermordung, die das Schlachtopfer nicht verdient, nicht verschuldet hatte. 21) So die Fol. mit besserer Beachtung der Antithese zwischen *say* = nimm an, setze den Fall, und *say* = sprich, sage. — Die Qs. haben *Why then, they are not dead.* 22) Malone's Lesart *in thy soul's throat* scheint sich auf keine Q. oder Fol. zu stützen. — Die Qs. haben in der nächsten Zeile *bloody falchion.* — Anna bezieht sich auf K. Henry VI. Third Part (A. 5, Sc. 5). 23) *their* bezieht sich auf *thy brothers.* — Zwei Zeilen weiter hat die Fol. *dream'st* für *dreamt*

Anne. Dost grant me, hedge-hog? then, God grant[24] me too,
Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deed!
O! he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.
Glo. The better[25] for the King of heaven that hath him.
Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.
Glo. Let him thank me, that holp to send him thither;
For he was fitter for that place than earth.
Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell.
Glo. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.
Anne. Some dungeon.
Glo. Your bed-chamber.
Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest!
Glo. So will it, Madam, till I lie with you.
Anne. I hope so.
Glo. I know so. — But, gentle lady Anne, —
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower method,[26]
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?
Anne. Thou wast the cause, and most accurs'd effect.[27]
Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect;
Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleep,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live[28] one hour in your sweet bosom.
Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.
Glo. These eyes could not endure that beauty's wrack;[29]
You should not blemish it, if I stood by:
As all the world is cheered by the sun,
So I by that; it is my day, my life.
Anne. Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life!
Glo. Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both.
Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.
Glo. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.
Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd[30] my husband.
Glo. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.
Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.
Glo. He lives[31] that loves you better than he could.
Anne. Name him.
Glo. Plantagenet.
Anne. Why, that was he.
Glo. The self-same name, but one of better nature.
Anne. Where is he?
Glo. Here. *[She spitteth at him.]*[32]
Why dost thou spit at me?
Anne. 'Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!
Glo. Never came poison from so sweet a place.
Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.
Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.
Glo. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.
Anne. 'Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!
Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once;
For now they kill me with a living death.
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops:[33]
These eyes, which never shed remorseful[34] tear;
No, when my father York and Edward wept
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,
When black-fac'd[35] Clifford shook his sword at him;
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the sad story of my father's death,
And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedash'd with rain: in that sad time
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;[36]
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,[37]
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
I never sued to friend, nor enemy;
My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing word;[38]
But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.
[She looks scornfully at him.
Teach not thy lip such scorn; for it was made[39]
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;
Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,[40]
And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.
[He lays his breast open: she offers at it with his sword.
Nay, do not pause; for I did kill king Henry;[41] —
But 't was thy beauty that provoked me.
Nay, now despatch; 't was I that stabb'd young Edward; —
But 't was thy heavenly face that set me on.
[She lets fall the sword.
Take up the sword again, or take up me.
Anne. Arise, dissembler: though I wish thy death,
I will not be thy executioner.
Glo. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

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der Qs. 24) Gloster fasst *to grant* = einräumen, bejahen; Anna = gewähren, bescheeren. 25) So die Fol.; die Qs. *the fitter.* — In der nächsten Zeile liegt der Nachdruck auf *is.* 26) Um in einen etwas bedächtigeren Ton der Unterhaltung zu gerathen. — Die Fol. hat *something* für das *somewhat* der Qs. 27) *cause* ist der Anlass zum Morde, *effect* die Ausführung des Mordes; zugleich steht aber *cause* und *effect* = Ursache und Wirkung. — Die Qs. haben *thou art.* 28) So die Fol.; die Qs. *rest.* — Zwei Zeilen vorher haben die Qs. *which* für *that.* 29) *these eyes* sind Gloster's Augen; die Qs. lesen *These eyes could never endure sweet beauty's wreck.* 30) *slew* in den Qs., die zwei Zeilen vorher haben *loveth you.* 31) Die Qs. haben *go to; he lives.* 32) Diese Bühnenweisung ist schon in der Fol. enthalten, ebenso auch die folgenden, welche das stumme Spiel der Beiden bezeichnen. 33) Gloster's Augen sind schmählich anzusehen, da in ihnen Thränen wie in Kinderaugen stehen. — Die Qs. haben *aspect* für *aspects* der Fol. — Die folgenden zwölf Zeilen finden sich zuerst in der Fol. 34) *remorseful* = mitleidig, gefühlvoll. — Das folgende *no* für ein absolut stehendes *not* ist in Sh.'s Manier. 35) Mit finsterm, unheildrohendem Angesicht. 36) Eine Hinweisung auf K. Henry VI. Third Part (A. 2, Sc. 1). 37) Vgl. Anm. 15 dieser Scene. 38) So die Fol.; die Qs. *sweet soothing words. — to smooth* = schmeicheln, streicheln, gebraucht Sh. öfter. 39) Die Qs. haben *lips* und *they were.* — Die vorhergehende Bühnenweisung steht nur in der Fol. 40) Die Qs. *bosom.* — Auf *breast* oder *bosom* bezieht sich *it* in der zweitfolgenden Zeile. 41) Die Qs. haben hier, mit einer Umstellung, *Nay, do not pause; 't was I that kill'd your husband,* und im zweitfolgenden Verse *Nay, now dispatch; 't was I that kill'd king Henry.* — Neun Zeilen weiter haben die Qs. *tush, that was in thy rage*

Anne. I have already.
Glo. That was in thy rage:
Speak it again, and even with the word,
This hand, which, for thy love, did kill thy love,
Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love:
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.
Anne. I would, I knew thy heart.
Glo. 'T is figur'd in my tongue.
Anne. I fear me, both are false.
Glo. Then never man was true.
Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.
Glo. Say, then, my peace is made.
Anne. That shalt thou know hereafter.
Glo. But shall I live in hope?
Anne. All men, I hope, live so.
Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.
Anne. To take is not to give.[42] *[She puts on the ring.*
Glo. Look, how my ring[43] encompasseth thy finger,
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted servant[44] may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.
Anne. What is it?
Glo. That it may please you leave these sad designs
To him that hath more cause[45] to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby-place;[46]
Where, after I have solemnly interr'd,
At Chertsey monastery, this noble king,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,
I will with all expedient duty[47] see you:
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.
Anne. With all my heart; and much it joys me too,
To see you are become so penitent. —
Tressel, and Berkley, go along with me.
Glo. Bid me farewell.
Anne. 'T is more than you deserve;
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.
[Exeunt Lady Anne, Tressel, *and* Berkley.
Glo. Sirs, take up the corse.[48]
Gent. Towards Chertsey, noble lord?
Glo. No, to White-Friars; there attend my coming.
[Exeunt the rest, with the corse.
Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
I 'll have her, but I will not keep her long.
What! I, that kill'd her husband, and his father,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate;
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of her hatred[49] by;
Having[50] God, her conscience, and these bars against me,
And I no friends to back my suit withal,
But the plain devil, and dissembling looks,
And yet to win her, — all the world to nothing![51]
Ha!
Hath she forgot already that brave prince,
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?
A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman, —
Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,[52]
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal, —
The spacious world cannot again afford:
And will she yet abase[53] her eyes on me,
That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,
And made her widow to a woful bed?
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?
On me, that halt, and am misshapen thus?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while:
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marvellous proper[54] man.
I 'll be at charges for a looking-glass;
And entertain a score or two of tailors,
To study fashions to adorn my body:
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
But, first, I 'll turn yon fellow in his grave,[55]
And then return lamenting to my love. —
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass. *[Exit.*

SCENE III.

The Same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Queen Elizabeth, *Lord* Rivers, *and Lord* Grey.

Riv. Have patience, Madam: there 's no doubt, his majesty
Will soon recover his accustom'd health.
Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse:
Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.[1]
Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would betide on me?
Grey. No other harm, but loss of such a lord.

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42) Dass man einen Ring annimmt, bedeutet noch nicht, dass man dafür einen giebt, dass man sich verlobt. — Diese Worte lässt die Fol. zufällig aus und legt der Anna irrig die nächstvorhergehenden *Vouchsafe etc.* bei. — Die Bühnenweisung fügte erst Johnson hinzu. 43) *this ring* in den Qs. 44) Die Qs. *suppliant* für *servant; devoted* hat ausser der Fol. nur Q. A. 45) So die Qs.; die Fol. *most cause.* 46) *Crosby-place,* wie die Qs. lesen, oder *Crosby-house,* wie die Fol. hat, ist Gloster's Wohnung in London. 47) Mit allem beflissenen Pflichteifer. 48) Diese Worte fehlen in der Fol. 49) *her hatred,* die Lesart der Qs., ist zu verbinden mit *her heart's extremest hate:* Heinrich's blutige Leiche war Zeuge des Hasses gewesen, den Anna gegen Gloster ausgesprochen. — Die Lesart der Fol. *my hatred* zerstört diese Verbindung und spricht von dem Zeugen des Hasses, dessen Gloster fähig ist. 50) *having* vertauschen manche Hgg. stillschweigend und willkürlich mit *with.* — Die folgende Zeile lautet in den Qs. *And I nothing to back my suit at all.* 51) Es war die ganze Welt gegen nichts zu verwetten, dass ich sie nicht gewinnen würde. Derselbe Tropus von einer ungleichen Wette kehrt gleich darauf wieder: *My dukedom to a beggarly denier.* 52) So umgekehrt in Much Ado about Nothing (A. 4, Sc. 1) *Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?* 53) *debase* in den Qs. — Vier Zeilen weiter haben die Qs. *unshapen* für *misshapen* der Fol. 54) *marvellous proper* = wunderhübsch. — *marvellous* steht ebenso adverbial, wie in A. 1, Sc. 1 *passing* in *a passing pleasing tongue.* 55) Erst will ich jenen Cumpan, d. h. Heinrich, in sein Grab bringen. — *in* für *into* ist Sh.'sch. — Zwischen *turn* und *return* ist ein Gleichklang beabsichtigt. — In der vorigen Zeile haben die späteren Qs. *a little cost.*

Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lord includes all harms.
Grey. The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly son,
To be your comforter when he is gone.
Q. Eliz. Ah! he is young; and his minority
Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloster,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.
Riv. Is it concluded, he shall be protector?
Q. Eliz. It is determin'd, not concluded yet:[2]
But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

Enter Buckingham *and* Stanley.[3]

Grey. Here come the lords of Buckingham and Stanley.
Buck. Good time of day unto your royal grace.
Stan. God make your majesty joyful as you have been!
Q. Eliz. The countess Richmond,[4] good my lord of Stanley,
To your good prayer will scarcely say amen.
Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she 's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.
Stan. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers;
Or, if she be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.
Q. Eliz. Saw you the king to-day, my lord of Stanley?
Stan. But now, the duke of Buckingham and I
Are come[5] from visiting his majesty.
Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amendment, lords?
Buck. Madam, good hope: his grace speaks cheerfully.
Q. Eliz. God grant him health! Did you confer with him?
Buck. Ay, Madam:[6] he desires to make atonement[7]
Between the duke of Gloster and your brothers,
And between them and my lord chamberlain;
And sent to warn[8] them to his royal presence.
Q. Eliz. 'Would all were well! — But that will never be.
I fear, our happiness is at the height.[9]

Enter Gloster, Hastings, *and* Dorset.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it. —
Who are they that complain unto the king,[10]
That I, forsooth, am stern and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.
Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
Duck with French nods[11] and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd
With silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?
Grey. To whom in all this presence speaks your grace?
Glo. To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace.[12]
When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong? —
Or thee? — or thee? — or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all! His royal person
(Whom God preserve better than you would wish!)
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,
But you must trouble him with lewd[13] complaints.
Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloster, you mistake the matter.
The king, on his own royal disposition,
And not provok'd by any suitor else,
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
That in your outward action shows itself
Against my children, brothers, and myself,
Makes him to send;[14] that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.
Glo. I cannot tell; — the world is grown so bad,
That wrens make prey[15] where eagles dare not perch:
Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There 's many a gentle person made a Jack.[16]
Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother Gloster:
You envy my advancement, and my friends'.[17]
God grant, we never may have need of you!
Glo. Meantime, God grants that we[18] have need of you:
Our brother is imprison'd by your means,
Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility
Held in contempt; while great promotions[19]
Are daily given, to ennoble those
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.[20]
Q. Eliz. By Him that rais'd me to this careful height
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,

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1) So die Qs. — Die Fol. hat *eyes*, wozu das Epitheton *quick* nicht recht passen will. — Drei Zeilen weiter haben die Qs. *all harm.* 2) Die Königin unterscheidet zwischen *determin'd* = beschlossen in dem Geiste ihres Gemahls, und *concluded* = formell zum Abschluss gebracht. 3) *Stanley* setzen die Hgg. seit Theobald überall in Bühnenweisung und Text, wo Qs. und Fol. bald *Stanley*, bald *Derby* haben, weil der Lord Stanley erst nach Heinrich's VII. Thronbesteigung zum Earl von Derby erhoben wurde. — Sh. selbst wählte den letzteren Namen wohl als den seinem Publicum bekannteren; indess ist es der Uebereinstimmung wegen rathsam, von einer so durchgreifenden Veränderung, die in allen Ausgaben sich einmal festgesetzt hat, nicht wieder abzuweichen. 4) Die Gräfin Richmond war die Mutter des künftigen Heinrich's VII. 5) Die Qs. haben *came* für *are come*, und in der folgenden Zeile *with* für *what*. 6) *Madam, we did* in den Qs. 7) *atonement* = Versöhnung, von *to atone* = versöhnen. — Für das folgende *between* der Fol. haben die Qs. beide Male *betwixt*. 8) *to warn* = citiren, herbescheiden. 9) *at the highest* in den Qs. 10) So die Qs.; die Fol. *who is it* und *complains*, aber doch in der nächsten Zeile *them*. 11) Die Complimente und Verneigungen bezeichnet Richard als von Frankreich eingeführt, eines ächten Engländers unwürdig; die Nachäffung derselben ist ihm daher *apish courtesy*. — Zwei Zeilen vorher hat die Fol. *look fair* für das *speak fair* der Qs. 12) *grace* wendet Grey als den Titel Gloster's an, Gloster fasst es = Frömmigkeit. — In den Qs. nimmt Rivers, nicht Grey, das Wort. 13) *lewd* = nichtsnutzig. — Drei Zeilen vorher hat die Fol. *grace* für *person* der Qs. 14) Die Construction ist, in Folge der eingeschobenen Sätze, anakoluthisch. Sh. vergass, dass *the king* Subject zu *makes* ist, und so bezieht sich *him* auf den König, als ob etwa *his own royal disposition* Subject wäre. — Statt der zwei Verse der Qs., welche diese Rede schliessen, hat die Fol. nur einen: *Makes him to send, that he may know the ground.* — Die Qs. lesen *to remove it*, was Steevens emendirt. — Vorher haben die Qs. *actions* für *action*, und *kindred* für *children* der Fol. 15) So die beiden ersten Qs. und die Fol.; viele Hgg. lesen mit den späteren Qs. *may prey*. 16) Seit mancher Hans, mancher obscure Mensch geadelt ist, wird mancher geborne Edelmann geringschätzig behandelt wie ein obscurer Mensch. 17) scil. *the advancement of my friends*. 18) So die Qs. — Die Fol. hat *I* für *we*. 19) So die Fol.; die Qs.

I never did incense his majesty
Against the duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me shameful injury,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.[21]
Glo. You may deny, that you were not the mean[22]
Of my lord Hastings' late imprisonment.
Riv. She may, my lord; for —
Glo. She may, lord Rivers, — why, who knows not so?
She may do more, Sir, than denying that:
She may help you to many fair preferments,
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high desert.
What may she not? She may, — ay, marry, may she, —
Riv. What, marry, may she?
Glo. What, marry,[23] may she? marry with a king,
A bachelor, and a handsome stripling too.
I wis,[24] your grandam had a worser match.
Q. Eliz. My lord of Gloster, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs;
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty
Of those gross taunts that oft I have endur'd.
I had rather be a country serving-maid,
Than a great queen, with this condition,
To be so baited, scorn'd, and stormed at:[25]
Small joy have I in being England's queen.

Enter Queen MARGARET, *behind.*

Q. Mar. And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech him![26]
Thy honour, state, and seat, is due to me.
Glo. What! threat you me with telling of the king?
Tell him, and spare not: look, what I have said[27]
I will avouch in presence of the king:
I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.[28]
'T is time to speak; my pains are quite forgot.[29]
Q. Mar. Out, devil! I do remember them too well:
Thou kill'dst[30] my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.
Glo. Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king,
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;
A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends;
To royalize[31] his blood, I spent mine own.
Q. Mar. Ay, and much better blood than his, or thine.
Glo. In all which time, you, and your husband Grey,
Were factious for the house of Lancaster; —
And, Rivers, so were you. — Was not your husband
In Margaret's battle[32] at Saint Alban's slain?
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere this, and what you are;
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.
Q. Mar. A murd'rous villain, and so still thou art.
Glo. Poor Clarence did forsake his father Warwick,
Ay, and forswore himself, — which Jesu pardon!
Q. Mar. Which God revenge!
Glo. To fight on Edward's party, for the crown;
And, for his meed,[33] poor lord, he is mew'd up.
I would to God, my heart were flint, like Edward's,
Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine:
I am too childish-foolish for this world.
Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave this world,
Thou cacodemon! there thy kingdom is.
Riv. My lord of Gloster, in those busy days,
Which here you urge to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our sovereign[34] king;
So should we you, if you should be our king.
Glo. If I should be! — I had rather be a pedlar.
Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof![35]
Q. Eliz. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country's king,
As little joy you may suppose in me
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.
Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the queen thereof;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.
I can no longer hold me patient. — *[Advancing.*
Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me![36]
Which of you trembles not, that looks on me?
If not, that, I being queen,[37] you bow like subjects,
Yet that, by you depos'd, you quake like rebels? —
Ah! gentle villain,[38] do not turn away.
Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my sight?
Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd;[39]
That will I make, before I let thee go.
Glo. Wert thou not banished on pain of death?[40]

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many fair promotions, was an das bald folgende *many fair preferments* erinnert. 20) *noble* = ein Adliger, und = eine Münze, Rosenobel. 21) Fälschlich mich in solchen argen Verdacht zu verstricken. 22) Die Qs. *cause*. 23) Wortspiel zwischen der Interjection *marry* = traun! und *to marry* = sich verheirathen. — Drei Zeilen vorher haben die Qs. *deserts*. 24) *I wis* = ich meine, als betheuernde Versicherung eingeschoben, von dem veralteten Verbum *to wis*, kommt bei Sh. öfter vor. 25) So die Fol. — Die Qs. haben *To be thus taunted, scorn'd and baited at*, und drei Zeilen vorher *With those gross taunts I often have endured.* 26) So die Fol. — Die Qs. haben *thee* scil. *God*, obgleich das *thy* gleich darauf sich auf Elisabeth bezieht. 27) Diese Zeile fehlt in der Fol. 28) Diese Zeile fehlt in den Qs. 29) Meine Anstrengungen, Eduard auf den Thron zu heben und ihn darauf zu behaupten, sind ganz vergessen. 30) Die Qs. haben *slewest*. 31) *to royalize* = königlich machen, verherrlichen. So in Marlowe's Tamburlaine: *For fates and oracles of Heaven have sworn* || *To royalize the deeds of Tamburlaine.* — Die Qs. haben *I spilt* für *I spent* der Fol. 32) In den Schlachtreihen der Königin Margarethe. — Vgl. K. Henry VI. Third Part (A. 3, Sc. 2), wo jedoch Sh. irrig annahm, dass Grey für die Yorks Partei ergriffen habe. — Zwei Zeilen weiter haben die Qs. *ere now*. 33) *for his meed* = zum Lohn dafür; *meed* ist = Gebühr, das Jemandem Zukommende. — In Margarethens folgender Rede haben die Qs. *the world*. 34) Die Qs. *our lawful king*. 35) Schon der Gedanke daran, dass ich König sein könnte, sei meinem Herzen fern. — Die Qs. haben *of it* für *thereof* der Fol. 36) *to pill* = plündern, erbeuten. — Zu Anfang dieser Rede wäre vielleicht für das *a little joy* der Qs. und Fol. mit Dyce *as little joy* zu vermuthen. 37) So die Qs. Die Fol. *I am queen.* — Das *I* ist dann zu suppliren zu dem folgenden *by you depos'd.* 38) *gentle* erklärt Johnson mit *high-born*, als Gegensatz zu *villain;* M. Mason fasst es im gewöhnlichen Sinne, den Margarethe ironisch anwendet. Vielleicht gebrauchte Sh. das Epitheton hier geflissentlich doppelsinnig. 39) *to make* fasst Richard = *to do*, wie auch sonst bei Sh. *what make you* für das jetzige *what do you* vorkommt; Margarethe in ihrer Antwort hat die

Q. Mar. I was; but I do find more pain in banishment
Than death can yield me here by my abode.
A husband, and a son, thou ow'st to me, —
And thou, a kingdom;[41] — all of you, allegiance:
This sorrow that I have, by right is yours,
And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.
Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes;
And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout,
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland; —
His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounc'd against thee, are all fallen upon thee;
And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.[42]
Q. Eliz. So just is God, to right the innocent.
Hast. O! 't was the foulest deed to slay that babe,
And the most merciless, that e'er was heard of.
Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.
Dor. No man but prophesied revenge for it.
Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.
Q. Mar. What! were you snarling[43] all, before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me?
Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven,
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,
Should all but answer for that peevish brat?[44]
Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heaven? —
Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses! —
Though not by war, by surfeit die your king,
As ours by murder, to make him a king!
Edward, thy son, that now is prince of Wales,
For Edward, my son,[45] that was prince of Wales,
Die in his youth by like untimely violence!
Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self!
Long may'st thou live, to wail thy children's loss,[46]
And see another, as I see thee now,
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!
Long die thy happy days before thy death;
And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!
Rivers, and Dorset, you were standers by,
And so wast thou, Lord Hastings, when my son
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers: God, I pray him,[47]
That none of you may live his natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off!
Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag.
Q. Mar. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me.
If heaven have any grievous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O! let them[48] keep it, till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul!
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be while some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog![49]
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature,[50] and the son of hell!
Thou slander of thy heavy mother's womb![51]
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
Thou rag of honour![52] thou detested —
Glo. Margaret.
Q. Mar. Richard!
Glo. Ha?
Q. Mar. I call thee not.
Glo. I cry thee mercy then; for I did think,
That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.
Q. Mar. Why, so I did; but look'd for no reply.
O! let me make the period to my curse.
Glo. 'T is done by me, and ends in — Margaret.
Q. Eliz. Thus have you breath'd your curse against yourself.
Q. Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune![53]
Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,[54]
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?

Antithese von *to make* = schaffen, und *to mar* = vernichten, die Sh. sehr geläufig ist. 40) Dieser Vers und die beiden folgenden sind nur in der Fol. 41) Die letzten Worte sind an die Königin Elisabeth gerichtet, welche den Rang einnimmt, der der Margarethe gebührt. 42) *to plague* = mit Strafen heimsuchen. — Zu Gloster's Worten vgl. A. 1, Sc. 4 in K. Henry VI. Third Part. — In der dritten Zeile dieser Rede haben die Qs. *scorn* für *scorns* der Fol. 43) Das Bild ist von Hunden entlehnt, die einander anknurren, ehe sie einander beissen. 44) Hatte der Fluch, den damals York über mich aussprach, so viel Gewicht bei Gott, dass Alles, was ich seitdem erlitten, eben nur als eine blosse Vergeltung für die Ermordung des jungen Rutland gelten sollte? — *peevish brat* ist ein Kind, das noch unvernünftig ist, nicht weiss, was es will. — Die Qs. lesen *could* für das *should* der Fol. 45) So die Qs.; die Fol. *our son.* — Drei Zeilen vorher haben die Qs. *if* für *though* der Fol. 46) Die Qs. haben *loss*, die Fol. *death.* — Zwei Zeilen weiter haben die Qs. *glory* für *rights* der Fol. 47) Vgl. Anm. 26 dieser Scene. 48) *them* bezieht sich auf *heaven*, nach einem Wechsel des Numerus, der auch sonst bei Sh. vorkommt. So in K. Richard II. (A. 1, Sc. 2) *Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;* || *Who, when they see the hours ripe on earth etc.* 49) Richard ist in seiner Missgestalt gleichsam durch einen bösen Zaubergeist *(elf)* schon vor seiner Geburt gezeichnet und gestempelt. — *rooting hog* = ein wühlendes Schwein, spielt an auf das Abzeichen des Ebers, das Richard im Wappen führte. — Sh. hatte dabei einen Spottreim im Sinn, wegen dessen Collingburne unter der Regierung Richard's hingerichtet wurde, und der den König und seine Freunde Catesby, Ratcliff und Lovel mit Thiernamen so bezeichnete: *The cat, the rat, and Lovell our dog* || *Do rule all England under a hog,* || *The crookback'd boar the way hath found* || *To root our roses from our ground.* 50) Die Natur hatte ihm schon bei seiner Geburt das Zeichen aufgedrückt, mit welchem die Sklaven gebrandmarkt werden. 51) Der missgestaltete Richard war eine Schmach für die Mutter, die ihn gebar und die sich über seine Erscheinung betrübte. — Die Qs. stellen um *thy mother's heavy womb.* 52) *rag of honour* = ein Lump an Ehre. 53) Elisabeth ist keine wirkliche Königin, sondern nur eine gemalte, ein Flitterstaat, der aus dem ehemaligen Glücksbesitz der Margarethe entlehnt ist. 54) *bottled spider* = eine giftgeschwollene, dickbäuchige Spinne. — So in A. 4, Sc. 4 *That bottled spider, that foul bunchba:k'd toad.* — Die beiden letzten Zeilen dieser Rede lauten in den Qs.: *The time will*

Fool, fool! thou whett'st a knife to kill thyself.
The day will come that thou shalt wish for me
To help thee curse this pois'nous bunchback'd toad.
Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse,
Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.
Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you! you have all mov'd mine.
Riv. Were you well serv'd, you would be taught your duty.
Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me duty,
Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects.
O! serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty.
Dor. Dispute not with her, she is lunatic.
Q. Mar. Peace, master marquess! you are malapert:
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current.[55]
O! that your young nobility could judge,
What 't were to lose it, and be miserable!
They that stand high have many blasts to shake them,
And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.
Glo. Good counsel, marry: — learn it, learn it, marquess.
Dor. It touches you, my lord, as much as me.
Glo. Ay, and much more; but I was born so high,
Our aery buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.
Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade, — alas! alas! —
Witness my son,[56] now in the shade of death;
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.
Your aery buildeth in our aery's nest. —
O God! that seest it, do not suffer it:
As it was won[57] with blood, lost be it so!
Buck. Peace, peace! for shame, if not for charity.
Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me:
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully my hopes by you are butcher'd.
My charity is outrage, life my shame,
And in that shame still live my sorrow's rage!
Buck. Have done, have done.
Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham! I 'll kiss thy hand,
In sign of league and amity with thee:
Now fair befall thee and thy noble house!
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.
Buck. Nor no one here; for curses never pass
The lips[58] of those that breathe them in the air.
Q. Mar. I will not think[59] but they ascend the sky,
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.
O Buckingham! take heed[60] of yonder dog:
Look, when he fawns, he bites; and, when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death:[61]
Have not to do with him, beware of him;
Sin, death, and hell, have set their marks on him,
And all their ministers attend on him.
Glo. What doth she say, my lord of Buckingham?
Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.
Q. Mar. What! dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel,
And sooth the devil that I warn thee from?
O! but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,
And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess. —
Live each of you the subjects to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to God's! *[Exit.*
Hast. My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.
Riv. And so doth mine. I muse, why she 's at liberty.[62]
Glo. I cannot blame her: by God's holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof, that I have done to her.[63]
Q. Eliz. I never did her any, to my knowledge.
Glo. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong.
I was too hot to do somebody good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now.
Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid;
He is frank'd up[64] to fatting for his pains; —
God pardon them that are the cause thereof!
Riv. A virtuous and a christian-like conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scath[65] to us.
Glo. So do I ever, *[aside]* being well advis'd;
For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Madam, his majesty doth call for you;
And for your grace; and you, my noble lords.[66]
Q. Eliz. Catesby, I come. — Lords, will you go with me?[67]
Riv. We wait upon your grace. *[Exeunt all but* Gloster.
Glo. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroach,
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence, whom I, indeed, have cast in darkness,
I do beweep to many simple gulls;
Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham;
And tell them, 't is the queen and her allies
That stir the king against the duke my brother.
Now they believe it; and withal whet me
To be reveng'd on Rivers, Vaughan,[68] Grey:
But then I sigh, and, with a piece of scripture,[69]
Tell them, that God bids us do good for evil:

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come when thou shalt wish for me || *To help thee curse that poison'd bunchback'd toad.* 55) Sie bezeichnet ironisch die Marquiswürde, zu welcher er erst jüngst erhoben war, als ein eben erst aus dem Feuer gekommenes Münzgeprägé, das noch nicht in Umlauf gesetzt ist. — Drei Zeilen weiter haben die Qs. *mighty blasts.* 56) Das Wortspiel zwischen *sun* und *son*, das so oft bei Sh. wiederkehrt, wird hier in den späteren Qs. durch die Orthographie *sun* noch mehr hervorgehoben. — Die früheren Qs. und die Fol. lesen *son.* 57) So die Qs.; die Fol. *as it is won.* — Vier Zeilen weiter setzen die Qs. *by you* vor *my hopes.* 58) Die Flüche gehen nicht weiter, als die Lippen reichen, gehen nicht über die Lippen hinaus. 59) Die Qs. *I 'll not believe.* 60) Die Qs. haben *beware* für *take heed* und wiederholen so *beware* zweimal in derselben Rede, da bald nachher alle alten Ausgaben *beware of him* haben. 61) Die Qs. *rankle thee to death.* 62) *to muse* = verwundert grübeln über Etwas, sich Etwas nicht erklären können. — Die Qs. haben *I wonder she 's at liberty.* 63) *to her* fehlt in den Qs. 64) *to frank up* = in einen Koben zur Mast einsperren, von Ebern und Schweinen gebraucht. — Sh. hat dasselbe Verbum in A. 4, Sc. 5. — In Ray's Sprichwörtersammlung kommt vor: *He feeds like a boar in a frank.* 65) *to do scath to* = Jemanden schädigen. 66) So Q. A. und B., nur dass die Abkürzung *Lo.* für *Lords* steht. Die Fol. liest *and yours, my gracious lord.* 67) Die Qs. haben *we come* und *with us*, und in der folgenden Zeile *Madam, we will attend your grace.* — Fünf Zeilen weiter haben die Qs. *laid* für *cast* der Fol. 68) *Vaughan* in den Qs., *Dorset* in der Fol. 69) Mit einem Citat aus der Bibel. — Drei Zeilen weiter haben die Qs. *old odd ends*, die Fol. *odd*

And thus I clothe my naked villany
With old odd ends stol'n forth of holy writ,
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

Enter Two Murderers.

But soft! here come my executioners. —
How now, my hardy, stout, resolved mates!
Are you now going to despatch this thing? [70]

1. Murd. We are, my lord; and come to have the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.

Glo. Well thought upon; I have it here about me.
[Gives the warrant.
When you have done, repair to Crosby-place.[71]
But, Sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate: do not hear him plead,
For Clarence is well-spoken, and, perhaps,
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

1. Murd. Tut, tut! my lord, we will not stand to prate;
Talkers are no good doers: be assur'd,
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

Glo. Your eyes drop millstones, when fools' eyes fall tears: [72]
I like you, lads; — about your business [73] straight;
Go, go. despatch.

1. Murd. We will, my noble lord. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

London. A Room in the Tower.

Enter Clarence *and* Brakenbury.

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?

Clar. O! I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights, [1]
That, as I am a christian faithful man, [2]
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 't were to buy a world of happy days;
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you, tell me. [3]

Clar. Methought that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;
And in my company my brother Gloster,
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches: thence we look'd toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling, [4]
Struck me (that thought to stay him) over-board,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death [5] within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wracks;
A thonsand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels, [6]
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 't were in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep, [7]
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought I had, and often did I strive
To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood [8]
Stopt in my soul, and would not let it forth
To find [9] the empty, vast, and wandering air;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awak'd you not in [10] this sore agony?

Clar. No, no, [11] my dream was lengthen'd after life;
O! then began the tempest to my soul!
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that sour [12] ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
Who spake [13] aloud, — »What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?«
And so he vanish'd. Then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd [14] out aloud, —
»Clarence is come, — false, fleeting, [15] perjur'd Clarence, —
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury; —
Seize on him, Furies! take him unto torment!« [16]
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears

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old ends. 70) Die Qs. *this deed.* 71) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 2, Anm. 46. — In den Qs. beginnt die folgende Rede: *Tush! || Fear not, my lord, we will etc.* 72) Eine sprichwörtliche Redensart, welche besagt, dass Thränen ebenso unwahrscheinlich aus solchen Augen kämen, wie Mühlsteine. — *to fall* = fallen lassen. — Die Qs. wiederholen *drop* für *fall.* 73) Mit *business* schliesst in den Qs. diese Scene.

1) Die Qs. haben *So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams.* 2) So wahr ich ein gläubiger Christ bin. — Staunton schreibt *christian-faithful* als Compositum. 3) Die Qs. lesen *What was your dream? I long to hear you tell it* und ziehen die beiden folgenden Verse in einen zusammen: *Methought, I was embark'd for Burgundy.* — In Burgund lebte Clarence's Schwester, die Herzogin Margarethe. — Fünf Zeilen weiter hat die Fol. *there* für *thence*, und in der folgenden Zeile haben die Qs. *fearful* für *heavy* der Fol. 4) Die Qs. *in stumbling.* 5) In den Qs. steht *ugly* vor *sights.* — Zwei Zeilen vorher haben die Qs. *Lord, Lord!* für *O Lord!* der Fol. 6) *unvalued* = unschätzbar. — Die folgende Zeile ist nur in der Fol. — Zwei Zeilen vorher haben die Qs. *ten thousand.* 7) Die Edelsteine, die statt der Augen in den leeren Augenhöhlen steckten, coquettirten, da sie nichts Anderes zu sehen hatten, mit dem schlammigen Meeresgrunde und wandten sich verächtlich von den umhergestreuten Todtengebeinen ab. — Die Fol. hat *in the holes.* 8) Die Qs. haben nur einen Vers statt dieser zwei: *Methought I had; but still the envious flood*, und dann *kept in my soul.* 9) So die Fol.; die früheren Qs. haben *to seek*, die späteren *to keep.* 10) Die Qs. *with* für *in.* 11) Die Qs. haben *O, no*, wie auch die nächste Zeile mit *O* anfängt. 12) Die Qs. *grim* für *sour.* 13) Die Qs. *cried aloud.* 14) Die Qs. *squeak'd* für *shriek'd.* 15) *fleeting* = unbeständig, der nicht Stand hält. So in Antony and Cleopatra (A. 5, Sc. 2) *the fleeting moon no planet is of mine.* 16) Die Qs. *take him to your torments*, und zwei Zeilen weiter *environ'd me*

Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell;
Such terrible impression made my dream.[17]

Brak. No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks,[18] to hear you tell it.

Clar. Ah, keeper, keeper! I have done these things,
That now give[19] evidence against my soul,
For Edward's sake; and see how he requites me![20] —
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath in me alone:
O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children! —
Keeper, I pr'ythee, sit by me awhile;[21]
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak. I will, my lord: God give your grace good rest.—
[CLARENCE *sleeps*.[22]
Sorrow breaks seasons, and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,[23]
An outward honour for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares:[24]
So that, between their titles, and low name,
There 's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the Two Murderers.

1. Murd. Ho! who 's here?[25]

Brak. What wouldst thou, fellow? and how cam'st thou hither?

1. Murd. I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.

Brak. What! so brief?[26]

2. Murd. 'T is better, Sir, than to be tedious. —
Let him see our commission,[27] and talk no more.

[A paper delivered to BRAKENBURY, *who reads it.*

Brak. I am, in this, commanded to deliver
The noble duke of Clarence to your hands: —
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guiltless from the meaning.
There lies the duke asleep, and there the keys.[28]
I 'll to the king, and signify to him,[29]
That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.

1. Murd. You may, Sir; 't is a point of wisdom: fare you well. *[Exit* BRAKENBURY.

2. Murd. What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

1. Murd. No; he 'll say, 't was done cowardly, when he wakes.

2. Murd. Why, he shall never wake until the great judgment-day.

1. Murd. Why, then he 'll say, we stabb'd him sleeping.

2. Murd. The urging of that word, judgment, hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

1. Murd. What! art thou afraid?

2. Murd. Not to kill him, having a warrant; but to be damn'd for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me.

1. Murd. I thought, thou hadst been resolute.[30]

2. Murd. So I am, to let him live.

1. Murd. I 'll back to the duke of Gloster, and tell him so.

2. Murd. Nay, I pr'ythee, stay a little: I hope, this passionate humour of mine[31] will change; it was wont to hold me but while one tells twenty.

1. Murd. How dost thou feel thyself now?

2. Murd. Some[32] certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

1. Murd. Remember our reward, when the deed 's done.

2. Murd. 'Zounds! he dies: I had forgot the reward.

1. Murd. Where 's thy conscience now?

2. Murd. O! in the duke of Gloster's purse.

1. Murd. When he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2. Murd. 'T is no matter; let it go: there 's few or none will entertain it.[33]

1. Murd. What, if it come to thee again?

2. Murd. I 'll not meddle with it;[34] it makes a man a coward; a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him: 't is a blushing shame-faced spirit, that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills a man[35] full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold, that by chance I found; it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well, endeavours to trust to himself, and live without it.

1. Murd. 'Zounds! it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

2. Murd. Take the devil[36] in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee, but to make thee sigh.

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about. 17) Die Qs. *the dream.* 18) Die Qs. *I promise you, I am afraid,* und in dem nächsten Verse *O Brakenbury.* 19) *bear evidence* in den Qs. 20) Die nächsten vier Verse sind nur in der Fol. 21) Die Qs. *I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me.* 22) Die Bühnenweisung ist modern. — Die Fol. hat hier *Enter Brakenbury the Lieutenant,* indem sie zwischen Brakenbury und dem *Keeper,* mit dem Clarence bisher sich unterhielt, unterscheidet, und Ersteren erst jetzt das Wort nehmen lässt. — In den Qs. ist Brakenbury und der *Keeper* dieselbe Person. 23) Die ganze Herrlichkeit der Fürsten besteht nur in ihren Titeln. 24) Für einen Besitz oder Genuss, der nur in der Einbildung besteht, den sie nicht sinnlich wahrnehmen, fühlen sie eine Menge von Sorgen, die ihnen keine Ruhe gönnen. — Für *imaginations* der Fol. haben die Qs. *imagination.* — Im Folgenden verwischen die Qs. den Reim, indem sie *names* lesen für *name* der Fol. 25) Die Qs. lassen diese Worte aus und haben das Folgende so: *In God's name, what are you, and how came you hither?* 26) *brief* = kurz angebunden. — Die Qs. *Yea, are you so brief?* 27) Die Qs. *O Sir, it is better to be brief than tedious.* || *Show him our commission.* 28) Die Qs. *Here are the keys; there sits the duke asleep.* — Die Qs. haben *guiltless of the meaning.* 29) In den Qs. *and certify his grace,* || *That thus I have resign'd my place to you.* — In den Qs. lautet die Antwort des Mörders: *Do so; it is a point of wisdom.* 30) Diese Worte und die Antwort darauf fehlen in den Qs. 31) Die Qs. *my holy humour* und nachher *would tell twenty.* — Capell setzte *compassionate* für *passionate,* aber *passionate* ist hier = melancholisch, wehmüthig. 32) Die Qs.' *Faith, some etc.* — Geringfügigere Varianten der Qs. in diesem prosaischen Zwiegespräch sind hier übergangen. 33) Es giebt wenige Leute, die mein umherirrendes Gewissen bei sich aufnehmen werden, die sich mit einem fremden Gewissen befassen wollen. 34) *it is a dangerous thing,* das die Qs. hier einschieben, fehlt in der Fol. mit Recht, weil es später heisst *for a dan-*

1. Murd. I am strong-fram'd;[37] he cannot prevail with me.
2. Murd. Spoke like a tall man that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?[38]
1. Murd. Take him on the costard with the hilts of thy sword,[39] and then throw him into the malmsey-butt in the next room.
2. Murd. O excellent device! and make a sop of him.[40]
1. Murd. Soft! he wakes.
2. Murd. Strike.
1. Murd. No; we 'll reason with him.
Clar. *[Waking.]* Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.
1. Murd. You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.
Clar. In God's name, what art thou?
1. Murd. A man, as you are.
Clar. But not, as I am, royal.
1. Murd. Nor you, as we are, loyal.
Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.
1. Murd. My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.
Clar. How darkly, and how deadly dost thou speak!
Your eyes do menace me: why look you pale?[41]
Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?
Both Murd. To, to, to —
Clar. To murder me?
Both Murd. Ay, ay.
Clar. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?
1. Murd. Offended us you have not, but the king.
Clar. I shall be reconcil'd to him again.
2. Murd. Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.
Clar. Are you drawn forth among[42] a world of men,
To slay the innocent? What is my offence?
Where are the evidence that do accuse me?
What lawful quest[43] have given their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounc'd
The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?
Before I be convict[44] by course of law,
To threaten me with death is most unlawful.
I charge you, as you hope to have redemption[45]
By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,
That you depart, and lay no hands on me;
The deed you undertake is damnable.

1. Murd. What we will do, we do upon command.
2. Murd. And he that hath commanded is our king.
Clar. Erroneous vassals! the great King of kings
Hath in the table of his law commanded,
That thou shalt do no murder: will you then
Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?
Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hand,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.
2. Murd. And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee,
For false forswearing, and for murder too.
Thou didst receive the sacrament,[46] to fight
In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.
1. Murd. And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst break that vow, and with thy treacherous blade
Unripp'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.
2. Murd. Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.
1. Murd. How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,
When thou hast broke it in such dear[47] degree?
Clar. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:
He sends[48] you not to murder me for this;
For in that sin he is as deep as I.
If God will be avenged for the deed,
O! know you yet, he doth it publicly;[49]
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm:
He needs no indirect or lawless course,
To cut off those that have offended him.
1. Murd. Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant-springing,[50] brave Plantagenet,
That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?
Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.
1. Murd. Thy brother's love, our duty,[51] and thy faults,
Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.
Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me;
I am his brother, and I love him well.
If you are hir'd for meed, go back again,
And I will send you to my brother Gloster;
Who shall reward you better for my life
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.
2. Murd. You are deceiv'd; your brother Gloster hates you.
Clar. O! no; he loves me, and he holds me dear.
Go you to him from me.
Both Murd. Ay, so we will.

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gerous thing. 35) *one* in den Qs. für *a man.* 36) *the devil* ist das personificirt gedachte Gewissen, von dem bisher die Rede war. Der zweite Mörder soll diesen Teufel in Obacht nehmen und sich vor ihm hüten. 37) *I am strong in fraud* in den Qs. 38) Die Qs. *Come, shall we to this gear?* — Die Qs. haben ebenvorher *tall fellow* für *tall man* der Fol. und in der folgenden Rede *take him over the costard.* 39) Versetze ihm einen Schlag auf den Schädel mit dem Degengriff. — *costard,* eigentlich = Apfel, kommt als vulgärer Ausdruck = Kopf oder Schädel, auch sonst bei Sh. vor. — *hilts* im Plural gebraucht Sh. auch sonst von einem Degengriff. 40) Clarence's Leiche soll so in das Fass Malvasierwein gesteckt werden, wie man sonst wohl einen Imbiss in ein Glas Wein steckt. — Das folgende Zwiegespräch lautet in den Qs.: 1. Murd. *Hark! he stirs. Shall I strike?* — 2. Murd. *No, first let's reason with him.* 41) Die Qs. lassen diese Zeile aus und lesen die folgende *Tell me who are you? Wherefore come you hither?* 42) Die Qs. *are you call'd forth from out.* — *to draw forth* = durch das Loos erwählen. 43) *lawful quest* = die zur Erforschung der Schuld gerichtlich bestellten Beisitzer oder Geschworne, hat als collectiver Begriff den Plural nach sich; ebenso in der vorigen Zeile *evidence* in den Qs., die Fol. hat *Where is the evidence that doth etc.* 44) *convict* für *convicted* = überführt. 45) So die Qs. — Die Fol., mit Berücksichtigung des Statutes Jacob's I., das den Missbrauch göttlicher Namen auf dem Theater verpönte, liest *as you hope for any goodness* und lässt die folgende Zeile aus. 46) Die Qs. haben *the holy sacrament.* — Zwei Zeilen vorher haben die Qs. *throw* für *hurl* und in der vorhergehenden Rede *erroneous vassal!* und demzufolge *wilt thou then.* Aber Clarence antwortet offenbar auf die Einwürfe beider Mörder, nicht bloss des zweiten. 47) *dear* = wichtig, angelegentlich. — *so dear* in den Qs. 48) Die Qs. *Why, sirs, he sends etc.* 49) Diese Zeile ist nur in der Fol. — Steevens änderte willkürlich *yet* in *that* um. 50) *gallant-springing* = stattlich aufblühend, stattlich emporschiessend, fasste zuerst Tyrwhitt richtig als Compositum. 51) Die Qs. haben *the*

Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father York
Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,
And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,[52]
He little thought of this divided friendship:
Bid Gloster think on this, and he will weep.
1. Murd. Ay, millstones; as he lesson'd us to weep.[53]
Clar. O! do not slander him, for he is kind.
1. Murd. Right; as snow in harvest. — Come, you deceive yourself;
'T is he that sends us to destroy you here.[54]
Clar. It cannot be; for he bewept my fortune,
And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,
That he would labour my delivery.
1. Murd. Why, so he doth, when he delivers you
From this earth's thraldom to the joys of heaven.
2. Murd. Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.
Clar. Have you that holy feeling in your souls,[55]
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And are you yet to your own souls so blind,
That you will war with God by murdering me?
O! Sirs, consider, they that set you on
To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.
2. Murd. What shall we do?
Clar. Relent, and save your souls.[56]
1. Murd. Relent! no: 't is cowardly, and womanish.
Clar. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish. —
Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,
If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,
Would not entreat for life? —
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;
O! if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,
As you would beg, were you in my distress.
A begging prince what beggar pities not?
2. Murd. Look behind you, my lord.
1. Murd. Take that, and that: *[stabs him]* if all this will not do,
I 'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.
[Exit, with the body.
2. Murd. A bloody deed, and desperately despatch'd!
How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous murder.[57]

Re-enter First Murderer.

1. Murd. How now! what mean'st thou, that thou help'st me not?
By heaven, the duke shall know how slack you have been.
2. Murd. I would he knew that I had sav'd his brother!
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say,
For I repent me that the duke is slain. *[Exit.*

1. Murd. So do not I: go, coward, as thou art.
Well, I 'll go hide the body in some hole,
Till that the duke give order for his burial:
And when I have my meed, I will away;
For this will out, and then I must not stay.[58] *[Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King Edward, *led in sick, Queen* Elizabeth, Dorset, Rivers, Hastings, Buckingham, Grey, *and Others.*

K. Edw. Why, so: — now have I done a good day's work. —
You peers, continue this united league:
I every day expect an embassage
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;
And more in peace[1] my soul shall part to heaven,
Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.
Rivers and Hastings, take each other's hand;
Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.[2]
Riv. By heaven, my soul[3] is purg'd from grudging hate;
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.
Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!
K. Edw. Take heed, you dally not before your king;
Lest he that is the supreme King of kings
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.
Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!
Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!
K. Edw. Madam, yourself are not exempt from this,[4] —
Nor you, son Dorset, — Buckingham, nor you; —
You have been factious one against the other.
Wife, love Lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.
Q. Eliz. There, Hastings: — I will never more remember
Our former hatred, so thrive I, and mine!
K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him; — Hastings, love lord marquess.
Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part shall be inviolable.
Hast. And so swear I, my lord. *[They embrace.*
K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this league
With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.
Buck. Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
Upon your grace[5] *[to the Queen]*, but with all duteous love

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devil für *our duty*, und *have brought us* für *provoke us.* 52) Diese Zeile fehlt in der Fol. 53) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 3, Anm. 72. 54) Die Qs. haben *'t is he hath sent us hither now to slaughter thee* und in der nächsten Zeile *It cannot be, for when I parted from him,* || *He hugg'd etc.* — In der vorigen Zeile haben die Qs. *thou deceivest thyself* für *come, you deceive yourself* der Fol. 55) Die Qs. *hast thou* und *thy soul;* ebenso damit übereinstimmend weiterhin *art thou yet* u. s. w. 56) Die Fol. schiebt hierauf folgende Verse ein, die sich in den Qs. nicht finden: *Which of you etc.* || *Being pent etc.* || *If two such etc.* || *Would not entreat for life, as you would beg* || *Were you in my distress.* — Es ist klar, dass die Verse an dieser Stelle nicht an ihrem Platze sind und dass der Schluss derselben in solchem Zusammenhange keinen Sinn giebt. Die im Text vorgenommene Umstellung und Anordnung rührt von Tyrwhitt her. 57) Die Qs. *Of this most grievous guilty murder done.* 58) In den drei letzten Zeilen haben die Qs. *until the duke take order — — I must away — — and here I must not stay.*

1) Die Qs. haben *and now in peace*, die Fol. *and more to peace.* — In der folgenden Zeile haben die Qs. *set* für *made.* 2) Hegt nicht länger unter verstellter Maske gegenseitigen Hass, sondern schwört einander Freundschaft. — In der vorigen Zeile hat die Fol. *Dorset and Rivers*, obgleich nachher Rivers und Hastings antworten. 3) *my heart* in den Qs. 4) Die Fol. hat *yourself is not*, und die Qs. *exempt in this.* — Die nächste Rede des

Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love.
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me. This do I beg of heaven,
When I am cold in love[6] to you or yours.
[They embrace.
K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,
To make the blessed period of this peace.[7]
Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.[8]

Enter Gloster.

Glo. Good morrow to my sovereign king, and queen;
And, princely peers, a happy time of day!
K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day. —
Gloster, we have done deeds of charity;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incensed[9] peers.
Glo. A blessed labour, my most sovereign lord. —
Among this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe;
If I unwittingly,[10] or in my rage,
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By any[11] in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:
'T is death to me to be at enmity;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love. —
First, Madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous service;
Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us;
Of you, and you, Lord Rivers, and of Dorset,[12]
That all without desert have frown'd on me;
Of you, Lord Woodville, and, Lord Scales, of you,[13]
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed, of all.
I do not know that Englishman alive
With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that is born to-night:
I thank my God for my humility.
Q. Eliz. A holy day shall this be kept hereafter: —
I would to God, all strifes were well compounded. —
My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.
Glo. Why, Madam, have I offer'd love for this,
To be so flouted[14] in this royal presence?
Who knows not, that the gentle duke is dead?
[They all start.[15]
You do him injury to scorn his corse.
K. Edw. Who knows not, he is dead! who knows he is?
Q. Eliz. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!
Buck. Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the rest?
Dor. Ay, my good lord; and no man in the presence,
But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.
K. Edw. Is Clarence dead? the order was revers'd.
Glo. But he, poor man,[16] by your first order died,
And that a winged Mercury did bear;
Some tardy cripple bare the countermand,
That came too lag to see him buried.
God grant that some, less noble and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,[17]
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion.

Enter Stanley.

Stan. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done!
K. Edw. I pr'ythee, peace: my soul is full of sorrow.
Stan. I will not rise, unless your highness hear me.
K. Edw. Then say at once, what is it thou request'st.[18]
Stan. The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life;[19]
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman,
Lately attendant on the duke of Norfolk.
K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,
And shall that tongue[20] give pardon to a slave?
My brother kill'd no man, his fault was thought,[21]
And yet his punishment was bitter death.
Who sued to me for him? who, in my wrath,
Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advis'd?[22]
Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?
Who told me, how the poor soul did forsake
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
Who told me, in the field at Tewksbury,
When Oxford had me down, he rescu'd me,
And said, »Dear brother, live, and be a king«?
Who told me, when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
Even in his garments; and did give himself,
All thin[23] and naked, to the numb-cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my mind.

Königs: *Dorset, embrace etc.* fehlt in den Qs. 5) Die Qs. *on you and yours*, was noch zweimal in derselben Rede wiederkehrt. 6) Die Qs. *cold in zeal.* 7) Um diesen hier gestifteten Frieden in erbaulicher Art zum Abschluss zu bringen. — Die Qs. haben *the perfect period.* 8) So die Qs. Die Fol. hat *And in good time || Here comes Sir Richard Ratcliffe and the duke*, und demgemäss die Bühnenweisung *Enter Ratcliffe and Gloster.* — Ob diese Aenderung im Sinne des Dichters getroffen ist, erscheint mindestens zweifelhaft. 9) *wrong-incensed* entweder = durch gegenseitige Kränkungen erbittert, oder = zu gegenseitigen Kränkungen erbittert. — Zwei Zeilen vorher haben die Qs. *brother* für *Gloster*, und in der folgenden Zeile *liege* für *lord.* 10) So die Qs. Die Fol. *unwillingly.* 11) Die Fol. *to any.* 12) Die Qs. *Of you, lord Rivers, and lord Grey, of you.* 13) Die Qs. lassen diesen Vers aus, und manche Hgg. folgen ihrem Beispiel. Wie Malone sagt, gab es keinen Lord Woodville. 14) *thus scorned* in den Qs. 15) Diese Bühnenweisung ist aus der Fol. 16) *poor soul* in den Qs. 17) Richard will den Verdacht einer Anstiftung der Ermordung Clarence's auf die Verwandten der Königin lenken. — So in Macbeth (A. 2, Sc. 3) *the near' in blood, the nearer bloody.* — Die Qs. lesen *but not in blood.* 18) Die Qs. *Then speak what is it thou demand'st.* — In der vorigen Zeile haben die Qs. *grant* für *hear me.* 19) scil. *the forfeited life of my servant*, wie die Hgg. erklären. Vielleicht aber ist der Sinn der, dass der König, dem das Leben des Dieners verfallen ist, diese ihm gehörende Verwirkung an Stanley abtritt. 20) Die Qs. *and shall the same.* 21) Sein Vergehen bestand nur in Gedanken, entweder in den argwöhnischen des Königs oder in den ehrgeizigen Gedanken Clarence's an den Thron, den er besteigen wollte. — In den nächsten Zeilen haben die Qs. *cruel death* und *in my rage.* 22) *to be advised* = überlegen, auf seiner Hut sein. 23) *thin* = dünnbekleidet.

But when your carters,[24] or your waiting-vassals,
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;
And I, unjustly too,[25] must grant it you.
But for my brother not a man would speak,
Nor I, ungracious, speak unto myself
For him, poor soul. — The proudest of you all
Have been beholding[26] to him in his life,
Yet none of you would once beg[27] for his life. —
O God! I fear, thy justice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this. —
Come, Hastings, help me to my closet. Ah, poor Clarence!

[Exeunt King, Queen, Hastings, Rivers, Dorset, *and* Grey.

Glo. This is the fruit of rashness. — Mark'd you not,
How that the guilty kindred of the queen
Look'd pale, when they did hear of Clarence' death?
O! they did urge it still unto the king:
God will revenge it. Come, lords; will you go,[28]
To comfort Edward with our company?

Buck. We wait upon your grace. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter the Duchess of York, *with a Son and Daughter of* Clarence.

Son. Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?

Duch. No, boy.

Daugh. Why do you weep so oft?[1] and beat your breast;
And cry — »O Clarence, my unhappy son!«

Son. Why do you look on us, and shake your head,
And call us orphans, wretches, castaways,
If that our noble father were alive?

Duch. My pretty cousins,[2] you mistake me both;
I do lament the sickness of the king,
As loath to lose him, not your father's death.
It were lost sorrow to wail one[3] that 's lost.

Son. Then you conclude, my grandam, he is dead?
The king mine uncle is to blame for it:
God will revenge it; whom I will importune[4]
With earnest prayers all to that effect.

Daugh. And so will I.

Duch. Peace, children, peace! the king doth love you well:
Incapable[5] and shallow innocents,
You cannot guess who caus'd your father's death.

Son. Grandam, we can; for my good uncle Gloster
Told me, the king, provok'd to it by the queen,
Devis'd impeachments to imprison him:
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
And pitied me,[6] and kindly kiss'd my cheek;
Bade me rely on him as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as his child.

Duch. Ah! that deceit should steal such gentle shape,
And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice![7]
He is my son, ay, and therein my shame,
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Son. Think you, my uncle did dissemble, grandam?

Duch. Ay, boy.

Son. I cannot think it. Hark! what noise is this?

Enter Queen Elizabeth, *distractedly;*[8] Rivers *and* Dorset *following her.*

Q. Eliz. Ah! who shall hinder me to wail and weep,
To chide my fortune, and torment myself?
I 'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy.

Duch. What means this scene of rude impatience?

Q. Eliz. To make an act of tragic violence: —
Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead! —
Why grow the branches, when the root is gone?[9]
Why wither not the leaves, that want their sap? —
If you will live, lament; if die, be brief;
That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's;
Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of ne'er changing night.[10]

Duch. Ah! so much interest have I in thy sorrow,
As I had title in thy noble husband.
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And liv'd with looking on his images;[11]
But now, two mirrors of his princely semblance
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death,
And I for comfort have but one false glass,
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.[12]
Thou art a widow: yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left:[13]
But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms.
And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence and Edward. O! what cause have I
(Thine being but a moiety of my moan),[14]
To over-go thy woes, and drown thy cries!

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24) *carter* ist = Lenker des Wagens, der Kutscher, nicht gerade = Kärrner, an dieser Stelle. 25) Ich muss Euch diesen Pardon selbst dann gewähren, wenn ich Unrecht daran thue. 26) *beholding* ist das Sh.'sche Wort, das die meisten Hgg. hier wie überall stillschweigend in *beholden* umändern. 27) Die Qs. *plead* für *beg*. 28) Die Qs. haben *but come, let 's in* und lassen Buckingham's Antwort weg.

1) Die Qs. *why do you wring your hands?* — Die erste Rede in dieser Scene lautet in den Qs. *Tell me, good grandam etc.* 2) *cousin* gebraucht die ältere Zeit von jedem Verwandtschaftsgrade, der entfernter ist, als das geschwisterliche und kindliche Verhältniss; hier ist es = Enkel. — Für *both* haben die Qs. *much*. — In der vorigen Zeile haben die Qs. *be alive*. 3) Die Qs. *lost labour to weep for one*. — Die folgende Zeile beginnt in den Qs. *then, grandam, you conclude*. 4) *to importune* betont Sh. auf der zweiten Sylbe. — Die Qs. lesen *with daily prayers*. 5) *incapable* = unempfänglich für Etwas, unfähig Etwas zu verstehen; hier in Bezug auf die Ermordung Clarence's. 6) Die Qs. haben *and hugg'd me in his arms*, und in der vorigen Zeile *he* für *my uncle*. — Zwei Zeilen weiter haben die Qs. *as his child*, die Fol. *as a child*. 7) *deep guile* in den Qs. 8) Die Fol. hat die Bühnenweisung *Enter the Queen with her hair about her ears*. 9) Die Qs. *wither'd* für *gone*, und in der nächsten Zeile *the sap being gone* für *that want their sap* der Fol. 10) *kingdom of perpetual rest* in den Qs. 11) York's nachgelassene Söhne waren seine Portraits oder Spiegelbilder, von deren Anblick die Wittwe lebte. — Die Qs. *by looking*. 12) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 3, Anm. 51. 13) Die Qs. haben *left thee*, und in dem folgenden Verse *my children* für *my husband*. 14) Die Qs. haben *grief* für *moan*, und in der nächsten Zeile *plaints* für

Son. Ah, aunt! you wept not for our father's death;
How can we aid you with our kindred tears?
Daugh. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd;[15]
Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept.
Q. Eliz. Give me no help in lamentation;
I am not barren to bring forth complaints.
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being govern'd by the watery moon,[16]
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world!
Ah, for my husband, for my dear lord Edward!
Chil. Ah, for our father, for our dear lord Clarence!
Duch. Alas, for both! both mine, Edward and Clarence.
Q. Eliz. What stay had I but Edward? and he 's gone.
Chil. What stay had we but Clarence? and he 's gone.
Duch. What stays had I but they? and they are gone.
Q. Eliz. Was never widow had so dear a loss.
Chil. Were never orphans had so dear a loss.
Duch. Was never mother had so dear a loss.
Alas! I am the mother of these griefs:[17]
Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.
She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;
I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she:
These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I;
I for an Edward weep, so do not they:[18] —
Alas! you three on me, threefold distress'd,
Pour all your tears, I am your sorrow's nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentation.[19]
Dor. Comfort, dear mother: God is much displeas'd,
That you take with unthankfulness his doing.
In common worldly things 't is call'd ungrateful,
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,[20]
For it[21] requires the royal debt it lent you.
Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
Of the young prince your son: send straight for him;
Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives.
Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

Enter Gloster, Buckingham, Stanley, Hastings, Ratcliff, *and Others.*

Glo. Sister,[22] have comfort: all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star;
But none can cure their harms[23] by wailing them. —
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy;
I did not see your grace. — Humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing.
Duch. God bless thee, and put meekness in thy breast,[24]
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty.
Glo. Amen; *[aside]* and make me die a good old man! —
That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing;
I marvel, that her grace did leave it out.
Buck. You cloudy princes, and heart-sorrowing peers,
That bear this heavy mutual[25] load of moan,
Now cheer each other in each other's love:
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,
But lately splinter'd, knit, and join'd together,
Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept:[26]
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fet[27]
Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.[28]
Riv. Why with some little train, my lord of Buckingham?
Buck. Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,[29]
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out;
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is green, and yet ungovern'd;[30]
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,[31]
And may direct his course as please himself,
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.
Glo. I hope the king made peace with all of us;
And the compact is firm and true in me.
Riv. And so in me; and so, I think, in all:
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which, haply, by much company might be urg'd:
Therefore, I say with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.
Hast. And so say I.
Glo. Then be it so; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.[32]
Madam, — and you, my sister,[33] — will you go
To give your censures[34] in this business?
[Exeunt all but Buckingham *and* Gloster.

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woes. 15) Niemand beklagte unsern Jammer, als wir unsern Vater verloren. 16) Wie der Mond die Fluth im Meere bewirkt, so kann er auch die Königin, in deren Augen alle Quellen entspringen, eine volle Fluth von Thränen ausströmen lassen. — Zwei Zeilen vorher haben die Qs. *laments* für *complaints.* — Wegen seines Einflusses auf das Wasser heisst der Mond auch in Winter's Tale (A. 1, Sc. 1) *the watery star.* 17) *these moans* in den Qs. — Diese vereinzelten Schmerzen der Andern haben in mir ihren Vereinigungspunkt, wie Kinder in der Mutter. 18) Diese beiden Zeilen, welche richtig in Q. A. stehen, zieht die Fol. durch ein Versehen in eine zusammen: *These babes for Clarence weep, so do not they.* 19) *lamentations* in den Qs. — Die folgenden zwölf Verse finden sich nur in der Fol. 20) *to be opposite with* = mit Jemandem hadern, gegen ihn widerspenstig sein. So construirt Sh. auch in Twelfth-Night (A. 2, Sc. 5) *be opposite with a kinsman.* 21) *for* = *because.* — *it* geht auf *heaven*, wo Sh. gewöhnlich *he* anwendet. — Der Himmel hat den König Eduard der Königin nur geliehen, wie eine zurückzuzahlende Schuld. 22) Die Qs. *Madam* für *sister.* 23) So die Qs. Die Fol. *but none can help our harms.* 24) *in thy mind* in den Qs. 25) *mutual* = im Verein empfunden, das, woran Alle Theil haben. — Die Qs. stellen *heavy* und *mutual* um. 26) Der Zwischensatz hat, wie an manchen anderen Stellen bei Sh., auch hier das eigentliche Subject verwischt, so dass construirt wird, als ob nicht *the broken rancour*, sondern *hearts, but lately splinter'd, knit etc.* Subject zu *must gently be preserv'd etc.* sei. — Knight, der mit der Fol. *hates* für das *hearts* der Qs. liest, fasst *the broken rancour etc.* in dem Sinne von *the breaking up of their hates* durchweg als Subject. — Die meisten Qs. haben *splinted*, Q. A. und die Fol. *splinter'd.* 27) *Ludlow Castle* an der Grenze von Wales war die Residenz des jungen Prinzen bei Lebzeiten seines Vaters. — *fet*, die ältere Participialform, in der Fol.; *fetch'd* in den Qs. 28) Die folgenden achtzehn Zeilen fehlen in den Qs. 29) *by a multitude* elliptisch für *the young prince being fet by a multitude*, im Gegensatz zu *with a little train.* 30) Wo die Ordnung der Dinge noch nicht geölft und zu fester Lenkung gediehen ist. 31) Wo jedes Pferd am Wagen des

Buck. My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,
For God's sake, let not us two stay at home:
For by the way I 'll sort occasion,
As index to the story [35] we late talk'd of,
To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.
Glo. My other self, my counsel's consistory,[36]
My oracle, my prophet! — My dear cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Towards Ludlow then, for we 'll not stay behind. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Same. A Street.

Enter Two Citizens, meeting.

1. Cit. Good morrow, neighbour: [1] whither away so fast?
2. Cit. I promise you, I scarcely know myself.
Hear you the news abroad?
1. Cit. Yes; that the king is dead.
2. Cit. Ill news, by 'r lady; seldom comes the better: [2]
I fear, I fear, 't will prove a giddy [3] world.

Enter another Citizen.

3. Cit. Neighbours, God speed!
1. Cit. Give you good morrow, Sir.[4]
3. Cit. Doth the news hold of good king Edward's death?
2. Cit. Ay, Sir, it is too true; God help, the while!
3. Cit. Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.
1. Cit. No, no; by God's good grace, his son shall reign.
3. Cit. Woe to that land that 's govern'd by a child![5]
2. Cit. In him there is a hope of government;
That, in his nonage, council under him,
And, in his full and ripen'd years, himself,
No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern well.[6]
1. Cit. So stood the state, when Henry the Sixth
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.
3. Cit. Stood the state so? no, no, good friends, God wot;
For then this land was famously enrich'd
With politic grave counsel: then the king
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.
1. Cit. Why, so hath this, both by his father and mother.
3. Cit. Better it were, they all came by his father,
Or by his father there were none at all; [7]
For emulation, who shall now be nearest,[8]
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O! full of danger is the duke of Gloster;
And the queen's sons and brothers haught and proud: [9]
And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.
1. Cit. Come, come; we fear the worst; all will be well.
3. Cit. When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks;
When great leaves [10] fall, then winter is at hand;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth.
All may be well; but, if God sort it so,
'T is more than we deserve, or I expect.
2. Cit. Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear:
You cannot reason [11] almost with a man
That looks not heavily and full of dread.
3. Cit. Before the days of change, still is it so.
By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger; [12] as by proof we see
The water swell before a boisterous storm.
But leave it all to God. Whither away?
2. Cit. Marry, we were sent for to the justices.
3. Cit. And so was I: I 'll bear you company. *[Exeunt.*

Staates seinen Zügel selbst in seiner Gewalt hat und laufen kann, wohin es will. 32) Die Fol. hat hier und in der letzten Zeile dieser Scene *London* für *Ludlow*. 33) Nach der Fol. redet Richard zuerst seine Mutter und dann die Königin an; nach den Qs., die *my mother* für *my sister* lesen, umgekehrt. 34) *censure* = Urtheil, Meinung. — Die Qs. fügen *weighty* vor *business* ein und lassen dann beide Fürstinnen antworten: *With all our hearts.* 35) Unterwegs will ich schon eine Gelegenheit ausfindig machen, wie eine Anbahnung des neulich besprochenen Plans, um die Verwandten der Königin zu trennen von dem jungen Prinzen. — *occasion* ist mit *to part* zu verbinden. — *index*, eigentlich = die dem Buche vorangedruckte kurze Inhaltsanzeige, aus der sich das, was später kommt, schon entnehmen lässt. So in Othello (A. 2, Sc. 1) *an index and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts.* — Die Qs. lesen *For God's sake, let not us two be behind.* 36) Buckingham dient dem Gloster statt einer ganzen Reichsversammlung. — In dem Gedicht The Ghost of Richard III. sagt Richard: *My working head, my counsel's consistory || Debates how I might reign, the princes living.*

1) Die Qs. *neighbour, well met.* 2) Eine sprichwörtlich gebrauchte Phrase: Selten bringt die Zukunft Besseres, als die Gegenwart zeigt. — Manche Hgg. lesen willkürlich mit Pope *a better.* 3) Für *giddy* der Fol. hat Q. A. *troublous*, die andern Qs. *troublesome.* 4) Statt dieser beiden Reden haben die Qs. nur: 3. Cit. *Good morrow, neighbours.* 5) Steevens citirt dazu einen Spruch aus dem Pred. Salomonis: *Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child.* 6) Wenn der junge Prinz Eduard König ist, so darf man seine Hoffnung auf die Regierung setzen, die während seiner Minderjährigkeit unter ihm zu Rathe sitzt, und, wenn er zu reifen Jahren gelangt ist, auf ihn selbst, der dann auf eigne Hand, und bis dahin durch die Regentschaft regieren wird. 7) Es wäre besser, wenn er entweder nur Oheime von väterlicher Seite oder gar keine von der Seite hätte. — Die Qs. haben dreimal *by the father.* 8) Die Qs. setzen *now* zu *emulation.* — *emulation* ist die Rivalität zwischen den Verwandten der Königin und Gloster. 9) scil. *are haught and proud.* — *haught* = übermüthig. Die Qs. *And the queen's kindred haughty and proud.* 10) *great leaves* = das Laub in Masse. — Die Qs. lesen in der vorhergehenden Zeile *when clouds appear.* 11) *to reason* = sich unterhalten mit Jemandem, eigentlich = ein bestimmtes Thema im Gespräch verhandeln. So in Merchant of Venice (A. 2, Sc. 8) *I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday.* — Die Qs. haben *Truly, the souls of men are full of dread* und dafür am Ende der Rede *and full of fear.* — In der folgenden Rede haben dieselben *times of change.* 12) Vermöge eines göttlichen Instincts haben die Gemüther der Menschen eine bange Ahnung von der bald nachfolgenden Gefahr. — *ensuing dangers* in den Qs., *pursuing danger* in der Fol. — *instinct* betont Sh. auf der zweiten Sylbe. — Der Gedanke dieses Satzes ist aus Holinshed entlehnt: *yet began there some manner of muttering among the people, as though all should not be well, though they neither wist what they feared, nor wherefore: were it, that before such great things, men's hearts of a secret instinct of nature misgive them; as the sea without wind swelleth of himself sometime before a tempest etc. etc.* — Die Qs. haben *waters* für *water* der Fol.

SCENE IV.

London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter the Archbishop of York, *the young Duke of* York, *Queen* Elizabeth, *and the Duchess of* York.

Arch. Last night, I heard, they lay at Stony-Stratford,
And at Northampton they do rest to-night:[1]
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.
Duch. I long with all my heart to see the prince.
I hope, he is much grown since last I saw him.
Q. Eliz. But I hear, no: they say, my son of York
Hath almost overta'en him in his growth.
York. Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.
Duch. Why, my young cousin,[2] it is good to grow.
York. Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper,
My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More than my brother: »Ay,« quoth my uncle Gloster,
»Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace:«
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste.
Duch. 'Good faith, 'good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did object the same to thee:
He was the wretched'st thing when he was young,
So long a growing, and so leisurely,[3]
That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.[4]
Arch. And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious Madam.
Duch. I hope, he is; but yet let mothers doubt.
York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,[5]
I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,
To touch his growth nearer than he touch'd mine.[6]
Duch. How, my young York? I pr'ythee, let me hear it.
York. Marry, they say, my uncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old:[7]
'T was full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.
Duch. I pr'ythee, pretty York, who told thee this?
York. Grandam, his nurse.
Duch. His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou wast born.
York. If 't were not she, I cannot tell who told me.
Q. Eliz. A parlous[8] boy. Go to, you are too shrewd.
Arch. Good Madam, be not angry with the child.
Q. Eliz. Pitchers have ears.[9]

Enter a Messenger.[10]

Arch. Here comes a messenger: what news?
Mess. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to report.[11]
Q. Eliz. How doth the prince?
Mess. Well, Madam, and in health.
Duch. What is thy news?
Mess. Lord Rivers and Lord Grey are sent to Pomfret,
And with them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.
Duch. Who hath committed them?
Mess. The mighty dukes,
Gloster and Buckingham.
Arch. For what offence?
Mess. The sum of all I can, I have disclos'd:
Why, or for what, the nobles were committed,
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lord.[12]
Q. Eliz. Ah me! I see the ruin of my house.
The tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind;
Insulting tyranny begins to jet
Upon the innocent and awless throne:[13] —
Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre!
I see, as in a map, the end of all.
Duch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days,
How many of you have mine eyes beheld!
My husband lost his life to get the crown,
And often up and down my sons were toss'd,
For me to joy, and weep, their gain and loss:[14]
And being seated, and domestic broils
Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves; brother to brother,[15]
Blood to blood, self against self: — O! preposterous
And frantic outrage,[16] end thy damned spleen,
Or let me die, to look on death[17] no more.
Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy; we will to sanctuary.[18] —
Madam, farewell.
Duch. Stay, I will go with you.

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1) So lauten diese beiden Verse in der Fol. in Uebereinstimmung mit der Erzählung der Chronisten, dass Gloster den jungen Prinzen in Stony-Stratford überfallen und nach Northampton zurückgeschleppt habe. — Die Lesart der Qs. ist: *Last night, I hear, they lay at Northampton;* || *At Stony-Stratford will they be to-night,* und wird von Malone adoptirt, weil Stratford näher als Northampton bei London liegt und der Erzbischof von dem beabsichtigten Gewaltstreich Richard's noch nichts wissen kann. 2) Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 2, Anm. 2. — Dyce setzt, vielleicht mit Recht, ein Fragezeichen hinter *cousin.* 3) Es dauerte so lange mit seinem Wachsthum und er nahm sich so viel Zeit dabei. 4) *gracious* bezieht sich auf das erwähnte Sprichwort *Small herbs have grace.* — Ebenso weiterhin doppelsinnig *my uncle's grace.* — Die folgende Zeile theilt die Fol. irrthümlich dem jungen Herzog von York zu. — Die Qs. haben *That if this were a rule etc.* 5) Wenn ich daran gedacht hätte, wenn es mir eingefallen wäre. 6) In den Qs. *That should have nearer touch'd his growth than he did mine.* 7) So hatte in K. Henry VI. Third Part (A. 5, Sc. 6) der König zu Gloster gesagt: *Teeth hadst thou in thy head, when thou wast born.* — Am Schluss dieser Rede haben die Qs. *a pretty jest.* 8) *parlous,* entstellt aus *perilous,* wie die Qs. lesen, gebraucht Sh. öfter halb scherzhaft von Leuten, vor denen man auf seiner Hut sein muss, weil sie zu schlau oder zu satyrisch sind. 9) Das alte Sprichwort, das auch in Taming of the Shrew (A. 4, Sc. 4) vorkommt und vollständig lautet: *Small pitchers have great ears,* ist = Stille Wasser sind tief. 10) In den Qs. *Enter Dorset,* und demgemäss sagt der Erzbischof, den die Qs. als Cardinal bezeichnen: *Here comes your son, Lord Marquess Dorset. — What news, Lord Marquess?* 11) Die Qs. *to unfold,* und in der folgenden Rede der Herzogin theils *What is the news then?* theils *What is thy news then?* 12) So die Fol. — Die Hgg., welche mit den Qs. *my gracious lady* lesen, theilen die vorhergehende Frage, welche alle alten Ausgaben dem Erzbischof in den Mund legen, der Königin zu. — Die Qs. haben in der nächsten Zeile *the downfall of our house.* 13) Eine übermüthige Gewaltherrschaft vergreift sich an dem Throne eines unschuldigen Kindes, das man nicht respectirt. — *to jet* erklärt Dyce richtig mit *boldly to encroach upon* und citirt dazu aus dem alten Drama Sir Thomas More: *It is hard when Englishmen's patience must be thus jetted on by strangers.* — Die Fol. hat *jut.* — Für *awless* lesen die Qs. *lawless,* und in der folgenden Zeile *death* für *blood.* 14) *to joy their gain* = sich über ihren Sieg freuen; *to weep their loss* = ihre Niederlage beweinen. 15) Die Qs. lassen *brother to brother* aus

Q. Eliz. You have no cause.
Arch. *[To the Queen.]* My gracious lady, go,
And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
For my part, I 'll resign unto your grace
The seal I keep: and so betide to me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours.
Go;[19] I 'll conduct you to the sanctuary. *[Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

London. A Street.

The Trumpets sound. Enter the Prince of Wales, Gloster, Buckingham, *Cardinal* Bourchier, *and Others.*

Buck. Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.[1]
Glo. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign:
The weary way hath made you melancholy.
Prince. No, uncle; but our crosses on the way[2]
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:
I want more uncles here to welcome me.
Glo. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit:
No more can you distinguish of a man
Than of his outward show; which, God he knows,
Seldom or never jumpeth[3] with the heart.
Those uncles which you want were dangerous;
Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts:
God keep you from them, and from such false friends!
Prince. God keep me from false friends! but they were none.
Glo. My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter the Lord Mayor, and his Train.

May. God bless your grace with health and happy days!
Prince. I thank you, good my lord; and thank you all.—
[Exeunt Mayor, etc.[4]
I thought my mother and my brother York
Would long ere this have met us on the way:
Fie! what a slug is Hastings, that he comes not
To tell us whether they will come or no.

Enter Hastings.

Buck. And in good time here comes the sweating lord.
Prince. Welcome, my lord. What! will our mother come?
Hast. On what occasion, God he knows, not I,
The queen your mother, and your brother York,
Have taken sanctuary: the tender prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.
Buck. Fie! what an indirect and peevish course[5]
Is this of hers. — Lord cardinal, will your grace
Persuade the queen to send the duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently?
If she deny, Lord Hastings, go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.
Card. My lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the duke of York,
Anon expect him here: but if she be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God in heaven[6] forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land
Would I be guilty of so great a sin.[7]
Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,
Too ceremonious and traditional:[8]
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserv'd the place,[9]
And those who have the wit to claim the place:
This prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deserv'd it;
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:
Then, taking him from thence that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there.
Oft have I heard of sanctuary men,
But sanctuary children, ne'er till now.[10]
Card. My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once. —
Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me?
Hast. I go, my lord.
Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may. — *[Exeunt Cardinal and* Hastings.
Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?
Glo. Where it seems best[11] unto your royal self.
If I may counsel you, some day or two

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und lesen dann *blood against blood.* 16) So Qs. und Fol. — Reed setzte willkürlich *courage* für *outrage.* 17) *death* in den Qs. bezieht sich auf die Todesfälle, welche die Herzogin in ihrem Hause hat erleben müssen und noch weiter fürchtet erleben zu müssen. — Die Fol. hat *earth* für *death.* 18) Die Königin will in eine heilige Freistatt, weil sie ihr Leben und das ihres jüngern Sohnes von Gloster's Gewaltthaten gefährdet glaubt. 19) *come* in den Qs.

1) *Camera Regis* war die officielle Bezeichnung Londons als Residenz des Königs. Daher in Dekker's Entertainment etc.: *His majesty's triumphant passage from the Tower through his honourable city and chamber of London.* 2) Die Widerwärtigkeiten, die ich unterwegs zu bestehen hatte. 3) *to jump* = übereinstimmen, zusammenstossen. — Zwei Zeilen vorher haben die Qs. *nor more.* 4) Der Weggang des Lord Mayor und seines Gefolges ist weder in den Qs. noch in der Fol. verzeichnet und von den späteren Hggn. vielleicht zu früh hier gesetzt. 5) Welch ein unaufrichtiges und verkehrtes Verfahren ist das von ihr. 6) *in heaven* fehlt in der Fol. und in den späteren Qs. 7) *so deep a sin* in den beiden ersten Qs. 8) Staunton vermuthet *needless-obstinate. — ceremonious* = ergeben äusseren Formen, die durch das Herkommen geheiligt sind. — *traditional* = an dem Herkommen haftend. — Buckingham wirft dem Cardinal vor, dass er zu engherzig an dem antiquirten Freistattrechte festhalte, das vielmehr mit dem praktisch handgreiflichen, wenigor zartfühlenden Massstabe der Gegenwart gemessen werden muss. — Für *grossness of this age* wollte Warburton *greenness of his age* scil. *the young duke of York's* lesen. 9) Diejenigen, deren Thun einen Anspruch auf eine solche Freistatt in kirchlich geweihten Mauern erworben hat. 10) Sh. fand dieses Argument in seinen Chronisten: *And verily, I have heard of sanctuary men, but I never heard erst of sanctuary children.* 11) So die früheren Qs. — Die späteren Qs. und die Fol. *it think'st best*, was vielleicht *it thinks best* zu lesen wäre. 12) scil. *and where it shall*

Your highness shall repose you at the Tower:
Then, where you please, and shall be thought[12] most fit
For your best health and recreation.
Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place. —
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?
Buck. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place,
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.[13]
Prince. Is it upon record, or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it?
Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.
Prince. But say, my lord, it were not register'd,
Methinks, the truth should live from age to age,
As 't were[14] retail'd to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day.
Glo. *[Aside.]* So wise so young, they say, do never live long.[15]
Prince. What say you, uncle?
Glo. I say, without characters,[16] fame lives long.
[Aside.] Thus, like the formal Vice, Iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word.
Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man:
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live:[17]
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror,
For now he lives in fame, though not in life. —
I 'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham, —
Buck. What, my gracious lord?
Prince. An if I live until I be a man,
I 'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a king.
Glo. *[Aside.]* Short summers lightly have a forward spring.[18]

Enter York, Hastings, *and the Cardinal.*

Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the duke of York.
Prince. Richard of York! how fares our noble brother?[19]
York. Well, my dread lord; so must I call you now.
Prince. Ay, brother, to our grief, as it is yours.
Too late[20] he died, that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.
Glo. How fares our cousin, noble lord of York?
York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O! my lord,
You said, that idle weeds are fast in growth:[21]
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.
Glo. He hath, my lord.
York. And therefore is he idle?
Glo. O! my fair cousin, I must not say so.
York. Then he is more beholding to you, than I.
Glo. He may command me as my sovereign,
But you have power in me as in a kinsman.
York. I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.
Glo. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.
Prince. A beggar, brother?
York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;
And being but a toy, which is no grief to give.[22]
Glo. A greater gift than that I 'll give my cousin.
York. A greater gift? O! that 's the sword to it.
Glo. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.
York. O! then, I see, you 'll part but with light gifts:
In weightier things you 'll say a beggar, nay.
Glo. It is too weighty for your grace to wear.
York. I weigh it lightly,[23] were it heavier.
Glo. What! would you have my weapon, little lord?
York. I would, that I might thank you as you call me.
Glo. How?
York. Little.
Prince. My lord of York will still be cross in talk. —
Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.
York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me.[24]
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me.
Because that I am little, like an ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.[25]
Buck. With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons!
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself.
So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.
Glo. My lord, will 't please you pass along?
Myself, and my good cousin Buckingham,
Will to your mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

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be thought most fit: alsdann mögt Ihr wohnen, wo es Euch beliebt und wo es am zuträglichsten erscheinen mag für Eure Gesundheit. 13) d. h. wieder aufgebaut, wenn es in Verfall gerathen war. — Diese Rede ertheilen viele Hgg. willkürlich und abweichend von Qs. und Fol. dem Gloster zu. 14) *as 't were* = gleichsam. Die Wahrheit sollte, auch wenn sie nicht, wie in diesem Falle mit der Erbauung des Tower, aufgezeichnet wäre, von Jahrhundert zu Jahrhundert fortleben, gleichsam wie eine Waare verkauft und abgelassen an die Nachkommen bis zu dem jüngsten Tage. — *all-ending* ist nur in Q. A., die andern Qs. und die Fol. lassen *all* aus. 15) Ein sprichwörtlicher Reimspruch. 16) *character* betont Sh. selten als Substantiv, häufiger als Verbum auf der zweiten Sylbe: das Gerücht oder der Ruhm lebt lange fort, auch ohne schriftlich verzeichnet zu sein. — Gloster hatte seinem vorhergehenden Spruche, von dem der Prinz nur den Schluss gehört hatte, jetzt einen andern mit Beibehaltung der letzten Worte *(live long)* untergeschoben, und er vergleicht sein Verfahren mit demjenigen der herkömmlichen lustigen Person des älteren englischen Theaters, welche in ähnlicher Weise doppelsinnige lehrreiche Nutzanwendungen mit Wortspielen macht. — Diese komische Figur heisst im Allgemeinen *Vice*, wird aber näher bestimmt mit dem speciellen Namen *Iniquity*, den sie in manchen Stücken führt. — *formal* = herkömmlich, gültig. — *to moralize* ist eine Hindeutung auf die *Morals*, wie diese älteren Dramen hiessen, in denen *Vice* oder *Iniquity* auftrat. — Die letzte Zeile interpungirt Capell: *I moralize, — two meanings etc.* 17) Anspielung auf die zugleich kriegerische und schriftstellerische Thätigkeit Julius Cäsar's, der durch seine Feder dafür gesorgt hat, dass seine tapferen Thaten nie in Vergessenheit gerathen. — In der nächsten Zeile hat nur Q. A. *this conqueror*, die anderen alten Ausgg. *his conqueror.* 18) Sprichwörtlich: auf einen zu früh eintretenden Frühling folgt leicht ein kurzer Sommer. 19) *noble brother* redet ihn der Prinz halb scherzhaft an wegen des Standesunterschiedes, der die Brüder jetzt trennt, wie denn der junge York seinen Bruder dafür *my dread lord* nennt. — Die Qs. haben *loving brother*, dagegen die Fol. irrthümlich *my dear lord* für *my dread lord.* 20) *late* = kürzlich, das jetzige *lately.* 21) Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 4. „*Ay,*“ *quoth my uncle Gloster,* || „*Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace.*“ — *idle* = nichtsnutzig. 22) Da ein Dolch nur eine Kleinigkeit, ein werthloser Tand ist, so kann man ihn ohne Kummer, mit leichtem Herzen, verschenken. 23) Wie vorher *light* zuerst = leicht von Gewicht, dann = geringfügig, gebraucht wird, so wiederholt sich derselbe Doppelsinn in dem adverbialen *lightly.* 24) So in As you

York. What! will you go unto the Tower, my lord?
Prince. My lord protector needs[26] will have it so.
York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.
Glo. Why, what should you fear?
York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost:
My grandam told me, he was murder'd there.
Prince. I fear no uncles dead.
Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.
Prince. An if they live, I hope, I need not fear.
But come, my lord; and, with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.
[A Sennet. Exeunt Prince, York, Hast., *Card., and Attendants.*[27]
Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating York
Was not incensed[28] by his subtle mother
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?
Glo. No doubt, no doubt. O! 't is a parlous boy;
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable:[29]
He 's all the mother's, from the top to toe.
Buck. Well, let them rest. — Come hither, Catesby; thou art sworn
As deeply[30] to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceal what we impart.
Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way:[31] —
What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter
To make William Lord Hastings of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle?
Cates. He for his father's[32] sake so loves the prince,
That he will not be won to aught against him.
Buck. What think'st thou then of Stanley? will not he?
Cates. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.
Buck. Well then, no more but this. Go, gentle Catesby,
And, as it were far off, sound thou Lord Hastings,
How he doth stand affected to our purpose;[33]
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the coronation.
If thou dost find him tractable to us,[34]
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too, and so break off the talk,
And give us notice of his inclination;
For we to-morrow hold divided councils,[35]
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.
Glo. Commend me to Lord William: tell him, Catesby,
His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle;
And bid my lord, for joy of this good news,
Give Mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.[36]
Buck. Good Catesby, go,[37] effect this business soundly.
Cates. My good lords both, with all the heed I can.
Glo. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?
Cates. You shall, my lord.
Glo. At Crosby-place,[38] there shall you find us both.
[Exit Catesby.
Buck. Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive
Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?
Glo. Chop off his head; — something we will determine:[39] —
And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and all the moveables
Whereof the king, my brother, was possess'd.
Buck. I 'll claim that promise at your grace's hand.
Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindness.[40]
Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some form. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before Lord Hastings' House.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord! — *[Knocking.*
Hast. [Within.] Who knocks?
Mess. One from the lord Stanley.[1]
Hast. [Within.] What is 't o'clock?
Mess. Upon the stroke of four.

Enter Hastings.

Hast. Cannot my lord Stanley[2] sleep these tedious nights?
Mess. So it appears by that I have to say.
First, he commends him to your noble self.[3]
Hast. What then?

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like it (A. 2, Sc. 4) *I had rather bear with you than bear you.* 25) Eine Anspielung auf Gloster's Höcker, auf dem der kleine York sitzen könnte, wie der Affe auf dem Höcker des Kameels. 26) *needs* ist nur in Q. A. 27) Vielleicht gehört zu den Abgehenden auch der Lord Mayor mit seinem Gefolge. — Vgl. Anm. 4 dieser Scene. 28) *to incense* = reizen gegen Jemanden, anstacheln. 29) *capable* = von leichter Auffassungskraft, fähig. 30) *as deeply* ist mit *sworn* zu verbinden, nicht mit *to effect.* So in Hamlet (A. 3, Sc. 2) *'T is deeply sworn.* 31) Die Unterhaltung, die wir auf unserer Reise nach London gepflogen haben über die Mittel zu Gloster's Thronbesteigung. 32) *his father* ist der Vater des jungen Prinzen, König Eduard IV. 33) Sondire Du den Lord Hastings gleichsam von Weitem, nicht geradezu, wie er über unsern Plan denkt oder gesinnt ist. — Die folgenden beiden Verse sind nur in der Fol. 34) Die Qs. haben nur *If he be willing.* — In der folgenden Zeile haben die Qs. *show* für *tell.* — Zwei Zeilen weiter verbinden die Cambridge Edd. *icy-cold.* 35) Unter *divided councils* ist, wie aus den Chroniken erhellt, zu verstehen, dass, während die Anhänger des jungen Prinzen in Baynard's Castle über dessen Krönung berathschlagen sollten, gleichzeitig die Parteigänger Gloster's in Crosby-Place zusammenkommen würden, um jenem Plan entgegenzuarbeiten und Richard auf den Thron zu setzen. — Holinshed spricht von *these two several councils.* 36) Auf das Verhältniss zwischen Mistress Shore, der Geliebten Eduard's IV., und Lord Hastings hatte Gloster schon früher hingedeutet. Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1, Anm. 18. 37) Die Qs. lassen *go* aus und haben in der folgenden Zeile *may* für *can.* 38) So die Qs. Die Fol. *Crosby-house.* Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 2, Anm. 46. 39) So die Fol., nach deren Lesart Richard zuerst mit seinem Bescheide rasch herausfährt und dann mit dem besonnenen Entschlusse kommt, eine Entscheidung der Zukunft vorzubehalten. — Der Vers lautet in den Qs. *Chop off his head, man, somewhat we will do.* — In der vorigen Zeile haben die Qs. *William lord Hastings.* 40) *willingness* in den Qs., die in Gloster's voriger Rede *and the moveables* haben.

1) In den Qs. ist die Frage: *Who knocks at the door?* und die Antwort: *A messenger from the lord Stanley.* 2) *cannot thy master* in den Qs., und *so it should seem* in der folgenden Zeile. 3) Die Qs. *lordship* für *self*, dann *And then*, — für *What then?* 4) Diese beiden Zeilen lauten in den Qs. *And then he sends you*

Mess. Then certifies your lordship, that this night
He dreamt the boar had rased off his helm:[4]
Besides, he says, there are two councils held;[5]
And that may be determin'd at the one,
Which may make you and him to rue at th' other.
Therefore, he sends to know your lordship's pleasure, —
If you will presently[6] take horse with him,
And with all speed post with him toward the north,
To shun the danger that his soul divines.
Hast. Go, fellow, go: return unto thy lord;
Bid him not fear the separated councils:
His honour[7] and myself are at the one,
And at the other is my good friend Catesby,[8]
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us,
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
Tell him, his fears are shallow, without instance:[9]
And for his dreams — I wonder he 's so simple[10]
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers.
To fly the boar, before the boar pursues,
Were to incense the boar to follow us,
And make pursuit, where he did mean no chase.
Go, bid thy master rise and come to me;
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.
Mess. I 'll go, my lord, and tell him[11] what you say.
[Exit.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Many good morrows to my noble lord!
Hast. Good morrow, Catesby: you are early stirring.
What news, what news, in this our tottering state?
Cates. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;
And, I believe, will never stand upright,
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.[12]
Hast. How! wear the garland! dost thou mean the crown?
Cates. Ay, my good lord.
Hast. I 'll have this crown[13] of mine cut from my shoulders,
Before I 'll see the crown so foul misplac'd.
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?
Cates. Ay, on my life;[14] and hopes to find you forward
Upon his party, for the gain thereof:[15]
And thereupon he sends you this good news, —
That this same very day your enemies,
The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.
Hast. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,
Because they have been still my adversaries;[16]
But, that I 'll give my voice on Richard's side,
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows, I will not do it, to the death.
Cates. God keep your lordship in that gracious mind.[17]
Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelvemonth hence,
That they which brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.[18]
Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,
I 'll send some packing that yet think not on 't.
Cates. 'T is a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepar'd, and look not for it.
Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey; and so 't will do
With some men else, who think themselves as safe
As thou and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear
To princely Richard, and to Buckingham.
Cates. The princes both make high account of you;
[Aside] For they account his head upon the bridge.[19]
Hast. I know they do, and I have well deserv'd it.

Enter Stanley.

Come on, come on; where is your boar-spear,[20] man?
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?
Stan. My lord, good morrow: — good morrow, Catesby. —
You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,
I do not like these several councils, I.[21]
Hast. My lord, I hold my life as dear as yours;[22]
And never, in my days, I do protest,
Was it so precious to me as 't is now.[23]
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?
Stan. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London,
Were jocund, and suppos'd their states were sure,
And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust;

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word, || *He dreamt to-night the boar had ras'd his helm.* — Mit dem Eber, der ihm den Helm abreisst, ist Gloster gemeint. Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 3, Anm. 49. — Den Traum, wie die meisten andern Details dieser Scene, entlehnte Sh. aus den Chroniken. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 978. 5) Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 1, Anm. 35. — Die Qs. *held,* die Fol. *kept.* 6) Die Qs. stellen *presently* und *you will* um. 7) *his honour* ist der Ehrentitel für Lord Stanley. 8) *my servant Catesby* in den Qs. 9) Seine Besorgnisse sind unbegründet und ohne dringende Motive. Johnson fasst dagegen *instance* als *example,* M. Mason als *symptom* oder *prognostic.* — Die Qs. lesen *wanting instance.* 10) Die Qs. haben *fond* für *simple.* 11) Die Qs. *my gracious lord, I'll tell him.* 12) *garland,* eigentlich = Kranz des Siegers oder Triumphators, gebraucht Sh. auch sonst = Krone; so in K. Henry IV. Second Part (A. 4, Sc. 4) *So thou the garland wear'st successively.* 13) *crown* doppelsinnig = Krone, und = Schädel, Kopf. — In der folgenden Zeile haben die Qs. *ere I will see.* 14) Die Qs. *upon my life, my lord.* 15) scil. *for the gain of the crown.* 16) *mine enemies* in den Qs. 17) In solcher frommen, erbaulichen Gesinnung. 18) Der Satz ist anakoluthisch, da ein Verbum zu *they* fehlt und dafür *their tragedy* steht: ich werde noch über's Jahr darüber lachen, dass ich den tragischen Sturz derjenigen erlebe, die mich bei meinem Herrn, dem vorigen Könige, anschwärzten. — Das Folgende lautet in den Qs. *I tell thee, Catesby* — || Cat. *What, my lord?* || Hast. *Ere a fortnight makes me older etc.* 19) *account* = Schätzung, und *to account* = sich auf Etwas Rechnung machen. Gloster und Buckingham zählen schon darauf, den Kopf des hingerichteten Hastings auf der Londoner Brücke ausgestellt zu sehen, wo die Häupter geköpfter Hochverräther ausgestellt wurden. 20) Er verspottet den Stanley, dass er unbewaffnet geht, da er doch in Folge seines Traums sich vor dem Eber, d. h. Gloster, fürchte. — Die Qs. haben *what, my lord* für *come on, come on.* 21) So in Holinshed: *The lord Stanley wisely mistrusted it, and said unto the lord Hastings, that he much misliked these two several councils.* 22) So die Fol.: ich glaube, dass mein Leben eben so viel werth ist, wie das Eure; nicht aber: ich schätze mein Leben so hoch, wie ich das Eure schätze. — Die Qs. haben *My lord,* || *I hold my life as dear as you do yours,* und in der folgenden Zeile noch einmal *life* für das *days* der Fol. 23) Die Qs. *more precious* und *than* für *as.* 24) Dieser

But yet, you see, how soon the day o'ercast:
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt.[24]
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!
What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.[25]
Hast. Come, come, have with you. — Wot you what, my lord?
To-day, the lords you talk of are beheaded.
Stan. They, for their truth,[26] might better wear their heads,
Than some that have accus'd them wear their hats.
But come, my lord, let 's away.

Enter a Pursuivant.[27]

Hast. Go on before; I 'll talk with this good fellow.
[Exeunt Stanley *and* Catesby.
How now, sirrah? how goes the world with thee?
Purs. The better, that your lordship please to ask.
Hast. I tell thee, man, 't is better with me now,
Than when thou metst me last, where now we meet:
Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the queen's allies;
But now, I tell thee (keep it to thyself),
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state than e'er I was.
Purs. God hold it,[28] to your honour's good content.
Hast. Gramercy, fellow. There, drink that for me.
[Throwing him his purse.
Purs. I thank your honour. *[Exit Pursuivant.*

Enter a Priest.

Priest. Well met, my lord; I am glad to see your honour.
Hast. I thank thee, good Sir[29] John, with all my heart.
I am in your debt for your last exercise;[30]
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.[31]

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain!
Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest:
Your honour hath no shriving work in hand.[32]
Hast. 'Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men you talk of came into my mind.
What, go you toward the Tower?
Buck. I do, my lord; but long I cannot stay there:
I shall return before your lordship thence.
Hast. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.
Buck. [Aside.] And supper too, although thou know'st it not.
Come, will you go?
Hast. I 'll wait upon your lordship. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Pomfret. Before the Castle.

Enter Ratcliff, *with a Guard, conducting* Rivers, Grey, *and* Vaughan *to execution.*[1]

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this: —
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.
Grey. God bless the prince[2] from all the pack of you!
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.
Vaugh. You live, that shall cry woe for this hereafter.
Rat. Despatch: the limit[3] of your lives is out.
Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers!
Within the guilty closure of thy walls
Richard the Second here was hack'd to death:
And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,[4]
We give to thee our guiltless blood to drink.
Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon our heads,
When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I,[5]
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.
Riv. Then curs'd she Richard, then curs'd she Buckingham,
Then curs'd she Hastings:[6] — O, remember, God,
To hear her prayer[7] for them, as now for us!
And for my sister, and her princely sons,
Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood,
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt!
Rat. Make haste: the hour of death is expiate.[8]

Stoss, der so plötzlich aus Bosheit gegen die Verwandten der Königin geführt ist, flösst mir Misstrauen ein. — Die Qs. haben *scab of rancour.* — Drei Zeilen vorher haben die Qs. *states was,* und die Cambridge Edd. lesen daher *state was.* 25) Die Qs. haben *But come, my lord, shall we to the Tower?* und Hastings' Antwort: *I go, but stay: hear you not the news? || This day those men you talk'd of, are beheaded.* — Die Cambridge Edd. machen auf den Widerspruch aufmerksam zwischen *the day is spent* und dem Anfang der Scene *What is 't o'clock? — Upon the stroke of four.* 26) *truth* = Treue, gute Gesinnung. 27) In den Qs. heisst der Herold *Hastings,* und Lord Hastings redet ihn demgemäss an: *Well met, Hastings; how goes the world with thee?* 28) Gott erhalte es so, lasse es so fortdauern mit Euch. 29) *Sir,* eine Betitelung der Geistlichen niedern Ranges zu Sh.'s Zeit. 30) *exercise* = Religionsübung, Privatandacht. Die Qs. *I am beholding to you for your last day's exercise.* 31) Die Fol. lässt den Priester erwiedern *I 'll wait upon your lordship,* dieselben Worte, die, ebenfalls nur in der Fol., Hastings zu Buckingham spricht, am Schluss der Scene. — Die Qs. haben dafür die Bühnenweisung *He (*scil. *Hastings) whispers in his ears.* 32) Ihr bedürft der Beichte und Absolution noch nicht, da Ihr noch nicht hingerichtet werden sollt, wie Eure Freunde in Pomfret.

1) In den Qs. beginnt Ratcliff die Scene mit den Worten *Come, bring forth the prisoners.* 2) *to bless* = segnen und behüten. So in K. Lear (A. 4, Sc. 1) *bless thee, good man's son, from the foul fiend!* — Die Qs. haben *keep* für *bless.* 3) *limit* = Frist. — Diese Zeile und die vorhergehende sind nur in der Fol. 4) Die Qs. *soul* für *seat.* — In der folgenden Zeile haben die Qs. *We give thee up our etc.* 5) *I* gebraucht Sh. öfter für *me,* wenn es als absolutes Personalpronomen steht. So auch Ben Jonson in Cynthia's Revels: *make this gentleman and I friends.* — Dieser Vers fehlt in den Qs. 6) Die Qs. stellen *Richard* und *Hastings* um. 7) *prayer for them* ist ironisch = der Fluch auf sie. — Die Qs. *prayers.* 8) *expiate* für *expiated,* wie Sh. die Participia der Verba auf *ate* gewöhnlich bildet, eigentlich = abgebüsst, abgetragen, steht hier in ungewöhnlichem Sinne = abgelaufen, vollendet. — Die zweite Fol. liest *is now expired,* weshalb Steevens *expirate* vorschlug. — Die Qs. wiederholen an dieser Stelle nur eine frühere Zeile: *Come, come, despatch: the limit of your lives is out.* 9) Der Schluss dieser Scene lautet in den Qs. *let us all embrace: || And take our leave until we meet in heaven.*

Riv. Come, Grey, — come, Vaughan; — let us here embrace:
Farewell, until we meet again in heaven.[9] *[Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

London. A Room in the Tower.

BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, *the Bishop of* ELY, CATESBY, LOVEL, *and Others, sitting at a table: Officers of the Council attending.*

Hast. Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met
Is, to determine of the coronation:
In God's name, speak, when is the royal day?
Buck. Are all things ready for the royal time?
Stan. They are; and wants but nomination.[1]
Ely. To-morrow then I judge a happy day.
Buck. Who knows the lord protector's mind herein?
Who is most inward[2] with the noble duke?
Ely. Your grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.
Buck. We know each other's faces;[3] for our hearts,
He knows no more of mine than I of yours;
Nor I of his, my lord, than you of mine.
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.
Hast. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well;
But, for his purpose in the coronation,
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein:
But you, my honourable lords,[4] may name the time;
And in the duke's behalf I 'll give my voice,
Which, I presume, he 'll take in gentle part.

Enter GLOSTER.

Ely. In happy time, here comes the duke himself.
Glo. My noble lords and cousins, all, good morrow.
I have been long a sleeper; but, I trust,
My absence doth neglect no great design,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.
Buck. Had you not come upon your cue, my lord,
William Lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part,[5]
I mean, your voice, for crowning of the king.
Glo. Than my lord Hastings, no man might be bolder:
His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.[6]
My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there;
I do beseech you, send for some of them.
Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart.
[Exit.
Glo. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.
[Takes him aside.
Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business,
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,
That he will lose his head, ere give consent,
His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.
Buck. Withdraw yourself awhile; I 'll go with you.
[Exeunt GLOSTER *and* BUCKINGHAM.
Stan. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.[7]
To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden;
For I myself am not so well provided,
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.[8]

Re-enter Bishop of ELY.

Ely. Where is my lord, the duke of Gloster?
I have sent for these strawberries.
Hast. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morning:[9]
There 's some conceit or other likes him well,[10]
When that he bids good morrow with such spirit.
I think, there 's never a man in Christendom
Can lesser hide his love or hate than he;
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.
Stan. What of his heart perceive you in his face,
By any livelihood[11] he show'd to-day?
Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended;
For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.

Re-enter GLOSTER *and* BUCKINGHAM.

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve,
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damned witchcraft, and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their hellish charms?
Hast. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
Makes me most forward in this princely presence
To doom the offenders: whosoe'er they be,
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.
Glo. Then be your eyes the witness of their evil.
Look how I am bewitch'd; behold mine arm
Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up:
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,

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1) Es fehlt nur die namhafte Festsetzung eines Tages für die Krönung. — Die Fol. *is all things ready*, und in der Antwort *it is*. — Da auch die ersten Qs., wie die Fol., *it is, and wants but* lesen, so haben die Cambridge Edd., vielleicht mit Recht, diese Sh.'sche Licenz im Texte wieder hergestellt. — Hastings' erste Rede beginnt in den Qs. *My lords, at once the cause etc.* — Ely sagt in den Qs. *To-morrow then I guess a happy time.* 2) *inward* = intim, vertraut. — So in Kyd's Spanish Tragedy: *since I grew inward with revenge.* 3) Die Qs. lesen hier *Who? I, my lord? We know etc.* und *but for our hearts*, ferner zwei Zeilen weiter *Nor I no more of his, than you of mine.* 4) Die Qs. haben *my noble lord* im Singular, und in der folgenden Rede *Now in good time, here etc.* 5) Das Bild ist vom Theater entlehnt: Wäret Ihr nicht auf Euer Stichwort gekommen, so hätte Hastings Eure Rolle übernommen und den Krönungstag bestimmt. 6) Die Qs. fahren hier folgendermassen fort: Hast. *I thank your grace.* || Glo. *My lord of Ely* — || Ely. *My lord.* || Glo. *When I was last in Holborn etc.* — Der Palast des Bischofs lag in Holborn, das damals noch nicht mit London eine Stadt bildete. 7) *triumph*, auch sonst bei Sh. = öffentliche Festlichkeit, ist hier das Krönungsfest. — Die Qs. haben *in mine opinion* für *in my judgment.* 8) *to prolong* = weiter hinausschieben. — Die Qs. haben in der folgenden Zeile *Where is my lord protector?* 9) Die Qs. *to-day.* 10) Ihn beschäftigt irgend eine angenehme Vorstellung, wenn er so munter guten Morgen wünscht. — *When he doth bid good morrow etc.* in den Qs., die zwei Zeilen weiter lesen *That can less hide etc.* 11) *livelihood*, wie die Fol. liest, ist = die Lebendigkeit und Munterkeit, welche Hastings an Gloster's heutigem Ansehen gerühmt hatte. So in All 's well that ends well (A. 1, Sc. 1) *The tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek.* — Manche Hgg. ziehen die Lesart der Qs. *likelihood* = Anschein, vor. — Auf Hastings' nächste Rede lassen die Qs. folgende Worte Stanley's folgen: Stan. *I pray God, he be not (scil. offended), I say.* 12) *to consort with* = sich zu

Consorted [12] with that harlot strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.
Hast. If they have done this deed, my noble lord, —
Glo. If! thou protector of this damned strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of ifs? [13] — Thou art a traitor:
Off with his head! — now, by Saint Paul I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same. —
Lovel and Ratcliff, look that it be done; [14]
The rest that love me, rise, and follow me.
[Exeunt Council, with Gloster *and* Buckingham.
Hast. Woe, woe, for England! not a whit for me;
For I, too fond, might have prevented this. [15]
Stanley did dream, the boar did rase his helm; [16]
And I did scorn it, and disdain'd to fly. [17]
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse [18] did stumble,
And started when he look'd upon the Tower,
As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house.
O! now I need the priest that spake to me:
I now repent I told the pursuivant,
As too triumphing, how mine enemies
To-day at Pomfret [19] bloodily were butcher'd,
And I myself secure in grace and favour.
O Margaret, Margaret! now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head.
Rat. Come, come, despatch; [20] the duke would be at dinner:
Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.
Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men!
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God.
Who builds his hope in air of your good looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast; [21]
Ready with every nod to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.
Lov. Come, come, despatch; 't is bootless to exclaim. [22]
Hast. O bloody Richard! — miserable England!
I prophesy the fearfull'st time to thee,
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.
Come, lead me to the block, bear him my head:
They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Same. The Tower Walls.

Enter Gloster *and* Buckingham, *in rotten armour, marvellous ill-favoured.* [1]

Glo. Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy colour,
Murder thy breath in middle of a word, [2]
And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught and mad with terror?
Buck. Tut! I can counterfeit the deep tragedian; [3]
Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw, [4]
Intending [5] deep suspicion: ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time to grace my stratagems. [6]
But what! is Catesby gone?
Glo. He is; and, see, he brings the mayor along.

Enter the Lord Mayor and Catesby.

Buck. Lord mayor, —
Glo. Look to the drawbridge there!
Buck. Hark! a drum.
Glo. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.
Buck. Lord mayor, the reason we have sent —
Glo. Look back, defend thee: here are enemies.
Buck. God and our innocency defend and guard us!

Enter Lovel *and* Ratcliff, *with* Hastings' *head.*

Glo. Be patient, they are friends; Ratcliff and Lovel.
Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.
Glo. So dear I lov'd the man, that I must weep.
I took him for the plainest harmless creature
That breath'd upon the earth a Christian; [7]
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts:

Jemandem gesellen. — *harlot* = verbuhlt, ist ein adjectivischer Zusatz zu *strumpet* und wird mit Unrecht durch ein Comma davon getrennt. So in Winter's Tale (A. 2, Sc. 3) *the harlot king is quite beyond mine arm.* — Die erste Zeile dieser Rede hat in den Qs. *this ill* für *their evil* der Fol. 13) *if* als Substantiv steht auch in As you like it (A. 5, Sc. 4) *your* if *is the only peace-maker.* 14) So die Fol. Viele Hgg. setzen auf Theobald's Vorschlag *Lovel and Catesby*, weil Ratcliff in Yorkshire abwesend war (vgl. A. 3, Sc. 3). Die Qs. haben nur *some see it done*, und in der nächsten Zeile *come* für *rise.* 15) Wenn ich nicht zu thöricht mich sicher gefühlt hätte, so hätte ich diesem Schicksal zuvorkommen können durch die Flucht. 16) So die Qs. — Die Fol. *rouse our helms.* 17) Die Qs. *And I disdain'd it, and did scorn to fly.* 18) *foot-cloth* = die herabhängende reiche Pferdedecke, daher *foot-cloth horse* = Reitpferd in vollem Staate. 19) *As 't were triumphing at mine enemies,* || *How they at Pomfret bloodily etc.* in den Qs.; ebenso vorher *I want the priest.* 20) Die Qs. lesen *Despatch, my lord etc.* und legen diese Rede dem Catesby bei. 21) Wer seine Hoffnungen auf das luftige Gebäude freundlicher Blicke der Menschen setzt, dessen Leben ist so gefährdet, wie das eines trunkenen Matrosen auf dem Maste des Schiffes. — Die Qs. haben *fair looks.* — In der ersten Zeile dieser Rede haben die Qs. *state of worldly men* für *grace etc.* der Fol. 22) Diese Zeile und die drei folgenden sind nur in der Fol.

1) So lautet die Bühnenweisung der Fol. — Die Hgg. setzen für *rotten* meistens *rusty.* — Die Qs. haben nur *Enter duke of Gloster and Buckingham in armour.* Bei Hall steht: *at their coming himself with the duke of Buckingham stood harnessed in old evil favoured briganders.* 2) Kannst Du Dich geberden, als ob Dir mitten in einem Worte der Athem verginge, vor innerer Aufregung? 3) *deep tragedian* = der in seiner Kunst gründliche, erfahrene Schauspieler. — Die Qs. haben *Tut! fear not me etc.* 4) Dieser Vers fehlt in den Qs. 5) *to intend* = zu erkennen geben, im Sinne haben. 6) Das Folgende lautet in den Qs.: *Enter Mayor.* || Glo. *Here comes the Mayor.* || Buck. *Let me alone to entertain him. Lord Mayor* — || Glo. *Look to the drawbridge there.* || Buck. *The reason we have sent for you* — || Glo. *Catesby, overlook the walls.* || Buck. *Hark, I hear a drum.* || Glo. *Look back, defend thee; here are enemies.* || Buck. *God and our innocency defend us.* || Glo. *O, O, be quiet, it is Catesby.* || *Enter Catesby with Hastings' head.* || Cat. *Here is the head etc.* — In den Qs. treten also Lovel und Ratcliff nicht auf. 7) Die Qs. fügen hier ein *Look ye, my lord mayor,* und fahren dann fort *I made.* — Unter *book* ist *table-book* oder *note-book*

So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue,
That, his apparent open guilt omitted,
I mean his conversation with Shore's wife,
He liv'd from all attainder of suspect.[8]
Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor
That ever liv'd. —
Would you imagine, or almost believe
(Were 't not that by great preservation
We live to tell it), that the subtle traitor
This day had plotted, in the council-house,
To murder me, and my good lord of Gloster?
May. Had he done so?[9]
Glo. What! think you we are Turks, or infidels?
Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death,
But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of England, and our persons' safety,
Enforc'd us to this execution?
May. Now, fair befall you! he deserv'd his death;
And your good graces both have well proceeded,
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.[10]
Buck. I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with Mistress Shore;
Yet had we not determin'd he should die,
Until your lordship came to see his end;
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,[11]
Something against our meanings, have[12] prevented:
Because, my lord, I would have had you heard
The traitor speak, and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treasons;
That you might well have signified the same
Unto the citizens, who haply, may
Misconster[13] us in him, and wail his death.
May. But, my good lord, your grace's words shall serve,
As well as I had seen, and heard him speak:
And do not doubt, right noble princes both,
But I 'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your just proceedings in this case.
Glo. And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,
To avoid the censures of the carping world.[14]
Buck. But since you come too late of our intent,
Yet witness what you hear[15] we did intend:
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.
[Exit Lord Mayor.
Glo. Go after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post:
There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children:
Tell them, how Edward put to death a citizen,
Only for saying he would make his son
Heir to the crown; meaning, indeed, his house,
Which by the sign thereof was termed so.[16]
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,[17]
And bestial appetite in change of lust;
Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters, wives,
Even where his raging[18] eye, or savage heart,
Without control lusted to make a prey.[19]
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person:
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that insatiate Edward, noble York,
My princely father then had wars in France;
And by true[20] computation of the time,
Found that the issue was not his begot;
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble duke my father.
Yet touch this sparingly, as 't were far off;
Because, my lord, you know, my mother lives.
Buck. Doubt not, my lord, I 'll play the orator,
As if the golden fee, for which I plead,
Were for myself:[21] and so, my lord, adieu.
Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's castle;
Where you shall find me well accompanied
With reverend fathers, and well-learned bishops.
Buck. I go; and, towards three or four o'clock,
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords.[22] *[Exit.*
Glo. Go, Lovel, with all speed to doctor Shaw, —
Go thou [*to* Cates.] to friar Penker: — bid them both
Meet me within this hour at Baynard's castle.
[Exeunt Lovel *and* Catesby.
Now will I go,[23] to take some privy order,
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight;
And to give notice, that no manner person[24]
Have any time recourse unto the princes. *[Exit.*

= Notizenbuch, gemeint. 8) Er lebte ohne irgend einen Makel von Verdacht. — Die Qs. haben *laid* für *liv'd.* 9) Die Qs. *What! had he so?* und drei Zeilen vorher *tell it you, the subtle etc.*, sowie drei Zeilen weiter *to the villain's death.* 10) Die meisten Hgg. theilen, den Qs. folgend, auch die beiden folgenden Verse noch dem Mayor zu. — Die Fol. hat die richtige Vertheilung. 11) Die Qs. haben *death* für *end*, und *longing* für *loving*. — Staunton theilt mit den Qs. diese Rede von *Yet had we not determin'd etc.* an dem Gloster zu. Ebenso die Cambridge Edd. 12) *have* steht in Qs. und Fol. nach Sh.'scher Construction, weil der pluralische Genitiv *friends* vorausgeht. — Die meisten Hgg. setzen stillschweigend *hath* dafür. — *meanings* in der Fol., weil von der Absicht Zweier die Rede ist; die Qs. *meaning.* 13) *to misconster* ist auch hier, wie an manchen Stellen, das Sh.'sche Wort der Qs. und Fol., von den Hggn. nach der vierten Folio in *misconstrue* emendirt. 14) Die Qs. verbinden *carping* mit *censures.* — *to wish* = bescheiden, entbieten. 15) Die Qs. lassen *you hear* aus und lesen die folgende Zeile *And so, my lord, adieu.* 16) Die Chronisten erzählen das von einem gewissen wohlhabenden Krämer in London, Namens Walker, der in Cheapside ein Haus mit dem Abzeichen einer Krone hatte. 17) *luxury* = Wollust, in geschlechtlicher Beziehung. 18) Für das *raging* der Fol., das Pope in *ranging* verbessern wollte, haben die Qs. *lustful.* — Sh. dachte bei *raging* und *savage* wie bei *prey* an das Bild eines Raubthieres, das ausgeht, Beute zu suchen und zu verschlingen. 19) Die Qs. *listed to make his prey.* 20) Die Qs. haben *just* für *true* und stellen in der letzten Zeile dieser Rede um *Because you know, my lord etc.* 21) Damit schliesst die Rede in den Qs. — *the golden fee* ist die Krone. 22) Diese Zeilen lauten in den Qs. *About three or four o'clock look to hear || What news Guildhall affordeth; and so, my lord, farewell.* — Die folgenden drei Zeilen sind nur in der Fol. — Shaw und Penker waren die bei der Londoner Bürgerschaft einflussreichsten Prediger der Zeit; Letzterer Provinzial der Augustinermönche, Ersterer ein Bruder des Lord Mayor. 23) Die Qs. *in* für *go*, und zwei Zeilen weiter *notice* für *order* der Fol. 24) *no manner person*, eine gewöhnliche Phrase der ältern Zeit, ist die Lesart der Fol.; *no manner of person* die der Qs.

SCENE VI.

The Same. A Street.

Enter a Scrivener.[1]

Scriv. Here is the indictment of the good lord Hastings;
Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,
That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's:
And mark how well the sequel hangs together.
Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,
For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me.[2]
The precedent was full as long a-doing;[3]
And yet within these five hours Hastings liv'd,
Untainted, unexamin'd, free, at liberty.
Here 's a good world the while! — Who is so gross,
That cannot see this palpable device?
Yet who so bold[4] but says he sees it not?
Bad is the world; and all will come to naught,
When such ill dealing must be seen in thought.[5] *[Exit.*

SCENE VII.

The Same. The Court of Baynard's Castle.[1]

Enter GLOSTER *at one door, and* BUCKINGHAM *at another.*

Glo. How now, how now? what say the citizens?
Buck. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, say not a word.[2]
Glo. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?
Buck. I did; with his contract with Lady Lucy,[3]
And his contract by deputy in France;
The insatiate greediness of his desires,
And his enforcement of the city wives;
His tyranny for trifles;[4] his own bastardy,
As being got, your father then in France;
And his resemblance, being not like the duke.[5]
Withal I did infer your lineaments,
Being[6] the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleness of mind;
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;
Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose
Untouch'd, or slightly handled in discourse;
And, when my oratory drew toward end,
I bade them that did love their country's good,
Cry — »God save Richard, England's royal king!«
Glo. And did they so?
Buck. No, so God help me,[7] they spake not a word;
But, like dumb statuas, or breathing stones,[8]
Star'd[9] each on other, and look'd deadly pale.
Which when I saw, I reprehended them,
And ask'd the mayor, what meant this wilful silence:
His answer was, the people were not us'd
To be spoke to but by the recorder.[10]
Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again: —
»Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd;«
But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of mine own,
At lower end of the hall, hurl'd up their caps,
And some ten voices cried, »God save king Richard!«
And thus I took the vantage of those few,[11] —
»Thanks, gentle citizens, and friends,« quoth I;
»This general applause and cheerful shout[12]
Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard:«
And even here brake off, and came away.
Glo. What tongueless blocks were they! would they not speak?[13]
Will not the mayor then and his brethren come?
Buck. The mayor is here at hand. Intend some fear;[14]
Be not you spoke with but by mighty suit:
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
And stand between two churchmen, good my lord:
For on that ground I 'll make a holy descant:[15]
And be not easily won to our requests;
Play the maid's part,[16] still answer nay, and take it.
Glo. I go; and if you plead as well for them

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1) Die Qs. fügen hinzu *with a paper in his hand.* — Die Notizen zu diesem Monolog entlehnte Sh. zum Theil wörtlich aus den Chronisten. 2) *brought me* in den Qs., die in der vorigen Zeile *have* auslassen. 3) Es hat eben so viel Zeit gekostet, das Original, das ich copirte, aufzusetzen. — Die folgende Zeile schliesst in den Qs. *lived lord Hastings.* 4) Die Qs. haben *blind* für *bold.* 5) Alles wird verderben, wenn einem so schlechten Verfahren nur stillschweigend und so, dass man nur dabei denken, nicht reden oder handeln darf, zugesehen wird. — Die Qs. haben *bad dealing,* wie *bad* schon in der vorigen Zeile steht. — Für *naught* setzen die meisten Hgg. *nought,* wie viele Qs. und die Fol., deren Orthographie zwischen *naught* und *nought* nicht streng unterscheidet. Doch steht *naught* in Q. A.

1) Ein ehemaliges Schloss in London, am Themseufer gelegen, das dem Herzog von York gehört hatte. 2) Die Qs. *and speak not a word.* 3) Nach der Chronik hatte die Mutter Eduard's IV. seine Vermählung mit Lady Grey hindern wollen, indem sie vorgab, er habe sich schon vorher mit Lady Elisabeth Lucy verlobt. — Eduard's Verlobung mit Bona, der Schwägerin des französischen Königs, durch Vermittelung Warwick's, kommt in K. Henry VI. Third Part (A. 3, Sc. 3) vor. — Die Qs. lassen diese beiden Verse aus und beginnen die Rede *I did, with the insatiate greadiness of his desires.* Auch der dann folgende Vers fehlt in den Qs. 4) Die Grausamkeiten, die er in der Bestrafung geringfügiger Vergehen beging. 5) Diese Zeile ist nur in der Fol. 6) *being* geht auf das in *your lineaments* steckende *you:* dass Ihr das rechte Bild Eures Vaters seid. 7) Der Rest des Verses fehlt in den Qs. Vgl. oben Anm. 2. 8) Wie der Vers zeigt, ist auch hier *statuas* für das *statues* der Qs. und Fol. zu lesen. So in K. Henry VI. Second Part (A. 3, Sc. 2) *Erect his statua, and worship it;* und in Julius Caesar (A. 2, Sc. 2) *she saw my statua.* — *breathing stones* sind die Bürger, weil sie sich von Steinen nur dadurch unterscheiden, dass sie athmen. Manche Hgg. ändern mit Rowe ohne Grund *unbreathing,* wie schon die späteren Qs. *breathless* haben. 9) *gaz'd* in den Qs. 10) *recorder* = der Stadtschreiber, den die Londoner Bürger in seiner amtlichen Stellung kannten und verstanden, und der auch diesmal Buckingham's Worte ihnen verdeutlichen musste. 11) Ich benutzte den Anlass, den mir diese Wenigen darboten. — Der Vers ist nur in der Fol. 12) Die Qs. haben *loving citizens* und *loving shout.* 13) Die Qs. fügen hier eine Antwort Buckingham's ein: *No, by my troth, my lord.* 14) Schützt eine unbestimmte Besorgniss vor, thut als ob Ihr Euch fürchtetet. — Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 5, Anm. 5. 15) Wortspiel zwischen den musikalischen Bedeutungen und den sonstigen von *ground* = Grundbass, und = Grund.

As I can say nay to thee for myself,[17]
No doubt we bring it to a happy issue.
Buck. Go, go, up to the leads! the lord mayor knocks.
[Exit GLOSTER.

Enter the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens.

Welcome, my lord: I dance attendance here;
I think the duke will not be spoke withal. —

Enter from the Castle, CATESBY.

Now, Catesby! what says your lord to my request?[18]
Cates He doth entreat your grace, my noble lord,
To visit him to-morrow, or next day.
He is within, with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation;
And in no worldly suits would he be mov'd,
To draw him from his holy exercise.
Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke:[19]
Tell him, myself, the mayor and aldermen,[20]
In deep designs, in matter of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his grace.
Cates. I 'll signify so much unto him straight.[21] *[Exit.*
Buck. Ah, ha! my lord, this prince is not an Edward:
He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,[22]
But on his knees at meditation;
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
But meditating with two deep divines;
Not sleeping, to engross[23] his idle body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul.
Happy were England, would this virtuous prince
Take on his grace[24] the sovereignty thereof;
But, sure, I fear, we shall not win him to it.
May. Marry, God defend his grace should say us nay!
Buck. I fear, he will. Here Catesby comes again. —

Re-enter CATESBY.

Now, Catesby, what says his grace?
Cates. He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troops of citizens to come to him:[25]
His grace not being warn'd thereof before,
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.
Buck. Sorry I am, my noble cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:
By heaven, we come to him in perfect love;
And so once more return, and tell his grace.
[Exit CATESBY.
When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 't is much to draw them thence;[26]
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter GLOSTER, *in a gallery above, between Two Bishops.*[27] CATESBY *returns.*

May. See, where his grace stands 'tween two clergymen!
Buck. Two props of virtue for a christian prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanity;
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand,
True ornament to know a holy man.[28] —
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
Lend favourable ear to our requests,
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion, and right christian zeal.
Glo. My lord, there needs no such apology;
I do beseech your grace to pardon me,[29]
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Deferr'd[30] the visitation of my friends.
But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure?
Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,
And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.
Glo. I do suspect, I have done some offence,
That seems disgracious in the city's eye;
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.
Buck. You have, my lord: 'would it might please your grace,
On our entreaties to amend your fault.
Glo. Else wherefore breathe I in a christian land?
Buck. Know then, it is your fault that you resign
The supreme seat, the throne majestical,
The scepter'd office of your ancestors,
Your state of fortune, and your due of birth,[31]
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock;
Whiles, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,
Which here we waken to our country's good,
This noble isle doth want her[32] proper limbs;
Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,[33]
And almost shoulder'd[34] in the swallowing gulf

Boden, und *descant* = Discant, und = Gerede. -- Die Qs. haben *build* für *make.* 16) Die Rolle des Mädchens das auf einen Antrag Nein sagt und ihn doch annimmt. 17) Wenn Du in der Komödie, die wir jetzt spielen wollen, eben so geschickt das Wort für die Bürger führst, die mich um die Annahme der Krone ersuchen sollen, wie ich geschickt meinerseits oder zu meinem Vortheil Nein auf Deine Rede zu erwiedern verstehe. 18) Die Qs. haben *Here comes his servant — How now, Catesby! What says he?* und in der Antwort: *My lord, he doth entreat your grace.* 19) *to thy lord again* in den Qs. 20) Die Qs. *and citizens* für *and aldermen.* 21) Die Qs. *I 'll tell him what you say, my lord.* 22) *day-bed* = Sopha. So in Twelfth-Night (A. 2, Sc. 5) *having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping.* — Die Fol. hat *love-bed* für das *day-bed* der Qs. 23) *to engross* = fett machen, pflegen. 24) *take on himself* in den Qs. 25) Die Qs. *to speak with him.* — *Here Catesby comes again* fehlt in den Qs., die für *his grace* sodann *your lord* haben. 26) So gehört viel dazu, so ist es ein starkes Stück, sie von ihren Andachtsübungen abzuziehen. — Die Qs. *'t is hard* für *'t is much.* 27) Die von der Bühnenweisung der Qs. und Fol. bezeichneten *Two Bishops* sind eigentlich die vorhergenannten Geistlichen Shaw und Penker. Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 5, Anm. 22. — Die nächste Zeile lautet in den Qs. *See, where he stands between two clergymen!* 28) Diese beiden Zeilen sind nur in der Fol., welche *ornaments* liest, von Dyce mit Recht in *ornament* verbessert, da es sich auf *book of prayer*, nicht auf *two props of virtue* bezieht: das Gebetbuch ist eine ächte Zierde, um einen frommen Mann daran zu erkennen; vollständig müsste es heissen *to know a holy man by.* — Zwei Zeilen weiter *request* in den Qs. 29) Die Qs. *I rather do beseech you pardon me.* 30) Die Qs. haben *neglect.* 31) Den Rang, den das Glück Euch angewiesen hat, und das, was Euch durch die Geburt zukommt. — Dieser Vers fehlt in den Qs. 32) Die Qs. haben hier und im Folgenden richtig *her*, auf *noble isle* bezüglich; die Fol. setzt überall *his* dafür. 33) Diese Zeile fehlt in den Qs. 34) *to shoulder* = drängen, stossen. — *in* für *into.* — In der nächsten Zeile haben die Qs. *blind* für *dark*, und *dark* für *deep.*

Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.
Which to recure[35] we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land:[36]
Not as protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain;
But as successively from blood to blood,[37]
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, consorted with the citizens,
Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just cause[38] come I to move your grace.
Glo. I cannot tell, if[39] to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Best fitteth my degree, or your condition:[40]
If not to answer, — you might haply think,
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me;
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So season'd with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.
Therefore, to speak, and to avoid the first,
And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,
Definitively thus I answer you.
Your love deserves my thanks; but my desert
Unmeritable shuns your high request.[41]
First, if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown,
As the ripe revenue and due of birth,[42]
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty, and so many, my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my greatness,
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me;
And much I need to help you, were there need;[43]
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty,
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
On him I lay that you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy stars;
Which God defend that I should wring from him!
Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your grace;
But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,[44]
All circumstances well considered.
You say, that Edward is your brother's son:
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife;
For first was he contract[45] to Lady Lucy —
Your mother lives a witness to his vow —
And afterward by substitute betroth'd
To Bona, sister to the king of France.[46]
These both put off, a poor petitioner,[47]
A care-craz'd mother to a many sons,[48]
A beauty-waning and distressed widow,
Even in the afternoon of her best days,
Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,
Seduc'd the pitch and height of his degree
To base declension and loath'd bigamy.[49]
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
This Edward, whom our manners call the prince.[50]
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Save that, for reverence to some alive,[51]
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
This proffer'd benefit of dignity;
If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry[52]
From the corruption of abusing times,
Unto a lineal true-derived course.
May. Do, good my lord; your citizens entreat you.
Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.[53]
Cates. O! make them joyful: grant their lawful suit.
Glo. Alas! why would you heap this care on me?
I am unfit for state and majesty:[54]
I do beseech you, take it not amiss;
I cannot, nor I will not, yield to you.
Buck. If you refuse it, — as in love and zeal,
Loath to depose the child, your brother's son;
As well we know your tenderness of heart,
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,[55]
Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
And equally, indeed, to all estates, —
Yet know, whe'r you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our king;
But we will plant some other in the throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house:
And in this resolution here we leave you. —
Come, citizens, we will entreat no more.[56]
[Exeunt Buckingham *and Citizens*

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35) *to recure* = heilen, wieder herstellen. So in Sh.'s Sonnets (45) *Until life's composition be recured.* 36) Die Qs. *To take on you the sovereignty thereof.* 37) Kraft des Erbfolgerechts in Eurem Geblüte. 38) *just suit* in den Qs. 39) Die Qs. *I know not whether.* 40) Die folgenden zehn Zeilen fehlen in den Qs. — Zu *if not to answer* ist zu suppliren *if it best fitteth my degree etc.;* ebenso zu dem folgenden *if to reprove you.* 41) *your high request* = Euer auf hohe Dinge gerichtetes Gesuch. 42) Die Krone wird betrachtet als das dem Gloster kraft seiner Geburt, durch den Lauf der Zeit gereift, ihm Zufallende und Gebührende. — Die Qs. lesen *As my right revenue and due by birth.* 43) Es fehlt mir viel an dem, womit ich Euch hülfe, wenn die Noth es erheischen sollte. — Die Qs. *if need were.* 44) Die Erwägungen und Rücksichten, die daraus entspringen, sind zu unwesentlich und kleinlich. 45) *contract,* mit dem Tone auf der zweiten Sylbe, für *contracted* = verlobt. 46) *sister* steht für *sister-in-law.* Vgl. oben Anm. 3. 47) *petitioner* = Supplicantin; eine Hindeutung auf K. Henry VI. Third Part (A. 3, Sc. 2), wo die Lady Grey zuerst vor König Eduard erscheint, um für ihre Kinder die confiscirten Güter ihres ersten Gemahls wieder zu erbitten. — Die Qs. *put by.* 48) Die Qs. haben *of a many children.* 49) Den Chronisten zufolge wurde dem König Eduard die Vermählung mit einer Wittwe, die viele Kinder besass, als *loathed bigamy* vorgeworfen. Der Vorwurf bezieht sich also nicht auf die früheren Verlöbnisse des Königs. In der vorigen Zeile haben die Qs. *of all his thoughts* für das *of his degree* = seines hohen Ranges, in der Fol. 50) Diesen Eduard, den wir aus Höflichkeit den Prinzen von Wales nennen. 51) Er deutet auf die noch lebende alte Herzogin von York hin, deren Sohn Eduard im Ehebruche erzeugt sein soll. Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 5. 52) Die Qs. haben *Yet to draw out your royal stock.* 53) Dieser Vers ist nur in der Fol. 54) *dignity* in den Qs. — In der vorigen Zeile haben die Qs. *those cares on me.* 55) *remorse* = zartes Bedenken, Zartheit der Empfin-

Cates. Call him[57] again, sweet prince; accept their suit:
If you deny them, all the land will rue it.
Glo. Will you enforce me to a world of cares?
Call them again: I am not made of stone,[58]
But penetrable to your kind entreaties, *[Exit* CATESBY.
Albeit against my conscience and my soul. —

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM, *and the rest.*

Cousin of Buckingham, and sage, grave men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, whe'r I will, or no,
I must have patience to endure the load:
But if black scandal, or foul-fac'd reproach,
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof;
For God doth know,[59] and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.
May. God bless your grace! we see it, and will say it.
Glo. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.
Buck. Then I salute you with this royal title,[60] —
Long live king Richard, England's worthy king!
All. Amen.
Buck. To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd?
Glo. Even when you please, for you will have it so.
Buck. To-morrow then we will attend your grace:
And so most joyfully we take our leave.
Glo. [To the Bishops.] Come, let us to our holy work again. —
Farewell, my cousin: — farewell, gentle friends.
[Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Before the Tower.

Enter, on one side, Queen ELIZABETH, *Duchess of* YORK, *and Marquess of* DORSET; *on the other,* ANNE, *Duchess of* GLOSTER, *leading Lady* MARGARET PLANTAGENET, CLARENCE'S *young daughter.*[1]

Duch. Who meets us here? — my niece Plantagenet,[2]
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster!
Now, for my life, she 's wand'ring to the Tower,
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender princes.[3] —
Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day.
Q. Eliz. As much to you, good sister: whither away?
Anne. No further than the Tower; and, as I guess,
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate[4] the gentle princes there.
Q. Eliz. Kind sister, thanks: we 'll enter all together.

Enter BRAKENBURY.

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes. —
Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the prince, and my young son of York?[5]
Brak. Right well, dear Madam. By your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them:
The king hath strictly charg'd the contrary.
Q. Eliz. The king! who 's that?
Brak. I mean the lord protector.
Q. Eliz. The Lord protect[6] him from that kingly title!
Hath he set bounds between their love and me?
I am their mother; who shall bar me from them?
Duch. I am their father's mother; I will see them.
Anne. Their aunt I am in law,[7] in love their mother:
Then bring me to their sights; I 'll bear thy blame,[8]
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.
Brak. No, Madam, no; I may not leave it so:[9]
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me. *[Exit.*

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,
And I 'll salute your grace of York as mother,[10]
And reverend looker-on of two fair queens. —
[To ANNE.*]* Come, Madam, you must straight to Westminster,
There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.
Q. Eliz. Ah! cut my lace asunder,
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news.
Anne. Despiteful tidings! O, unpleasing news![11]
Dor. Be of good cheer: — mother, how fares your grace?
Q. Eliz. O Dorset! speak not to me, get thee gone;
Death and destruction dog thee at thy heels:
Thy mother's name is ominous to children.
If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell.[12]

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dung, wie Gloster sie gegen seine Familie und gegen alle Stände des Reichs gezeigt hat. — Für *kindred* haben die Qs. *kin.* 56) Die Qs. lesen *Come, citizens, zounds! I 'll entreat no more* und lassen dann Gloster sagen *O, do not swear, my lord of Buckingham.* 57) Die Qs. *them* für *him.* 58) *stone* verbesserte Pope das *stones* der alten Ausgaben. — In der folgenden Zeile haben die Qs. *entreats.* 59) *God he knows* in den Qs. 60) *kingly title* in den Qs., die in der folgenden Zeile *king* vor *Richard* auslassen.

1) Die Worte *leading Lady Margaret etc.* sind auf eine Conjectur hin von Theobald eingefügt, der ersten Rede der Herzogin von York gemäss. 2) *niece* = Enkelin, wie in Othello (A. 1, Sc. 1) *nephew* = Enkel. Die Qs. haben statt der folgenden sechs Zeilen bis *whither away* nur diese eine: Q. Eliz. *Sister, well met: whither away so fast?* 3) *princes* verbessert Theobald das *prince* der Fol. — Unter *prince* wäre nur der älteste, der Prinz von Wales, verstanden. 4) *to gratulate* = freundlich begrüssen. — Die Qs. haben *tender* für *gentle.* 5) Die Qs. haben bloss *How fares the prince?* und Brakenbury's Antwort: *Well, madam, and in health; but by your leave etc.* — Drei Zeilen weiter haben die Qs. *straitly* für *strictly.* 6) Ein ähnliches Wortspiel findet sich in K. Henry VI. First Part (A. 1, Sc. 3). — Zwei Zeilen weiter haben die Qs. *keep* für *bar* der Fol. 7) *aunt in law* = angeheirathete Tante, wie *sister-in-law* u. A. 8) Die Qs. *Then fear not thou; I 'll bear thy blame.* 9) Ich darf das mir anvertraute Amt nicht so im Stich lassen. — Die Qs. haben dafür *I do beseech your graces all to pardon me.* || *I am bound by oath: I may not do it.* 10) scil. *mother of two fair queens.* 11) Diese Zeile fehlt in den Qs. 12) Ausser dem Bereich der Hölle. 13) Anerkannte Königin von England. — Sie erinnert sich des Fluchs, den Margarethe (A. 1, Sc. 3) ausgesprochen: *Die neither mother, wife, nor Eng-*

Go, hie thee, hie thee, from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou increase the number of the dead,
And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse, —
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.[13]
Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsel, Madam. —
Take all the swift advantage of the hours;
You shall have letters from me to my son
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:[14]
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.
Duch. O ill-dispersing wind of misery! —
O, my accursed womb! the bed of death,
A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,
Whose unavoided eye is murderous![15]
Stan. Come, Madam, come: I in all haste was sent.
Anne. And I with all unwillingness will go. —
O! 'would to God, that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal, that must round my brow,
Were red-hot steel to sear me to the brain![16]
Anointed let me be with deadly venom;
And die, ere men can say — God save the queen![17]
Q. Eliz. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;
To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm.
Anne. No! why? — When he, that is my husband now,
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse;
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands,
Which issu'd from my other angel husband,[18]
And that dear saint which then I weeping follow'd;
O! when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
This was my wish, — »Be thou,« quoth I, »accurs'd,
For making me, so young, so old a widow!
And, when thou wedd'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;
And be thy wife (if any be so mad)
More miserable by the life of thee,[19]
Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death!«
Lo! ere I can repeat this curse again,
Within so small a time,[20] my woman's heart
Grossly grew captive to his honey words,
And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse:
Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from rest:
For never yet one hour[21] in his bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
But with his timorous dreams was still awak'd.[22]
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick,
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.
Q. Eliz. Poor heart, adieu; I pity thy complaining.[23]
Anne. No more[24] than with my soul I mourn for yours.
Dor. Farewell, thou woful welcomer of glory.[25]
Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it.
Duch. *[To* Dor.*]* Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee! —
[To Anne.*]* Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee![26] —
[To Q. Eliz.*]* Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee! —
I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!
Eighty odd years[27] of sorrow have I seen,
And each hour's joy wrack'd with a week of teen.[28]
Q. Eliz. Stay yet; look back with me unto the Tower.
Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,
Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls;
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones![29]
Rude ragged nurse, old sullen playfellow
For tender princes, use my babies well!
So foolish sorrow[30] bids your stones farewell. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room of State in the Palace.

Flourish of trumpets. Richard, crowned;[1] Buckingham, Catesby, *a Page, and Others.*

K. Rich. Stand all apart. — Cousin of Buckingham, —
Buck. My gracious sovereign![2]
K. Rich. Give me thy hand. [Rich. *ascends the throne.*]
Thus high, by thy advice,

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land's queen. — Die Qs. haben zwei Zeilen weiter *advantage of the time.* 14) *To meet you on the way and welcome you* in den Qs. 15) So in Twelfth-Night (A. 3, Sc. 4) *they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.* — *unavoided* = unvermeidlich. 16) Anna wünscht sich, dass der einfassende goldene Reif, die Krone, zu einem Marterwerkzeug werden möchte, das in jener Zeit öfter erwähnt wird: ein eiserner Reif, der glühend gemacht dem Verbrecher auf das Haupt gesetzt wurde. — Die Qs. haben *poison* für *venom* der Fol. in der nächsten Zeile. 17) Der Jubelruf, mit welchem die neugekrönte Königin vom Volke begrüsst wird. 18) Ihr erster Gemahl, der junge Sohn Heinrich's VI. — Letztern bezeichnen die Qs. in der folgenden Zeile als *dead saint.* 19) Die Qs. haben *by the death of thee.* Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 2, wo Anna sagt: *If ever he have wife, let her be made || More miserable by the death of him.* — Die Qs. haben *As miserable — — As thou hast etc.* 20) Die Qs. *even in so short a space.* 21) *hour* ist bei Sh. oftmals zweisylbig gebraucht. — Die Fol. schreibt in solchen Fällen gewöhnlich *howre.* — Die vorhergehende Zeile lautet in den Qs. *Which ever since hath kept my eyes from sleep.* 22) Von den ängstlichen Träumen, in denen Richard aus dem Schlaf auffuhr, giebt Sh. selbst in A. 5, Sc. 3 eine Probe. — Die Qs. haben *But have been waked by his timorous dreams.* 23) Die Qs. *Alas, poor soul, I pity thy complaints.* 24) scil. *You do no more pity my complaining than etc.* 25) Die Qs. theilen diese Rede der Königin Elisabeth zu, die indess schon ihr Abschiedswort gesprochen hat. — Auch scheint Anna's Antwort nur an Dorset gerichtet zu sein, der England als Flüchtling verlassen und aus dem Range, den er als Sohn der Königin einnahm, scheiden will. 26) *guard thee* in den Qs. 27) Achtzig Jahre und einige darüber. — Sh. schreibt der Herzogin hier eben so allgemein ohne genaue Nachrechnung dieses Lebensalter zu, wie dem Lear in K. Lear (A. 4, Sc. 7) *a fond old man, fourscore and upward.* 28) *teen* = Schmerz, Leid. — Die folgenden sieben Verse sind nur in der Fol. 29) Der Tower, poetisch personificirt als weiblich, wird hier als Wiege, Wärterin und Spielkamerad der jungen, in ihm gefangenen Prinzen apostrophirt, eine Weise, den Schmerz zu äussern, welche die Königin gleich nachher selbst als thöricht bezeichnet. 30) *sorrow* verbesserte Rowe das *sorrows* der Fol. — Die vierte Folio las *sorrows bid.*

1) Die Fol. hat *Sound a Sennet. Enter Richard in pomp etc.;* die Qs. *The trumpets sound. Enter Richard crowned etc.* und nach Richard's ersten Worten: *Here he ascendeth his throne.* 2) Diese Worte fehlen in den Qs. — Dafür haben die Qs. etwas weiterhin *my gracious sovereign* für *my loving lord* der Fol.

And thy assistance, is king Richard seated: —
But shall we wear these glories[3] for a day,
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?
Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last!
K. Rich. Ah! Buckingham, now do I play the touch,[4]
To try if thou be current gold indeed. —
Young Edward lives. — Think now what I would speak.
Buck. Say on, my loving lord.
K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king.
Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned lord.
K. Rich. Ha! am I king? 'T is so; but Edward lives.
Buck. True, noble prince.
K. Rich. O bitter consequence,
That Edward still should live! — True, noble prince.[5] —
Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull: —
Shall I be plain? — I wish the bastards dead;
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.
What say'st thou now? speak suddenly, be brief.
Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure.
K. Rich. Tut, tut! thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes.
Say, have I thy consent[6] that they shall die?
Buck. Give me some little breath, some pause, dear lord,
Before I positively speak in this:
I will resolve you herein presently.[7] *[Exit.*
Cates. *[Aside.]* The king is angry: see, he gnaws his lip.
K. Rich. *[Descends from his throne.]* I will converse with iron-witted fools,
And unrespective[8] boys: none are for me
That look into me with considerate eye.
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.
Boy! —
Page. My lord.
K. Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting gold
Will[9] tempt unto a close exploit of death?
Page. I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty spirit:
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.
K. Rich. What is his name?
Page. His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.
K. Rich. I partly know the man: go, call him hither, boy. — *[Exit Page.*
The deep-revolving witty[10] Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour[11] to my counsels.
Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,
And stops he now for breath?[12] — well, be it so. —

Enter Stanley.

How now, Lord Stanley? what 's the news?
Stan. Know, my loving lord,
The marquess Dorset, as I hear, is fled
To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.[13]
K. Rich. Come hither, Catesby: rumour it abroad,
That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick;
I will take order for her keeping close.[14]
Inquire me out some mean poor[15] gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter: —
The boy is foolish, and I fear not him. —
Look, how thou dream'st! — I say again, give out,
That Anne, my queen, is sick, and like to die:
About it; for it stands me much upon,[16]
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me. —
[Exit Catesby.
I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass. —
Murder her brothers, and then marry her?
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in
So far in blood,[17] that sin will pluck on sin.
Tear-falling[18] pity dwells not in this eye. —

Re-enter Page, with Tyrrel.

Is thy name Tyrrel?
Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.
K. Rich. Art thou, indeed?
Tyr. Prove me, my gracious lord.
K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?
Tyr. Please you; but I had rather kill two enemies.
K. Rich. Why, then thou hast it: two deep enemies,
Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon.[19]
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.
Tyr. Let me have open means[20] to come to them,
And soon I 'll rid you from the fear of them.
K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come hither, Tyrrel:
Go, by this token. — Rise, and lend thine ear. *[Whispers.*
There is no more but so: — say, it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.[21]
Tyr. I will despatch it straight. *[Exit.*

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3) *honours* in den Qs. 4) *touch* = Probirstein: jetzt übernehme ich die Rolle des Probirsteins. So in Timon of Athens (A. 4, Sc. 3) *O thou touch of hearts!* — Zum Schluss der Rede haben die Qs. *say* für *speak*. 5) Richard wiederholt spöttisch Buckingham's Worte. 6) *consent* ist bei Sh. nicht bloss = Einwilligung, sondern = Mitwirkung. 7) *presently* = sogleich, alsbald. Die Qs. haben *I will resolve your grace immediately* und in der folgenden Zeile *he bites the lip.* 8) *unrespective* ist sowohl der, der keine Rücksicht nimmt, der nichts erwägt, als auch dem man keine Rücksicht oder Erwägung schenkt. 9) Die Qs. *would* für *will.* — *a close exploit of death* = eine geheime Mordthat. — Zwei Zeilen weiter haben die Qs. *haughty mind.* 10) *witty* = gewitzt, gescheut. So in K. Henry VI. Third Part (A. 1, Sc. 2) *they are soldiers,* || *Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.* — Der vorige Vers lautet in den Qs. *Go, call him hither presently.* 11) *neighbour* = Vertrauter, nahe stehend. So in Hamlet (A. 2, Sc. 2) *so neighbour'd to his youth.* 12) Das Bild ist von einem abgehetzten Pferde entlehnt. — Die Qs. lassen den Rest des Verses aus und fahren dann fort *How now, what news with you?* || Stan. *My lord, I hear the marquis Dorset 's fled etc.* 13) Die Qs. *in those parts beyond the seas where he abides.* — Das Folgende lautet in den Qs.: K. Rich. *Catesby.* || Cates. *My lord.* || K. Rich. *Rumour it abroad* || *That Anne, my wife, is sick and like to die.* 14) Ich will Anstalt treffen, dass sie sich still verhalte. 15) Die Qs. *mean-born.* 16) Es betrifft mich sehr, es liegt mir viel daran. 17) So in Macbeth (A. 3, Sc. 4) *I am in blood stept in so far etc.* 18) *tear-falling* = Thränen vergiessend, von dem transitiven *to fall* = fallen lassen. 19) *to deal upon* = gegen Jemanden verfahren, an Jemandem thätig sein. 20) *open means* = offener Weg, zu ihnen zu gelangen. 21) Die Qs. haben *prefer thee too* und fahren dann fort: Tyr. *'T is done, my gracious lord.* || K. Rich. *Shall we hear from thee, ere we sleep?* || Tyr. *Ye*

Re-enter Buckingham.

Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind
The late request[22] that you did sound me in.
K. Rich. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Richmond.
Buck. I hear the news, my lord.
K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son: — well look unto it.
Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd;
The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables,
Which you have promised I shall possess.[23]
K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife: if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.
Buck. What says your highness to my just request?
K. Rich. I do remember me, — Henry the Sixth
Did prophesy, that Richmond should be king,[24]
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.
A king! — perhaps[25] —
Buck. My lord, —
K. Rich. How chance, the prophet could not at that time
Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?
Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom, —
K. Rich. Richmond! — When last I was at Exeter,
The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle,
And call'd it — Rougemont:[26] at which name I started,
Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.
Buck. My lord, —
K. Rich. Ay; what 's o'clock?
Buck. I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
Of what you promis'd me.
K. Rich. Well, but what 's o'clock?
Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.
K. Rich. Well, let it strike.
Buck. Why, let it strike?
K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack,[27] thou keep'st the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giving vein to-day.
Buck. Why, then resolve me whether you will, or no.
K. Rich. Thou troublest me: I am not in the vein.
[Exeunt King Richard *and Train.*
Buck. And is it thus? repays he my deep service
With such contempt?[28] made I him king for this?
O! let me think on Hastings, and be gone
To Brecknock,[29] while my fearful head is on. *[Exit.*

SCENE III.

The Same.

Enter Tyrrel.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The most arch deed of piteous massacre,
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless[1] butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melted with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like to children in their death's sad story.
»Oh! thus,« quoth Dighton, »lay the gentle babes,« —
»Thus, thus,« quoth Forrest, »girdling one another
Within their alabaster innocent arms:
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
And, in their summer beauty,[2] kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;
Which once,« quoth Forrest, »almost chang'd my mind;
But, O! the devil« — there the villain stopp'd;
When Dighton thus told on, — »We smothered
The most replenished[3] sweet work of nature,
That, from the prime creation, e'er she fram'd.«
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse:
They could not speak; and so I left them both,
To bear this tidings to the bloody king.

Enter King Richard.

And here he comes. — All health, my sovereign lord!
K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy news?
Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done.
K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead?
Tyr. I did, my lord.
K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

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shall, my lord. 22) Die Qs. *demand;* ebenso weiterhin, in Buckingham's Rede. — In der folgenden Zeile haben die Qs. *pass* für *rest.* 23) Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 1, wo Gloster sagt *when I am king, claim thou of me* || *The earldom of Hereford, and all the moveables etc.* — In den Qs. *The which you promised I should possess,* und vorher *your gift.* 24) Diese Prophezeiung findet sich in K. Henry VI. Third Part (A. 4, Sc. 6). — Sh. vergass jedoch, dass Richard in jener Scene nicht zugegen war, wie er doch gleich nachher sagt *I being by.* — Die Qs. haben *As I remember, Henry the sixth.* 25) Das Folgende bis zu Buckingham's Worten inclusive *Why, then resolve me whether you will, or no,* findet sich nur in den Qs. und ist zuerst von Pope dem Text wieder einverleibt. — Die Fol. hat dafür nur die eine Zeile: Buck. *May it please you to resolve me in my suit.* — Die Qs. setzen *perhaps* zweimal. 26) In Hooker's Beschreibung der Stadt Exeter kommt dieses Schloss vor: *a very old and ancient castle, named Rugemont; that is to say, the red Hill, taking that name of the red soil or earth whereupon it is situated.* — Sh. sprach *Rugemont* und *Richmond* wahrscheinlich ziemlich gleich aus. 27) d. h. *Jack o' the clock,* wie es in K. Richard II. (A. 5, Sc. 5) vorkommt: eine automatische Figur, die, äusserlich an der Thurmuhr angebracht, den Arm erhob und dann zuschlug, wenn die Stunde vorüber war. So fordert Richard den Buckingham auf, ein Ende zu machen und ihn nicht länger in seinen Gedanken zu stören. 28) Die Qs. haben *Is it even so? rewards he my true service* || *With such deep contempt?* 29) Das Schloss Brecknock in Wales, wo Buckingham's Besitzungen lagen und er sich sicher glaubte.

1) Die Fol. und die späteren Qs. haben *ruthful,* die beiden ersten Qs. *To do this ruthless piece of butchery.* — In der ersten Zeile dieser Rede haben die Qs. *deed* für *act,* und dann in der zweiten *arch act* für *arch deed.* — Fernere Varianten der Qs. sind: *although* für *albeit* — *melting* für *melted* — *kind* für *mild* — *two children* für *to children.* 2) In der vollen Pracht, mit der die Rosen im Sommer sich entfalten. — Für *and* haben die Qs. *which.* — Vier Zeilen vorher haben die Qs. *those tender babes,* und zwei Zeilen vorher stellen sie *alabaster innocent* um. — Qs. und Fol. schreiben *alablaster.* 3) *replenished* = vollständig, vollendet.

Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;
But where, to say the truth,[4] I do not know.
K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon, at after-supper,[5]
When thou shalt tell the process of their death.
Meantime, but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.[6]
Farewell till then.
Tyr. I humbly take my leave.[7] *[Exit.*
K. Rich. The son of Clarence have I pent up close;
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage;
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
And Anne, my wife, hath bid this world good night.
Now, for I know the Bretagne Richmond[8] aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter CATESBY.

Cates. My lord! —
K. Rich. Good or bad news, that thou com'st in so bluntly?
Cates. Bad news, my lord: Morton is fled to Richmond;
And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.
K. Rich. Ely[9] with Richmond troubles me more near,
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.
Come; I have learn'd, that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay;[10]
Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary:
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king.[11]
Go, muster men: my counsel is my shield;[12]
We must be brief, when traitors brave the field. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Before the Palace.

Enter Queen MARGARET.

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
Here in these confines slily have I lurk'd,
To watch the waning of mine enemies.
A dire induction[1] am I witness to,
And will to France; hoping, the consequence
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret: who comes here?
[Retiring.

Enter Queen ELIZABETH *and the Duchess of* YORK.

Q. Eliz. Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender babes!
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation.
Q. Mar. Hover about her; say, that right for right[2]
Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.[3]
Duch. So many miseries have craz'd my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute. —
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?
Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet;
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.
Q. Eliz. Wilt thou, O God! fly from such gentle lambs,
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
When didst thou sleep,[4] when such a deed was done?
Q. Mar. When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.
Duch. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal living ghost,
Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,[5]
[Sitting down.
Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood!
Q. Eliz. Ah! that thou wouldst as soon afford a grave,
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat;[6]
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here!
Ah! who hath any cause to mourn but we?
[Sitting down by her.
Q. Mar. *[Coming forward.]* If ancient sorrow be most reverend,
Give mine the benefit of seniory,[7]
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.[8]
If sorrow can admit society, *[Sitting down with them.*
Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine: —
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
I had a Henry,[9] till a Richard kill'd him;

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4) *but how, or in what place* haben die Qs. 5) So die Qs., die Fol. *soon and after supper.* 6) Setze Dich in Besitz dessen, was Dein Begehr ist. 7) Die Qs. lassen diese Worte aus. 8) Richmond hatte sich nach der Schlacht bei Tewksbury nach der Bretagne geflüchtet, wo er am Hofe des Herzogs lebte. — Für *Bretagne* setzen die alten Ausgg. *Brittaine* und *Britain*, Capell aber *Breton.* — Zwei Zeilen weiter haben die Qs. *ore the crown.* 9) d. h. Morton, der Bischof von Ely. — Die Qs. haben schon vorher *Ely is fled to Richmond.* 10) Eine ängstliche Besprechung und Betrachtung widriger Ereignisse dient nur zur stumpfen Säumniss, und auf die Säumniss folgt lahme und schneckengleich schleichende Bettelhaftigkeit. 11) Eine feurige Thatkraft ist für einen König ein Herold gleich dem Mercur, dem Götterboten des Jupiter. 12) Statt langer Berathungen greife ich zum Schilde.

1) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1, Anm. 10. — In der vorigen Zeile haben die Qs. *mine adversaries.* 2) *right for right* ist die gerechte Vergeltung des Gleichen mit Gleichem, dasselbe was Sh. sonst als *measure for measure* bezeichnet. 3) Von den folgenden fünf Versen setzen die Qs. die drei ersten hinter die zweitfolgende Rede der Elisabeth, welche schliesst — — *to mourn but we* und lassen die zwei folgenden Verse ganz aus. 4) Wann schliefst Du jemals, wann verhieltest Du Dich jemals unthätig, da solch eine That begangen wurde, wie die Ermordung meiner Kinder? — Manche Hgg. lesen mit der zweiten Fol. von 1632: *why didst thou sleep.* 5) So in Titus Andronicus (A. 4, Sc. 2) *let her rest in her unrest awhile.* — Die vorige Zeile fehlt in den Qs. 6) Die Königin Elisabeth redet die Erde Englands, von der die Herzogin in der dritten Person gesprochen, hier direct an, ohne sie namhaft zu machen. — Zwei Zeilen weiter haben die Qs. *but I* für *but we* der Fol. 7) *seniory*, in der Fol. *signeurie*, in den Qs. *signorie* geschrieben, gebraucht Sh. hier in ungewöhnlichem Sinne für *seniority* = Recht des Aelteren. — *senior* und *signior* wird in den alten Drucken beständig verwechselt. 8) Meinem Schmerze gebührt der Vorrang vor dem Eurigen. — Die Qs. *woes* für *griefs.* — Die Interpunction der Fol. verbindet diesen Vers mit dem folgenden, da der zweitfolgende Vers *Tell o'er your woes etc.* sich nur in den Qs. findet. 9) Die

Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.
Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him;
I had a Rutland too; thou holp'st[10] to kill him.
Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him.
From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death:
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,[11]
To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood:
That foul defacer of God's handy-work,[12]
That excellent grand-tyrant of the earth,
That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,
Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves. —
O! upright, just, and true-disposing God,
How do I thank thee, that this carnal[13] cur
Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
And makes her pew-fellow[14] with others' moan!
Duch. O, Harry's wife! triumph not in my woes:
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.
Q. Mar. Bear with me: I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward;
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;
Young York he is but boot,[15] because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loss.
Thy Clarence he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward;
And the beholders of this frantic play,[16]
The adulterate[17] Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer,[18]
Only reserv'd their factor, to buy souls,
And send them thither; but at hand, at hand,
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,
To have him suddenly convey'd from hence. —
Cancel his bond of life, dear God! I pray,
That I may live and say,[19] the dog is dead.
Q. Eliz. O! thou didst prophesy, the time would come,
That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottled spider,[20] that foul bunchback'd toad.
Q. Mar. I call'd thee then vain flourish of my fortune;
I call'd thee then poor shadow, painted queen;
The presentation of but what I was;[21]
The flattering index[22] of a direful pageant;
One heav'd o' high, to be hurl'd down below;
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;
A dream of what thou wast; a garish flag,[23]
To be the aim of every dangerous shot;
A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?
Where be thy two sons? wherein dost thou joy?
Who sues, and kneels, and says — God save the queen?
Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee?
Decline[24] all this, and see what now thou art.
For happy wife, a most distressed widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For one being sued to, one that humbly sues;
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care;
For she that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;[25]
For she being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
For she commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the curse of justice whirl'd about,[26]
And left thee but a very prey to time;
Having no more but thought of what thou wast,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
Now thy proud neck bears half my burden'd yoke;
From which, even here, I slip my wearied head,
And leave the burden of it all on thee.
Farewell, York's wife, and queen of sad mischance:
These English woes shall make me smile in France.
Q. Eliz. O thou! well skill'd in curses, stay awhile,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Qs. lesen *I had a Richard*, wofür Malone, der Geschichte gemäss, *Henry* setzte; die Fol. hat *I had a husband*, obwohl ein Eigenname zu erwarten ist. Möglich jedoch, dass Sh. selbst schrieb, wie die Qs. lesen, und über der beabsichtigten Antithese von *I had etc.* und *Thou hadst etc.* den eigentlichen Namen, den Margarethe im Sinne hatte, hier ausser Acht liess. 10) Die beiden ersten Qs. und die Fol. haben den Druckfehler *hop'st*. 11) Richard hatte, wie mehrfach erzählt, die Zähne mit auf die Welt gebracht, während seine Augen sich natürlich erst nach seiner Geburt öffneten. 12) Die beiden folgenden Zeilen finden sich, jedoch umgestellt, nur in der Fol. — *grand-tyrant* = Grosstyrann, Obertyrann, ist als Compositum zu fassen. 13) *carnal*, hier = nach Menschenfleisch begierig. 14) *pew-fellow* = Genosse, Gefährte. So in Webster's Northward Hoe: *he would make him pew-fellow with a lord's steward at least.* 15) Der junge Herzog von York, den Richard eben im Tower hatte umbringen lassen, ist nur eine Zugabe zu seinem älteren Bruder Eduard und zu seinem Vater Eduard IV., weil der Tod dieser Beiden allein nicht als Aequivalent für den Sohn der Margarethe *(my Edward)* gelten könnte. — Die Fol. hat *matcht* für das *match* der Qs. — Zwei Zeilen vorher haben die Qs. *stabb'd* und zwei Zeilen weiter *kill'd*. 16) Die Qs. haben *tragic* für *frantic*. 17) *adulterate* = ehebrecherisch, heisst Hastings wegen des Verkehrs mit der Mistress Shore. Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1, Anm. 18. 18) Die Hölle bedient sich Richard's, um durch ihn Kundschaft zu erhalten, wo sie Seelen gewinnen kann. 19) *live to say* in den Qs. 20) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 3, Anm. 54. 21) Ein blosses Abbild dessen nur, was ich wirklich war. 22) Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 2, Anm. 35. 23) Die Qs. haben statt dieser Zeile zwei: *A dream of which thou wert, a breath, a bubble,* || *A sign of dignity, a garish flag*, und lassen dann die zweitfolgende Zeile aus. 24) *decline* erklärt Malone mit *run through all this from first to the last* und citirt dazu Troilus and Cressida (A. 2, Sc. 3) *I'll decline the whole question.* — Vielleicht gebraucht Sh. aber den eigentlichen grammatischen Sinn des Wortes hier = umbeugen, umändern, wie das Substantiv in der Declination gebeugt wird. — Einige Zeilen vorher haben die Qs. *thy children* für *thy two sons* und *who sues to thee and cries* für *who sues and kneels and says* der Fol. 25) Die Qs. haben hier und in der zweitfolgenden Zeile *for one* für das *for she* der Fol. — Der folgende Vers fehlt in den Qs. 26) So in Love's Labour's Lost (A. 4, Sc. 3) *And justice always whirls in equal measure*, und in K. Henry VI. First Part (A. 1, Sc. 5) *My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel.* — Die Qs. haben *wheel'd* für *whirl'd*. — Sieben Zeilen weiter haben die Qs. *weary neck* für *wearied head*. 27) *fast* ist Imperativ, wie *forbear*. — Die ersten Qs. lesen *nights*

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day;[27]
Compare dead happiness with living woe;[28]
Think that thy babes were fairer than they were,
And he that slew them fouler than he is:
Bettering thy loss makes the bad-causer worse:[29]
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.
Q. Eliz. My words are dull; O! quicken them with thine!
Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce like mine. *[Exit.*
Duch. Why should calamity be full of words?
Q. Eliz. Windy attorneys[30] to their client woes,
Airy succeeders of intestate[31] joys,
Poor breathing orators of miseries!
Let them have scope: though what they do impart
Help nothing else,[32] yet do they ease the heart.
Duch. If so, then be not tongue-tied: go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let 's smother
My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.
[A trumpet heard.
The trumpet sounds:[33] be copious in exclaims.

Enter King Richard, *and his Train, marching.*

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedition?[34]
Duch. O! she that might have intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed womb,
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done.
Q. Eliz. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crown,
Where should be branded,[35] if that right were right,
The slaughter of the prince that ow'd that crown,
And the dire death of my poor sons and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children?
Duch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother Clarence,
And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?
Q. Eliz. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?[36]
Duch. Where is kind Hastings?
K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets! — strike alarum, drums!
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed. Strike, I say! —
[Flourish. Alarums.
Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.
Duch. Art thou my son?
K. Rich. Ay; I thank God, my father, and yourself.
Duch. Then patiently hear my impatience.
K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,[37]
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.
Duch. O! let me speak.[38]
K. Rich. Do, then; but I 'll not hear.
Duch. I will be mild and gentle in my words.
K. Rich. And brief, good mother; for I am in haste.
Duch. Art thou so hasty? I have stay'd for thee,
God knows, in torment and in agony.
K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?
Duch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.
A grievous burden was thy birth to me;
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild and furious;
Thy prime of manhood daring, bold and venturous;
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody,[39]
More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred:[40]
What comfortable hour canst thou name,
That ever grac'd[41] me with thy company?
K. Rich. 'Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour, that call'd your grace
To breakfast once, forth of my company.[42]
If I be so disgracious in your eye,
Let me march on, and not offend you, Madam. —
Strike up the drum!
Duch. I pr'ythee, hear me speak.
K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.
Duch. Hear me a word;
For I shall never speak to thee again.
K. Rich. So.
Duch. Either thou wilt die by God's just ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,
And never more behold thy face[43] again.
Therefore, take with thee my most grievous curse;
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more
Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st!
My prayers on the adverse party fight;

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und *days.* 28) *dead happiness* = das Glück der Todten, das Glück todt zu sein, ist dem *living woe* = das Elend der Lebendigen, das Elend zu leben, gegenübergestellt. — In der folgenden Zeile hat die Fol. *sweeter* für das *fairer* der Qs. 29) Indem Du Dir Deinen Verlust vergrösserst, erscheint Dir der Urheber Deines Uebels noch übler als sonst. 30) *windy attorneys* bezieht sich auf das vorhergehende *words:* die Worte sind windige, nur aus blossem Hauch bestehende Anwalte für die Leiden, die ihre Clienten sind. 31) *intestate* ist die Lesart der Qs., für die das *intestine* der Fol. nur ein Druckfehler sein kann: die Worte sind luftige, unwesentliche Erben von Freuden, die ohne Hinterlassenschaft gestorben sind. — Wie *windy* wird auch *airy* und *poor breathing* doppelsinnig gebraucht. 32) *help not at all* in den Qs. 33) Die Qs. haben dafür *I hear his drum* und lassen demnach Richard auftreten *marching, with drums and trumpets.* 34) Die Qs. lassen *me in* aus. 35) Die Qs. *graven.* — Dagegen liest die Fol. *where 't* und schliesst den Satz mit *right.* 36) Die Qs. haben *Where is kind Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey* und lassen dann die folgende Zeile aus. 37) Ich habe einen Zug von Eurer Gemüthsart in mir. 38) Diese Rede und die folgende sind nur in der Fol. 39) *thy age confirmed* = Dein reiferes Alter war stolz u. s. w.— Die Qs. lesen *proud, subtle, bloody, treacherous* und lassen den folgenden Vers aus. 40) *kind in hatred:* unter äusserlicher Freundlichkeit barg sich innerer Hass. 41) *to grace* = zur Freude oder Zierde gereichen. — *in thy company* in den Qs. 42) *Humphrey Hour* ist wahrscheinlich eine scherzhafte Anspielung auf die in Sh.'s Zeit und später gebräuchliche Redensart: *to dine with Duke Humphrey* = sich ohne Mittagsessen behelfen, so bezeichnet von dem Duke Humphrey's Walk genannten Seitengange der Londoner Paulskirche, in welchem die Leute, die keines Mittagsmahls theilhaft werden konnten, um die Stunde spazieren zu gehen pflegten. Daher nennt Richard als die einzige Stunde, wo er seiner Mutter Freude gemacht, die Essensstunde, wo sie einmal, um ihr Mahl einzunehmen, seine Gesellschaft verlassen habe. — In der folgenden Zeile haben die Qs. *sight* für *eye* und fahren dann fort: *Let me march on, and not offend your grace.* || Duch. *O! hear me speak, for I shall never see thee more.* || K. Rich. *Come, come, you are too bitter.* || Duch. *Either thou wilt etc.* 43) Die Qs.

And there the little souls of Edward's children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them success and victory.
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;
Shame serves thy life,[44] and doth thy death attend. *[Exit.*
Q. Eliz. Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to curse
Abides in me: I say amen to her.[45] *[Going.*
K. Rich. Stay, Madam, I must talk a word with you.
Q. Eliz. I have no more sons of the royal blood
For thee to slaughter:[46] for my daughters, Richard,
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;
And therefore level not to hit their lives.
K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.
Q. Eliz. And must she die for this? O! let her live,
And I 'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty;
Slander myself as false to Edward's bed;
Throw over her the veil of infamy:
So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.
K. Rich. Wrong not her birth; she is a royal princess.[47]
Q. Eliz. To save her life, I 'll say she is not so.
K. Rich. Her life is safest only in her birth.
Q. Eliz. And only in that safety died her brothers.
K. Rich. Lo! at their birth good stars were opposite.[48]
Q. Eliz. No, to their lives ill friends were contrary.
K. Rich. All unavoided[49] is the doom of destiny.
Q. Eliz. True, when avoided grace makes destiny.
My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,
If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.[50]
K. Rich. You speak, as if that I had slain my cousins.
Q. Eliz. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd[51]
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.
Whose hands soever lanc'd their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction:[52]
No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt,
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,[53]
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.
But that still use of grief[54] makes wild grief tame,
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys,
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;
And I, in such a desperate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.
K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise,
And dangerous success of bloody wars,[55]
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd!
Q. Eliz. What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,
To be discover'd, that can do me good?
K. Rich. The advancement of your children, gentle lady.
Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads?
K. Rich. Unto the dignity and height of fortune,[56]
The high imperial type of this earth's glory.[57]
Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrow with report of it:
Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise[58] to any child of mine?
K. Rich. Even all I have; ay, and myself and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine;
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs,
Which thou supposest I have done to thee.
Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.
K. Rich. Then know, that from my soul I love thy daughter.
Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.
K. Rich. What do you think?
Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter from thy soul.[59]
So, from thy soul's love, didst thou love her brothers;
And from my heart's love I do thank thee for it.
K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning.
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her queen of England.
Q. Eliz. Well then, who dost thou mean shall be her king?
K. Rich. Even he that makes her queen: who else should be?
Q. Eliz. What! thou?[60]
K. Rich. Even so: how think you of it?
Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her?
K. Rich. That I would learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.
Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me?
K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart.
Q. Eliz. Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave
Edward and York; then, haply, will she weep:
Therefore present to her — as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood, —

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look upon für *more behold*, und in der folgenden Zeile *heavy curse*. 44) Die Schmach folgt Dir durch's Leben wie ein Diener, und begleitet Dich auch in den Tod. 45) Statt selbst zu fluchen, begnügt sich Elisabeth, zu den Flüchen der Margarethe ihr Amen zu sprechen. — Die Qs. haben *to all* für *to her*. — In der folgenden Zeile haben die Qs. *speak* für *talk*. 46) Die Qs. haben *murder*. 47) *she is of royal blood* in den Qs. 48) Richard giebt den Tod seiner beiden Neffen den ungünstigen Gestirnen Schuld, die bei ihrer Geburt eingewirkt haben. — *births* in den Qs. 49) Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 1, Anm. 15. — Dem *unavoided* stellt Elisabeth dann *avoided grace* = die Frömmigkeit, welche von Richard beseitigt ist, also = Gottlosigkeit, entgegen. 50) Die folgenden vierzehn Zeilen bis *rocky bosom* fehlen in den Qs. 51) Das Wortspiel zwischen *cousin*, hier = Neffe, und *to cozen* = prellen um Etwas, hat Sh. auch in Merry Wives of Windsor (A. 4, Sc. 5) *there is three cousin-germans, that has cozened all the hosts of Readings etc.* 52) Dein Kopf gab, auf hinterlistige Weise, dazu Anweisung. So in K. John (A. 3, Sc. 1) *though indirect,* || *Yet indirection thereby grows direct.* 53) So in K. Henry IV. Second Part (A. 4, Sc. 4) *Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,* || *Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart.* 54) *still use* = fortwährender Gebrauch, ist eine Zusammenstellung des Adverbiums mit dem Substantiv, wie Sh. auch andere hat; so *seldom pleasure* in den Sonnets (52). 55) Die Qs. haben *Madam, so thrive I in my dangerous attempt of hostile arms.* 56) Die Qs. *honour* für *fortune*. 57) Richard bezeichnet die Krone hier als das königliche Abbild oder Emblem aller Herrlichkeit dieser Welt. — In der folgenden Zeile haben die Qs. *sorrows* für *sorrow*. 58) *to demise to* = übertragen auf Jemanden. 59) Richard fasst *from my soul* = aus ganzer Seele. Elisabeth fasst es = fern von, ausser der Seele, und fügt deshalb als Gegensatz *with her soul* hinzu.

A handkerchief,[61] which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet brothers' body,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;[62]
Tell her, thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers; ay, and, for her sake,
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.
K. Rich. You mock me, Madam; this is not the way
To win your daughter.
Q. Eliz. There is no other way,
Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.[63]
K. Rich. Say, that I did all this for love of her?
Q. Eliz. Nay, then indeed, she cannot choose but hate thee,[64]
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.[65]
K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now amended:
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent:
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends I 'll give it to your daughter.
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,
To quicken your increase, I will beget
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter.
A grandam's name is little less in love
Than is the doting title of a mother:
They are as children but one step below,
Even of your mettle, of your very blood;
Of all one pain — save for a night of groans
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.[66]
Your children were vexation to your youth;
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss you have is but a son being king,
And by that loss your daughter is made queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset, your son, that with a fearful soul
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions and great dignity:
The king, that calls your beauteous daughter wife,
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother;
Again shall you be mother to a king,
And all the ruins of distressful times
Repair'd with double riches of content.
What! we have many goodly days to see:
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed,
Shall come again transform'd to orient pearl,
Advantaging their loan[67] with interest
Of ten times double gain of happiness.
Go then, my mother; to thy daughter go:
Make bold her bashful years with your experience;
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;
Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame
Of golden sovereignty; acquaint the princess
With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys:
And when this arm of mine hath chastised
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;
To whom I will retail[68] my conquest won,
And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.
Q. Eliz. What were I best to say? her father's brother
Would be her lord? or shall I say, her uncle?
Or he that slew her brothers and her uncles?
Under what title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the law, my honour, and her love,
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?
K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.
Q. Eliz. Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.
K. Rich. Tell her, the king, that may command, entreats.
Q. Eliz. That at her hands, which the kings' King forbids.[69]
K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.
Q. Eliz. To wail[70] the title, as her mother doth.
K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.
Q. Eliz. But how long shall that title, ever, last?
K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.
Q. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?
K. Rich. As long as heaven, and nature, lengthens it.
Q. Eliz. As long as hell, and Richard, likes of it.
K. Rich. Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject low.[71]
Q. Eliz. But she, your subject, loathes such sovereignty.
K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.
Q. Eliz. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.
K. Rich. Then plainly to her tell[72] my loving tale.
Q. Eliz. Plain, and not honest, is too harsh a style.
K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.
Q. Eliz. O, no, my reasons are too deep and dead; —
Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.

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60) Die Qs. lassen diese Worte aus und geben das Folgende so: *I, even I: what think you of it, Madam?* 61) Die folgenden anderthalb Verse fehlen in den Qs. 62) Die Qs. *a story of thy noble acts.* — Die Qs. haben ebenvorher *dry* für *wipe*, und *force* für *move*. 63) Die folgenden 55 Verse bis zu *her tender years* sind nur in der Fol. 64) *hate* ist der natürliche Gegensatz zu *love*, das in der vorigen Zeile wie in der folgenden vorkommt. — Tyrwhitt wollte dafür, ironisch verstanden, *love thee*, M. Mason, ebenso ironisch, *have thee* lesen. 65) *spoil* erklärt Johnson mit *waste, havock;* es ist wohl eher = die blutige Beute, der blutige Gewinn, den Richard seiner Braut in dem Tode ihrer Brüder darbringt. 66) Nur die schmerzensvolle Nacht der Geburtswehen wird Euch bei den Enkeln erspart; diese wird, statt von Euch, von Eurer Tochter erduldet, für die Ihr einst gleichen Schmerz aushieltet. — *endured of* steht für *endured by*, und *bid* ist Präteritum von *to bide* für *to abide*. 67) *loan*, wahrscheinlich *lone* in der Handschrift, verbesserte Theobald das *love* (d. h. *Loue*) der Fol. — Die kostbaren Perlen verhalten sich zu den Thränen, aus denen sie entstanden, wie zwanzigfache Zinsen eines Glücksgewinnes zu dem Anlehen oder Einsatz. 68) *to retail* erklärt Malone mit *to recount, to relate;* Steevens wohl richtiger mit *to transmit*, eigentlich = aus einer Hand in die andere bringen. Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 1, Anm. 14. 69) Dass der König das aus ihrer Hand erbittet, was Gott, der König der Könige, verbietet. — Die Hgg. schreiben *the king's King*, mit Beziehung auf *the king* in der vorhergehenden Zeile. — Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 1: *Lest he that is the supreme King of kings || Confound your hidden falsehood.* 70) So die Qs. Die Fol. *to vail.* 71) Die Qs. *her subject love.* 72) Die Qs. *Then in plain terms tell her etc.* 73) Die Fol. setzt irrthümlich die folgende Zeile vor diese und verbindet sie mit der vorigen Rede der Elisabeth. — Q. A. hat allein das Richtige. — *quick* fasst Richard

K. Rich. Harp not on that string, Madam; that is past.[73]
Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I, till heartstrings break.
K. Rich. Now, by my George, my garter, and my crown, —
Q. Eliz. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.[74]
K. Rich. I swear —
Q. Eliz. By nothing; for this is no oath.
Thy George, profan'd, hath lost his holy[75] honour;
Thy garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;
Thy crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory.
If something thou wouldst swear to be believ'd,
Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.[76]
K. Rich. Now, by the world, —
Q. Eliz. 'T is full of thy foul wrongs.
K. Rich. My father's death, —
Q. Eliz. Thy life hath it dishonour'd.
K. Rich. Then, by myself, —
Q. Eliz. Thyself is self-misus'd.[77]
K. Rich. Why then, by God, —
Q. Eliz. God's wrong is most of all.
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him,[78]
The unity, the king my husband made,
Thou hadst not broken, nor my brothers died.
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him,
The imperial metal, circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my child;
And both the princes had been breathing here,
Which now, two tender bedfellows[79] for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made the prey for worms.
What canst thou swear by now?[80]
K. Rich. The time to come.
Q. Eliz. That thou hast wronged in the time o'erpast;
For I myself have many tears to wash
Hereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.[81]
The children live, whose fathers thou hast slaughter'd,
Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age:[82]
The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher'd,
Old barren plants, to wail it with their age.
Swear not by time to come; for that thou hast
Misus'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd o'erpast.[83]
K. Rich. As I intend to prosper, and repent,
So thrive I in my dangerous affairs[84]
Of hostile arms! myself myself confound!
Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours![85]
Day, yield me not thy light, nor, night, thy rest!
Be opposite all planets of good luck
To my proceeding, if, with dear[86] heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!
In her consists my happiness and thine:
Without her, follows to myself, and thee,
Herself, the land, and many a christian soul,
Death, desolation, ruin, and decay:[87]
It cannot be avoided but by this;
It will not be avoided but by this.
Therefore, dear mother (I must call you so),
Be the attorney of my love to her.
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:
Urge the necessity and state of times,
And be not peevish-fond in great designs.[88]
Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?
K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.
Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myself to be myself?
K. Rich. Ay, if yourself's remembrance wrong yourself.
Q. Eliz. Yet thou didst kill my children.
K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I bury them:
Where, in that nest of spicery,[89] they will breed
Selves of themselves to your recomforture.
Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?
K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.
Q. Eliz. I go. — Write to me very shortly,
And you shall understand from me her mind.[90]
K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss, and so farewell.
[Kissing her. Exit Q. Elizabeth.
Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman!
How now? what news?

Enter Ratcliff; Catesby *following.*

Rat. Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast
Rideth a puissant navy; to our shores
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back.
'T is thought that Richmond is their admiral;
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.
K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the duke of Norfolk: —
Ratcliff, thyself, — or Catesby; where is he?

= improvisirt, unüberlegt, Elisabeth aber = lebendig. 74) *profan'd* bezieht sich auf *my George* = das Bild des heil. Georg, das Richard auf der Brust trägt, *dishonour'd* auf *my garter* = Hosenbandorden, und *usurp'd* auf *my crown.* 75) *holy honour*, wie die Qs. lesen, passt besser zu dem heil. Georg; die Fol. liest, wahrscheinlich durch die Theatercensur veranlasst, *lordly honour.* 76) In den folgenden Wechselreden ist die Anordnung der Qs. als die vorzüglichere beibehalten. — In der Fol. schwört Richard nacheinander: *Then by myself — Now by the world — My father's death — Why, then, by Heaven.* 77) Die Qs. haben *Thyself thyself misusest.* 78) So die Qs. Die Fol., abweichend von ihrem Verse drei Zeilen weiter, hat hier *If thou didst fear to break an oath with him.* — Die folgenden Zeilen lauten in den Qs. *The unity, the king my brother made,* || *Had not been broken, nor my brother slain.* 79) *play-fellows* in den Qs. und *a prey* in der folgenden Zeile. 80) Diese Frage ist nur in der Fol. — Die Qs. haben dann *By the time etc.* 81) *Hereafter time, for time by the past wrong'd* in den Qs., die in der folgenden Zeile *parents* für *fathers* haben. 82) So die Qs. — Die Fol. hat *with their age.* — Zwei Zeilen weiter *old wither'd plants* in den Qs. 83) *times o'erpast* ist der Gegensatz zu *time to come.* — Die Fol. hat den Druckfehler *repast* für *o'erpast.* 84) Die Qs. *attempt* für *affairs.* 85) Dieser Vers ist nur in der Fol. 86) Die Qs. *pure* für *dear*, also dasselbe, was gleich nachher *immaculate.* 87) Die letzten drei Verse lauten in den Qs. *Without her, follows to this land and me,* || *To thee, herself, and many a Chri tian soul,* || *Sad desolation, ruin, and decay.* 88) Die Qs. *be not peevish, fond;* die Fol. *peevish found.* 89) Eine Anspielung auf das aus kostbarem Gewürze gebaute Nest, in welchem der Phönix, da er sich verbrennt, aus der Asche neu ersteht, ein neues Selbst aus seinem Selbst erzeugt. 90) Diese Zeile ist nur in der Fol.; ebenso das bald folgende *How now? what news?* — Die Bühnenweisung *Kissing her* rührt von Johnson her. 91) So

Cates. Here, my good lord.
K. Rich. Catesby, fly to the duke.
Cates. I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.
K. Rich. Ratcliff,[91] come hither. Post to Salisbury:
When thou com'st thither, — *[To* Cates.*]* Dull, unmindful villain,
Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke?
Cates. First, mighty liege, tell me your highness' pleasure,
What from your grace I shall deliver to him.
K. Rich. O! true, good Catesby. — Bid him levy straight
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.
Cates. I go. *[Exit.*
Rat. What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury?
K. Rich. Why, what wouldst thou do there, before I go?
Rat. Your highness told me, I should post before.

Enter Stanley.

K. Rich. My mind is chang'd.[92] — Stanley, what news with you?
Stan. None good, my liege, to please you with the hearing;
Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.[93]
K. Rich. Heyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad?
What need'st thou run so many miles about,
When thou may'st tell thy tale the nearest way?
Once more, what news?
Stan. Richmond is on the seas.
K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on him!
White-liver'd[94] runagate! what doth he there?
Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.
K. Rich. Well, as you guess?
Stan. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,
He makes for England, here to claim the crown.
K. Rich. Is the chair empty? is the sword[95] unsway'd?
Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd?
What heir of York is there alive, but we?
And who is England's king, but great York's heir?
Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas?
Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.
K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your liege,
You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.
Stan. No, my good lord;[96] therefore mistrust me not.
K. Rich. Where is thy power then to beat him back?
Where be thy tenants, and thy followers?
Are they not now upon the western shore,
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?
Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.
K. Rich. Cold friends to me: what do they in the north,
When they should serve their sovereign in the west?
Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty king.
Pleaseth your majesty to give me leave,
I 'll muster up my friends, and meet your grace,
Where, and what time, your majesty shall please.
K. Rich. Ay, ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with Richmond:
But I 'll not trust thee.[97]
Stan. Most mighty sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful.
I never was, nor never will be false.
K. Rich. Go then, and muster men: but leave behind
Your son, George Stanley. Look your heart[98] be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.
Stan. So deal with him, as I prove true to you. *[Exit.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am well advertised,
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate,
Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,
With many more confederates, are in arms.

Enter Another Messenger.

2. *Mess.* In Kent, my liege, the Guildfords are in arms;
And every hour more competitors[99]
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

Enter a Third Messenger.

3. *Mess.* My lord, the army of great Buckingham —
K. Rich. Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of death?
[He strikes him.
There, take thou that, till thou bring better news.
3. *Mess.* The news I have to tell your majesty[100]
Is, that by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd;
And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.
K. Rich. I cry thee mercy:
There is my purse, to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?
3. *Mess.* Such proclamation hath been made, my lord.

Enter a Fourth Messenger.

4. *Mess.* Sir Thomas Lovel, and lord marquess Dorset,
'T is said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms:
But this good comfort bring I to your highness, —
The Bretagne navy is dispers'd by tempest.
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat

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verbesserte Rowe das *Catesby* der Fol., welche allein diese drei Worte, sowie die vorhergehende Zeile enthält. 92) Die Qs. haben *My mind is chang'd, sir; my mind is chang'd;* || *How now, what news with you?* Ebenso weiterhin *Well, sir, as you guess, as you guess?* 93) Die Qs. *but it may well be told,* und drei Zeilen weiter *a nearer way.* 94) Die blutlose, weisse Leber als Symptom der Feigheit kommt auch in den Sh.'schen Epithetis *milk-livered* und *lily-livered* vor. 95) *sword* ist hier das Reichsschwert, ein Emblem der königlichen Würde. 96) Die Qs. *No, mighty liege.* 97) Die Qs. *I will not trust you, sir,* und in Richard's nächster Rede: *Well, go, muster men. But, hear, you leave behind etc.* 98) *your faith* in den Qs. — *your heart* steht im Gegensatz zu *his head.* 99) *competitor* = Genosse, Mitstrebender. — Die Qs. haben in der folgenden Zeile *Flock to their aid, and still their power increaseth,* und weiterhin *the duke of Buckingham* für *great Buckingham* der Fol. 100) Die Qs. haben das Folgende so: *Your grace mistakes; the news I bring is good:* || *My news is that by sudden flood and fall of water* || *The duke of Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd;* || *And he himself fled, no man knows whither.* || K. Rich. *O! I cry you mercy, I did mistake.* || *Ratcliffe, reward*

Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks,
If they were his assistants, yea, or no;
Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham
Upon his party: he, mistrusting them,
Hois'd sail, and made his course again for Bretagne.
K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in arms;
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Enter CATESBY.

Cates. My liege, the duke of Buckingham is taken;
That is the best news. That the earl of Richmond
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford,
Is colder news, but yet they must be told.
K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury! while we reason here,
A royal battle might be won and lost.[101] —
Some one take order, Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury: the rest march on with me. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Room in Lord STANLEY's House.

Enter STANLEY *and Sir* CHRISTOPHER URSWICK.

Stan. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me: —
That, in the sty of the most bloody boar,
My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold:[1]
If I revolt, off goes young George's head;
The fear of that holds off[2] my present aid.
So, get thee gone: commend me to thy lord.
Withal, say, that the queen hath heartily consented,
He should espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now?
Chris. At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west, in Wales.
Stan. What men of name resort to him?
Chris. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier,
Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley;
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew;
And many other of great name[3] and worth:
And towards London do they bend their power,
If by the way they be not fought withal.
Stan. Well, hie thee to thy lord; I kiss his hand;
My letter will resolve him of my mind.
Farewell. *[Giving papers to Sir* CHRISTOPHER.
[Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Salisbury. An open Place.

Enter the Sheriff, and Guard, with BUCKINGHAM, *led to execution.*

Buck. Will not king Richard let me speak with him?
Sher. No, my good lord; therefore be patient.
Buck. Hastings, and Edward's children, Grey, and Rivers,[1]
Holy king Henry, and thy fair son Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
By underhand corrupted foul injustice,
If that your moody discontented souls
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Even for revenge mock my destruction! —
This is All-Souls' day, fellow,[2] is it not?
Sher. It is.
Buck. Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's doomsday.
This[3] is the day, which, in king Edward's time,
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found
False to his children, or his wife's allies:
This is the day, wherein I wish'd to fall
By the false faith of him whom most I trusted;
This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul
Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs.[4]
That high All-Seer, which I dallied with,
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,
And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turn their own points in their masters' bosoms:
Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck:[5] —
»When he,« quoth she, »shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember, Margaret was a prophetess.« —
Come, lead me, officers,[6] to the block of shame;
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.
[Exeunt BUCKINGHAM *and Officers.*

SCENE II.

A Plain near Tamworth.

Enter, with drum and colours, RICHMOND, OXFORD, *Sir* JAMES BLUNT, *Sir* WALTER HERBERT, *and Others, with Forces, marching.*

Richm. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,
Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels[1] of the land

---

him for the blow I gave him. || *Hath any well-advised friend etc.* 101) Während wir hin und her reden, hätte eine Schlacht, in der es sich um einen König handelt, entschieden werden können.

1) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 3, Anm. 64. — Die Fol. hat *of the most deadly boar*, die Qs. *of this most bloody boar.* 2) Die Qs. haben *withholds* für *holds off.* — Die folgenden drei Zeilen stehen, mit geringfügiger Modification, in den Qs. in Stanley's letzter Rede und folgen dort auf *Well, hie thee to thy lord.* 3) Die Qs. *And many moe of noble fame.* — Am Ende dieser Scene haben die Qs. *these letters* für *my letter* der Fol.

1) Die Qs. haben *Rivers, Grey.* 2) Die Qs. haben *fellows* und lassen statt des Sheriff in dieser Scene den Ratcliff auftreten: *It is, my lord.* 3) *this* bezieht sich auf *my body's doomsday.* 4) Dieser heutige Allerseelentag ist für meine bange Seele das Ziel der Frist, welche dem von mir ausgeübten Unrecht gesetzt war; mit dem heutigen Tage ist diese Frist abgelaufen und meine Bestrafung tritt ein. — Sh. hat *All-Souls* und *my fearful soul* einander gegenübergestellt. 5) Die Qs. lesen *Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon my head.* — Vgl A. 1, Sc. 3 Margarethens letzte Rede vor ihrem Abgange. 6) Die Qs. haben *Come, sirs, convey me etc.*

1) *bowels* figürlich = das Innere, die Mitte. So in A. 3, Sc. 4 *Into the fatal bowels of the deep.* 2) Dieser Eber (scil. Richard), der sich aus Eurem ausgeweideten, von ihm selbst ausgefressenen Schosse einen Trog bereitet

Have we march'd on without impediment:
And here receive we from our father Stanley
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
That spoil'd your summer fields and fruitful vines,
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough
In your embowell'd bosoms,[2] this foul swine
Lies[3] now even in the centre of this isle,
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn:
From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.
In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Oxf. Every man's conscience is a thousand men,[4]
To fight against this guilty homicide.[5]

Herb. I doubt not, but his friends will turn to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends, but what are friends for fear,
Which in his dearest need[6] will fly from him.

Richm. All for our vantage: then, in God's name, march.
True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Bosworth Field.

Enter King Richard, *and Forces; the Duke of* Norfolk, *Earl of* Surrey, *and Others.*

K. Rich. Here pitch our tents, even here in Bosworth field. —
My lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?[1]

Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

K. Rich. My lord of Norfolk, —

Nor. Here, most gracious liege.

K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks; ha! must we not?

Nor. We must both give and take, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Up with my tent! here will I lie to-night;
But where to-morrow? — Well, all 's one for that. —
Who hath descried the number of the traitors?

Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

K. Rich. Why, our battalia trebles that account:[2]
Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.
Up with the tent! — Come, noble gentlemen,
Let us survey the vantage of the ground. —
Call for some men of sound direction.[3] —
Let 's lack no discipline,[4] make no delay,
For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. *[Exeunt.*

Enter, on the other side of the field, Richmond, *Sir* William Brandon, Oxford, *and other Officers. Some of the Soldiers pitch* Richmond's *tent.*[5]

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow. —
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.[6] —
Give me some ink and paper in my tent:
I 'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit[7] each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small power.[8]
My lord of Oxford, — you, Sir William Brandon, —
And you, Sir Walter Herbert, stay with me.
The earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment:
Good captain Blunt, bear my good night to him,
And by the second hour in the morning
Desire the earl to see me in my tent. —
Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me;
Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?

Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much
(Which, well I am assur'd, I have not done),
His regiment lies half a mile, at least,
South from the mighty power of the king.

Richm. If without peril it be possible,
Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with him,[9]
And give him from me this most needful note.

Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I 'll undertake it:
And so, God give you quiet rest to-night![10]

Richm. Good night, good captain Blunt. Come, gentlemen,
Let us consult upon to-morrow's business;
In to my tent; the dew[11] is raw and cold.

[They withdraw into the tent.[12]

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hat. 3) *to lie* = im Quartier liegen, sich lagern. So die Qs. Die Fol. hat *is now.* 4) Das Bewusstsein, von dem Jeder in unserm Heere beseelt ist, macht aus jedem Einzelnen tausend Streiter. Den Gegensatz von *every man* und *a thousand men* verwischen die Qs., da sie *a thousand swords* lesen. 5) Die Qs. *that bloody homicide*, wie ebenvorher erst *one bloody trial* stand. — In der nächsten Zeile anticipiren die Qs. *fly* aus dem Folgenden für *turn* der Fol. 6) *in his dearest need* = in seiner dringendsten, angelegentlichsten Noth. — So in Timon of Athens (A. 5, Sc. 2) *in our dear peril.* — Die Qs. haben *greatest* für *dearest*, und *shrink* für *fly*.

1) In den Qs. *Why, how now, Catesby! why look'st thou so sad?* — Demgemäss antwortet denn auch Catesby. — In der vorigen Zeile hat die Fol. *our tent*, die Qs. *our tents.* 2) Unser Schlachtheer beträgt dreimal so viel als die so hoch veranschlagte Zahl des Feindes. — Die Qs. haben zwei Zeilen vorher *the number of the foe*, und *battalion* für *battalia* der Fol. 3) *men of sound direction* = Männer, welche tüchtige Anweisung ertheilen, bewährten Rath geben. — Die beiden vorhergehenden Zeilen lauten in den Qs. *Up with my tent there! Valiant gentlemen,* || *Let us survey the vantage of the field.* 4) *discipline* = Kriegstüchtigkeit, Strategik und Taktik zugleich. — Die Qs. haben *want* für *lack.* 5) Diese Bühnenweisung ist erst von den Hggn. hinzugefügt. 6) Die Qs. haben *Where is Sir William Brandon,* || *He shall bear my standard* und setzen die folgenden vier Zeilen erst gegen das Ende von Richmond's letzter Rede vor: *Let us consult etc.* 7) *to limit* = bestimmt oder ausschliesslich anweisen. 8) Die nächsten beiden Verse sind nur in der Fol. — Oxford, Brandon und Herbert sollen dem Richmond im Gefecht zur Seite stehen, während Pembroke bei seiner Truppenabtheilung bleiben soll. — Für *power* der Fol. haben die Qs. *strength.* — Die vorletzte Zeile dieser Rede lautet in den Qs. *Yet one thing more, good Blunt, before thou goest.* 9) Die Qs. wiederholen hier eine frühere Zeile: *Good captain Blunt, bear my good night to him*, und lesen dann *scroll* für *note.* 10) Dieser Vers ist nur in der Fol. 11) *dew* = der Nachtthau oder Abendthau, der jetzt zu fallen anfängt. So sagt Richard nachher *I would, these dewy tears were from the ground.* — Die Qs. haben *air* dafür. 12) Diese Bühnenweisung, die sich in der Fol. findet, ist so zu verstehen,

Enter, to his tent, King RICHARD, NORFOLK, RATCLIFF, *and* CATESBY.

K. Rich. What is 't o'clock?
Cates. It 's supper time, my lord; it 's nine o'clock.[13]
K. Rich. I will not sup to-night. —
Give me some ink and paper. —
What, is my beaver easier than it was,[14]
And all my armour laid into my tent?
Cates. It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.
K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge.
Use careful watch; choose trusty sentinels.
Nor. I go, my lord.
K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.
Nor. I warrant you, my lord. *[Exit.*
K. Rich. Ratcliff![15]
Rat. My lord?
K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment: bid him bring his power
Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night. —
Fill me a bowl of wine. Give me a watch.[16]
Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.
Look that my staves[17] be sound, and not too heavy. —
Ratcliff! —
Rat. My lord?
K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy[18] lord Northumberland?
Rat. Thomas the earl of Surrey, and himself,
Much about cock-shut time,[19] from troop to troop
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.
K. Rich. So: I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine:
I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have. —
Set it[20] down. — Is ink and paper ready?
Rat. It is, my lord.
K. Rich. Bid my guard watch. Leave me.
Ratcliff, about the mid of night come to my tent,
And help to arm me. — Leave me, I say.
[King RICHARD *retires into his tent. Exeunt* RATCLIFF *and* CATESBY.[21]

RICHMOND'S *tent opens, and discovers him and his Officers, etc.*

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!
Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford,
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!
Tell me, how fares our loving mother?[22]
Stan. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good.
So much for that. — The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.
In brief, for so the season bids us be,[23]
Prepare thy battle early in the morning;
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloody strokes, and mortal-staring[24] war.
I, as I may (that which I would I cannot),[25]
With best advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms:
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,
Be executed in his father's sight.
Farewell. The leisure[26] and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell upon.
God give us leisure for these rites of love!
Once more, adieu. — Be valiant, and speed well!
Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment.
I 'll strive, with troubled thoughts,[27] to take a nap;
Lest leaden slumber peise me[28] down to-morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victory.
Once more, good night, kind lords, and gentlemen.
[Exeunt Lords, etc. with STANLEY.
O! Thou, whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
The usurping[29] helmets of our adversaries!
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy victory!
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,[30]

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dass Richmond auch im Zelte dem Sh.'schen Publicum fortwährend sichtbar blieb, wie gleichzeitig auch Richard in seinem, an der andern Seite der Bühne aufgeschlagenen Zelte. 13) So die Fol. Die meisten Hgg. lesen dafür mit den Qs. *It is six o'clock; full supper time*, weil man, wie Steevens bemerkt, im Jahre 1485 um sechs Uhr zu Abend gegessen. Indess konnte Sh. in diesem Zusammenhange wohl die spätere Stunde, die in seiner eigenen Periode als Zeit des Abendessens nicht unerhört war, besser gebrauchen. 14) Er hatte an seinem Helm Etwas unbequem gefunden und ihn deshalb ändern lassen. 15) In den Qs. *Catesby!* obgleich auch dort Ratcliff antwortet. 16) *watch* = ein Nachtlicht, an dessen allmählichem Niederbrennen sich der Verlauf der Nachtstunden berechnen liess. 17) *staves* = die Lanzenschäfte, dann die Lanzen selbst. 18) *melancholy* nennt Richard ihn, weil er nur mit Widerwillen und Saumseligkeit dem König ins Feld gefolgt war. 19) *cock-shut time*, eigentlich = die Zeit, wo die Hühner sich zur Ruhe begeben, ist auch bei Sh. = Zeit des Zwielichtes. So in dem Pseudo-Sh.'schen Drama Arden of Feversham: *In the twilight, cock-shut light.* 20) scil. *the bowl of wine* oder *the watch.* 21) Qs. und Fol. haben statt dieser Bühnenweisung nur *Exit Ratcliff* und sodann *Enter Derby* (d. h. *Stanley) to Richmond in his tent*, so dass weder Richard's Weggang von der Bühne noch Richmond's Auftreten verzeichnet ist. Vgl. oben Anm. 12. 22) So die Qs. Die Fol. *our noble mother.* 23) scil. *bids us be brief.* 24) *mortal-staring* = mit tödtlich-starrem Blicke. — Staunton vermuthet *mortal-stabbing.* 25) Der parenthetische Satz: was ich wollte, d. h. Dir offen beistehen, kann ich nicht, erklärt das *as I may* = so viel ich vermag, so wie ich darf, will ich bei der ersten günstigen Gelegenheit die obwaltenden Verhältnisse täuschen oder hintergehen, mich ihnen entziehen. 26) *leisure* = die einem bestimmten Geschäfte gewidmete Zeit, welche jetzt die sich herkömmlich ziemenden *(ceremonious)* Liebesbetheuerungen zwischen uns abschneidet. — So in K. Richard II. (A. 1, Sc. 1) *Which then our leisure would not let us hear.* 27) So die Qs. Die Fol. *with troubled noise.* 28) *to peise down* = niederdrücken mit seinem Gewichte. So in dem Pseudo-Sh.'schen Drama K. Edward III. *And peise their deeds with heavy weight of lead.* 29) *usurping helmets* = die einem Usurpator dienenden, unrechtmässig aufgesetzten Helme. So in K. Henry VI. Third Part (A. 1, Sc. 1) *Write up his title with usurping*

Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes:[31]
Sleeping, and waking, O! defend me still! *[Sleeps.*

The Ghost of Prince Edward, *Son to* Henry *the Sixth, rises between the two tents.*[32]

Ghost. [To K. Rich.*]* Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
Think, how thou stabb'dst me in my prime of youth
At Tewksbury: despair, therefore, and die. —
[To Richm.*]* Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wronged souls
Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf:
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

The Ghost of King Henry *the Sixth rises.*

Ghost. [To K. Rich.*]* When I was mortal, my anointed body
By thee was punched full of deadly[33] holes.
Think on the Tower, and me: despair, and die;
Harry the Sixth bids thee despair, and die! —
[To Richm.*]* Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror!
Harry that prophesy'd thou shouldst be king,[34]
Doth comfort thee in sleep: live, and flourish!

The Ghost of Clarence *rises.*

Ghost. [To K. Rich.*]* Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death!
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall[35] thy edgeless sword. Despair, and die!
[To Richm.*]* Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,
The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee;
Good angels guard thy battle! Live, and flourish!

The Ghosts of Rivers, Grey, *and* Vaughan, *rise.*

Ghost of Riv. [To K. Rich.*]* Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
Rivers, that died at Pomfret. Despair, and die!
Ghost of Grey. [To K. Rich.*]* Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair.
Ghost of Vaugh. [To K. Rich.*]* Think upon Vaughan, and with guilty fear
Let fall thy lance. Despair, and die! —
All. [To Richm.*]* Awake, and think, our wrongs in Richard's bosom
Will conquer him.[36] — Awake, and win the day!

The Ghost of Hastings *rises.*

Ghost. [To K. Rich.*]* Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake;
And in a bloody battle end thy days.
Think on Lord Hastings. Despair, and die! —
[To Richm.*]* Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake!
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake.

The Ghosts of the Two young Princes rise.[37]

Ghosts. [To K. Rich.*]* Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the Tower:
Let us be lead[38] within thy bosom, Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death.
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair, and die! —
[To Richm.*]* Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy;
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!
Live, and beget a happy race of kings.
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

The Ghost of Queen Anne *rises.*

Ghost. [To K. Rich.*]* Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,
That never slept a quiet hour with thee,[39]
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations:
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword. Despair, and die! —
[To Richm.*]* Thou, quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep;
Dream of success and happy victory:
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

The Ghost of Buckingham *rises.*

Ghost. [To K. Rich.*]* The first was I that help'd thee to the crown;
The last was I that felt thy tyranny.
O! in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness.
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death:
Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath! —
[To Richm.*]* I died for hope[40] ere I could lend thee aid:
But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd:
God and good angels fight on Richmond's side;
And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

[The Ghosts vanish. King Richard *starts out of his dream.*[41]

K. Rich. Give me another horse! — bind up my wounds! —
Have mercy, Jesu! — Soft! I did but dream. —
O, coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me! —
The lights burn blue.[42] — It is now[43] dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What, do I fear myself?[44] there 's none else by:

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blood. 30) d. h. meine Seele, die bisher gewacht hat und die nun im Schlaf sich Deiner Hut übergiebt. 31) Derselbe Tropus findet sich auch in Romeo and Juliet (A. 4, Sc. 1) *thy eyes' windows fall, like death.* 32) Qs. und Fol. haben hier und weiterhin einfach *Enter the Ghost of Prince Edward, Son to Henry the Sixth,* unterscheiden aber ausdrücklich, ob die Geister zu Richard oder zu Richmond reden. 33) *deadly* ist aus den Qs. und fehlt in der Fol. 34) Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 2, Anm. 24. — Die Qs. haben in der folgenden Zeile *in thy sleep.* 35) *to fall* = sinken lassen. Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 2, Anm. 18. 36) Sei überzeugt, dass das Bewusstsein des uns zugefügten Unrechts, das Richard mit sich herumträgt, ihn übermannen wird in der bevorstehenden Schlacht. 37) Q. A. lässt diese Geistererscheinung der des Lord Hastings vorangehen. 38) *lead*, was durch das folgende *weigh thee down* gestützt wird, hat zuerst Theobald aus Q. A. restituirt; die übrigen Qs. und die Fol. lesen *laid* dafür. 39) Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 1, Anm. 22. 40) *hope* ist mit *lend thee aid* zu verbinden: ich starb wegen der Hoffnung, die ich hegte, Dir zu helfen, noch ehe ich diese Hoffnung bethätigen konnte. 41) Qs. und Fol. haben nur den zweiten Theil dieser Bühnenweisung. — Eigentlich sind Richard's erste Worte bis *Have mercy, Jesu!* noch im Traum gesprochen, wo er, im Kampfe begriffen, sein Pferd unter sich getödtet und sich selbst verwundet wähnt. 42) So in Lyly's Galathea (1592) *I thought there was some spirit in it because it burnt so blue; for my mother would often tell me when the candle burnt blue, there was some ill spirit in the house.* 43) So Q. A. — Die andern Qs. und die Fol. haben *not* für *now.* 44) So interpungiren die meisten Qs. und die Fol. Viele Hgg. setzen dagegen mit Q. A. *what*

Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here? No; — yes; I am:
Then fly, — what, from myself? Great reason, why:
Lest I revenge. What, myself upon myself?
Alack! I love myself. Wherefore? for any good
That I myself have done unto myself?
O! no: alas! I rather hate myself,
For hateful deeds committed by myself.
I am a villain. Yet I lie; I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well: — fool, do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury,[45] in the high'st degree;
Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree;
All several sins, all us'd in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all, — Guilty! guilty!
I shall despair. — There is no creature loves me;
And if I die, no soul shall pity me: —
Nay, wherefore should they? since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself.
Methought, the souls of all that I had murder'd
Came to my tent; and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter Ratcliff.

Rat. My lord, —
K. Rich. Who 's there?[46]
Rat. Ratcliff, my lord; 't is I. The early village cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn:
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.[47]
K. Rich. O Ratcliff! I have dream'd a fearful dream. —
What thinkest thou? will our friends prove all true?
Rat. No doubt, my lord.
K. Rich. O Ratcliff! I fear, I fear, —
Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.
K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me:
Under our tents I 'll play the eaves-dropper,
To hear if any mean to shrink from me. *[Exeunt.*

Richmond *wakes. Enter* Oxford *and Others.*[48]

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond.
Richm. Cry mercy, lords, and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.
Lords. How have you slept, my lord?
Richm. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dreams,
That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,
Have I since your departure had, my lords.
Methought, their souls, whose bodies Richard murder'd,
Came to my tent, and cried on victory:[49]
I promise you, my heart is very jocund
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, lords?
Lords. Upon the stroke of four.
Richm. Why, then 't is time to arm, and give direction. — *[He advances to the troops.*[50]
More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure[51] and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell on: yet remember this, —
God and our good cause fight upon our side;
The prayers of holy saints, and wronged souls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces.
Richard except, those whom we fight against
Had rather have us win, than him they follow.
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide;
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him;[52]
A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair,[53] where he is falsely set:
One that hath ever been God's enemy.
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers;
If you do sweat[54] to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your children's children quit it in your age.[55]
Then, in the name of God, and all these rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords.
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt[56]
Shall be this cold corse on the earth's cold face;
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt,
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully;
God and Saint George! Richmond and victory!
[Exeunt.

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do I fear? myself? 45) So die Qs. Die Fol. hat *perjury* nur einmal. 46) Die Qs. *Zounds! who is there?* — Capell strich mit einigen späteren Qs. zu Anfang der folgenden Rede das Wort *Ratcliff*, das sich in Qs. und Fol. findet, und las *My lord, 't is I etc.* 47) Richard's folgende Rede und Ratcliff's Antwort fehlen in der Fol. — Wie Dyce vermuthet, sollten die drei letzten Zeilen von Richard's vorhergehendem Monolog statt derselben hier eingerückt werden, da sie an jener andern Stelle etwas ungeschickt sich ausnehmen, so dass also zu lesen wäre *O Ratcliff, I have dream'd etc.* || *Methought, the souls etc.* || *Came to my tent etc.* || *To-morrow's vengeance etc.* Indess ist auch damit kein geeigneter Uebergang zu dem Folgenden gewonnen. 48) Die Bühnenweisung der Fol. ist *Enter Lords to Richmond sitting in his tent.* — Richmond schläft also in sitzender Stellung auf seinem Stuhle. 49) So Qs. und Fol. — Die meisten Hgg. lesen dafür *and cried — On! victory!* — Dyce, der die alte Interpunction wieder herstellt, citirt dazu in Hamlet (A. 5, Sc. 2) *This quarry cries on havock* und in Othello (A. 5, Sc. 1) *whose noise is this that cries on murder?* 50) Qs. und Fol. haben dafür wie eine Ueberschrift *His oration to the soldiers.* 51) Vgl. oben Anm. 26. 52) Einer, der allerlei Mittel anwandte, um das zu erlangen, was er hat, und der dann seine Helfershelfer umbrachte. 53) Der englische Königsthron, auf dem Richard sitzt, ist gleichsam die glänzend abstechende Unterlage und Fassung, welche diesen schlechten Stein kostbar erscheinen lässt. 54) So die früheren Qs.; die späteren Qs. und die Fol. haben *swear.* 55) So werden Eure Kindeskinder es Euch in Eurem Alter vergelten, lohnen. 56) Wenn mein Unternehmen zu kühn gewesen und ich eine Busse dafür zu zahlen habe, so soll sie in meinem Fall in der Schlacht bestehen. 57) *book* ist, was oben

Re-enter King Richard; Ratcliff, *Attendants, and Forces.*

K. Rich. What said Northumberland, as touching Richmond?
Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.
K. Rich. He said the truth: and what said Surrey then?
Rat. He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.
K. Rich. He was i' the right; and so, indeed, it is. *[Clock strikes.*
Tell the clock there. — Give me a calendar. —
Who saw the sun to-day?
Rat. Not I, my lord.
K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine; for, by the book,[57]
He should have brav'd the east an hour ago:
A black day will it be to somebody. —
Ratcliff, —
Rat. My lord?
K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day:
The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.
I would, these dewy tears were from the ground.
Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me
More than to Richmond? for the self-same heaven,
That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

Enter Norfolk.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord! the foe vaunts in the field.
K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle. Caparison my horse.
Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power.
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be ordered.
My forward shall be drawn out all in length,[58]
Consisting equally of horse and foot:
Our archers shall be placed in the midst.
John duke of Norfolk, Thomas earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of the foot and horse.
They thus directed, we[59] will follow
In the main battle; whose puissance on either side
Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.
This, and Saint George to boot![60] — What think'st thou, Norfolk?
Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign. —
This found I on my tent this morning. *[Giving a scroll.*
K. Rich. [Reads.] »Jocky of Norfolk, be not too bold,[61]
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.«
A thing devised by the enemy. —
Go, gentlemen; every man to his charge.
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls;
Conscience is but a word[62] that cowards use,
Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe:
Our strong arm be our conscience, swords our law.
March on, join bravely, let us to 't pell-mell;
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.[63] —
What shall I say more than I have inferr'd?
Remember whom you are to cope withal; —
A sort of vagabonds,[64] rascals, and runaways,
A scum of Bretagnes,[65] and base lackey peasants,
Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth
To desperate adventures and assur'd destruction.
You sleeping safe, they bring to you unrest;[66]
You having lands, and bless'd with beauteous wives,
They would restrain the one,[67] distain the other.
And who doth lead them, but a paltry fellow,
Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost?[68]
A milksop, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?
Let 's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again;
Lash hence these overweening rags of France,
These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives;
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves.
If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
And not these bastard Bretagnes, whom our fathers
Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
And, on record, left them the heirs of shame.
Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?
Ravish our daughters? — *[Drum afar off.]* Hark; I hear their drum.
Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen![69]
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood:
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves![70]

Enter a Messenger.

What says Lord Stanley? will he bring his power?
Mess. My lord, he doth deny to come.
K. Rich. Off with his son George's head!
Nor. My lord, the enemy is pass'd the marsh:[71]
After the battle let George Stanley die.
K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.
Advance our standards! set upon our foes!
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms. *[Exeunt.*

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calendar hiess, = der Kalender, in welchem der tägliche Aufgang der Sonne verzeichnet steht. — Vgl. Einleitung pag.990. 58) Diese Schlachtordnung fand Sh. bei dem Chronisten angegeben. — *out all* findet sich nur in Q. A. 59) Manche Hgg. fügen, zur Vervollständigung des Verses, *ourself* hinter *we* ein. 60) Das ist der Plan, und dazu helfe uns St. Georg, unser Schutzpatron. 61) Die Qs. und die Fol. *be not so bold;* nur eine spätere Q. hat *too bold*, in Uebereinstimmung mit den Chroniken, welche diesen Reim citiren. — *Jocky* ist familiär für *John*, wie *Dickon* für *Richard*. — *bought and sold* = verrathen und verkauft. 62) So die frühern Qs., die spätern lassen *but* aus, und die Fol. setzt *for conscience is a word.* 63) So in K. Henry VI. Second Part (A. 5, Sc. 1) *If not in heaven, you 'll surely sup in hell.* — Dass erst mit dem Folgenden Richard's eigentliche Rede an seine Soldaten beginnt, deuten die Qs. an durch die Ueberschrift *His oration to his army.* Vgl. oben Anm. 50. 64) *a sort* = ein Haufe. 65) *Bretagnes*, in der Fol. *Brittaines*, in den Qs. *Brittains* und *Brittaines*, sind die Bretagner, *Bretons* auf Französisch. 66) So Q. A. — Die andern Qs. und die Fol. *you to unrest.* 67) *to restrain the lands* ist = den Besitz der Ländereien beschränken oder anfechten, ihn den bisherigen Besitzern nur unter lästigen Bedingungen gestatten. 68) Farmer hat nachgewiesen, dass in der Ausgabe Holinshed's, die Sh. benutzte, *moother* ein Druckfehler für *brother* ist, wie in Hall richtig steht. Nach der Chronik warf Richard hier dem Richmond vor, dass er auf Kosten des Königs Eduard IV. am Hofe des Herzogs der Bretagne erzogen sei. 69) So Q. A. — Die Fol. hat *boldly* für *bold.* 70) Lasst Eure Lanzenstäbe so im Kampfe zersplittern, dass die Atmosphäre davon sich verwirrt und entsetzt. 71) Ein Moorland auf dem Felde von Bosworth, das zwischen beiden Schlachtheeren lag. — Am Schluss dieser Scene haben die späteren Folioausgg. *helpes* für *helms.*

SCENE IV.

Another Part of the Field.

Alarum: excursions. Enter NORFOLK, *and Forces; to him* CATESBY.

Cates. Rescue, my lord of Norfolk! rescue, rescue!
The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger. [1]
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

Alarum. Enter King RICHARD.

K. Rich. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!
Cates. Withdraw, my lord; I 'll help you to a horse.
K. Rich. Slave! I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die.
I think there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain to-day, instead of him. —
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse! *[Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter King RICHARD *and* RICHMOND; *and exeunt fighting. Retreat and flourish. Then enter* RICHMOND, STANLEY *bearing the crown, with divers other Lords, and Forces.*

Richm. God, and your arms, be prais'd, victorious friends,
The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.
Stan. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee.
Lo! here, this long-usurped royalty [2]
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal:
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

Richm. Great God of heaven, say amen to all! —
But, tell me, is young George Stanley living?
Stan. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town,
Whither, if you please, we may withdraw us.
Richm. What men of name are slain on either side?
Stan. John duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferrers,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.
Richm. Inter their bodies as becomes their births.
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled
That in submission will return to us;
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the white rose and the red: —
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity! —
What traitor hears me, and says not amen? [3]
England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself;
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,
The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire;
All this divided York and Lancaster
Divided in their dire division. —
O! now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeeders of each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!
And let their heirs (God, if thy will be so)
Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,
With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days!
Abate the edge [4] of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce [5] these bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in streams of blood!
Let them not live to taste this land's increase,
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace!
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again:
That she may long live here, God say amen! *[Exeunt.*

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1) Indem er Gegner sucht, die es auf jede Gefahr, auf Leben und Tod, im Kampfe mit ihm aufnehmen. — Tyrwhitt wollte mit einer Q. lesen *Daring and opposite to every danger.* — *opposite* = Gegner, kommt auch bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen vor; so in Marston's Antonio and Mellida (1602) *Myself, myself, will dare all opposites.* 2) So Q. A. — *these long-usurped royalties* in der Fol. passt nicht recht zu dem Sinn, da offenbar die Krone gemeint ist, noch auch zu dem folgenden *Wear it, enjoy it etc.* — Die Fol. lässt *enjoy it* aus. — Die letzte Zeile der folgenden Rede Stanley's lautet in den Qs. *Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.* 3) Wer mich hört und nicht Amen dazu spricht, der kann nur ein Verräther sein. 4) *to abate the edge* = das Schwert stumpf machen. 5) *to reduce* = zurückführen, wiederbringen. So in Misfortunes of Arthur: *Let her reduce the golden age again.*

KING HENRY VIII.

Einleitung.

In der Gesammtausgabe der Shakspere'schen Dramen in Folio (1623) steht The Famous History of the Life of King Henry the Eight als das zehnte und letzte in der Reihe der Histories. Es ist dort in Acte und Scenen eingetheilt, aber das Personenverzeichniss fehlt und ist erst von Rowe in seiner Ausgabe (1709) hinzugefügt. Der Text der Folioausgabe ist verhältnissmässig correct und lässt nur an sehr wenigen Stellen die Collation einer etwaigen früheren Einzelausgabe des Dramas in Quarto, welche niemals existirt zu haben scheint, vermissen.

Für die chronologische Bestimmung von King Henry VIII. liegen äussere Notizen und innerliche Kennzeichen vor, aus deren Zusammenstellung sich ein ziemlich spätes Datum in dem Leben unseres Dichters als der Zeitpunkt der Abfassung dieses Dramas mit grosser Wahrscheinlichkeit ergiebt. Die äusseren Notizen bestehen in einigen zeitgenössischen brieflichen Mittheilungen und beziehen sich auf eine Feuersbrunst, welche im Juni des Jahres 1613 den Globus, das Sommertheater der Shakspere'schen Schauspielergesellschaft, zerstörte, und zugleich auf das Schauspiel, dessen Aufführung die zufällige Veranlassung zu diesem Brandunglück war. Thomas Lorkin schreibt am letzten Juni 1613 an Sir Thomas Puckering u. A.: *No longer since than yesterday, while Bourbage his companie were acting at the Globe the play of Henry VIII. and there shooting of certeyne chambers in way of triumph, the fire catch'd.* — Sir Henry Wotton schreibt seinem Neffen am 6. Juli 1613 über dasselbe Ereigniss: *Now to let matters of state sleep, I will entertain you at the present with what happened this week at the Bankside. The king's players had a new play, called All is True, representing some principal pieces of the reign of Henry the Eighth, which was set forth with many extraordinary circumstances of pomp and majesty, even to the matting of the stage; the knights of the order, with their Georges and Garter, the guards with their embroidered coats and the like; sufficient, in truth, within a while to make greatness very familiar, if not ridiculous. Now King Henry, making a masque at the Cardinal Wolsey's house, and certain cannons being shut off at his entry, some of the paper, or other stuff, wherewith one of them was stopped, did light on the thatch, where being thought at first but an idle smoke, and their eyes being more attentive to the show, it kindled inwardly, and ran round like a train, consuming, within less than an hour, the whole house to the very ground. This was the fatal period of that virtuous fabric; wherein yet nothing did perish but wood and straw, and a few forsaken cloaks.* Nach den detaillirten Angaben, namentlich Wotton's, kann das neue Drama, das die Shakspere'sche Schauspielergesellschaft im Globustheater damals aufführte, kein anderes als Shakspere's King Henry VIII. gewesen sein, und selbst der Titel All is True, den Wotton anführt, widerspricht dieser Annahme nicht. Es war zu jener Zeit sehr gebräuchlich, einem Drama mehr als einen Titel beizulegen und in der Anwendung der Titel nach dem Belieben des Hofes oder nach dem Geschmacke des Publicums zu wechseln;*) und das Schauspiel, das Shakspere aus der Geschichte Heinrich's VIII. gemacht hatte, mochte für die Zeit der ersten Darstellung jenen Titel, der nur die strenge historische Wahrheit des Dargestellten versprach, um so eher führen, als ein anderer Schauspieldichter, Samuel Rowley, denselben Stoff bereits in einer minder mit dem Ernst der Geschichte übereinstimmenden Behandlung auf die Bühne gebracht hatte in einem Drama, betitelt When You See Me You Know Me, or the famous Chronicle Historie of King Henry the Eighth. Rowley's Drama, bereits 1605 gedruckt, erschien in einer zweiten Auflage 1613, wahrscheinlich um mit dem damals gerade zur Aufführung gelangten Shakspere'schen Drama zu rivalisiren oder verwechselt zu werden, und Boswell bezieht den Nachdruck, der wiederholt in dem Prolog des letzteren auf die Wahrheit der dargestellten Thatsachen gelegt wird, sowie den Titel All is True selbst, auf eine geflissentliche Abweisung solcher Verwechslung, welcher Shakspere habe vorbeugen wollen.

Die Wahrscheinlichkeit, dass im Jahre 1613 Shakspere's King Henry VIII. in der That ein neues Drama gewesen, wird erhöht durch die innern Gründe des Styls und des Verses, welche beide nach allen ihren Merkmalen der spätesten Zeit unsers Dichters angehören und am deutlichsten an Cymbeline und an Winter's Tale erinnern;

*) So wurde, wie Malone aus den Papieren Lord Haringtons, Schatzmeisters Jacob's I., mittheilt, im Jahre 1613 bei Hofe aufgeführt, Shakspere's King Henry IV. First Part unter dem Namen Hotspur; King Henry IV. Second Part oder The Merry Wives of Windsor unter dem Namen Sir John Fallstaff; Much Ado about Nothing unter dem Namen Benedick and Beatrix; und Julius Cæsar hiess wahrscheinlich Cæsar's Tragedy.

King Henry VIII. hat mit den genannten Dramen dieselbe durch verschlungenen Satzbau und Ellipsen herbeigeführte Dunkelheit und Gedrungenheit des Ausdrucks, dieselben mehr auf Charakteristik als auf Wohllaut zielenden freieren metrischen Grundsätze gemein. Die Sprache des Chorus in Winter's Tale ähnelt auffallend der des Prologs und Epilogs in King Henry VIII., und die Entfaltung eines gewissen scenischen Pomps und Luxus, welche als ein wesentliches Moment der Aufführung dem King Henry VIII. mit Cymbeline gemeinschaftlich ist, deutet auf eine Periode hin, da die Shakspere'sche Bühne bereits über bedeutendere äusserliche Mittel zu verfügen hatte, als ihr zu Gebote standen bei der Darstellung der zunächst vorhergehenden historischen Dramen unseres Dichters. Man vergleiche z. B. die schlichte Art, in welcher zum Schlusse des King Henry IV. Second Part der Krönungszug Heinrich's V. mehr angedeutet als vorgeführt wird, mit der bis auf's Einzelne eingehenden Anordnung und Hervorhebung des Krönungszuges der Anna Bullen, und ein Unterschied der ökonomischen Zustände des Theaters zu jener und zu dieser Zeit wird sich von selbst eben so deutlich aufdrängen, wie der Unterschied in der Behandlung des Stoffes, in der Diction und im Verse, der zwischen King Henry V. und zwischen King Henry VIII. obwaltet und sich nur durch die Annahme eines längeren dazwischen liegenden Zeitraums erklären lässt.

Im Widerspruch mit diesen äussern und innern Gründen hat die Mehrzahl der englischen Kritiker die Entstehung des King Henry VIII. in eine um mindestens zehn Jahre frühere Zeit, in die Regierung der Königin Elisabeth, verlegt. In Ermangelung auch nur eines indirecten Beweises zu Gunsten dieser Hypothese begründet man dieselbe mit der Meinung, dass der Dichter eher der Königin Elisabeth als ihrem Nachfolger dem König Jacob I. mit einem Drama hätte gefallen können, welches die Erhebung ihrer Mutter, Anna Bullen, behandelt und mit der Taufe der jungen Prinzessin selbst schliesst. In die Complimente, welche am Ende des Dramas Cranmer in Gestalt einer Prophezeiung der langen und glücklichen Regierung der Elisabeth macht, soll der Dichter dann, als zur Zeit Jacob's I. das Drama wieder zur Aufführung gelangte, die Complimente an diesen König in einer nachträglichen Interpolation eingefügt haben. Schwerlich aber würden die der Elisabeth in Cranmer's letzter Rede gespendeten Schmeicheleien die Königin ausgesöhnt haben mit der freimüthigen Darstellung, welche in den vorhergehenden Scenen der Dichter von dem Charakter ihres Vaters, von der eingeleiteten Verbindung desselben mit ihrer Mutter, von der im Verhältniss zur Anna Bullen so glänzend hervortretenden Erscheinung der Katharine giebt; schwerlich auch würde Elisabeth dem Dichter verstattet haben, ihre eigene Person als Säugling auf die Bühne zu bringen, sie als eine alte Fürstin *(an aged princess)* durch Cranmer bezeichnen und ihren bevorstehenden Tod prophezeien zu lassen. Erst nach Elisabeth's Tod und nach der Thronbesteigung einer neuen Dynastie hinderte keine Rücksicht den Dichter, einige folgenreiche Ereignisse aus dem Leben Heinrich's VIII. zu objectiv gehaltener dramatischer Behandlung auszuwählen, und zwar solche, die dann ihren natürlichen Abschluss in der Geburt der Elisabeth und in der prophetischen Hinweisung auf ihre nunmehr schon ganz der Geschichte angehörende Regierung erhielten. Ein rein äusserliches Motiv war es dabei, dass in einem von den königlichen Schauspielern *(the king's players)* aufgeführten Drama sich an das Lob der Elisabeth das ihres Nachfolgers Jacob, des damaligen Königs, oder vielmehr lediglich das Lob seiner Regierung — denn von seinen persönlichen Eigenschaften ist keine Rede — schliessen durfte, ohne dass deshalb eine spätere Interpolation der betreffenden Verse anzunehmen wäre. — Vollends unhaltbar ist die durch kein Zeugniss gestützte Meinung englischer Kritiker, dass auch Zusätze von anderer Hand sich in King Henry VIII. bemerklich machen, dass der Prolog und Epilog und manches Einzelne in den Scenen von Ben Jonson herrühre, dass die ausführlichen Bühnenweisungen zu den feierlichen Aufzügen ebenfalls nicht von Shakspere herstammen. Auf die stylistische Verwandtschaft zwischen dem Prolog zu King Henry VIII. und dem Chorus in Winter's Tale ist schon oben hingedeutet worden, und das Material zu der Anordnung der Festaufzüge, welche in dem Drama schon seiner Anlage nach eine so wesentliche Stelle haben, fand Shakspere in denselben Chroniken von Holinshed und Hall, aus denen er bei diesem historischen Drama, wie bei den früheren, seinen Stoff entlehnte. Wie er diesen Stoff behandelt hat, wird sich am besten aus einigen Auszügen ergeben, die wir aus den genannten Chroniken mittheilen und mit den Acten und Scenen des King Henry VIII. zusammenstellen.

Zu A. 1, Sc. 4. Die Bankettscene, in welcher jedoch das erste Zusammentreffen des Königs mit Anna Bullen Shakspere's eigne Erfindung zu sein scheint, ist ausführlich geschildert in Cavendish's Life of Master Thomas Wolsey, einem Buche, das auch Holinshed benutzt hat. Es heisst darin u. A.: *And when it pleased the king's majesty, for his recreation, to repair unto the cardinal's house, as he did divers times in the year, at which time there wanted no preparations, or goodly furniture, with viands of the finest sort that might be provided for money or friendship; such pleasures were then devised for the king's comfort and consolation as might be invented, or by man's wit imagined. The banquets were set forth, with masques and mummeries, in so gorgeous a sort and costly manner, that it was a heaven to behold. There wanted no dames or damsels meet or apt to dance with the masquers, or to garnish the place for the time, with other goodly disports. Then was there all kind of music and harmony set forth, with excellent voices both of men and children. I have seen the king suddenly come in thither in a masque, with a dozen of other masquers, all in garments like shepherds, made of fine cloth-of-gold and fine crimson satin paned, and caps of the same, with visors of good proportion of visnomy; their hairs and beards either of fine gold wire, or else of silver, and some being of black silk; having sixteen torch-bearers, besides their drums, and other persons attending upon them, with visors, and clothed all in satin of the same colours. And at his coming, and before he came into the hall, ye shall understand that he came by water to the water-gate, without any noise; where, against his coming, were laid charged many chambers, and at his landing they were all shot off, which made such a rumble in the air that it was like thunder. It made all the noblemen, ladies, and gentlemen, to muse what it should mean coming so suddenly, they sitting quietly at a solemn banquet; under this sort: First, ye shall perceive that the tables were set in the chamber of presence, banquet-wise covered, my lord cardinal sitting under the cloth of estate, and there having his service all alone; and then was there set a lady and a nobleman, or a gentleman and gentlewoman, throughout all the tables in the chamber on the one side, which were made and joined as it were but one table. All which order and device*

was done and devised by the Lord Sands, lord chamberlain to the king; and also by Sir Henry Guilford, comptroller to the king. Then immediately after this great shot of guns the cardinal desired the lord chamberlain and comptroller to look what this sudden shot should mean, as though he knew nothing of the matter. They, thereupon looking out of the windows into Thames, returned again, and showed him that it seemed to them there should be some noblemen and strangers arrived at his bridge, as ambassadors from some foreign prince. With that quoth the cardinal, „I shall desire you, because ye can speak French, to take the pains to go down into the hall to encounter and to receive them according to their estates, and to conduct them into this chamber, where they shall see us, and all these noble personages, sitting merrily at our banquet, desiring them to sit down with us, and to take part of our fare and pastime.“ Then they went incontinent down into the hall, where they received them with twenty new torches, and conveyed them up into the chamber, with such a number of drums and fifes as I have seldom seen together at one time in any masque. At their arrival into the chamber, two and two together, they went directly before the cardinal where he sat, saluting him very reverently; to whom the lord chamberlain for them said: „Sir, forasmuch as they be strangers, and can speak no English, they have desired me to declare unto your grace thus: They, having understanding of this your triumphant banquet, where was assembled such a number of excellent fair dames, could do no less, under the supportation of your good grace, but to repair hither to view as well their incomparable beauty, as for to accompany them at mumchance, and then after to dance with them, and so to have of them acquaintance. And, Sir, they furthermore require of your grace license to accomplish the cause of their repair.“ To whom the cardinal answered that he was very well contented they should do so. Then the masquers went first and saluted all the dames as they sat, and then returned to the most worthiest, and there opened a cup full of gold, with crowns and other pieces of coin, to whom they set divers pieces to cast at. Thus in this manner perusing all the ladies and gentlewomen, and to some they lost, and of some they won. And thus done, they returned unto the cardinal, with great reverence, pouring down all the crowns in the cup, which was about two hundred crowns. „At all,“ quoth the cardinal, and so cast the dice, and won them all at a cast; whereat was great joy made. Then quoth the cardinal to my lord chamberlain, „I pray you,“ quoth he, „show them that it seemeth me that there should be among them some noble man, whom I suppose to be much more worthy of honour to sit and occupy this room and place than I; to whom I would most gladly, if I knew him, surrender my place according to my duty.“ Then spake my lord chamberlain unto them in French, declaring my lord cardinal's mind, and they rounding him again in the ear, my lord chamberlain said to my lord cardinal, „Sir, they confess,“ quoth he, „that among them there is such a noble personage, whom, if your grace can appoint him from the other, he is contented to disclose himself, and to accept your place most worthily.“ With that the cardinal, taking a good advisement among them, at the last quoth he, „Me seemeth the gentleman with the black beard should be even he.“ And with that he arose out of his chair, and offered the same to the gentleman in the black beard, with his cap in his hand. The person to whom he offered then his chair was Sir Edward Neville, a comely knight, of a goodly personage, that much more resembled the king's person in that masque than any other. The king, hearing and perceiving the cardinal so deceived in his estimation and choice, could not forbear laughing; but plucked down his visor, and Master Neville's also, and dashed out with such a pleasant countenance and cheer, that all noble estates there amongst them, rejoiced very much. The cardinal eftsoons desired his highness to take the place of estate; to whom the king answered that he would go first and shift his apparel; and so departed, and went straight into my lord's bedchamber, where was a great fire made and prepared for him, and there new apparelled him with rich and princely garments. And in the time of the king's absence the dishes of the banquet were clean taken up, and the tables spread again with new and sweet perfumed cloths; every man sitting still until the king and his masquers came in among them again, every man being newly apparelled. Then the king took his seat under the cloth of estate, commanding no man to remove, but sit still, as they did before. Then in came a new banquet before the king's majesty, and to all the rest through the tables, wherein, I suppose, were served two hundred dishes or above, of wondrous costly meats and devices subtilly devised. Thus passed they forth the whole night with banqueting, dancing, and other triumphant devices, to the great comfort of the king, and pleasant regard of the nobility there assembled.

Zu A. 2, Sc. 4. Die grosse Gerichtsscene in Blackfriars war bei Cavendish folgendermassen dargestellt: *Ye shall understand, as I said before, that there was a court erected in the Blackfriars in London, where these two cardinals sat for judges. Now will I set you out the manner and order of the court there. First, there was a court placed with tables, benches, and bars, like a consistory, a place judicial (for the judges to sit on). There was also a cloth of estate, under the which sat the king; and the queen sat some distance beneath the king: under the judges' feet sat the officers of the court. The chief scribe there was Dr. Stephens (who was after Bishop of Winchester); the apparitor was one Cooke, most commonly called Cooke of Winchester. Then sat there within the said court, directly before the king and the judges, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Doctor Warham, and all the other bishops. Then at both the ends, with a bar made for them, the councillors on both sides. The doctors for the king were Doctor Sampson, that was after Bishop of Chichester, and Doctor Bell, who after was Bishop of Worcester, with divers other. The protectors on the king's part were Doctor Peter, who was after made the king's chief secretary, and Doctor Tregonell, and divers other.*

Now on the other side stood the counsel for the queen, — Doctor Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, and Doctor Standish, some time a grey friar, and then Bishop of St. Asaph in Wales; two notable clerks in divinity, and in especial the Bishop of Rochester, a very godly man and a devout person, who after suffered death at Tower Hill; the which was greatly lamented through all the foreign universities of Christendom.

There was also another ancient doctor, called, as I remember, Doctor Ridley, a very small person in stature, but surely a great and excellent clerk in divinity.

The court being thus furnished and ordered, the judges commanded the crier to proclaim silence; then was the judges' commission, which they had of the pope, published and read openly before all the audience there assembled: that done, the crier called the king, by the name of „King Henry of England, come into the court," &c. With that the king answered and said, „Here, my lords." Then he called also the queen, by the name of „Katharine queen of England, come into the court," &c.; who made no answer to the same, but rose up incontinent out of her chair, where as she sat; and because she could not come directly to the king for the distance which severed them, she took pain to go about unto the king, kneeling down at his feet in the sight of all the court and assembly; to whom she said in effect, in broken English, as followeth: —

„Sir," quoth she, „I beseech you for all the loves that hath been between us, and for the love of God, let me have justice and right; take of me some pity and compassion, for I am a poor woman and a stranger born out of your dominion; I have here no assured friend, and much less indifferent counsel; I flee to you as to the head of justice within this realm. Alas! Sir, wherein have I offended you, or what occasion of displeasure? Have I designed against your will and pleasure; intending, as I perceive, to put me from you? I take God and all the world to witness that I have been to you a true, humble, and obedient wife, ever conformable to your will and pleasure, that never said or did anything to the contrary thereof, being always well pleased and contented with all things wherein you had any delight or dalliance, whether it were in little or much; I never grudged in word or countenance, or showed a visage or spark of discontentation. I loved all those whom ye loved only for your sake, whether I had cause or no, and whether they were my friends or my enemies. This twenty years I have been your true wife, or more, and by me ye have had divers children, although it hath pleased God to call them out of this world, which hath been no default in me.

„And when ye had me at the first, I take God to be my judge, I was a true maid without touch of man; and whether it be true or no, I put it to your conscience. If there be any just cause by the law that ye can allege against me, either of dishonesty or any other impediment to banish and put me from you, I am well content to depart to my great shame and dishonour; and if there be none, then here I most lowly beseech you let me remain in my former estate, and receive justice at your hands. The king your father was in the time of his reign of such estimation through the world for his excellent wisdom, that he was accounted and called of all men the second Solomon; and my father Ferdinand King of Spain, who was esteemed to be one of the wittiest princes that reigned in Spain many years before, were both wise and excellent kings in wisdom and princely behaviour. It is not therefore to be doubted but that they elected and gathered as wise councillors about them as to their high discretions was thought meet. Also, as me seemeth, there was in those days as wise, as well-learned men, and men of as good judgment, as be at this present in both realms, who thought then the marriage between you and me good and lawful; therefore it is a wonder to hear what new inventions are now invented against me, that never intended but honesty, and cause me to stand to the order and judgment of this new court, wherein ye may do me much wrong, if ye intend any cruelty; for ye may condemn me for lack of sufficient answer, having no indifferent counsel, but such as be assigned me, with whose wisdom and learning I am not acquainted. Ye must consider that they cannot be indifferent counsellors for my part which be your subjects, and taken out of your own council before, wherein they be made privy, and dare not, for your displeasure, disobey your will and intent, being once made privy thereto. Therefore, I most humbly require you, in the way of charity, and for the love of God who is the best judge, to spare me the extremity of this new court, until I may be advertised what way and order my friends in Spain will advise me to take; and if ye will not extend to me so much indifferent favour, your pleasure then be fulfilled, and to God I commit my cause!"

And with that she rose up, making a low curtsy to the king, and so departed from thence. Many supposed that she would have resorted again to her former place; but she took her way straight out of the house, leaning, as she was wont always to do, upon the arm of her general receiver, called Master Griffith. And the king being advertised of her departure, commanded the crier to call her again, who called her by the name of „Katharine queen of England, come into the court," &c. With that quoth Master Griffith, „Madam, ye be called again." „On, on," quoth she, „it maketh no matter, for it is no indifferent court for me, therefore I will not tarry. Go on your ways." And thus she departed out of that court, without any other, nor would never appear at any other court after.

The king perceiving that she was departed in such sort, calling to his grace's memory all her lament words that she had pronounced before him and all the audience, said thus in effect: — „Forasmuch," quoth he, „as the queen is gone, I will, in her absence, declare unto you all my lords here present assembled, she hath been to me as true, as obedient, and as conformable a wife as I could in my fantasy wish or desire. She hath all the virtuous qualities that ought to be in a woman of her dignity, or in any other of baser estate. Surely she is also a noblewoman born: if nothing were in her but only her conditions, will well declare the same." With that quoth my lord cardinal, — „Sir, I most humbly beseech your highness to declare me before all this audience, whether I have been the chief inventor or first mover of this matter unto your majesty: for I am greatly suspected of all men herein." „My lord cardinal," quoth the king, „I can well excuse you herein. Marry," quoth he, „ye have been rather against me in attempting or setting forth thereof. And to put you all out of doubt, I will declare unto you the special cause that moved me hereunto; it was a certain scrupulosity that pricked my conscience upon divers words that were spoken at a certain time by the Bishop of Bayonne, the French king's ambassador, who had been here long upon

the debating for the conclusion of a marriage to be concluded between the princess, our daughter Mary and the Duke of Orleans, the French king's second son.

„And upon the resolution and determination thereof, he desired respite to advertise the king his master thereof, whether our daughter Mary should be legitimate in respect of the marriage which was sometime between the queen here and my brother the late prince Arthur. These words were so conceived within my scrupulous conscience, that it bred a doubt within my breast, which doubt pricked, vexed, and troubled so my mind, and so disquieted me, that I was in great doubt of God's indignation: which, as seemed me, appeared right well, much the rather for that he hath not sent me any issue male; for all such issue male as I have received of the queen died incontinent after they were born; so that I doubt the punishment of God in that behalf. Thus being troubled in waves of a scrupulous conscience, and partly in despair of any issue male by her, it drave me at last to consider the estate of this realm, and the danger it stood in for lack of issue male to succeed me in this imperial dignity. I thought it good, therefore, in relief of the weighty burden of scrupulous conscience, and the quiet estate of this noble realm, to attempt the law therein, and whether I might take another wife in case that my first copulation with this gentlewoman were not lawful; which I intend not for any carnal concupiscence, nor for any displeasure or mislike of the queen's person or age, with whom I could be as well content to continue during my life, if our marriage may stand with God's laws, as with any woman alive; in which point consisteth all this doubt that we go now about to try by the learned wisdom and judgment of you our prelates and pastors of this realm here assembled for that purpose; to whose conscience and judgment I have committed the charge, according to the which, God willing, we will be right well contented to submit ourself, to obey the same for our part. Wherein after I once perceived my conscience wounded with the doubtful case herein, I moved first this matter in confession to you, my Lord of Lincoln, my ghostly father. And forasmuch as then yourself were in some doubt to give me counsel, moved me to ask further counsel of all you, my lords; wherein I moved you first, my Lord of Canterbury; axing your license (forasmuch as you were our metropolitan) to put this matter in question; and so I did of all you, my lords, to the which ye have all granted by writing under all your seals, the which I have here to be showed.“ „That is truth, if it please your highness,“ quoth the Bishop of Canterbury; „I doubt not but all my brethren here present will affirm the same.“ „No, sir, not I,“ quoth the Bishop of Rochester, „ye have not my consent thereto.“ „No! ha' the!“ quoth the king; „look here upon this: is not this your hand and seal?“ and showed him the instrument with seals. „No, forsooth, sire,“ quoth the Bishop of Rochester, „it is not my hand nor seal!“ To that quoth the king to my Lord of Canterbury, „Sir, how say ye? is it not his hand and seal?“ „Yes, Sir,“ quoth my Lord of Canterbury. „That is not so,“ quoth the Bishop of Rochester, „for indeed you were in hand with me to have both my hand and seal, as other of my lords had already done; but then I said to you that I would never consent to no such act, for it were much against my conscience; nor my hand and seal should never be seen at any such instrument, God willing; with much more matter touching the same communication between us.“ „You say truth,“ quoth the Bishop of Canterbury; „such words ye said unto me; but at the last ye were fully persuaded that I should for you subscribe your name, and put to a seal myself, and ye would allow the same.“ „All which words and matter,“ quoth the Bishop of Rochester, „under your correction, my lord, and supportation of this noble audience, there is nothing more untrue.“ „Well, well,“ quoth the king, „it shall make no matter; we will not stand with you in argument herein, for you are but one man.“ And with that the court was adjourned until the next day of this session.

Zu A. 4, Sc. 2. Das Ende Wolsey's, von welchem Griffith der Königin berichtet, erzählt Cavendish so: *And the next day he took his journey with Master Kingston and the guard. And as soon as they espied their old master in such a lamentable estate, they lamented him with weeping eyes, whom my lord took by the hands, and divers times by the way, as he rode, he would talk with them, sometime with one and sometime with another. At night he was lodged at a house of the Earl of Shrewsbury's, called Hardwick Hall, very ill at ease. The next day he rode to Nottingham, and there lodged that night, more sicker, and the next day we rode to Leicester Abbey; and by the way he waxed so sick that he was divers times likely to have fallen from his mule; and being night before we came to the Abbey of Leicester, where, at his coming in at the gates, the abbot of the place, with all his convent, met him with the light of many torches; whom they right honourably received with great reverence. To whom my lord said, „Father Abbot, I am come hither to leave my bones among you;“ whom they brought on his mule to the stairs' foot of his chamber, and there alighted; and Master Kingston then took him by the arm and led him up the stairs, who told me afterwards that he never carried so heavy a burden in all his life. And as soon as he was in his chamber, he went incontinent to his bed, very sick. This was upon Saturday at night; and there he continued sicker and sicker.*

Upon Monday in the morning, as I stood by his bedside, about eight of the clock, the windows being close shut, having wax-lights burning upon the cupboard, I beheld him, as me seemed, drawing fast to his end. He, perceiving my shadow upon the wall by his bedside, asked who was there? „Sir, I am here,“ quoth I. „How do you?“ quoth he to me. „Very well, Sir,“ quoth I, „if I might see your grace well.“ „What is it of the clock?“ said he to me. „Forsooth, Sir,“ said I, „it is past eight of the clock in the morning.“ „Eight of the clock?“ quoth he; „that cannot be:“ rehearsing divers times, „eight of the clock—eight of the clock—nay, nay,“ quoth he at the last, „it cannot be eight of the clock, for by eight of the clock ye shall lose your master, for my time draweth near that I must depart out of this world.“

Griffith's Charakteristik von Wolsey ist aus Holinshed: *This cardinal, as Edmund Campion, in his History of Ireland, described him, was a man undoubtedly born to honour; I think, saith he, some prince's bastard, no butcher's son; exceeding wise, fair-spoken, high-minded, full of revenge, vicious of his body,*

lofty to his enemies, were they never so big, to those that accepted and sought his friendship wonderful courteous, a ripe schoolman, thrall to affections, brought a-bed with flattery, insatiable to get and more princely in bestowing, as appeareth by his two colleges at Ipswich and Oxenford, the one overthrown with his fall, the other unfinished, as yet as it lieth for an house of students (considering all the appartenances) incomparable throughout Christendom. — He héld and enjoyed at once the bishopricks of York, Durham, and Winchester, the dignities of Lord Cardinal, Legate and Chancellor, the Abbey of Saint Alban's, divers Priories, sundry fat benefices in Commendam; a great preferrer of his Servants, an advancer of learning, stout in every quarrel, never happy till this overthrow: wherein he showed such moderation and ended so perfectly that the hour of his death did him more honour than all the pomp of his life passed.

Den Brief, welchen Katharine an den König richtete, kannte Shakspere nur aus einem Auszuge bei Holinshed; vollständig lautet er, aus Lord Herbert's Papieren mitgetheilt: *The hour of my death now approaching, I cannot choose but, out of the love I bear you, advise you of your soul's health, which you ought to prefer before all considerations of the world or flesh whatsoever: for which yet you have cast me into many calamities, and yourself into many troubles. But I forgive you all, and pray God to do so likewise. For the rest, I commend unto you Mary our daughter, beseeching you to be a good father to her, as I have heretofore desired. I must entreat you also to respect my maids, and give them in marriage (which is not much, they being but three), and to all my other servants a year's pay besides their due, lest otherwise they should be unprovided for. Lastly, I make this vow, that mine eyes desire you above all things. Farewell.*

Zu A. 5, Sc. 1 und 2. Die Anklage und Freisprechung Cranmer's, welche in der dargestellten Weise in der That erst zehn Jahre später erfolgte, fand Shakspere in Fox's Acts and Monuments of the Christian Martyrs (1563) so beschrieben: *When night came, the king sent Sir Anthony Denny about midnigh' to Lambeth to the archbishop, willing him forthwith to resort unto him at the court. The message done, the archbishop speedily addressed himself to the court, and coming into the gallery where the king walked and tarried for him, his highness said, „Ah, my lord of Canterbury, I can tell you news. For divers weighty considerations it is determined by me and the council, that you to-morrow at nine of the clock shall be committed to the Tower, for that you and your chaplains (as information is given us) have taught and preached, and thereby sown within the realm such a number of execrable heresies, that it is feared, the whole realm being infected with them, no small contention and commotions will rise thereby amongst my subjects, as of late days the like was in divers parts of Germany, and therefore the council have requested me, for the trial of the matter, to suffer them to commit you to the Tower, or else no man dare come forth as witness in those matters, you being a counsellor."*

When the king had said his mind, the archbishop kneeled down, and said, „I am content, if it please your grace, with all my heart, to go thither at your highness' commandment; and I must humbly thank your Majesty that I may come to my trial, for there be that have many ways slandered me, and now this way I hope to try myself not worthy of such report."

The king perceiving the man's uprightness, joined with such simplicity, said, „Oh Lord, what manner o' man be you? What simplicity is in you? I had thought that you would rather have sued to us to have taken the pains to have heard you and your accusers together for your trial, without any such indurance. Do you not know what state you be in with the whole world, and how many great enemies you have? Do you not consider what an easy thing it is to procure three or four false knaves to witness against you? Think you to have better luck that way than your master Christ had? I see by it you will run headlong to your undoing, if I would suffer you. Your enemies shall not so prevail against you; for I have otherwise devised with myself to keep you out of their hands. Yet, notwithstanding, to-morrow when the council shall sit, and send for you, resort unto them, and if, in charging you with this matter, they do commit you to the Tower, require of them, because you are one of them, a counsellor, that you may have your accusers brought before them without any further indurance, and use for yourself as good persuasions that way as you may devise; and if no entreaty or reasonable request will serve, then deliver unto them this my ring (which then the king delivered unto the archbishop), and say unto them, If there be no remedy, my lords, but that I must needs go to the Tower, then I revoke my cause from you, and appeal to the king's own person by this token unto you all; for (said the king then unto the archbishop) so soon as they shall see this my ring, they know it so well that they shall understand that I have reserved the whole cause into mine own hands and determination, and that I have discharged them thereof."

The archbishop, perceiving the king's benignity so much to him wards, had much ado to forbear tears. „Well," said the king, „go your ways, my Lord, and do as I have bidden you." My lord, humbling himself with thanks, took his leave of the king's highness for that night.

On the morrow about nine of the clock before noon, the council sent a gentleman usher for the archbishop, who, when he came to the council-chamber door, could not be let in, but of purpose (as it seemed) was compelled there to wait among the pages, lackeys, and serving-men all alone. D. Butts, the king's physician, resorting that way, and espying how my lord of Canterbury was handled, went to the king's highness, and said, „My lord of Canterbury, if it please your grace, is well promoted: for now he is become a lackey or a serving-man, for yonder he standeth this half-hour at the council-chamber door amongst them." „It is not so (quoth the king), I trow, nor the council hath not so little discretion as to use the metropolitan of the realm in that sort, specially being one of their own number. But let them alone (said the king), and we shall hear more soon."

Anon the archbishop was called into the council-chamber, to whom was alleged as before is rehearsed. The archbishop answered in like sort as the king had advised him; and in the end, when he perceived that no manner of persuasion or entreaty could serve, he delivered them the king's ring, revoking his cause into

the king's hands. The whole council being thereat somewhat amazed, the earl of Bedford, with a loud voice, confirming his words with a solemn oath, said, „When you first began the matter, my lords, I told you what would become of it. Do you think that the king would suffer this man's finger to ache? Much more (I warrant you) will he defend his life against brabbling varlets. You do but cumber yourselves to hear tales and fables against him.“ And incontinently upon the receipt of the king's token they all rose, and carried to the king his ring, surrendering that matter, as the order and use was, into his own hands.

When they were all come to the king's presence, his highness, with a severe countenance, said unto them, „Ah, my lords, I thought I had had wiser men of my council than now I find you. What discretion was this in you thus to make the primate of the realm, and one of you in office, to wait at the council-chamber door amongst serving-men? You might have considered that he was a counsellor as well as you, and you had no such commission of me so to handle him. I was content that you should try him as a counsellor, and not as a mean subject. But now I well perceive that things be done against him maliciously, and if some of you might have had your minds, you would have tried him to the uttermost. But I do you all to wit, and protest, that if a prince may be beholding unto his subject (and so solemnly laying his hand upon his breast, said), by the faith I owe to God, I take this man here, my lord of Canterbury, to be of all other a most faithful subject unto us, and one to whom we are much beholding, giving him great commendations otherwise.“ And, with that one or two of the chiefest of the council, making their excuse, declared, that in requesting his indurance, it was rather meant for his trial and his purgation against the common fame and slander of the world, than for any malice conceived against him. „Well, well, my lords (quoth the king), take him, and well use him, as he is worthy to be, and make no more ado.“ And with that, every man caught him by the hand, and made fair weather of altogethers, which might easily be done with that man.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.
CARDINAL WOLSEY.
CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.
CAPUCIUS, Ambassador from Charles V.
CRANMER, Archbishop of Canterbury.
DUKE OF NORFOLK.
DUKE OF SUFFOLK.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
EARL OF SURREY.
Lord Chamberlain.
Lord Chancellor.
GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester.
BISHOP OF LINCOLN.
LORD ABERGAVENNY.
LORD SANDS.
SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.
SIR THOMAS LOVELL.
SIR ANTHONY DENNY.
SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.
Secretaries to Wolsey.

CROMWELL, Servant to Wolsey.
GRIFFITH, Gentleman-Usher to Queen Katharine.
Three other Gentlemen.
Garter King-at-arms.
DOCTOR BUTTS, Physician to the King.
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
BRANDON, and a Sergeant-at-arms.
Door-keeper of the Council-chamber.
Porter, and his Man.
Page to Gardiner. A Crier.

QUEEN KATHARINE, Wife to King Henry.
ANNE BULLEN, her Maid of honour.
An old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.
PATIENCE, Woman to Queen Katharine.

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb-shows; Women attending upon the Queen; Spirits, which appear to her; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

SCENE, chiefly in London and Westminster; once, at Kimbolton.

PROLOGUE.

I come no more to make you laugh:[1] things now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,[2]
May here find truth too. Those that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree
The play may pass,[3] if they be still and willing,
I 'll undertake, may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,[4]
A noise of targets, or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow,[5]
Will be deceiv'd; for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting
Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring,
To make that only true we now intend,
Will leave us never an understanding friend.[6]
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known
The first and happiest[7] hearers of the town,

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1) Der Schauspieler, der den Prolog zu sprechen hat, bereitet das Publicum darauf vor, dass es kein Lustspiel, sondern ein ernstes, erhabenes und effectvolles Drama voll Pracht, Leid und Rührung sehen werde. — Staunton liest *sad and high-working* und belegt diese plausible Emendation mit einem Passus aus Chapman's Widmungsepistel zu seiner Uebersetzung der Ilias: *Then let not this divinitie in earth,* || *Dear Prince, be sleighted, as she were the birth* || *Of idle Fancie; since she workes so hie.* 2) Die, welche ihren Eintritt in's Schauspielhaus bezahlt haben in der Hoffnung, dass sie keine Fabeln, sondern glaubwürdige Wahrheit dort anschauen sollen. 3) Zu den Zuschauern, welche für Rührung empfänglich sind, und zu denen, welche im Theater Wahrheit sehen wollen, kommt noch eine dritte Classe von Zuschauern, die ebenfalls von dem neuen Drama befriedigt sein werden: die, welche ein paar prachtvolle Aufzüge sehen wollen, und dann das Stück für ein leidliches erklären, können, dafür sagt der Prolog gut, in den zwei Stunden, dass die Aufführung dauert, wenn sie sich ruhig verhalten, für ihren Schilling Entrée genug zu sehen bekommen. — Die Construction ist: *those that come etc., may see away their shilling.* — *the play may pass* hängt von *so agree* ab. — *to see away* = mit Zuschauen verthun. — *a show or two* deutet u. A. auf das in A. 4, Sc. 1 und A. 5, Sc. 4 entwickelte Schaugepränge hin. 4) Nur ein mit Zoten gewürztes Lustspiel oder ein Stück mit Schlachtlärmen dürfen die Zuschauer nicht erwarten. 5) Ein langer, buntscheckiger Rock mit gelbem Besatz war die Tracht des Narren auf dem Sh.'schen Theater, den in diesem Drama die Zuschauer vergebens erwarten würden, als unverträglich mit dem Ernste und der Tendenz des Stücks. — *to guard* = säumen, galoniren. 6) *to rank etc.* ist Subject zu *will leave us etc.*, davon getrennt durch das eingeschobene *beside forfeiting etc.*: abgesehen davon, dass wir unser eigenes Ingenium preisgeben würden und die gute Meinung, die wir mit uns bringen, nämlich das, was wir im Sinne haben, nur wahrheitsgemäss

Be sad,[8] as we would make ye: think, ye see
The very persons of our noble story,
As they were living; think, you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng, and sweat
Of thousand friends;[9] then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery:
And if you can be merry then, I 'll say,
A man may weep upon his wedding-day.[10]

ACT I.

SCENE I.

London. An Antechamber in the Palace.

Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, *at one door; at the other, the Duke of* BUCKINGHAM, *and the Lord* ABERGAVENNY.

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How have you done,
Since last we saw[1] in France?
Nor. I thank your grace,
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.[2]
Buck. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Andren.[3]
Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde:
I was then present, saw them salute on horseback;
Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together;[4]
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have weigh'd
Such a compounded one?
Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.
Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: men might say,
Till this time pomp was single, but now married
To one[5] above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders its.[6] To-day the French
All clinquant,[7] all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English; and to-morrow they
Made Britain, India:[8] every man that stood
Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubins, all gilt: the madams too,
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a painting.[9] Now this masque[10]
Was cried incomparable; and the ensuing night
Made it a fool, and beggar. The two kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them; him in eye,
Still him in praise; and, being present both,
'T was said, they saw but one,[11] and no discerner
Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns
(For so they phrase them) by their heralds challeng'd
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous story,
Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
That Bevis was believ'd.[12]
Buck. O! you go far.
Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honour honesty,[13] the tract of every thing
Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to.[14] All was royal:
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd;

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darzustellen. 7) *happy* = begabt, talentvoll, hier im geistigen Sinn = urtheilsfähig. 8) *sad* = ernst, nachdenklich. — Der folgende Reim von *see* und *story* beruht eben so sehr auf ungewöhnlicher Betonung, wie im Epilog der ähnliche Reim von *in* und *women*. 9) Die Copula *and* ist hier mit einer bei Sh. herkömmlichen Licenz gebraucht: der grosse Haufe folgt in dichtem Gedränge den mächtigen Herren, wie z. B. dem Wolsey, und tausend Freunde mühen sich im Schweiss ab, ihnen zu dienen. 10) Dass man bei der Betrachtung solches plötzlichen Glückswechsels, wie unser Drama ihn vorführt, heiter bleiben kann, ist eben so unwahrscheinlich, als dass ein Mann an seinem Hochzeitstage weinen könnte.

1) Seit wir uns sahen. Wie hier *to see*, gebraucht Sh. gleich nachher *to salute*. 2) Das Staunen über Das, was er in Frankreich bei der Zusammenkunft der beiden Könige gesehen, ist noch so lebendig und frisch in ihm, als sähe er es jetzt erst. 3) So Sh. nach den Chroniken, welche zwischen dem Thale von Andren und der Stadt Arde in der Picardie unterscheiden. Guynes gehörte den Engländern, Arde den Franzosen. — Die meisten Hgg. setzen *Arde* für *Andren*. 4) Sie umklammerten sich in ihrer Umarmung so innig, als ob sie an einander festwüchsen. Wenn das geschehen wäre, so hätten keine andern vier Thronbesitzer diese so zusammengefügte Einheit aufwiegen können. 5) scil. *pomp*. Der Pomp, den bis dahin immer nur ein König entfaltet hatte und der deshalb allein dagestanden hatte, wurde nun, da zwei Könige mit einander wetteiferten, vermählt mit einem andern Pomp, der mehr vorstellte. 6) Jeder Tag der Zusammenkunft übertraf in der Prachtentwickelung den vorhergehenden, bis der letzte Tag die Wunder der früheren Tage sich selbst zu eigen machte, sie alle in sich vereinigte. 7) *clinquant* = flimmernd wie von Gold. 8) Die Engländer strahlten von Juwelen, als ob ihr Vaterland eine Heimath der Edelsteine, ein Indien wäre. 9) Die Anstrengung, so vielen Prunk an ihrem Leibe zu tragen, röthete die Wangen der Damen, als ob sie Schminke aufgelegt hätten. 10) *masque* = Maskenzug, Maskenfest. 11) Welchen König man gerade im Auge hatte, den pries man auch, und wenn Beide gegenwärtig waren, sah man nur Einen, und kein sondernder Beurtheiler durfte ein unterscheidendes Urtheil laut werden lassen. 12) Beim Anblick der körperlichen Kraft und Gewandtheit, welche im Turnier entwickelt wurde, zweifelte man auch nicht länger an der Wahrheit der Wunderthaten, die von dem Sachsen Bevis erzählt werden, dem gewaltigen Recken, den Wilhelm der Eroberer zum Grafen von Southampton ernannte. Auf den Zweikampf des Bevis mit dem Riesen Ascapart spielt Sh. an in der ersten Bearbeitung des King Henry VI. Second Part (A. 2, Sc. 3) *as Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart*. 13) So wahr ich einem adeligen Stande angehöre und in ehrenhafter Weise nach Ehrbarkeit und Wahrhaftigkeit strebe, also die Wahrheit sage. 14) Das grosse Ereigniss sprach in seinem Vorgange selbst ein Leben aus, das in der Erzählung sogar eines guten Erzählers verloren gehen würde. — Die folgenden Worte bis *sport together* incl. theilt die Fol. dem Buckingham zu und beginnt dann Norfolk's Antwort mit *As you guess*. — Die veränderte Vertheilung der Reden rührt von Theobald her. 15) *office* = die Beamten, welche

Order gave each thing view, the office [15] did
Distinctly his full function.
Buck. Who did guide,
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess?
Nor. One, certes, that promises no element [16]
In such a business.
Buck. I pray you, who, my lord?
Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the right reverend cardinal of York.
Buck. The devil speed him! no man's pie is freed
From his ambitious finger. [17] What had he
To do in these fierce vanities? [18] I wonder,
That such a keech [19] can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.
Nor. Surely, Sir,
There 's in him stuff that puts him to these ends;
For, being not propp'd by ancestry, whose grace
Chalks successors their way, nor call'd upon
For high feats done to the crown; neither allied
To eminent assistants; but, spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web, [20] he gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the king. [21]
Aber. I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him: let some graver eye
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him: whence has he that?
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard,
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.
Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this French going-out, [22] took he upon him,
Without the privity o' the king, t' appoint
Who should attend on him? [23] He makes up the file
Of all the gentry; for the most part such
To whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon: and his own letter,
The honourable board of council out,
Must fetch him in he papers. [24]
Aber. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.
Buck. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on them
For this great journey. [25] What did this vanity,
But minister communication of
A most poor issue? [26]
Nor. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.
Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm [27] that follow'd, was
A thing inspir'd; and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy, — that this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on 't.
Nor. Which is budded out;
For France hath flaw'd [28] the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.
Aber. Is it therefore
The ambassador is silenc'd?
Nor. Marry, is 't. [29]
Aber. A proper title of a peace, [30] and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate.

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mit Anordnung der Festlichkeiten betraut gewesen waren. 16) *element* erklärt Johnson hier mit *initiation, rudiment of knowledge.* Es ist vielleicht aber im gewöhnlichen Sinne des Worts zu verstehen: Einer, der an sich nicht verspricht, dass er an solchen Dingen Theil habe, ein Bestandtheil solcher Dinge sei. 17) Das Sprichwort *to have a finger in the pie* findet sich schon in der Sh. bekannten Sprichwörtersammlung von Ray. 18) *fierce vanities* = weltliche Eitelkeiten, bei denen es laut und lärmend hergeht, wie bei solchen Turnieren, die also dem geistlichen Charakter des Cardinals und Erzbischofs Wolsey wenig entsprechen. 19) *keech* = Fleischmasse, Dickwanst, hier nach Steevens' Vermuthung zugleich eine höhnische Anspielung auf die Abstammung Wolsey's, der der Sohn eines Metzgers war. 20) Spinnengleich, aus seinem Gewebe, das sich selbst ausspannt, giebt er uns Kunde. — *he gives* verbessert Capell das sinnlose *O give us note* der Fol., die hinter *web* ein Punctum setzt. — Staunton löst das Compositum *self-drawing* auf und construirt demnach *drawing web out of his self.* 21) Dass Wolsey kraft seines eigenen Verdienstes seinen Weg macht, ist eine Gabe, die der Himmel zu seinen Gunsten verlieh und die ihm einen Platz unmittelbar neben dem König verschafft. 22) Bei Gelegenheit dieser Reise nach Frankreich. 23) *him* bezieht sich auf *king.* 24) Wolsey hat eigenmächtig die Liste der Edelleute entworfen, die den König nach Frankreich begleiten sollten, grösstentheils solche, denen er durch diese Begleitung eben so grosse Kosten wie geringe Ehre verursachen wollte; und Wolsey's eignes Berufungsschreiben, indem der Staatsrath ganz ausser Spiel blieb, gar nicht befragt wurde, musste Jeden, dessen Namen er auf's Papier setzte, citiren. — Vor *out* ist *being* zu ergänzen, und *he papers* bezieht sich auf *him:* Derjenige, den er zu Papier bringt. Wie Staunton vermuthet, müsste statt des nichtssagenden *to paper* ein Synonym von *to beggar* stehen. Er schlägt daher *paupers* für *papers* vor. — Für *To whom as great a charge etc.*, wo *to* nachher wiederholt wird in *upon*, setzen die meisten Hgg. willkürlich *too.* 25) Viele, die den König nach Frankreich begleiteten, hatten sich so prachtvoll ausgerüstet und ganze Herrenhäuser verkauft, um den Erlös derselben auf ihre Kleidung zu verwenden, so dass sie gleichsam den damit belasteten Rücken gebrochen haben, d. h. bankrott geworden sind. So in Camden's Remains (1605) *There was a nobleman merrily conceited and virtuously given, that having lately sold a manor of an hundred tenements, came ruffling into the court, saying: Am I not a mighty man that bear an hundred houses on my back?* 26) Der eitle Prunk vermittelte nur eine Besprechung, eine Zusammenkunft, die ein sehr kümmerliches Resultat hatte. — Anders erklärt Staunton, indem er *communication* als das Gerede der Leute über die Kläglichkeit der Ergebnisse dieser Zusammenkunft zweier Könige fasst. 27) Sh. entlehnte diesen Zug aus Holinshed: *Monday the 18. of June was such an hideous storm of wind and weather that many conjectured it did prognosticate trouble and hatred shortly after to follow between princes.* 28) *to flaw* = einen Riss in Etwas bringen. 29) Der französische Botschafter am englischen Hofe ist zum Schweigen verurtheilt, kann sich kein Gehör verschaffen. 30) Ironisch: Das ist ein schöner Friede, der mit

Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carried.
Nor. Like it your grace, [31]
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you,
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety,) that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together: to consider further, that
What his high hatred would effect wants not
A minister in his power. You know his nature,
That he 's revengeful; and, I know, his sword
Hath a sharp edge: it 's long, and 't may be said,
It reaches far; and where 't will not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
You 'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock,
That I advise your shunning. [32]

Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, *(the purse borne before him,) certain of the Guard, and Two Secretaries with papers. The Cardinal in his passage fixeth his eye on* BUCKINGHAM, *and* BUCKINGHAM *on him, both full of disdain.*

Wol. The duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha!
Where 's his examination? [33]
1. Secr. Here, so please you.
Wol. Is he in person ready?
1. Secr. Ay, please your grace.
Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and Buckingham
Shall lessen this big look. [34]
[Exeunt WOLSEY *and Train.*
Buck. This butcher's cur [35] is venom-mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore, best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
Outworths a noble's blood. [36]
Nor. What! are you chaf'd?
Ask God for temperance; that 's the appliance only,
Which your disease requires.
Buck. I read in 's looks
Matter against me; and his eye revil'd
Me, as his abject object: at this instant
He bores me with some trick. [37] He 's gone to the king:
I 'll follow, and outstare him.
Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 't is you go about. To climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first: anger is like
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle [38] tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you: be to yourself
As you would to your friend.
Buck. I 'll to the king;
And from a mouth of honour [39] quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence, or proclaim
There 's difference in no persons.
Nor. Be advis'd;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself. We may outrun
By violent swiftness that which we run at,
And lose by overrunning. Know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor till 't run o'er,
In seeming to augment it, wastes it? Be advis'd:
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself,
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.
Buck. Sir,
I am thankful to you, and I 'll go along
By your prescription; but this top-proud fellow,
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions, [40] by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July, [41] when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.
Nor. Say not, treasonous.
Buck. To the king I 'll say 't, and make my vouch as strong
As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both (for he is equal [42] ravenous,
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief,
As able to perform 't, his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally), [43]
Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests [44] the king, our master,
To this last costly treaty, the interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' the rinsing. [45]
Nor. 'Faith, and so it did.

Recht so heisst und überflüssig theuer erkauft ist. 31) Möge es Euer Gnaden gefallen mich anzuhören. 32) Die Klippe, vor der ich Euch rathe auf der Hut zu sein. — Die folgende Bühnenweisung ist aus der Fol. — *the purse* = die Tasche, die vor dem Cardinal getragen wird, enthält das Reichssiegel, das er als Grosssiegelbewahrer in Verwahrung hat. 33) Das Protokoll über das Verhör des Hausverwalters Buckingham's, das dessen Herrn compromittiren sollte. 34) Buckingham wird weniger trotzig blicken, als er jetzt aussieht. 35) *butcher's cur* ist eine Bezeichnung Wolsey's, des Metzgersohnes (vgl. oben Anm. 19), die schon zu Wolsey's Zeit gebräuchlich war. So bei Skelton: *Our barons — — || Dare not look out at dur || For dread of the mastiff cur, || For dread of the butcher's dog || Wold wirry there like an hog.* — Die Fol. hat *venom'd-mouth'd.* 36) Die Buchgelehrsamkeit eines Bettlers, wie Wolsey, gilt mehr als das Blut eines Edelmannes, wie Buckingham. So sagt Lord Say in K. Henry VI. Second Part (A. 4, Sc. 7) *Because my book preferr'd me to the king.* 37) Er hat eben jetzt einen Anschlag, mit dem er mir Schaden thun will. 38) *self-mettle* = das eigne angeborne Feuer. So in Sh.'s Lucrece: *Till, like a jade, self-will himself doth tire.* 39) *mouth of honour* = ein Mund, aus dem adlige Ehre spricht, ist dem *Ipswich fellow's insolence* = Unverschämtheit des Burschen aus Ipswich, der Geburtsstadt Wolsey's, entgegengesetzt. 40) Der Satz *whom from — — motions* ist parenthetisch: ich mache ihn nicht namhaft, weil mir die Galle überfliesst, sondern aus reinen, lauteren Beweggründen oder Regungen. 41) *July*, mit dem Accent auf der ersten Sylbe, war die früher allgemein gebräuchliche Betonung des Worts. 42) *equal* für *equally*, wie Sh. häufig adjectivische Formen statt der adverbialen gebraucht. 43) Während *one another* nur sagt, dass die Sinnesart des Cardinals einen übeln Einfluss auf seine Staatsverwaltung ausübe, fügt *reciprocally* noch hinzu, dass dieser böse Einfluss ein gegenseitiger sei, dass der Minister in Wolsey ebenso den Menschen verderbe, wie der Mensch den Minister. 44) *to suggest* = Jemanden anstiften, verleiten zu Etwas, mit dem Accusativ der Person und *to* der Sache. 45) Die Fol. hat *wrenching*, von Pope verbessert. 46) Die Artikel

Buck. Pray, give me favour, Sir. This cunning cardinal
The articles o' the combination drew
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratified,
As he cried, »Thus let be,« to as much end,
As give a crutch to the dead.[46] But our count-cardinal
Has done this, and 't is well; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason,)[47] Charles the emperor,
Under pretence to see the queen, his aunt,
(For 't was, indeed, his colour, but he came
To whisper Wolsey,) here makes visitation:
His fears were, that the interview betwixt
England and France might, through their amity,
Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
Peep'd harms that menac'd him. He[48] privily
Deals with our cardinal, and, as I trow, —
Which I do well;[49] for, I am sure, the emperor
Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his suit was granted,
Ere it was ask'd: but when the way was made,
And pav'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd: —
That he would please to alter the king's course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know
(As soon he shall by me), that thus the cardinal
Does buy and sell[50] his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.
Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him; and could wish he were
Something mistaken in 't.[51]
Buck. No, not a syllable:
I do pronounce him in that very shape,
He shall appear in proof.

Enter Brandon; *a Sergant-at-arms before him, and Two or Three of the Guard.*

Bran. Your office, sergeant: execute it.
Serg. Sir,
My lord the duke of Buckingham, and earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign king.
Buck. Lo you, my lord,
The net has fall'n upon me: I shall perish
Under device and practice.[52]
Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business, present.[53] 'T is his highness' pleasure,
You shall to the Tower.
Buck. It will help me nothing,
To plead mine innocence; for that die is on me,
Which makes my whitest part black.[54] The will of heaven
Be done in this and all things. — I obey. —
O! my lord Aberga'ny, fare you well.
Bran. Nay, he must bear you company. — *[To* Abergavenny.*]* The king
Is pleas'd you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines further.
Aber. As the duke said,
The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure
By me obey'd.
Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king to attach Lord Montacute; and the bodies
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,[55]
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,[56] —
Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs o' the plot. No more, I hope.
Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.
Buck. O! Nicholas Hopkins?[57]
Bran. He.
Buck. My surveyor is false: the o'er-great cardinal
Hath show'd him gold. My life is spann'd[58] already:
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By darkening my clear sun.[59] — My lord,[60] farewell.
[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The Council-chamber.

Cornets. Enter King Henry, *Cardinal* Wolsey, *the Lords of the Council, Sir* Thomas Lovell, *Officers, and Attendants. The* King *enters leaning on the* Cardinal's *shoulder.*[1]

K. Hen. My life itself, and the best heart[2] of it,

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des Bündnisses, die genehmigt wurden, bloss weil der Cardinal rief: So sei es! halfen dem Lande so viel, als ob man Krücken den Todten geben wollte. — Für *count-cardinal* las Pope *court-cardinal.* 47) Was nun weiter geschah, das geheime Einverständniss zwischen dem deutschen Kaiser und Wolsey, ist dem Hochverrath so verwandt oder so ähnlich, wie ein junger Hund seiner Mutter. 48) *he*, das in der ersten Fol. fehlt, ergänzt die zweite Folioausg. von 1632. 49) *well* bezieht sich auf *trow*: wie ich fest überzeugt bin. 50) *to buy and sell* = mit Etwas Handel treiben, Etwas verschachern. 51) Ich wünschte, dass man den Cardinal darin verkehrt auffasste, dass er also nicht so schlimm wäre, wie man glaubt. 52) *practice* = Anschlag, Nachstellung. 53) *present* bezieht sich auf *I*: als ein gegenwärtiger Augenzeuge die Sache mit anzusehen. 54) Ich bin bei dem Könige so angeschwärzt, dass auch das Weisseste an mir schwarz erscheint. 55) Für *de la Car*, wie die Fol. nach den Chroniken hat, setzen manche Hgg. einen andern Namen *de la Court*, den die Chroniken gleichfalls angeben. 56) *chancellor* verbesserte Theobald das *counsellor* der Fol., in Uebereinstimmung mit den Chroniken und einer späteren Stelle (A. 2, Sc. 1), wo auch die Fol. hat *Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor.* 57) Die Fol. hat *Michael Hopkins*, was Theobald umänderte nach den Worten der Chronik: *Nicholas Hopkins, a monk of an house of the Chartreux order, beside Bristow, called Henton.* 58) *to span* = ausmessen nach der Spanne, welche das menschliche Leben überhaupt lang ist, wie es in der Bibel heisst *Man's life is said to be but a span long.* 59) *whose figure* muss sich auf *the shadow*, nicht auf *poor Buckingham* beziehen: diese Wolke des Unheils, indem sie meine klare Sonne verfinstert, nimmt die äussern Umrisse, die Gestalt eines Schattens von mir, nicht meines wirklichen Wesens, das schon dahin ist, an. — Theobald's Vorschlag, *puts out* zu lesen, ist immerhin erwähnenswerth. 60) *my lord* änderte Rowe das *my lords* der Fol., da nur Norfolk gemeint sein kann, nicht zugleich Abergavenny, der den Buckingham zum Tower begleiten muss.

1) Die Bühnenweisung ist wesentlich aus der Fol.; das von ihr noch ausserdem hinzugefügte *The Cardinal places himself under the King's feet on his right side* erweitern manche Hgg.: *The King takes his state. The Lords of the Council occupy their several places. The Cardinal etc.* und setzen dies vor die folgende Bühnen-

Thanks you for this great care. I stood i' the level
Of a full-charg'd confederacy,[3] and give thanks
To you that chok'd it. — Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person
I 'll hear him his confessions justify,
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.[4]

A noise within, crying »Room for the Queen!« *Enter the* Queen, *ushered by the Dukes of* Norfolk *and* Suffolk: *she kneels. The* King *riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses, and placeth her by him.*

Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel: I am a suitor.
K. Hen. Arise, and take place by us. — Half your suit
Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;
Repeat[5] your will, and take it.
Q. Kath. Thank your majesty.
That you would love yourself, and in that love
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.
K. Hen. Lady mine, proceed.
Q. Kath. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance. There have been commissions
Sent down among them, which hath flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties: wherein, although,
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on[6]
Of these exactions, yet the king our master,
Whose honour heaven shield from soil! even he escapes not
Language unmannerly; yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty,[7] and almost appears
In loud rebellion.
Nor. Not almost appears,
It doth appear; for upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing,[8] have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth,[9] are all in uproar,
And danger serves among them.[10]
K. Hen. Taxation!
Wherein? and what taxation? — My lord cardinal,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?
Wol. Please you, Sir,
I know but of a single part, in aught
Pertains to the state; and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.[11]
Q. Kath. No, my lord,
You know no more than others; but you frame
Things, that are known alike,[12] which are not wholesome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to the hearing; and to bear them,
The back is sacrifice to the load.[13] They say,
They are devis'd by you, or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.
K. Hen. Still exaction!
The nature of it? In what kind, let 's know,
Is this exaction?
Q. Kath. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The subjects' grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your wars in France. This makes bold mouths:
Tongues spit their duties out,[14] and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them: their curses now
Live where their prayers did; and it 's come to pass,
This tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will.[15] I would, your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business.[16]
K. Hen. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.
Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, than by

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weisung. 2) *heart* = das Innerste, das eigentliche Element einer Sache, hat Sh. häufig in diesem Sinne. So *heart of hope* in Coriolanus (A. 1, Sc. 6), *the heart of my message* in Twelfth-Night (A. 1, Sc. 5), und ebenso bald nachher in dieser Scene *the heart of all their loyalties.* 3) Die vermeintliche Verschwörung Buckingham's, welche Wolsey dem Könige verrathen hat, wird als ein vollgeladenes Geschütz gefasst, dessen Zielpunkt der König war. 4) Die folgende Bühnenweisung steht fast wörtlich so in der Fol. 5) *to repeat* = hersagen, anführen, nicht bloss = wiederholen. 6) *putter-on* = Anstifter. So in Winter's Tale (A. 2, Sc. 1) *You are abus'd, and by some putter-on.* 7) Eine Sprache, welche in ihrer Masslosigkeit die Treue gegen den König vernichtet. Das Bild ist von einem menschlichen Körper entlehnt, dessen Bau oder dessen Seiten nicht stark genug für irgend ein inneres Uebel sind. So in Antony and Cleopatra (A. 1, Sc. 3) *the sides of nature will not sustain it.* 8) Die Menge aller Gewerbtreibenden, die von ihnen abhängt. 9) Sie bieten verzweifelt dem Ausgange ihres Aufruhrs Trotz, fordern diesen Ausgang zum verzweifelten Kampfe heraus. 10) *danger* = Gefahr für den König und das Land, wird hier als ein Bundesgenosse der Aufständischen, der unter ihnen Kriegsdienste thut, gefasst. So personificirt Sh. *danger* auch in Július Cæsar (A. 2, Sc. 2) *danger knows full well,* || *That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.* 11) In der Staatsverwaltung vertrete ich nur einen einzelnen Theil und stehe nur mit in Reihe und Glied, wo Andere mit mir marschiren. — *to front* = eine Fronte bilden mit Andern, ist schwerlich hier, wie Johnson es versteht, = den Andern voranstehen. 12) *alike* bezieht sich auf das vorhergehende *you know no more than others:* die Dinge, welche gleichmässig von Allen und nicht von Euch allein gewusst sind, die setzt Ihr doch zuerst in's Werk. 13) Der diese schweren Besteuerungen zu tragen hat, dessen Rücken wird ein Opfer seiner Last, bricht unter der Last zusammen. 14) Die Zungen der Unterthanen entäussern sich verächtlich des Respectes, den sie dem König schuldig sind, und reden hochverrätherisch. — Auf Zunge und Herz gemeinschaftlich bezieht sich das folgende *where their prayers did.* 15) Der fügsame Gehorsam, der sonst den Unterthanen eigen war, schweigt jetzt vor dem erbitterten Eigenwillen jedes Einzelnen. *this,* wofür viele Hgg. mit Rowe *that* lesen, ist hinweisend auf das Vorhergehende: solch ein Gehorsam, wie er den Unterthanen sonst eigen war. 16) *business* ist Warburton's Emendation für

A single voice, and that not pass'd me but
By learned approbation of the judges. [17] If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither know
My faculties, nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing, let me say,
'T is but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not stint [18]
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope [19] malicious censurers; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new-trimm'd, but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters (once [20] weak ones) is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality, [21] is cried up
For our best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here, where we sit, or sit
State-statues only.

K. Hen. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
A trembling contribution! [22] Why, we take
From every tree, lop, [23] bark, and part o' the timber;
And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
The air will drink the sap. To every county,
Where this is question'd, [24] send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has denied
The force of this commission. Pray, look to 't;
I put it to your care.

Wol. [To the Secretary.] A word with you.
Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd commons
Hardly conceive of me; [25] let it be nois'd,
That through our intercession this revokement
And pardon comes. I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. *[Exit Secretary.*

Enter Surveyor.

Q. Kath. I am sorry that the duke of Buckingham
Is run in [26] your displeasure.

K. Hen. It grieves many:
The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare speaker,
To nature none more bound; his training such
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself. [27] Yet see,
When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so complete, [28]
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with ravish'd list'ning, could not find
His hour of speech a minute, [29] he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear
(This was his gentleman in trust) of him
Things to strike honour sad. [30] — Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth; and with bold spirit relate what you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the duke of Buckingham.

K. Hen. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech, that if the king
Should without issue die, he 'll [31] carry it so
To make the sceptre his. These very words
I 've heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Aberga'ny, to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point.
Not friended by his wish, [32] to your high person
His will is most malignant; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.

Q. Kath. My learn'd lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

K. Hen. Speak on.
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail? [33] to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?

Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins. [34]

K. Hen. What was that Hopkins?

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baseness der Fol.: es giebt kein dringenderes Geschäft, als diese Uebelstände in Erwägung zu ziehen. 17) Die einzelne Stimme, welche ich im Rath für diese Besteuerung abgab, erfolgte erst auf die Zustimmung gelehrter Richter. 18) *to stint* = unterlassen, hemmen. 19) *to cope* mit dem Accusativ = Jemandem begegnen, es mit Jemandem aufnehmen. 20) *once* = gelegentlich, zeitweilig: das Beste, was wir thun, wird von kranken Auslegern, zeitweilig von schwachen Auslegern, uns abgestritten, wird nicht für unser Thun erklärt, oder wird nicht anerkannt. — *to allow* = gelten lassen. 21) Das Schlechteste, was wir thun, wird eben so oft, weil es einem roheren Geschmacke zusagt, oder einem gröbern Sinne sich aufdrängt, als unser Bestes gepriesen. 22) Eine Steuer, die ein Sechstel von dem Vermögen jedes Bürgers erheischt, ist eine Contribution, vor der man wohl zittern, bedenklich werden kann. — *trembling* in diesem transitiven Sinne = erzittern machend, hat Sh. auch in Winter's Tale (A. 4, Sc. 3) *trembling winter*. 23) *lop* = was sich von den Bäumen abhauen lässt, also Aeste und Zweige, ist hier als Substantiv zu fassen. 24) Wo es bis jetzt gerichtliche Untersuchungen wegen der verweigerten Steuer gab. 25) Die gekränkten Gemeinen haben eine üble Meinung von mir. 26) *in* für *into*, wie in All 's well that ends well (A. 2, Sc. 5) steht *to run into my lord's displeasure*. 27) Eine Hülfe ausserhalb seiner selbst, eine Hülfe, die er nicht in seinem eigenen Geiste fände. 28) *complete* betont Sh. bald auf der ersten Sylbe, bald auf der zweiten. 29) Unserm entzückten Lauschen erschien eine Stunde, während welcher Buckingham sprach, kaum so lang wie eine Minute. — Für *when we* schrieb Sh. vielleicht *whom we*. 30) Dinge, welche jeden Ehrenmann, der sie hört, mit Trauer erfüllen müssen. 31) Die meisten Hgg. setzen mit Pope *he'd*. Indess ist dieser Uebergang von *should* zu *shall* oder *will*, von der indirecten Rede zur directen, in Sh.'s Manier. 32) *not friended by his wish* ist Apposition zu *to your high person*. 33) *upon our fail* = nach unserm Ableben, für den Fall, dass wir nicht mehr da wären. 34) Theobald brachte hier den eigentlichen Namen des Beichtvaters in den Text. Die Fol. nennt ihn

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor: who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.
K. Hen. How know'st thou this?
Surv. Not long before your highness sped to France,
The duke being at the Rose,[35] within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey? I replied,
Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious,
To the king's danger. Presently the duke
Said, 't was the fear, indeed; and that he doubted,[36]
'T would prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk: »that oft,« says he,
»Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after, under the confession's[37] seal,
He solemnly had sworn, that, what he spoke,
My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensu'd, — Neither the king, nor his heirs,
(Tell you the duke) shall prosper: bid him strive
To gain[38] the love of the commonalty: the duke
Shall govern England.«
Q. Kath. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o' the tenants: take good heed,
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul. I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily beseech you.
K. Hen. Let him on. —
Go forward.
Surv. On my soul, I 'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceiv'd; and that 't was dangerous
for him[39]
To ruminate on this so far, until
It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,
It was much like to do.[40] He answer'd, »Tush!
It can do me no damage:« adding further,
That had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.

K. Hen. Ha! what, so rank?[41] Ah ha!
There 's mischief in this man. — Canst thou say further?
Surv. I can, my liege.
K. Hen. Proceed.
Surv. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reprov'd the duke
About Sir William Blomer, —
K. Hen. I remember
Of such a time: being my sworn servant,[42]
The duke retain'd him his. — But on: what hence?
Surv. »If,« quoth he, »I for this had been committed,
As, to the Tower, I thought, I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in his presence; which if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would[43]
Have put his knife into him.«
K. Hen. A giant traitor!
Wol. Now, Madam, may his highness live in freedom,
And this man out of prison?
Q. Kath. God mend all!
K. Hen. There 's something more would out of thee:
what say'st?
Surv. After »the duke his father«, with »the knife«,[44]
He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on his breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenour
Was, — were he evil us'd, he would outgo
His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.
K. Hen. There 's his period,
To sheathe his knife in us.[45] He is attach'd;
Call him to present trial: if he may
Find mercy in the law, 't is his; if none,
Let him not seek 't of us. By day and night![46]
He 's traitor to the height. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain and Lord SANDS.

Cham. Is 't possible, the spells of France should juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?[1]

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hier und in der folgenden Zeile *Nicholas Henton*, wahrscheinlich nach einer Verwechslung Sh.'s, der in der Stelle bei Holinshed *by a vain prophecy which one Nicholas Hopkins, a monk of an house of the Chartreux order, beside Bristow, called Henton, sometime his confessor, had opened unto him* irrthümlich das *called* auf *monk* statt auf *house* bezog. Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1, Anm. 57. 35) Das betreffende Haus führte, wie alle Häuser in London in jener Zeit ein bestimmtes Abzeichen hatten, eine Rose im Schilde. 36) *to doubt* = argwöhnen, besorgen. — Zwei Zeilen vorher hat die Fol. *men feare*, von Pope verbessert. 37) *confession's* änderte Theobald das *commissions* der Fol., indem er den Worten Holinshed's folgte: *The duke in talk told the monk, that he had done very well to bind his chaplain, John de la Car, under the seal of confession, to keep secret such matter.* 38) *gain*, das in der Fol. fehlt, supplirte zuerst die vierte Folioausg. von 1685. -- Auch diese Stelle ist fast wörtlich aus Holinshed entlehnt. 39) *for him* emendirte Rowe das *for this* der Fol., das vielleicht besser ganz wegfiele. 40) *to do* bezieht sich auf *forg'd him some design*, und *being believ'd* auf *on this:* das beständige Grübeln über die Prophezeiung des Mönches möchte am Ende bei Buckingham sich zu einem Anschlag gestalten, wie es sehr wahrscheinlich wäre, wenn er das glaubte, worüber er grübelte. 41) War Buckingham so arg? 42) Sir William Blomer war zum Missfallen des Königs aus dessen Dienst in den Dienst Buckingham's übergegangen. 43) scil. *he would:* Buckingham's Vater würde, wenn er Zutritt zu Richard III. erlangt hätte, unter dem Anschein einer Huldigung den usurpatorischen König mit dem Messer erstochen haben. 44) Nachdem er diese vorher citirten Worte gesprochen hatte. — In directer Rede stand *my father*, hier in indirecter Rede *the duke his father.* 45) Damit, dass er sein Messer mir in die Brust stossen will, hat es jetzt ein Ende, da er verhaftet und zur Untersuchung gezogen wurde. 46) Steevens fasst *by day and night* als *at all times, every way*, wie in K. Lear (A. 1, Sc. 3) *by day and night he wrongs me*, wo die meisten Hgg. es als eine Betheurung fassen. Eine solche scheint es jedenfalls an unserer Stelle zu sein und ist demgemäss zu interpungiren.

Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unmanly,[2] yet are follow'd.
Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late voyage is but merely
A fit or two o' the face;[3] but they are shrewd ones,
For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly,
Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so.
Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones: one would take it,
That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin
And springhalt[4] reign'd among 'em.
Cham. Death! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,[5]
That, sure, they 've worn out Christendom.

Enter Sir Thomas Lovell.

How now?
What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?
Lov. 'Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That 's clapp'd upon the court-gate.
Cham. What is 't for?
Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.
Cham. I am glad 't is there: now, I would pray our monsieurs[6]
To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.
Lov. They must either
(For so run the conditions) leave those remnants
Of fool, and feather,[7] that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fireworks;[8]
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom; renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis and tall stockings,
Short blister'd breeches,[9] and those types of travel,
And understand again like honest men;
Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I take it,
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear[10] away
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.
Sands. 'T is time to give 'em physic, their diseases
Are grown so catching.
Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities!
Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords: the sly whoresons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;
A French song, and a fiddle, has no fellow.
Sands. The devil fiddle 'em! I am glad they 're going
For, sure, there 's no converting of 'em: now,
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,
And have an hour of hearing; and, by 'r lady,
Held[11] current music too.
Cham. Well said, Lord Sands:
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.
Sands. No, my lord;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.[12]
Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a-going?
Lov. To the cardinal's.
Your lordship is a guest too.
Cham. O! 't is true:
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies; there will be
The beauty[13] of this kingdom, I 'll assure you.
Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us:
His dews fall every where.
Cham. No doubt, he 's noble;
He had a black mouth that said other of him.
Sands. He may, my lord; has wherewithal:[14] in him,
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine:
Men of his way should be most liberal;
They are set here for examples.
Cham. True, they are so;
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays;[15]
Your lordship shall along. — Come, good Sir Thomas,
We shall be late else; which I would not be,

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1) *mysteries* = Sonderbarkeiten, Unbegreiflichkeiten, sind hier die unerklärlichen Trachten und Moden, welche die Engländer, von den Franzosen gleichsam bezaubert, angenommen hatten seit der Zusammenkunft der beiden Könige in der Picardie. 2) Wenn diese Moden auch selbst weibisch, einem Manne schlecht anstehend, sein sollten. 3) *a fit or two o' the face* = ein oder zwei besondere Manieren, das Gesicht zu verziehen, ein paar Grimassen. Aber diese Grimassen sind solche, die grosse Schlauheit verrathen *(they are shrewd ones)*, da die sie Anlegenden damit aussehen, als seien sie altergraute Staatsmänner schon bei den alten Frankenkönigen Pipin und Clothar gewesen. 4) *saw 'em* und *and springhalt* sind Emendationen Pope's für *see 'em* und *a springhalt* der Fol. — Dyce und Staunton ändern das *a springhalt* in *or springhalt* um. 5) Die Fol. hat *cut too 't*, die dritte Folioausg. erst das Richtige. 6) *monsieurs* = die französirten Herren vom Hofe. — Das Pariser Louvre als die Residenz des französischen Königs erwähnt Sh. auch in K. Henry V. (A. 2, Sc. 4). 7) Jene Ueberbleibsel von Federn an den Hüten, wie die Narren sie tragen, und wie die englischen Gecken sie aus Frankreich mitgebracht. — Diese französische Mode erwähnt auch Nashe in seinem Life of Jack Wilton: *I had a feather in my cap as big as a flag in the foretop.* — *fool and feather* ist von Sh. mit derselben Licenz verbunden, wie vorher *talk and tailors*, das vielleicht auch zu verstehen ist = Geschwätz über Schneider. 8) Die Turniere und Feuerwerke, welche die Zusammenkunft der Könige verherrlicht hatten, und nun als Mode mit nach England hinübergebracht waren. 9) Kurze und dabei wie Blasen dickgeschwollene Hosen. Solche *French hose* macht Sh. auch an andern Stellen lächerlich; so in Merchant of Venice (A. 1, Sc. 2) und in Macbeth (A. 2, Sc. 3). 10) *wear* verbessert die zweite Folioausg. das *wee* der ersten. 11) Einige Hgg. ändern willkürlich das *held*, zu dem *I* supplirt wird, in *hold* um. — Lord Sands verstand sich auch auf Musik, die bei den Damen etwas galt, wenn es auch nur ein einfaches englisches Lied, kein französisches, mit der Geige accompagnirtes, war. 12) So lange mir noch ein Stumpf von dem *colt's tooth* = Milchzahn, sprichwörtlich für jugendliche Regung, übrig bleibt. 13) *beauty* ist hier collectiv = der gesammte schöne Damenflor Englands. 14) Der Cardinal kann wohl nobel sein; er hat die Mittel dazu. — Die meisten Hgg. fügen vor *has* ein *he* an, das sich leicht, zumal in vertraulicher Rede, aus dem Vorhergehenden ergänzen lässt. — Für *ha's* der Fol. setzte Rowe *h'as*. 15) Er fährt zu Wasser auf der Themse

For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford,
This night to be comptrollers.[16]
Sands. I am your lordship's.
[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

The Presence-chamber in York-Place.

Hautboys. A small table under a state for the Cardinal, a longer table for the guests; then enter Anne Bullen, *and divers Lords, Ladies, and Gentlewomen, as guests, at one door; at another door, enter Sir* Henry Guildford.

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
Salutes ye all: this night he dedicates
To fair content, and you. None here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy,[1] has brought with her
One care abroad: he would have all as merry
As, first, good[2] company, good wine, good welcome
Can make good people.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands, *and Sir* Thomas Lovell.

O, my lord! you are tardy;
The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.
Cham. You are young, Sir Harry Guildford.
Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet[3] ere they rested,
I think would better please 'em: by my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.
Lov. O! that your lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these.
Sands. I would, I were;
They should find easy penance.
Lov. 'Faith, how easy?
Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.
Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir Harry,
Place you that side, I 'll take the charge of this:
His grace is entering. — Nay, you must not freeze;[4]
Two women plac'd together makes cold weather: —
My lord Sands, you are one will keep them waking;
Pray, sit between these ladies.
Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship. — By your leave, sweet ladies:
[Seats himself between Anne Bullen *and another Lady.*[5]
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.
Anne. Was he mad,[6] Sir?
Sands. O! very mad, exceeding mad; in love too;
But he would bite none: just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath.[7] *[Kisses her.*
Cham. Well said,[8] my lord. —
So, now you are fairly seated. — Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.
Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal Wolsey, *attended, and takes his state.*[9]

Wol. You are welcome, my fair guests: that noble lady,
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend. This, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all good health. *[Drinks.*
Sands. Your grace is noble:
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,[10]
And save me so much talking.
Wol. My lord Sands,
I am beholding to you: cheer your neighbours. —
Ladies, you are not merry: — gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?
Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then, we shall have 'em
Talk us to silence.
Anne. You are a merry gamester,[11]
My lord Sands.
Sands. Yes, if I make my play.
Here 's to your lordship; and pledge it, Madam,
For 't is to such a thing, —
Anne. You cannot show me.
Sands. I told your grace, they would talk anon.
[Drum and trumpets within; chambers discharged.[12]
Wol. What 's that?

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von dem Palast des Königs in Bridewell nach York-Place, der Residenz des Cardinals. 16) Der Cardinal hat den Lord Kämmerer und Sir Henry Guildford gebeten, bei seinem Feste die Honneurs zu machen, die Aufseher zu sein, was selbst zu thun sich nicht mit der hohen geistlichen Würde des Cardinals vertrug.

1) *bevy*, eigentlich = ein Schwarm von Lerchen, wandte vor Sh. schon Spenser auf eine Schaar von Damen an; so in der Faerie Queene: *And in the midst thereof upon the flower || A lovely bevy of fair ladies sat.* 2) Die Fol. schreibt *first, good*, viele Hgg. dagegen mit Theobald *first-good* als Compositum = allerbeste Gesellschaft. Der Sinn ist wohl: er will Alle so lustig sehen, wie am ersten gute Gesellschaft u. s. w. gute Leute machen kann. 3) *a running banquet* = ein in der Eile oder stehend und umhergehend eingenommener Imbiss, wird hier von Sands in demselben frivolen und zweideutigen Sinne gebraucht, in welchem er nachher von *easy penance* spricht. Vgl. A. 5, Sc. 3, Anm. 23. 4) Die Damen würden frieren, wenn keine Herren an ihrer Seite sässen. — Der folgende Reimspruch ist sprichwörtlich. 5) Diese Bühnenweisung und die folgende ist von den Hggn. hinzugefügt, während sonst in diesem Drama, abweichend von manchen andern, die meisten Bühnenweisungen sich ausführlich und charakteristisch bereits in der Fol. finden. 6) *mad* bezieht sich auf *talk a little wild* = etwas toll reden. 7) Er pflegte zwanzig Damen in einem Athemzuge zu küssen. — *you* ist pleonastischer Dativ. 8) Mit *well said* = brav! meint der Lord Kämmerer den Kuss, den Sands der Dame gegeben hat, nicht gerade seine Reden. 9) Der Cardinal nimmt seinen erhöhten Sitz unter dem Baldachin ein. 10) Sands wünscht sich einen Becher, gross genug, um seinen ganzen Dank darin fassen und durch das Austrinken desselben gegen den Cardinal ausdrücken zu können, statt ihn mündlich auszusprechen. 11) *gamester* fasst Anna = munterer, ausgelassener Gesell. Sands in seiner Replik in eigentlichem Sinn = Spieler. 12) Das Loslassen der Böller *(chambers)* kündigt neben dem Trommelwirbel und Trompetentusch die Ankunft neuer, vornehmer Gäste an. — Wahrscheinlich war es bei einer Aufführung dieser Scene im Jahre 1613, dass das Globustheater in Flammen aufging.

Cham. Look out there, some of you.
[Exit a Servant.
Wol. What warlike voice,
And to what end is this? — Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war you are privileg'd.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now? what is 't?
Serv. A noble troop of strangers;
For so they seem: they 've left their barge,[13] and landed;
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.
Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give them welcome; you can speak the French tongue:
And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them. — Some attend him. —
[Exit Chamberlain, attended. All arise, and tables removed.
You have now a broken banquet; but we 'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all; and, once more,
I shower a welcome on ye. — Welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the KING, *and Others, as masquers, habited like shepherds, ushered by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.*[14]

A noble company! what are their pleasures?
Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd
To tell your grace: — that, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks; and, under your fair conduct,
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with 'em.
Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,
They have done my poor house grace; for which I pay 'em
A thousand thanks, and pray 'em take their pleasures.
[Ladies chosen for the dance. The KING *takes* ANNE BULLEN.
K. Hen. The fairest hand I ever touch'd. O beauty!
Till now I never knew thee. *[Music. Dance.*
Wol. My lord!
Cham. Your grace?
Wol. Pray, tell them thus much from me:
There should be one amongst them, by his person,
More worthy this place[15] than myself; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.
Cham. I will, my lord.
[Goes to the masquers, and returns.
Wol. What say they?
Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is, indeed; which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it.[16]
Wol. Let me see then. —
[Comes from his state.
By all your good leaves, gentlemen, here I 'll make
My royal choice.
K. Hen. [Unmasking.] Ye have found him, cardinal.
You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:
You are a churchman, or, I 'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.[17]
Wol. I am glad,
Your grace is grown so pleasant.
K. Hen. My lord chamberlain,
Pr'ythee, come hither. What fair lady 's that?
Cham. An 't please your grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's daughter,
The viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women.[18]
K. Hen. By heaven, she is a dainty one. — Sweetheart,
I were unmannerly to take you out,
And not to kiss you.[19] — A health, gentlemen!
Let it go round.[20]
Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
I' the privy chamber?
Lov. Yes, my lord.
Wol. Your grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.
K. Hen. I fear, too much.
Wol. There 's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.
K. Hen. Lead in your ladies, every one. — Sweet partner,
I must not yet forsake you. — Let 's be merry,
Good my lord cardinal: I have half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure[21]
To lead 'em once again; and then let 's dream[22]
Who 's best in favour. — Let the music knock it.[23]
[Exeunt, with trumpets.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter Two Gentlemen, meeting.

1. Gent. Whither away so fast?
2. Gent. O! — God save you.
E'en to the hall,[1] to hear what shall become
Of the great duke of Buckingham.

Vgl. Einleitung pag. 1039. 13) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 3, Anm. 15. 14) Diese Bühnenweisung der Fol. erweitern manche Hgg., nach Angabe des Berichtes in den Chroniken, indem sie *Twelve Others* setzen und *with Sixteen Torch-bearers* hinter *shepherds* einfügen. — Vgl. Einleitung pag. 1040 u. 1041. 15) *this place* ist der vorher als *state* bezeichnete Thronsessel unter dem Baldachin. Vgl. Anm. 9 dieser Scene. 16) scil. *take this place.* 17) *unhappily* = schlimm: wenn Ihr kein Geistlicher wäret, so würde ich wegen solcher Damengesellschaft Euch schlimm beurtheilen. 18) *her highness* ist der Titel der Königin Katharine. 19) Es würde unhöflich von mir sein, wenn ich Euch zum Tanz holte und am Schlusse des Tanzes nicht küsste. — Eine Anspielung auf eine Sitte der Zeit. 20) Der Becher, in dem die Gesundheit getrunken wird, soll herumgehen. 21) *measure* = ein feierlicher Tanz, der gehend abgemacht wurde, daher *to lead them a measure* = sie in solchem Tanze herumführen. 22) Nach Beendigung des Banketts und des Tanzes wollen wir schlafen gehen und von den Damen träumen, in deren Gunst wir stehen möchten. 23) *to knock it* = den Takt zum Tanz kräftig anschlagen.

1. Gent. I 'll save you
That labour, Sir. All 's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner.
2. Gent. Were you there?
1. Gent. Yes, indeed, was I.
2. Gent. Pray, speak what has happen'd.
1. Gent. You may guess quickly what.
2. Gent. Is he found guilty?
1. Gent. Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon it.
2. Gent. I am sorry for 't.
1. Gent. So are a number more.
2. Gent. But, pray, how pass'd it?
1. Gent. I 'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar; where to his accusations
He pleaded still not guilty, and alleg'd
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
The king's attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses, which the duke desir'd
To have brought,[2] *viva voce*, to his face:
At which appeared against him, his surveyor;
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Car,
Confessor to him; with that devil-monk,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.
2. Gent. That was he
That fed him with his prophecies?
1. Gent. The same.
All these accus'd him strongly; which he fain
Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could not:
And so his peers, upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.[3]
2. Gent. After all this, how did he bear himself?
1. Gent. When he was brought again to the bar, to hear
His knell rung out, his judgment, he was stirr'd
With such an agony, he sweat extremely,
And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty:
But he fell to himself again, and sweetly
In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.
2. Gent. I do not think, he fears death.
1. Gent. Sure, he does not;
He was never so womanish; the cause[4]
He may a little grieve at.
2. Gent. Certainly,
The cardinal is the end of this.
1. Gent. 'T is likely,
By all conjectures: first, Kildare's attainder,
Then deputy of Ireland; who remov'd,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.[5]
2. Gent. That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.[6]
1. Gent. At his return,
No doubt, he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally; whoever the king favours,
The cardinal instantly will find employment,[7]
And far enough from court too.
2. Gent. All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as much
They love and dote on; call him bounteous Buckingham,
The mirror of all courtesy —
1. Gent. Stay there, Sir,
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

Enter Buckingham *from his arraignment; Tipstaves before him; the axe with the edge towards him; halberds on each side; accompanied with Sir* Thomas Lovell, *Sir* Nicholas Vaux, *Sir* William Sands,[8] *and common people.*

2. Gent. Let 's stand close, and behold him.
Buck. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die: yet, heaven bear witness,
And if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful.
The law I bear no malice for my death,
It has done upon the premises but justice;
But those that sought it I could wish more Christians:[9]
Be what they will, I heartily forgive them.
Yet let them look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;[10]
For then my guiltless blood must cry against them.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults.[11] You few that lov'd me,

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1) *the hall* ist Westminsterhall, wo das Gericht über Buckingham gehalten war. 2) *to him brought* in der Fol.; die vierte Folioausg. von 1685 hat das Richtige. — Der Herzog verlangte, dass die Zeugen gegen ihn ihr Zeugniss mündlich ihm in's Gesicht ablegten. 3) Was er vorbrachte, um sein Leben zu retten, erregte bei den Richtern entweder nur Mitleiden oder fand keine Beachtung, wurde vergessen, sobald er es gesprochen hatte. 4) *the cause* = die Ursache seines Todes, nämlich Wolsey. 5) Kildare, der Statthalter von Irland, wurde nach Anstiften des Cardinals auf eine Anklage hin seines Amtes entsetzt und dasselbe dem Grafen Surrey übertragen, damit dieser aus England entfernt werde und seinem Schwiegervater Buckingham nicht helfen könne. 6) *trick of state* = politischer Streich; *envious* = tückisch. 7) Zu *employment* ist noch *for* hinzuzudenken, was die vierte Folioausg. auch wirklich hinzufügt. Sh. lässt solche Präpositionen, die sich auf ein zu supplirendes relatives, interrogatives oder demonstratives Pronomen beziehen, am Ende des Zwischensatzes leicht aus, als ob sie bereits am Anfang gestanden hätten. 8) So verbesserte nach Holinshed's Angabe Theobald das *Sir Walter Sands* der Fol. 9) Die das Gericht gegen mich in Bewegung setzten, von denen könnte ich wünschen, dass sie bessere Christen, barmherziger, wären. 10) Wenn sie sich nicht begnügen mit der Wegräumung der Grossen des Reichs, sondern auch ihre eigenen bösen Pläne auf deren Tod weiter begründen. — Staunton findet in *their evils* eine noch speciellere Bedeutung = menschliche Ausleerungen, Unrath. Er citirt dazu aus der englischen Bibel (2. Kön., Cap. 10, V. 27) *And they brake down the image of Baal, and brake down the house of Baal, and made it a draught house unto this day.* So in Measure for Measure (A. 2, Sc. 2) *Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,* || *And pitch our evils there?* 11) Auch will ich nicht um ein längeres Leben bitten, wenn auch der König mehr Begnadigungen hätte, als ich Fehler begehen kann, die mein Leben verwirken. — Für *dare*, das irrthümlich aus der folgenden Zeile in diese gerathen sein mag, schrieb Sh. vielleicht *could* oder *durst*. 12) Dass er seine Freunde

And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,[12]
Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
And, as the long divorce of steel[13] falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven. — Lead on, o' God's name.

Lov. I do beseech your grace for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you,
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all.
There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with:[14] no black envy
Shall make my grave.[15] Commend me to his grace;
And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him,
You met him half in heaven.[16] My vows and prayers
Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake,[17]
Shall cry for blessings on him. May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be!
And when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument![18]

Lov. To the water side I must conduct your grace;
Then, give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there!
The duke is coming: see the barge be ready,
And fit it with such furniture, as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas,
Let it alone: my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was lord high constable,
And duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun:[19]
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant. I now seal it;
And with that blood[20] will make them one day groan for 't.
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell: God's peace be with him!
Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restor'd me to my honours, and, out of ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now, his son,
Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And, must needs say, a noble one;[21] which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father:
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes, — both
Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most:
A most unnatural and faithless service!
Heaven has an end in all; yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels,
Be sure you be not loose;[22] for those you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye.[23] All good people,
Pray for me! I must now forsake ye: the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewell:
And when you would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell. — I have done; and God forgive me!

[Exeunt Buckingham *and Train.*

1. Gent. O! this is full of pity. — Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads
That were the authors.

2. Gent. If the duke be guiltless,
'T is full of woe; yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

1. Gent. Good angels keep it from us!
What may it be?[24] You do not doubt my faith, Sir?

2. Gent. This secret is so weighty, 't will require
A strong faith[25] to conceal it.

1. Gent. Let me have it:
I do not talk much.

2. Gent. I am confident:
You shall,[26] Sir. Did you not of late days hear
A buzzing[27] of a separation
Between the king and Katharine?

1. Gent. Yes, but it held not;
For when the king once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the lord mayor straight
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

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verlassen muss, das ist ihm in seinem Tode das eigentliche, alleinige Sterben. 13) Die dauernde Scheidung von Leib und Seele, welche der Stahl des Henkerbeiles bewirkt. 14) Manche Hgg. verkürzen den Vers willkürlich, in dem sie lesen *'gainst me, I can't take peace with.* 15) Keine schwarze Bosheit soll mir das Grab bereiten, soll mich in's Grab begleiten. Steevens fasst *to make=to close*, wie bei Sh. vorkommt *the doors are made.* Warburton liest *mark* für *make.* 16) Als Ihr Buckingham zuletzt sahet, waren seine Gedanken schon mit dem Jenseits beschäftigt, von der Erde abgeschieden. — *his grace* ist der König Heinrich. 17) *to forsake* ist hier intransitiv = scheiden, schwinden. Die vierte Folioausg. fügte ein überflüssiges *me* hinzu. 18) Möge der König sich so mit der, personificirt gedachten, Trefflichkeit identificiren, dass bei seinem Tode Beide gleichsam in einem Grabe beigesetzt werden. So in K. Henry IV. Second Part (A. 5, Sc. 2) *My father is gone wild into his grave,* || *For in his tomb lie my affections.* 19) Der eigentliche Familienname Buckingham's war Stafford, doch nannte er sich lieber Bohun, weil er von den Bohuns abstammte und vermöge dieser Abstammung Gross-Connetable von England war. 20) Mit dem Blute, mit welchem ich meine Treue und Wahrheit besiegle. 21) Ein Gerichtsverfahren, wie es einem Edelmanne gebührt, oder dessen Beisitzer Edelleute waren. 22) *loose* = leichtsinnig, zu mittheilsam und offenherzig, bezieht sich auf *liberal of your loves and counsels.* 23) Das Bild vom Wasser wird fortgesetzt: sie lassen sich nur da wieder finden, wo sie Euch in die Tiefe ziehen wollen. So kamen Buckingham's falsche Freunde erst bei dem Gericht als Zeugen gegen ihn wieder zum Vorschein. 24) Manche Hgg. setzen willkürlich *Where may it be?* 25) *faith* = Treue in der Bewahrung eines angelobten Geheimnisses, angelobte Verschwiegenheit. 26) scil. *you shall have it.* 27) *to buz* = summen, von der flüsternden Verbreitung eines Gerüchtes, gebraucht Sh. auch anderswo; so in K. Henry VI. Third Part (A. 5, Sc. 6) *For I will buz abroad*

2. Gent. But that slander, Sir,
Is found a truth now; for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was; and held for certain,
The king will venture at it.[23] Either the cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple,
That will undo her: to confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately,
As all think, for this business.
1. Gent. 'T is the cardinal;
And merely to revenge him on the emperor,[29]
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishoprick of Toledo, this is purpos'd.
2. Gent. I think, you have hit the mark: but is it not cruel,
That she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.
1. Gent. 'T is woful.
We are too open here[30] to argue this;
Let 's think in private more. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Antechamber in the Palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.

Cham. »My lord, — The horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were young, and handsome, and of the best breed in the north. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's, by commission and main power, took them from me; with this reason, — his master would be served before a subject, if not before the king; which stopped our mouths, Sir.« I fear, he will,[1] indeed. Well, let him have them:
He will have all, I think.

Enter the Dukes of Norfolk *and* Suffolk.

Nor. Well met, my lord[2] chamberlain.
Cham. Good day to both your graces.
Suf. How is the king employ'd?
Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.
Nor. What 's the cause?
Cham. It seems, the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.
Suf. No; his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.
Nor. 'T is so.
This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,[3]
Turns what he list. The king will know him one day.
Suf. 'Pray God, he do; he 'll never know himself else.
Nor. How holily he works in all his business,
And with what zeal! for now he has crack'd the league
Between us and the emperor, the queen's great nephew,
He dives into the king's soul; and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despairs,[4] and all these for his marriage:
And out of all these to restore the king,
He counsels a divorce; a loss of her,
That like a jewel has hung twenty years
About his neck,[5] yet never lost her lustre;
Of her, that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with; even of her,
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king: and is not this course pious?[6]
Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'T is most true,
These news are every where; every tongue speaks them,
And every true heart weeps for 't. All, that dare
Look into these affairs, see this[7] main end, —
The French king's sister. Heaven will one day open
The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.[8]
Suf. And free us from his slavery.
Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance,
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages.[9] All men's honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.
Suf. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him; there 's my creed.
As I am made without him, so I 'll stand,
If the king please: his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike, they 're breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
To him that made him proud, the pope.[10]
Nor. Let 's in;
And with some other business put the king
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him. —
My lord, you 'll bear us company?
Cham. Excuse me;
The king hath sent me otherwhere: besides,
You 'll find a most unfit time to disturb him.
Health to your lordships.

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such prophecies. 28) Man nimmt für gewiss an, dass der König auf solche Ehescheidung sich einlassen wird. 29) Der Kaiser Karl V. war der Neffe der Königin Katharine. 30) Wir sind hier an einem zu öffentlichen Platze, zu sehr exponirt, um solche Dinge zu besprechen. — Ein Anonymus vermuthet *talk* für *think* in der folgenden Zeile.

1) scil. *he will be served before the king.* 2) Hanmer fügte vor *lord* das Epitheton *good* ein. 3) Cardinal Wolsey ist in seinem eigenmächtigen Verfahren so blind, wie die Fortuna, deren Sohn und Erbe er ist, und dreht Alles um, was er will. — Der Conjunctiv *list* ist Sh.'sch: was ihm gerade belieben mag. Ebenso in einer spätern Rede Norfolk's: *into what pitch he please.* 4) *despairs* ist das Verzweifeln des Königs an seinem Seelenheil wegen seiner Heirath, wie *fears* seine Besorgnisse derentwegen. 5) So in Winter's Tale (A. 1, Sc. 2) *he that wears her like her medal, hanging about his neck.* 6) *this course* geht nicht auf das Benehmen der Königin, sondern, ironisch gemeint, auf das Verfahren des Cardinals, das natürlich nur ein frommes sein kann. 7) *this* weist auf das Nächstfolgende hin: Alle, welche diese Angelegenheiten durchschauen, erkennen, dass der hauptsächlichste Zweck bei dieser Scheidung eine Wiedervermählung des Königs Heinrich mit der Schwester des französischen Königs, mit der Herzogin von Alençon ist. 8) *upon* bezieht sich sowohl auf *slept* als auch auf *open:* Jemandem die Augen über Etwas öffnen. 9) Er wird uns Alle, die wir bisher die Grossen des Landes, Herzoge u. s. w. waren, zu blossen Dienern machen. Alle unsere Ehren betrachtet er wie einen rohen Stoff, den er zu der Gestalt und Grösse ummodeln kann, die ihm beliebt. 10) Es ist Sache des Papstes, nicht unsere, mit dem Cardinal, den er so hoch

Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.
[Exit Lord Chamberlain.

NORFOLK *opens a folding-door. The* KING *is discovered sitting, and reading pensively.* [11]

Suf. How sad he looks: sure, he is much afflicted.
K. Hen. Who is there? ha!
Nor. 'Pray God, he be not angry.
K. Hen. Who 's there, I say? How dare you thrust yourselves
Into my private meditations?
Who am I? ha!
Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all offences,
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty this way
Is business of estate; in which we come
To know your royal pleasure.
K. Hen. Ye are too bold.
Go to; I 'll make ye know your times of business:
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha! —

Enter WOLSEY *and* CAMPEIUS. [12]

Who 's there? my good lord cardinal? — O! my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded conscience;
Thou art a cure fit for a king. — *[To* CAMPEIUS.*]* You're welcome,
Most learned reverend Sir, into our kingdom:
Use us, and it. [13] — *[To* WOLSEY.*]* My good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker.
Wol. Sir, you cannot.
I would, your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.
K. Hen. [To NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK.*]* We are busy: go.
Nor. [Aside to SUFFOLK.*]* This priest has no pride in him!
Suf. [Aside to NORFOLK.*]* Not to speak of;
I would not be so sick though for his place: [14]
But this cannot continue.
Nor. [Aside to SUFFOLK.*]* If it do,
'll venture one have-at-him. [15]
I *Suf. [Aside to* NORFOLK.*]* I another.
[Exeunt NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK.
Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom.
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her, [16]
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean the learned ones, in christian kingdoms,
Have their free voices: [17] Rome, the nurse of judgment, [18]
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, cardinal Campeius,
Whom once more I present unto your highness.
K. Hen. And once more in mine arms I bid him welcome,
And thank the holy conclave for their loves:
They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.
Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' [19] loves,
You are so noble. To your highness' hand
I tender my commission, [20] by whose virtue
(The court of Rome commanding) you, my lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me, their servant, [21]
In the unpartial judging of this business.
K. Hen. Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted
Forthwith for what you come. — Where 's Gardiner?
Wol. I know, your majesty has always lov'd her
So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of less place [22] might ask by law,
Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her.
K. Hen. Ay, and the best she shall have; and my favour
To him that does best: God forbid else. Cardinal,
Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary:
I find him a fit fellow. *[Exit* WOLSEY.

Re-enter WOLSEY, *with* GARDINER.

Wol. Give me your hand; much joy and favour to you:
You are the king's now.
Gard. But to be commanded
For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me.
K. Hen. Come hither, Gardiner.
[They converse apart. [23]
Cam. My lord of York, was not one doctor Pace
In this man's place before him?
Wol. Yes, he was.
Cam. Was he not held a learned man?
Wol. Yes, surely.
Cam. Believe me, there 's an ill opinion spread then
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.
Wol. How! of me?
Cam. They will not stick to say, you envied him,
And, fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still; [24] which so griev'd him,
That he ran mad, and died.

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erhoben, fertig zu werden, ihn zur Verantwortung zu ziehen. 11) Die von den Hggn. nach der spätern Theaterconvenienz modificirte Bühnenweisung lautet in der Fol. *Exit Lord Chamberlain, and the King draws the curtain and sits reading pensively.* — Auf dem Sh.'schen Theater zog also der König selbst den Vorhang, der die kleinere Bühne unter dem Balcon im Hintergrunde von der vordern breiteren trennte. 12) *with a commission* fügt die Fol. zu *Campeius* hinzu. 13) Verfügt über mich und über mein Reich, als ob wir Euer wären. — Der König fordert sodann Wolsey auf, dafür zu sorgen, dass Campejus dieses Wort als ernstlich gemeint, mithin den König selbst nicht als einen blossen Schwätzer erfinde. 14) Ich möchte nicht so krank an Stolz sein, wie er es ist, und wenn ich auch seinen Platz dafür einnehmen sollte. 15) *have-at-him*, eigentlich = ihm gilt's, oder = nehm' er sich in Acht, ist hier substantivisch: ich will noch einen Streich gegen ihn riskiren. 16) *her* ist die Königin Katharine, deren Namen freilich Wolsey vorher nicht erwähnt hatte. — *Spaniard* ist collectiv = das spanische Volk, und hat deshalb den Plural *they* nach sich. 17) Zu *have their free voices* wollte Malone aus dem Folgenden *sent* entlehnen. Der Sinn ist aber ohne eine solche weithergeholte Ergänzung einfach der, dass alle Schriftgelehrten der Christenheit sich frei und ungehindert über die Ehescheidung des Königs aussprechen können. — Grant White las *gave their free voices.* 18) Rom, von dem jedes Endurtheil ausströmt. 19) *strangers* sind die Ausländer, die Nichtunterthanen des Königs, im Gegensatz zu den Inländern, den Unterthanen. 20) Vgl. oben Anm. 12. 21) *their servant* bezieht sich auf das in Parenthese gestellte *the court of Rome.* 22) Ein Weib geringern Ranges. 23) Die Bühnenweisung der Fol. lautet *Walks and whispers.* 24) Die entsprechende Stelle bei

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!
That is christian care enough: for living murmurers
There 's places of rebuke. He was a fool,
For he would needs be virtuous: that good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment:
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.
K. Hen. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.
[Exit GARDINER.
The most convenient place that I can think of,
For such receipt of learning,[25] is Blackfriars:
There ye shall meet about this weighty business. —
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd: — O my lord!
Would it not grieve an able[26] man, to leave
So sweet a bedfellow?[27] But, conscience, conscience, —
O! 't is a tender place, and I must leave her. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An Antechamber in the QUEEN's Apartments.

Enter ANNE BULLEN *and an old Lady.*

Anne. Not for that neither: — here 's the pang that pinches:[1]
His highness having liv'd so long with her, and she
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her, — by my life,
She never knew harm-doing, — O! now, after
So many courses of the sun enthron'd,[2]
Still growing in a majesty and pomp, the which
To leave[3] a thousand-fold more bitter than
'T is sweet at first to acquire, — after this process,
To give her the avaunt![4] it is a pity
Would move a monster.
Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.
Anne. O, God's will! much better,
She ne'er had known pomp: though it be temporal,[5]
Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 't is a sufferance, panging
As soul and body's severing.
Old L. Alas, poor lady!
She 's a stranger[6] now again.
Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 't is better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,[7]
Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.
Old L. Our content
Is our best having.
Anne. By my troth and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.
Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for 't; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy.[8]
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty:
Which, to say sooth, are blessings, and which gifts
(Saving your mincing) the capacity
Of your soft cheveril[9] conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.
Anne. Nay, good troth, —
Old L. Yes, troth, and troth. — You would not be a queen?
Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.
Old L. 'T is strange: a three-pence bow'd[10] would hire me,
Old as I am, to queen it.[11] But, I pray you,
What think you of a duchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?
Anne. No, in truth.
Old L. Then you are weakly made. Pluck off a little:[12]
I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to. If your back

Holinshed erklärt deutlicher den Sinn dieser Worte: *in the room of Doctor Pace, the which being continually abroad in ambassades, and the same often times not necessary, by the cardinal's appointment, at length he took such grief therewith that he fell out of his right wits.* 25) Um so viel Gelehrsamkeit, so viele gelehrte Leute in sich aufzunehmen, zu beherbergen. 26) *able* = im Besitz seiner körperlichen und geistigen Fähigkeiten, rüstig. 27) Darunter versteht der König heuchlerischer Weise die Königin Katharine, von der er um seines Gewissens wegen werde scheiden müssen.

1) Wie es scheint, ist Anna, im Gespräch mit der alten Hofdame über die bevorstehende Ehescheidung begriffen, von dieser nach der Ursache ihres Kummers gefragt, und erwiedert: Auch deshalb nicht (bin ich betrübt); vielmehr das ist die Pein, die mich quält. — *here* bezieht sich also auf das Folgende. 2) Nachdem sie so viele Jahre auf dem Thron gesessen hat. 3) Viele Hgg. fügen mit Theobald hinter *to leave* ein *is* ein, das Sh. in seiner Constructionsweise leicht auslassen durfte, namentlich wo gleich darauf folgt *'t is sweet.* 4) *avaunt*, eigentlich eine Interjection = fort! packe Dich! ist hier substantivisch gebraucht: *to give her the avaunt* = ihr den Laufpass geben. 5) Wenn der königliche Pomp auch ein weltliches, zeitliches Gut sein mag, so ist es doch, wenn jene zänkische Fortuna ihn von dem Träger scheidet, ein Leid, so schmerzhaft, wie die Trennung von Leib und Seele. — *quarrel*, wenn die Lesart der Fol. richtig ist, muss die zänkische Fortuna personificirt bedeuten und wird schwerlich, wie manche Hgg. mit Warburton annehmen, ein von Sh. nie gebrauchtes Synonym von *arrow* sein. Hanmer wollte *quarreller* lesen. Die Fol. hat den Vers ganz sinnlos: *Yet if that quarrell. Fortune, do diuorce.* — *to pang* transitiv = quälen. 6) *stranger* fasst Johnson gewiss richtiger = *an alien, no longer an Englishwoman*, als Tollet, der es erklärt: *alienated from the king's affection, a stranger to his bed.* 7) *in content* ist mit *humble livers* zu verbinden: in demselben Range zu stehen mit niedern Leuten, die in Zufriedenheit leben. 8) Trotz all diesem Pröbchen von Heuchelei, das Ihr gebt. 9) *cheveril*, eigentlich = Ziegenleder, wird von Sh. auch sonst wegen seiner Dehnbarkeit tropisch angewandt; so in Romeo and Juliet (A. 2, Sc. 4) *O! here 's a wit of cheveril, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad;* also hier = elastisch. — *capacity* = Fähigkeit, Etwas in sich aufzunehmen. 10) *a three pence bowed* = ein verbogenes Dreipfennigstück. — *hire* ist zweisylbig zu lesen. 11) *to queen it* = die Königin spielen, ein Verbum, das ebenso in Winter's Tale (A. 4, Sc. 3) vorkommt. 12) Zieht Etwas ab von dem, was ich Euch so eben vorschlug. Wenn Ihr keine Herzogin sein mochtet, so würdet Ihr doch gern Gräfin sein, und wenn ich als ein junger Graf Euch entgegenträte, so würdet

Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 't is too weak
Ever to get a boy.
Anne. How you do talk!
I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.
Old L. In faith, for little England [13]
You 'd venture an emballing: [14] I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, [15] although there 'long'd
No more to the crown but that. Lo! who comes here?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What were it worth to know
The secret of your conference?
Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand: it values not your asking.
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.
Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope
All will be well.
Anne. Now, I pray God, amen!
Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note 's
Ta'en of your many virtues, [16] the king's majesty
Commends his good opinion of you to you, [17] and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than marchioness of Pembroke; [18] to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.
Anne. I do not know,
What kind of my obedience I should tender:
More than my all is nothing, [19] nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, [20] nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities: yet prayers, and wishes,
Are all I can return. 'Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness,
Whose health and royalty I pray for.
Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit,
The king hath of you. [21] — *[Aside.]* I have perus'd her well:
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled,
That they have caught the king; and who knows yet,
But from this lady may proceed a gem [22]
To lighten all this isle? — *[To her.]* I 'll to the king,
And say, I spoke with you.
Anne. My honour'd lord.
[Exit Lord Chamberlain.
Old L. Why, this it is; see, see!
I have been begging sixteen years in court,
(Am yet a courtier beggarly,) [23] nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late,
For any suit of pounds; [24] and you, O fate!
A very fresh-fish here, (fie, fie, fie [25] upon
This compell'd fortune!) have your mouth fill'd up,
Before you open it.
Anne. This is strange to me.
Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no. [26]
There was a lady once, ('t is an old story,)
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt: [27] — have you heard it?
Anne. Come, you are pleasant.
Old L. With your theme, I could
O'ermount the lark. The marchioness of Pembroke!
A thousand pounds a year, for pure respect!
No other obligation. By my life,
That promises more thousands: honour's train
Is longer than his foreskirt. [28] By this time,
I know, your back will bear a duchess. — Say,
Are you not stronger than you were?

Ihr mit einigem Erröthen mich nehmen. 13) *little England* steht im Gegensatz zu *all the world*, insofern England im Vergleich mit der ganzen Welt nur ein kleiner Bezirk ist. 14) *emballing*, ein sonst nicht vorkommendes Wort, erklärt Johnson: *to be distinguished by the ball, the ensign of royalty*, also = Reichsapfel. Steevens schlug dafür *empalling* vor: *being invested with the pall or robes of state.* Plausibler erscheint, wenn einmal geändert werden sollte, Whalley's *embalming* = Salbung zur Königin, wie auch in K. Richard II. (A. 3, Sc. 2) *balm* = Salböl zur Krönung, steht. 15) *Carnarvonshire*, eine gebirgige und unfruchtbare Grafschaft in Wales. 16) Und dass man hohen Orts von Euren vielen Tugenden Notiz nimmt. — *note's* d. h. *note is* setzte Theobald mit Recht für das *notes* der Fol., das die bisherigen Hgg. beibehalten. 17) Manche Hgg. lassen. des Verses wegen, *of you* stillschweigend weg, das nicht fehlen darf: seine gute Meinung von Euch entbietet er Euch. — Andre Hgg. streichen *to you*, was auch nicht zu entbehren ist. 18) Eine Ehre, die nicht weniger reich ist, die in nichts Geringerem besteht, als dass er Euch zur Markgräfin von Pembroke ernennt. 19) Im Verhältniss zu der Gnade des Königs ist Alles, was ich bin und habe, selbst wenn es mehr wäre, nichts. So in Macbeth (A. 1, Sc. 4) *More is thy due than more than all can pay.* 20) Die Gebete, die ich für den König zum Himmel sende, sind keine Worte, die für solchen Zweck geziemend geheiligt oder geweiht wären. Die eine Negation *nor* verstärkt die andere *not.* 21) Ich werde nicht unterlassen, der günstigen Vorstellung, welche der König von Euch hat, beizustimmen und sie dadurch noch zu befestigen. 22) Unter dem Edelstein, der die ganze Insel erleuchten soll, ist die Königin Elisabeth, die Tochter der Anna Bullen, gemeint. 23) *a courtier beggarly* = ein bettelhaft armer Höfling, bildet ein Wortspiel mit *begging sixteen years in court.* 24) Wenn ich um irgend eine Gratification in Pfunden Sterling bat, kam ich nie zu dem gerade günstigen Augenblick *(pat)*, sondern entweder zu früh oder zu spät. 25) Viele Hgg. lassen willkürlich das dritte *fie* aus. — Die Parenthese ist ironisch zu verstehen, als ob Anna das ihr so aufgedrungene Glück verabscheue. 26) *forty pence* war ein gewöhnliches Anerbieten zu einer Wette. Die alte Hofdame will so viel verwetten, dass der Anna Bullen ihr neues Glück nicht bitter schmecke, trotz ihrer früheren Reden. 27) *mud* ist der Schlamm des Nils, dem Aegypten seine Fruchtbarkeit verdankt. — Die Hofdame hat keine wirkliche alte Geschichte im Sinn, sondern überträgt nur auf Aegypten, was Anna vorher gesagt: *I would not be a queen for all the world.* 28) Es stehen Euch noch weit grössere Ehren in der Zukunft bevor, als Ihr bisher erhalten habt. — Das Folgende bezieht sich auf die frühere Frage der Hofdame *what think you of a duchess etc.* 29) Wenn diese Standeserhöhung nur ein wenig meinem Blute, meinem Temperamente schmeichelt oder huldigt, so wollte ich lieber todt sein. — *to salute* = begrüssen. wie zur Huldigung. 30) *to faint* als transitives Verbum = schwach machen, entmuthigen.

Anne. Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on 't. 'Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot:[29] it faints me,[30]
To think what follows.
The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence. Pray, do not deliver
What here you 've heard, to her.
Old L. What do you think me?
[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

A Hall in Blackfriars.

Trumpets, sennet, and cornets. Enter Two Vergers, with short silver wands; next them, Two Scribes, in the habit of doctors; after them, the Archbishop of Canterbury *alone; after him, the Bishops of* Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, *and* Saint Asaph; *next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat; then Two Priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a Gentleman-Usher bare-headed, accompanied with a Sergeant-at-arms, bearing a silver mace; then Two Gentlemen bearing two great silver pillars; after them, side by side, the Two Cardinals* Wolsey *and* Campeius; *Two Noblemen with the sword and mace. Then enter the* King *and* Queen *and their Trains.*[1] *The* King *takes place under the cloth of state; the Two Cardinals sit under him as judges. The* Queen *takes place at some distance from the* King. *The Bishops place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.*

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.
K. Hen. What 's the need?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides the authority allow'd;[2]
You may then spare that time.
Wol. Be 't so. — Proceed.
Scribe. Say, Henry king of England, come into the court.
Crier. Henry king of England, etc.
K. Hen. Here.
Scribe. Say, Katharine queen of England, come into the court.
Crier. Katharine queen of England, etc.
[The Queen *makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the* King, *and kneels at his feet; then speaks.*

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice,
And to bestow your pity on me; for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding.[3] Alas! Sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance; glad, or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd.[4] When was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? What friend of mine,
That had to him deriv'd your anger,[5] did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice[6]
He was from thence discharg'd. Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you: if, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against[7] your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharpest kind of justice.[8] Please you, Sir,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgment: Ferdinand,
My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wisest prince,[9] that there had reign'd by many
A year before: it is not to be question'd
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful. Wherefore I humbly
Beseech you, Sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd, whose counsel
I will implore: if not, i' the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!
Wol. You have here, lady,
(And of your choice) these reverend fathers; men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause. It shall be therefore bootless,
That longer you desire the court,[10] as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettledin the king.

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1) Mit Ausnahme dieses einen Satzes steht die ganze ausführliche Bühnenweisung schon so in der Fol. — Die Details entlehnte Sh. aus Holinshed, wo er auch die folgenden Reden des Königs und der Königin in ihren wesentlichsten Zügen fand. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 1041—1043. 2) Allerseits ist das Ansehen anerkannt, welches die päpstliche Vollmacht, die Cardinal Campejus mitbringt, besitzt. 3) Da ich keinen unparteiischen Richter hier habe und auch keine weitere Zusicherung einer gerechten Freundlichkeit in dem Verfahren gegen mich. — Auch hier gebraucht Sh. die Copula *and* mit der ihm eigenthümlichen Licenz. Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 3, Anm. 7. 4) Ich habe mich immer nach Eurer Miene gerichtet und bin ernst oder heiter gewesen, je nachdem ich Eure Miene so oder so geneigt sah. 5) Der sich Euren Zorn zugezogen hatte. 6) Hanmer setzte vor *notice* noch *not*, um die Construction genauer an das Vorige anzuschliessen; indess construirte Sh. wahrscheinlich, indem er den Fragesatz nicht weiter führte: ja, ich gab alsbald ihm Kunde, er sei entlassen. 7) Vor *against* ist aus dem Vorhergehenden zu suppliren *or aught*: wenn Ihr mir Etwas beweisen könnt, das gegen Eure Person gerichtet gewesen wäre. 8) Lasst die schimpflichste Verachtung vor mir die Thüre zuschliessen und übergebt mich der empfindlichsten Art

Cam. His grace
Hath spoken well, and justly: therefore, Madam,
It 's fit this royal session do proceed,
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produc'd and heard.
Q. Kath. Lord cardinal,
To you I speak.
Wol. Your pleasure, Madam?
Q. Kath. Sir,
I am about to weep; but, thinking that
We [11] are a queen, (or long have dream'd so,) certain,
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I 'll turn to sparks of fire.
Wol. Be patient yet.
Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. [12] I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy; and make my challenge
You shall not be my judge; [13] for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,
Which God's dew quench. — Therefore, I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul,
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.
Wol. I do profess,
You speak not like yourself; [14] who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong:
I have no spleen against you; nor injustice
For you, or any: how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further shall, [15] is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me,
That I have blown this coal: I do deny it.
The king is present: if it be known to him,
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood; [16] yea, as much
As you have done my truth. If [17] he know
That I am free of your report, he knows,
I am not of your wrong. [18] Therefore in him
It lies to cure me; and the cure is, to
Remove these thoughts from you: the which before
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious Madam, to unthink your speaking, [19]
And to say so no more.
Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. You are meek, [20] and humble-
mouth'd;
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming, [21]
With meekness and humility; but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune and his highness' favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps, [22] and now are mounted
Where powers are your retainers, [23] and your words,
Domestics to you, serve your will, as 't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honour, than
Your high profession spiritual; that again
I do refuse you for my judge, and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judg'd by him.
[She curtsies to the King, *and offers to depart.*
Cam. The queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be tried by it: 't is not well.
She 's going away.
K. Hen. Call her again.
Crier. Katharine, queen of England, come into the
court.
Griffith. [24] Madam, you are call'd back.
Q. Kath. What need you note it? pray you, keep your
way:
When you are call'd, return. — Now the Lord help!
They vex me past my patience. — Pray you, pass on:
I will not tarry; no, nor ever more,
Upon this business, my appearance make
In any of their courts.
[Exeunt Queen *and her Attendants*
K. Hen. Go thy ways, Kate:
That man i' the world who shall report he has

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von Gerechtigkeit, die an mir vollzogen werde. 9) *one the wisest prince* = Einer, der der weiseste Fürst war. Holinshed hat *one of the wittiest princes.* 10) Dass Ihr die Gerichtssitzung länger hinaus, weiter hinaus begehrt, dass Ihr nicht mit der gegenwärtigen Sitzung zufrieden seid. — Manche Hgg. lesen mit der vierten Folioausg. *defer* für *desire.* — Malone führt aus der noch üblichen Gerichtssprache an *to pray for a longer day* für *for a more distant day.* 11) Bemerkenswerth ist der Gegensatz zwischen dem Plural der Majestät *we are a queen* und dem vorhergehenden und folgenden Singular *I.* 12) Eine Andeutung, dass sie niemals den Cardinal demüthig zu sehen erwartet und deshalb, wenn sie sich nicht der Strafe Gottes aussetzen will, schon vorher geduldig werden muss. 13) Und ich erhebe meine Einrede, dass Ihr nicht mein Richter sein sollt. — *challenge* ist der gerichtliche Terminus für die Einwendung, welche der Angeklagte gegen einen der Geschwornen erhebt; ebenso die folgenden Ausdrücke *abhor* und *refuse*, welche Sh. an der betreffenden Stelle bei Holinshed fand. 14) *like yourself* = Euch gemäss, Euch entsprechend. 15) scil. *or how far I shall proceed further.* 16) Wenn es ihm bewusst ist, dass ich jetzt ableugne, was ich früher gethan, wie sehr kann er, und mit Recht, mich wegen meiner Falschheit kränken; ja eben so sehr, wie Ihr mich wegen meiner Wahrheit kränkt. — Vielleicht schrieb aber Sh. *now may he wound.* 17) Rowe vervollständigt den Vers, indem er *But if* liest. 18) scil. *I am not free of your wrong:* wenn er weiss, dass ich rein bin von Dem, was Ihr mir nachsagt, so weiss er, dass ich nicht unbetroffen bin von dem Unrecht, das Ihr mir thut. 19) *to unthink* = in Gedanken widerrufen, das Gegentheil denken von Dem, was man gesagt. 20) *meek* ist hier = demüthig in äusserer Haltung, wie gleich nachher *meekness* = äusserliche Demuth. 21) Ihr tragt in vollem äusseren Schein die Abzeichen Eures geistlichen Ranges und Berufes, Demuth und Ergebenheit, an Euch zur Schau. — *to sign* = mit einem Zeichen oder einer Unterschrift versehen. 22) Bei Eurem Emporkommen seid Ihr, ohne darauf Werth zu legen, über die niedern Rangstufen weggestiegen. 23) Ihr seid bis zu einem Punkte emporgestiegen, wo Machthaber Eure Vasallen geworden sind, und wo Eure Worte, gleichsam Eure Diener, Euren Willen thun, je nachdem Ihr ihnen ihr Amt zuertheilt, wo, was Ihr sagt und befehlt, alsbald geschieht. — Für *words* wollte Tyrwhitt *wards* lesen. 24) Die Fol. bezeichnet diese

A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that. Thou art, alone,
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,[25]
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else,[26] could speak thee out,)[27]
The queen of earthly queens. — She 's noble born;
And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself towards me.[28]
Wol. Most gracious Sir,
In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears, (for where I am robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloos'd, although not there
At once and fully satisfied,)[29] whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness, or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on 't? or ever
Have to you, but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady, spake one the least word, that might
Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?
K. Hen. My lord cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from 't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The queen is put in anger. You are excus'd:
But will you be more justified? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never
Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hinder'd, oft,
The passages made toward it.[30] — On my honour,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to 't:
I will be bold with time, and your attention: —
Then, mark the inducement. Thus it came; — give heed to 't.
My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick,[31] on certain speeches utter'd
By the bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador,
Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage[32] 'twixt the duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary. I' the progress of this business,
Ere a determinate resolution, he
(I mean, the bishop) did require a respite,
Wherein he might the king his lord advertise[33]
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook
The bosom[34] of my conscience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a splitting[35] power, and made to tremble
The region of my breast; which forc'd such way,
That many maz'd considerings did throng,
And press'd in with this caution. First, methought,
I stood not in the smile of heaven, who had
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to 't, than
The grave does to the dead; for her male issue
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world had air'd them. Hence I took a thought,
This was a judgment on me; that my kingdom,
Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not
Be gladded in 't by me. Then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling[36] in
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
Now present here together; that 's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience, — which
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,[37] —
By all the reverend fathers of the land,
And doctors learn'd. First, I began in private
With you, my lord of Lincoln; you remember
How under my oppression I did reek,[38]
When I first mov'd you.
Lin. Very well, my liege.
K. Hen. I have spoke long: be pleas'd yourself to say
How far you satisfied me.
Lin. So please your highness,
The question did at first so stagger me, —
Bearing a state of mighty moment in 't,
And consequence of dread,[39] — that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had, to doubt,
And did entreat your highness to this course,
Which you are running here.
K. Hen. I then mov'd you,
My lord of Canterbury, and got your leave
To make this present summons. — Unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court;

Rede mit *Gent. Ush.* d. h. *Gentleman-Usher*, ein Amt, das Griffith bei der Königin versah. 25) *saint-like meekness* = Demuth wie die einer Heiligen, *wife-like government* = Haltung, Benehmen, wie es einer Frau wohl ansteht. 26) *else* gehört zu *parts* = Deine übrigen vortrefflichen und frommen Eigenschaften. 27) *to speak out* mit dem Accusativ = genügend oder deutlich von Jemandem reden, Jemanden verkünden, wie er ist. 28) Sie hat sich ihrem ächten Adel gemäss gegen mich benommen, d. h. adlig. 29) Wenn ich auch nicht hier auf der Stelle eine volle Genugthuung erhalten kann für die mir widerfahrene schlechte Behandlung. 30) Ihr habt sehr oft die Schritte verhindert, welche zu dieser Angelegenheit der Ehescheidung eingeschlagen wurden. — Mit den folgenden Worten wendet sich der König an die Versammlung und rechtfertigt Wolsey, indem er sagt: Bei meiner Ehre, ich spreche aus, was mein guter Cardinal in diesem Punkte gedacht und gesagt hat, ich spreche ganz wie er es meint. 31) *prick* = der Stachel des Gewissens. Der König sagt bei Holinshed: *the special cause that moved me unto this matter was a certain scrupulosity that pricked my conscience.* 32) *a marriage* verbesserte Pope das *and marriage* der Fol. 33) *to advertise* betont Sh. auf der zweiten Sylbe. 34) Für *bosom* vermuthete Thirlby *bottom*, indem er sich auf die entsprechende Stelle bei Holinshed bezog: *which words once conceived within the secret bottom of my conscience, engender'd such a scrupulous doubt etc.* 35) So die zweite Folioausg. von 1632. — Die Fol. hat *spitting*. 36) *to hull* = hin- und hertreiben, wie ein Schiff ohne Steuer und Segel. — Das Bild wird fortgesetzt in dem folgenden *I did steer*. 37) Mein Gewissen, das ich ganz krank fühlte und das auch noch nicht ganz genesen ist. 38) *to reek* = dampfen, gleichsam ein hyperbolisches äusserliches Symptom der Seelenangst, unter deren Druck der König schmachtete. — Rowe las *reel* dafür. 39) Da diese Frage ein Sachverhältniss von gewichtiger Bedeutung und ernste, gewaltige Folgen in sich enthielt.

But by particular consent proceeded,[40]
Under your hands and seals: therefore, go on;
For no dislike i' the world against the person
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alleged reasons drive this forward.
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come with her,[41]
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
That 's paragon'd o' the world.
Cam. So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 't is a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court till further day:
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal[42]
She intends unto his holiness.
K. Hen. [Aside.] I may perceive,
These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer![43]
Pr'ythee, return: with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along. — Break up the court:
I say, set on. *[Exeunt, in manner as they entered.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The Palace at Bridewell.

A Room in the Queen's Apartment.

The Queen, *and her Women, at work.*

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad with troubles;
Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst. Leave working.

Song.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing:
To his music, plants, and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.[1]

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art:
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.[2]

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now?
Gent. An 't please your grace, the two great cardinals
Wait in the presence.[3]
Q. Kath. Would they speak with me?
Gent. They will'd me say so, Madam.
Q. Kath. Pray their graces
To come near. *[Exit Gentleman.]* What can be their business
With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favour?
I do not like their coming, now I think on 't.
They should be good men, their affairs as righteous;[4]
But all hoods make not monks.[5]

Enter Wolsey *and* Campeius.

Wol. Peace to your highness!
Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of a housewife;
I would be all,[6] against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?
Wol. May it please you, noble Madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.
Q. Kath. Speak it here.
There 's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner:[7] 'would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not, (so much I am happy
Above a number,) if my actions
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw them,
Envy and base opinion set against them,[8]
I know my life so even. If your business
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,[9]
Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.
Wol. *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina serenissima,* —
Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin:
I am not such a truant since my coming,[10]
As not to know the language I have liv'd in:
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious;
Pray, speak in English. Here are some will thank you,

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40) Ich verfuhr nach der besondern Zustimmung eines jeden von Euch, die ich von Euch unterschrieben und besiegelt erhielt. 41) Wir werden gern unser Loos auf Erden auch in Zukunft mit ihr theilen, eher mit ihr, als mit dem auserlesensten Wesen, das von der Welt als Muster zur Vergleichung aufgestellt wird. — *to paragon* = als Muster aufstellen, zur Vergleichung herausfordern. — Für *paragon'd* schlug Hanmer *paragon* vor. 42) Damit sie die Appellation an den Papst, die sie beabsichtigt, widerrufe. 43) Diese Apostrophe des Königs an den auf einer Sendung abwesenden Cranmer, der bereitwilliger auf die Ehescheidungsgedanken des Königs einging, ist ebenso bei Seite gesprochen, wie die vorhergehenden Worte.

1) Bei Orpheus' Musik sprossen Pflanzen und Blumen hervor, als ob Sonnenschein und Regen dort einen ewigen Frühling bewirkt hätten. — Viele Hgg. setzen willkürlich und stillschweigend *been* für *made*. 2) In der holden Musik steckt solch eine Zauberkunst, dass zehrender Gram oder Herzenskummer dabei entschlummern oder im Zuhören sterben. 3) *presence* = Staatszimmer, wo sich die Hofleute zur Audienz versammeln. 4) Sie sollten, vermöge ihres geistlichen Standes, gute Männer sein und demgemäss sollte ihr Geschäft, das was sie betreiben, eben so rechtlich sein. 5) Das lateinische Sprichwort *Cucullus non facit monachum*. 6) scil. *all a housewife* im Gegensatz zu *part of a housewife:* ich möchte gern mich ganz an die bescheidene Thätigkeit einer Hausfrau gewöhnen, in Betracht des Schlimmsten, was mir widerfahren kann, wenn ich meines königlichen Ranges mich entäussern muss. 7) Ich habe noch nichts gethan, was sich in einen Winkel zu verstecken brauchte. 8) Wenn man auch Tücke und bösen Verdacht gegen meine Handlungen auftreten liesse. 9) Wenn es Euer Geschäft ist, mich zu erforschen und die Art und Weise, in welcher ich Gattin bin, meine Pflichten als Gattin erfülle. - Rowe wollte *wise* für *wife* lesen. 10) Ich bin keine so schlechte Schülerin gewesen, seit ich nach England

If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake:
Believe me, she has had much wrong. Lord cardinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed
May be absolv'd in English.
Wol. Noble lady,
I am sorry, my integrity should breed
(And service to his majesty and you) [11]
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses,
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;
You have too much, [12] good lady; but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the king and you, and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
And comforts to your cause. [13]
Cam. Most honour'd Madam,
My lord of York, — out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace,
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him (which was too far), [14] —
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel.
Q. Kath. [Aside.] To betray me. —
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
Ye speak like honest men; (pray God, ye prove so!)
But how to make you suddenly an answer,
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,
(More near my life, I fear,) with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men, or such business.
For her sake that I have been, [15] for I feel
The last fit of my greatness, good your graces,
Let me have time and counsel for my cause.
Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.
Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with these fears:
Your hopes and friends are infinite.
Q. Kath. In England
But little for my profit. [16] Can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure,
(Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,)
And live a subject? [17] Nay, forsooth, my friends,
They that must weigh out [18] my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here:
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
In mine own country, lords.
Cam. I would, your grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.
Q. Kath. How, Sir?
Cam. Put your main cause into the king's protection;
He 's loving, and most gracious: 't will be much
Both for your honour better, and your cause;
For if the trial of the law o'ertake you,
You 'll part away disgrac'd.
Wol. He tells you rightly.
Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, — my ruin.
Is this your christian counsel? out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet: there sits a Judge
That no king can corrupt.
Cam. Your rage mistakes us.
Q. Kath. The more shame for ye! [19] holy men I thought ye,
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
But cardinal sins, [20] and hollow hearts, I fear ye.
Mend them, for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady?
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye half my miseries,
I have more charity; but say, I warn'd ye:
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once
The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.
Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.
Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing. Woe upon ye,
And all such false professors! Would ye have me
(If ye have any justice, any pity,
If ye be anything but churchmen's habits)
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me? [21]
Alas! has banish'd me his bed already;
His love, [22] too long ago: I am old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me, above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse like this.
Cam. Your fears are worse.
Q. Kath. Have I liv'd thus long — (let me speak myself, [23]

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gekommen, dass ich nicht die Sprache des Landes erlernt haben sollte. 11) Das Eingeklammerte schliesst sich eng an *my integrity* an, so dass eine Umstellung dieses Verses und des folgenden, wie Malone sie vorschlug, überflüssig erscheint. 12) scil. *too much sorrow.* 13) So die zweite Folioausg. von 1632; die Fol. hat *our cause.* 14) Ihr gingt zu weit in Eurem Urtheil *(censure)* über seine Wahrhaftigkeit und über ihn selbst. 15) Um derentwillen, die ich früher war, d. h. um meiner ehemaligen königlichen Würde willen. — Das Präteritum *I have been,* wo auf dem *have* der Nachdruck liegt, erhält seine Erklärung in dem folgenden parenthetischen Satze: ich verspüre den letzten, bald vorübergehenden Anfall von dem Bewusstsein meiner ehemaligen Hoheit. 16) Die Hoffnungen und Freunde, die ich habe, können mir in England nur wenig helfen. — Viele Hgg. setzen ein Comma zwischen *England* und *but,* das sie also = aber, nicht = nur, fassen. 17) Glaubt Ihr, dass irgend ein Engländer sich als mein Freund, gegen das Belieben des Königs zu erkennen geben dürfte, sollte er auch so verzweifelt dreist sein, ehrlich zu bleiben, und dass er als Unterthan dann am Leben bliebe? 18) *to weigh out* erklärt Steevens richtiger mit *to outweigh,* als Johnson mit *to deliberate upon, to consider with due attention:* Diejenigen, welche ihr Gewicht in die andere Wagschale gegen meine Trübsal legen müssen. 19) Um so grössere Schmach für Euch, wenn ich mich in Euch irrte, da ich Euch für fromme Männer hielt. 20) *cardinal virtues* und *cardinal sins* = wesentliche Tugenden und Laster, ist eine Anspielung auf ihre Cardinalswürde. 21) Das Bild ist von einem Kranken entlehnt, der sich einem Arzte anvertraut. 22) *his love* hängt ebenfalls von *has banish'd me* ab: er hat mich nur zu lange schon aus seiner Liebe verbannt. — Manche Hgg. fügen *he* vor *has banish'd* willkürlich ein, weil die Fol. druckte *Alas, ha's banish'd etc.* — Dyce weist nach, dass die Fol. häufig *ha's* für *has* druckt. — Rowe setzte auch hier *h'as* (vgl. A. 1, Sc. 3, Anm. 14). 23) Lasst mich von mir selber reden. —

Since virtue finds no friends) — a wife, a true one?
A woman (I dare say, without vain-glory)
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven? obey'd him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?[24]
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?[25]
And am I thus rewarded? 't is not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,[26]
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure,
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour,[27] — a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. 'Pray, hear me.

Q. Kath. 'Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye have angels' faces,[28] but heaven knows your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched lady?
I am the most unhappy woman living. —
[To her Women.] Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?
Shipwrack'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope, no kindred weep for me,
Almost no grave allow'd me. — Like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field[29] and flourish'd,
I 'll hang my head, and perish.

Wol. If your grace
Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,
You 'd feel more comfort. Why should we, good lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas! our places,
The way of our profession is against it:
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow them.
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
Grow from the king's acquaintance by this carriage.[30]
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits,
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
I know, you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm: pray, think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.

Cam. Madam, you 'll find it so. You wrong your virtues
With these weak women's fears: a noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you;
Beware, you lose it not: for us, if you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

Q. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords: and, pray, forgive me,
If I have us'd myself[31] unmannerly.
You know, I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray, do my service to his majesty:
He has my heart yet, and shall have my prayers,
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers;
Bestow your counsels on me; she now begs,
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Antechamber to the King's Apartment.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk, *the Duke of* Suffolk, *the Earl of* Surrey, *and the Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,
And force[1] them with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them: if you omit
The offer of this time,[2] I cannot promise,
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion, that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,[3]
To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the peers
Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected?[4] when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person,
Out of himself?[5]

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures.
What he deserves of you and me, I know;
What we can do to him, (though now the time
Gives way to us,) I much fear.[6] If you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Anything on him, for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in his tongue.

Nor. O! fear him not;
His spell in that is out: the king hath found
Matter against him, that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he 's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.[7]

Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 4, Anm. 30. 24) *superstitious* = voll von einer Verehrung, die bis zum Aberglauben ging. 25) So eifrig trachtete ich darnach, ihn zufrieden zu stellen, dass ich darüber fast meine Andachtsübungen vergass. 26) scil. *a woman constant to her husband.* 27) Ich will noch einen Ruhm aufweisen, den jene Frau nicht besitzt. 28) Steevens citirt dazu aus einem Pamphlete von Greene (1585) Folgendes: *England, a little island, where, as Saint Augustin saith, there be people with angels' faces, so the inhabitants have the courage and hearts of lions.* — Deutlicher ist das Wortspiel im Lateinischen zwischen *Angli* und *angeli*. 29) So in Spenser's Faerie Queene: *The lily, lady of the flowering field.* 30) Ihr werdet durch ein solches Benehmen aus der Vertraulichkeit und der Freundschaft des Königs ganz und gar entfernt werden. — *from* = fern von Etwas. 31) *to use one's self* = sich im Verkehr benehmen.

1) *to force* = mit Gewalt befördern, mit Nachdruck durchsetzen. 2) *the offer of this time* = die günstige Gelegenheit, welche dieser Zeitpunkt bietet. 3) d. h. der Herzog von Buckingham, den Wolsey's Intriguen gestürzt und zum Tode geführt hatten. — *remembrance* = Mahnung. 4) Die Negation, die in *uncontemn'd* steckt, ist zu *strangely neglected* ebenfalls zu suppliren, als ob Sh. *not neglected* geschrieben hätte. 5) *out of himself* = ausser sich selbst. 6) Ich bin sehr besorgt, sehr in Zweifel wegen Dessen, was wir ihm zufügen können. 7) Wolsey steckt so fest in der Ungnade des Königs, dass er nicht wieder davon loskommt. 8) *contrary*

Nor. Believe it, this is true.
In the divorce, his contrary proceedings[8]
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,
As I would wish mine enemy.
Sur. How came
His practices to light?
Suf. Most strangely.
Sur. O! how? how?
Suf. The cardinal's letter to the pope miscarried,
And came to the eye o' the king; wherein was read,
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o' the divorce; for if
It did take place, »I do,« quoth he, »perceive,
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, Lady Anne Bullen.«
Sur. Has the king this?
Suf. Believe it.
Sur. Will this work?
Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he coasts,
And hedges, his own way.[9] But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient's death: the king already
Hath married the fair lady.
Sur. 'Would he had!
Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord;
For, I profess, you have it.
Sur. Now all my joy
Trace[10] the conjunction!
Suf. My amen to 't!
Nor. All men's!
Suf. There 's order given for her coronation:
Marry, this is yet but young,[11] and may be left
To some ears unrecounted. — But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.[12]
Sur. But, will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's?
The Lord forbid!
Nor. Marry, amen!
Suf. No, no:
There be moe wasps that buz about his nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stol'n away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled, and
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you,
The king cried, ha! at this.

Cham. Now, God incense him,
And let him cry, ha! louder!
Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer?
Suf. He is return'd, in his opinions;[13] which
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom. Shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call'd queen, but princess dowager,
And widow to prince Arthur.[14]
Nor. This same Cranmer 's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's business.
Suf. He has; and we shall see him
For it an archbishop.
Nor. So I hear.
Suf. 'T is so.
The cardinal —

Enter Wolsey *and* Cromwell.

Nor. Observe, observe; he 's moody.
Wol. The packet, Cromwell,
Gave 't you the king?[15]
Crom. To his own hand, in his bedchamber.
Wol. Look'd he o' th' inside of the paper?
Crom. Presently
He did unseal them,[16] and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind; a heed
Was in his countenance. You he bade
Attend him here this morning.
Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad?
Crom. I think, by this he is.
Wol. Leave me awhile. — [*Exit* Cromwell.
It shall be to the duchess of Alençon,[17]
The French king's sister: he shall marry her. —
Anne Bullen? No; I 'll no Anne Bullens for him:
There 's more in 't than fair visage. — Bullen!
No, we 'll no Bullens. — Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome. — The marchioness of Pembroke!
Nor. He 's discontented.
Suf. May be, he hears the king
Does whet his anger to him.
Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice![18]
Wol. The late queen's gentlewoman, a knight's daughter,

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proceedings = widersprechendes Verfahren, insofern Wolsey heimlich das Gegentheil von Dem betrieb, was er öffentlich vorgab. — In der zweitfolgenden Zeile setzen viele Hgg. stillschweigend *could* für *would*. 9) *his own way* ist = der Weg des Königs, an dem Wolsey entlang streift und vorüberschlüpft, um ihn zu belauern und zu hemmen. 10) *to trace* mit dem Accusativ = Jemandes Spur verfolgen, in seine Fussstapfen treten. — *all my joy* ist = alle Freude, welche Surrey, wie er wiederholt ausgesprochen, über Wolsey's Sturz empfinden wird. 11) Das ist erst jüngst geschehen, ist noch nichts Altes. 12) *to memorize* = dem Gedächtniss überliefern, denkwürdig machen. — *which* bezieht sich auf *blessing*, und *it* auf *land*. — Auch hier ist eine Anspielung auf die Königin Elisabeth (vgl. A. 2, Sc. 3, Anm. 22). 13) Er ist zurückgekehrt in denselben der Ehescheidung günstigen Ansichten, die er vorher schon hatte. Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 4, Anm. 43. — Diese Ansichten Cranmer's haben im Verein mit allen berühmten Rechtsfacultäten in der Christenheit den König in Bezug auf seine Ehescheidung beruhigt. 14) Da die Ehe des Königs mit Katharine für nichtig erklärt ist, so ist Katharine wieder das, was sie vor der Trauung war, die Wittwe seines verstorbenen Bruders, des Prinzen Arthur. 15) Gabt Ihr das Packet dem König? 16) *them* geht auf einen zu supplirenden Plural: die einzelnen Papiere, aus denen das Packet besteht. — Das Packet enthielt durch ein Versehen ein Verzeichniss der Reichthümer des Cardinals, das der König bei seinem nächsten Auftreten in der Hand hat. 17) scil. *he shall be married*. 18) Möge der König seinen Zorn gegen Wolsey scharf genug wetzen, damit der Gerechtigkeit Gottes ein Genüge geschehe! 19) Wolsey wendet hier auf Anna Bullen, die er vernichten

To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen! —
This candle burns not clear: 't is I must snuff it;
Then, out it goes.[19] — What though I know her virtuous,
And well deserving? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome[20] to
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of
Our hard-rul'd[21] king. Again, there is sprung up
An heretic, an arch one,[22] Cranmer; one[23]
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,
And is his oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Suf. I would, 't were something that would fret the string,[24]
The master-cord of his heart!

Enter the KING, *reading a schedule; and* LOVELL.

Suf. The king, the king.

K. Hen. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! and what expense by the hour
Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together? — Now, my lords,
Saw you the cardinal?

Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him. Some strange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple; straight,
Springs out into fast gait; then, stops again,
Strikes his breast hard; and anon, he casts
His eye against the moon. In most strange postures
We have seen him set himself.

K. Hen. It may well be:
There is a mutiny in his mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I requir'd; and wot you what I found
There, on my conscience, put unwittingly?
Forsooth an inventory, thus importing, —
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household, which
I find at such proud rate, that it outspeaks
Possession of a subject.[25]

Nor. It 's heaven's will:
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

K. Hen. If we did think
His contemplation were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings:[26] but, I am afraid,
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.[27]

[He takes his seat, and whispers LOVELL, *who goes to* WOLSEY.

Wol. Heaven forgive me!
Ever God bless your highness!

K. Hen. Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind, the which
You were now running o'er: you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure[28] a brief span,
To keep your earthly audit. Sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband,[29] and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of business, which
I bear i' the state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,[30]
Must give my tendance to.

K. Hen. You have said well.[31]

Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well-saying!

K. Hen. 'T is well said again;
And 't is a kind of good deed, to say well:
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you;
He said he did, and with his deed did crown
His word upon you: since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But par'd my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

Wol. [Aside.] What should this mean?

Sur. [Aside.] The Lord increase this business![32]

K. Hen. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce you have found true;
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us, or no. What say you?

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will, weil sie dem englischen Throne nicht Glanz genug verleihe, dieselbe Metapher an, wie Othello auf die Desdemona in Othello (A. 5, Sc. 2) *Put out the light, and then put out the light etc.* — Wenn, wie Staunton bemerkt, *bullen* früher ein Provinzialismus für *candle* war, so mag Sh. hier geradezu ein Wortspiel beabsichtigt haben. 20) scil. *and it is not wholesome.* 21) *hard-ruled* = der sich nur mit Mühe lenken lässt. 22) *one* bezieht sich auf *heretic*, also *arch heretic* = Erzketzer. Doch scheint Sh. das *arch* in dieser Verbindung adjectivisch zu fassen und hat daher A. 5, Sc. 1 *a most arch heretic.* 23) scil. *one that hath crawl'd etc.* 24) Zu *string* gehört noch das folgende *of his heart*, also = *heartstring*. — Zu der folgenden Bühnenweisung vgl. oben Anm. 16. 25) Ich finde diese Reichthümer in einer so hohen Schätzung, dass sie mehr verkündet, als ein Unterthan besitzen dürfte. — *to outspeak* = zu viel sagen. 26) Wenn wir glauben könnten, dass die Betrachtungen, in welche Wolsey jetzt versenkt ist, erbaulicher Art seien, so wollten wir ihn nicht darin stören. 27) *his thinkings* ist in Verbindung mit *not worth etc.* = das, woran er denkt, der Bereich seiner Gedanken. 28) *spiritual leisure* = die Zeit, die man sich für geistliche Dinge abmüssigt. So sagt in Measure for Measure (A. 3, Sc. 2) der als Mönch verkleidete Herzog: *yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life, which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolved to die.* — Der ironische Sinn ist also: Ihr seid so ausschliesslich mit Eurem Seelenheil beschäftigt, dass Ihr kaum eine kurze Spanne Zeit erübrigen könnt, um über Eure irdischen Angelegenheiten Buch zu führen. 29) *an ill husband* = ein schlechter Wirthschafter. 30) So gut wie meine sterblichen Brüder, wie die übrigen Sterblichen, muss ich als ein gebrechlicher Sohn der Natur auf ihre Erhaltung oder Pflege in mir Bedacht nehmen. 31) Aus Wolsey's Antwort erhellt, dass der König das *said* eigenthümlich betont hat: Zu sprechen versteht Ihr gut. 32) Surrey wünscht, dass der Himmel dem Geschäfte, das der König jetzt mit Wolsey hat, sein Gedeihen schenke, es zu einem

Wol. My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could
My studied purposes requite; which[33] went
Beyond all man's endeavours: my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet fil'd[34] with my abilities. Mine own ends
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person, and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks,
My prayers to heaven for you, my loyalty,
Which ever has,[35] and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.
K. Hen. Fairly answer'd:
A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated. The honour of it
Does pay the act of it,[36] as, i' the contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume,
That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more
On you than any; so your hand, and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,[37]
As 't were in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.
Wol. I do profess,
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own: that am, have, and will be[38] —
(Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make them, and
Appear in forms more horrid) yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,[39]
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.
K. Hen. 'T is nobly spoken.
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open 't. — Read o'er this:
[Giving him papers.
And, after, this; and then to breakfast, with
What appetite you have.
[Exit King, *frowning upon Cardinal* Wolsey: *the Nobles throng after him, smiling, and whispering.*[40]

Wol. What should this mean?
What sudden anger 's this? how have I reap'd it?[41]
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes: so looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him,
Then makes him nothing.[42] I must read this paper;
I fear, the story of his anger.[43] — 'T is so:
This paper has undone me! — 'T is the account
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence!
Fit for a fool to fall by. What cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know 't will stir him strongly: yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off[44] again. What 's this? — »To the Pope!«
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to his holiness. Nay then, farewell!
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation[45] in the evening,
And no man see me more.

Re-enter the Dukes of Norfolk *and* Suffolk, *the Earl of* Surrey, *and the Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal; who commands you
To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands, and to confine yourself
To Asher-house, my lord of Winchester's,[46]
Till you hear further from his highness.
Wol. Stay:
Where 's your commission, lords? words cannot carry
Authority so weighty.
Suf. Who dare cross them,
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?[47]
Wol. Till I find more than will, or words, to do it,
(I mean your malice,)[48] know, officious lords,
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded, — envy.
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,

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guten Ausgange fördere. 33) *which* bezieht Johnson auf *my studied purposes*, Malone aber auf *your royal graces*. Am natürlichsten scheint es doch, *which* auf den ganzen vorhergehenden Satz zu beziehen: es ging über alle menschlichen Anstrengungen hinaus, mit angestrengten Bemühungen Eure Gnade vergelten zu können. 34) *fil'd*, Hanmer's Emendation für *fill'd* der Fol., erklärt Johnson mit *have gone an equal pace with my abilities*. 35) scil. *has been growing*. 36) Der Ruhm einer solchen Loyalität, wie Ihr sie bekennt, ist der beste Lohn für die Leistung derselben, wie umgekehrt die Schmach des Gegentheils die Strafe für eine etwaige Illoyalität ist. 37) Abgesehen von jenem Bande der Pflichttreue, die Euch als Unterthanen an mich knüpft, sollten alle Eure geistigen Kräfte, gleichsam in den Privatbeziehungen eines freundschaftlichen Verhältnisses, mehr mir, Eurem Freunde, angehören, als irgend wem sonst. — *love* = Freundschaft, *particular* = besondere Beziehung, Privatinteresse. 38) scil. *that I am, have been, and will be*, wie vorher *my loyalty*, || *Which ever has, and ever shall be growing*. Malone, der hinter *will be* ein Punctum setzt, erklärt, indem er *that* als das demonstrative Pronomen fasst: *such a man I am, have been, and will ever be*. Wahrscheinlicher ist es, da die Fol. hinter *will be* kein Interpunctionszeichen setzt, dass Sh. durch den langen Zwischensatz, der auf *will be* folgte, aus der Construction gerieth und mit einer bei ihm nicht befremdenden Anakoluthie den Satz unvollendet liess, den er in veränderter Weise mit *yet my duty* wieder aufnahm. Andere nehmen hinter *will be* den Ausfall einer Zeile an, wie Walker sie in folgender Gestalt suppliren wollte: *In heart and act tied to your service; yea,* || *Though all the world etc.* 39) *chiding flood* = die Fluth, welche gegen den Felsen antobt. 40) Auch diese charakteristische Bühnenweisung steht wörtlich so in der Fol. 41) Wie habe ich mir diesen plötzlichen Zorn des Königs zugezogen? 42) Nachdem der Löwe so drohend den Jäger angeblickt hat, vernichtet er ihn. 43) *the story of his anger* = die geschichtliche Erklärung seines Zorns, ist Apposition zu *this paper*. 44) *to bring off* = Jemanden aus Etwas

As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You have christian warrant for them, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,
You ask with such a violence, the king
(Mine, and your master) with his own hand gave me;
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters-patents.[49] Now, who 'll take it?
Sur. The king that gave it.
Wol. It must be himself then.
Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.
Wol. Proud lord, thou liest:
Within these forty[50] hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue than said so.
Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin,[51] robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
The heads of all thy brother cardinals
(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together)
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!
You sent me deputy for Ireland,[52]
Far from his succour, from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him;
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolv'd him with an axe.
Wol. This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer, is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts:[53] how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury[54] and foul cause can witness.
If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,
You have as little honesty as honour,
That[55] in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you: thou shouldst feel
My sword i' the life-blood of thee else. — My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded[56] by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap, like larks.[57]
Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.
Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;
The goodness of your intercepted packets,
You writ to the pope, against the king; your goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious. —
My lord of Norfolk, — as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despis'd nobility, our issues
(Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen),[58]
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life: — I 'll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell,[59] when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.
Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
But that I am bound in charity against it.
Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand;
But, thus much,[60] they are foul ones.
Wol. So much fairer
And spotless shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.
Sur. This cannot save you:
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
You 'll show a little honesty.
Wol. Speak on, Sir;
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is to see a nobleman want manners.

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herausbringen, ihn frei und ledig machen. 45) So in K. Henry IV. First Part (A. 5, Sc. 1) *And be no more an exhal'd meteor.* 46) *Asher*, jetzt *Esher*, eine Residenz der Bischöfe von Winchester bei Hampton Court; da Wolsey selbst Bischof von Winchester war, wurde er damit auf eine im Vergleich zu seinen sonstigen Gütern untergeordnete Besitzung verbannt. 47) Wer darf unsern Worten, wenn sie auch von keiner schriftlichen Vollmacht beglaubigt sind, in den Weg treten, da sie ausdrücklich den mündlich empfangenen Befehl des Königs überbringen? 48) *your malice* ist die Erklärung von *will, or words, to do it:* Euer böser Wille oder Eure boshaften Worte, das zu vollführen, warum es sich handelt. — Johnson bezieht vielleicht zu speciell das allgemein gehaltene *to do it* auf *to carry authority so weighty.* 49) *letters-patents* mit doppelter Pluralbildung hat Sh. auch in K. Richard II. (A. 2, Sc. 1). 50) *forty* gebraucht Sh., wie auch andere mit vier gebildete Zahlen, *four, fourscore* und *forty thousand* als eine unbestimmte Zahlengrösse, also etwa hier = wenige Tage. Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 3, Anm. 26. — In wenigen Tagen würde Surrey Alles darum geben, mich nicht beleidigt zu haben, weil ihn die Rache dafür treffen wird. 51) Anspielung auf das rothe Gewand des Cardinals, wie nachher in dieser Scene *a piece of scarlet* und in K. Henry VI. First Part (A. 1, Sc. 3) *scarlet hypocrite.* 52) Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 1, Anm. 5. 53) *desert* = Gebühr, was Jemandem als Lohn oder Strafe zukommt. 54) Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 1, Anm. 21. 55) *that* muss sich als relatives Pronomen auf *I* in *I should tell you* beziehen. Theobald dagegen fasst *that* als Conjunction und fügt dahinter ein zweites *I* ein. Nach Walker's Vermuthung wäre hinter *honour* ein Vers ausgefallen, den er so supplirt: *To rail in such irreverent wise on me.* — Staunton hält es für möglich, dass sich das relative Pronomen *that* nicht auf ein vorhergehendes *I*, sondern auf *you* bezöge, und erklärt: *You have as little honesty and honour that dare mate (i. e. assail, impugn, confound) a sounder man than yourself for pursuing the course of loyalty and truth towards his king.* 56) *to be jaded* = sich hudeln lassen. 57) *to dare larks* = Lerchen fangen, indem man ihre Aufmerksamkeit auf irgend einen sie erschreckenden oder verwirrenden Gegenstand richtet. Besonders bedient man sich eines rothen Tuches dazu, daher hier die Bezugnahme auf den rothen Cardinalshut. 58) Unsere Nachkommen werden, wenn Wolsey mit seiner Unterdrückung der Grossen am Leben bleibt, kaum noch simple Edelleute, geschweige denn Herzoge und Grafen sein, wie wir. — Für *who*, wie die zweite Folioausg. liest, hat die Fol. *whom.* 59) *sacring bell* = Weiheglocke, Messglocke. — Eine Anspielung auf die Wollust Wolsey's, von der in Skelton's Satiren (vgl. A. 1, Sc. 1, Anm. 35) wiederholt die Rede ist. 60) So

Sur. I had rather want those, than my head.[61] Have at you.
First, that without the king's assent or knowledge
You wrought to be a legate; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.
Nor. Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.
Suf. Then, that without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.
Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassado,[62] to conclude,
Without the king's will or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.
Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have caus'd
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.
Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance,
(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience,)
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities; to the mere undoing
Of all the kingdom.[63] Many[64] more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.
Cham. O my lord!
Press not a falling man too far; 't is virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.[65]
Sur. I forgive him.
Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is, —
Because all those things, you have done of late
By your power legatine within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a *præmunire*,[66] —
That therefore such a writ be sued against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels,[67] and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection. — This is my charge.
Nor. And so we 'll leave you to your meditations,
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So, fare you well, my little good[68] lord cardinal.
[Exeunt all but Wolsey.

Wol. So, farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope,[69] to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And, — when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, — nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me,[70] and now has left me
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,[71]
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;[72]
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,[73]
Never to hope again. —

Enter Cromwell, *and stands amazed.*[74]

Why, how now, Cromwell?
Crom. I have no power to speak, Sir.
Wol. What! amaz'd
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder,
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fall'n indeed.
Crom. How does your grace?
Wol. Why, well:
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his grace, and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy, — too much honour.
O! 't is a burden, Cromwell, 't is a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.
Crom. I am glad your grace has made that right use of it.
Wol. I hope I have: I am able now, methinks,
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel)

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viel darf ich schon sagen. 61) Es ist mir lieber, wenn mir feine Lebensart fehlt, als wenn mir der Kopf fehlt, — eine bittere Anspielung darauf, dass der Cardinal die ihm missfälligen Grossen hinrichten liess. — Die einzelnen Anklagepunkte gegen Wolsey sind aus Holinshed entlehnt, wo sie sich vollständig finden. 62) So die Fol. nach Hall und Holinshed. Rowe setzte den wirklichen Namen *Cassalis*. Er war Gesandter des Königs in Rom. 63) *to the mere undoing etc.* = zum gänzlichen Ruin des ganzen Reiches, bezieht sich auf *you have sent etc.* — Beachtenswerth ist Staunton's Conjectur *you pave for dignities.* 64) Zu *many* ist ein Wort wie *things* oder *articles* zu suppliren. 65) Ihn zu sehen als einen so kleinen Ueberrest seines grossen Selbst. 66) Weil Alles, was Ihr vermöge Eurer Vollmacht als Legat in England gethan habt, in den Bereich solcher Straffälligkeit fällt, auf die eine Confiscation der Güter folgt. — Aus dem *Legatiue* der Fol. machen die späteren Folioausgg. *legantine*. 67) *castles* in der Fol. — Die Verbesserung rührt von Theobald her, der entsprechenden Stelle bei Holinshed gemäss: *and so had judgment to forfeit all his lands, tenements, goods, and cattels, and to be put out of the king's protection. cattels* ist die alte Form für *chattels*. 68) *little good* = wenig gut, persiflirt die herkömmliche höfliche Anrede *my good lord*. — In seiner Replik fasst Wolsey *little good* = geringe Güte, geringes Wohlwollen, das Ihr für mich hegt. 69) *hopes* in der Fol. — Das folgende *blossoms* ist das Verbum. 70) Das Bild von den Blasen, mit deren Hülfe er schwamm, bis sie platzten, wird hier noch fortgesetzt. 71) *their ruin* ist = das Verderben, das von den Fürsten ausgeht. So hatte Wolsey vorher schon gesagt *He parted frowning from me, as if ruin || Leap'd from his eyes.* — Viele Hgg. lesen willkürlich *our ruin* dafür. 72) Mehr Qual und Angst als ein Krieger oder ein Liebender auszuhalten hat. 73) So heisst es von Wolsey in Mirrour for Magistrates (1587): *Your fault not half so great as was my pride, || For which offence fell Lucifer from the skies.*

To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?
Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the king.[75]
Wol. God bless him!
Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord chancellor in your place.
Wol. That 's somewhat sudden;
But he 's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em![76]
What more?
Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.
Wol. That 's news indeed!
Crom. Last, that the lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open,[77] as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.
Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down. O Cromwell!
The king has gone beyond me:[78] all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever.
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master. Seek the king;
(That sun, I pray, may never set!) I have told him
What and how true thou art: he will advance thee.
Some little memory of me will stir him,
(I know his noble nature,) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use[79] now, and provide
For thine own future safety.
Crom. O my lord!
Must I then leave you? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord. —
The king shall have my service; but my prayers,
For ever and for ever, shall be yours.
Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.[80]
Let 's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Cromwell:
And, — when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of, — say, I taught thee,
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,[81]
Found thee a way, out of his wrack, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels;[82] how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues: be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's: then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
And — Pr'ythee, lead me in:[83]
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 't is the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.[84]
Crom. Good Sir, have patience.
Wol. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court: my hopes in heaven do dwell.
[Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A Street in Westminster.

Enter Two Gentlemen, meeting.

1. Gent. You 're well met once again.[1]
2. Gent. So are you.
1. Gent. You come to take your stand here, and behold
The lady Anne pass from her coronation?
2. Gent. 'T is all my business. At our last encounter,
The duke of Buckingham came from his trial.
1. Gent. 'T is very true: but that time offer'd sorrow;
This, general joy.
2. Gent. 'T is well: the citizens,
I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds,[2]
As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward
In celebration of this day[3] with shows,
Pageants, and sights of honour.

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74) *standing amazed* in der Fol. 75) Die Ungnade, in welche Ihr beim König gefallen seid. 76) Er soll gleichsam bestattet werden in den Thränen, welche die Waisen, deren Obervormund der Kanzler war, um ihn vergiessen. — *on 'em* verbesserte Capell das *on him* der Fol. 77) *in open*, vielleicht als Gegensatz zu *in secrecy* so gebildet, = öffentlich. 78) Der König hat mich überholt, getäuscht, indem er sich hinter meinem Rücken mit Anna Bullen vermählte. 79) *to make use* = seinen Nutzen betreiben. Steevens fasst *use* vielleicht zu speciell als *interest* = Zinsen für ein Darlehn. 80) So in Macbeth (A. 4, Sc. 3) *O! I could play the woman with mine eyes.* 81) Der alle Tiefen und Untiefen der Ehre erforschte, der alle Gefahren eines ehrgeizigen Lebens erprobte, fand für Dich einen Weg, Dich zu erheben aus dem Schiffbruch, in dem er selbst unterging. 82) Vgl. oben Anm. 73. 83) Diese Worte charakterisiren die zunehmende Körperschwäche Wolsey's seit seinem Sturz und bereiten auf das vor, was in A. 4, Sc. 2 Griffith von dem Ende des Cardinals erzählt. 84) Sh. entlehnte diese Worte aus den Chroniken, wo Wolsey kurz vor seinem Ende zu Master Kingston sagt: *if I had served God as diligently, as I have done the king, he would not have given me over in my grey hairs.*

1) *once again* bezieht sich auf ein früheres Zusammentreffen der beiden Edelleute in A. 2, Sc. 1. 2) *royal* = königlich gesinnt, dem König ergeben. So in K. Henry IV. Second Part (A. 4, Sc. 1) *our royal faiths.* — *citizens* sind die Bürger Londons. 3) *this day* = der Krönungstag der Könige und Königinnen von England.

1. Gent. Never greater;
Nor, I 'll assure you, better taken,[4] Sir.
2. Gent. May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand?
1. Gent. Yes; 't is the list
Of those that claim their offices this day,
By custom of the coronation.
The duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be high-steward; next, the duke of Norfolk,
He to be earl marshal. You may read the rest.
2. Gent. I thank you, Sir: had I not known those customs,
I should have been beholding[5] to your paper.
But, I beseech you, what 's become of Katharine,
The princess dowager? how goes her business?
1. Gent. That I can tell you too. The archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
From Ampthill, where the princess lay; to which
She was often cited by them, but appear'd not:
And, to be short, for not-appearance,[6] and
The king's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,
And the late marriage made of none effect:[7]
Since which she was remov'd to Kimbolton,[8]
Where she remains now, sick.
2. Gent. Alas, good lady! — *[Trumpets.*
The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming.
[Hautboys.

THE ORDER OF THE CORONATION.

A lively flourish of trumpets.

1. *Two Judges.*
2. *Lord Chancellor, with purse and mace before him.*
3. *Choristers, singing.* [Music.
4. *Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then, Garter in his coat of arms,*[9] *and on his head a gilt copper crown.*
5. *Marquess* Dorset, *bearing a sceptre of gold; on his head a demi-coronal of gold.*[10] *With him, the Earl of* Surrey, *bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*[11]
6. *Duke of* Suffolk, *in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high-steward. With him, the Duke of* Norfolk, *with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
7. *A canopy born by Four of the Cinque-ports;*[12] *under it, the* Queen *in her robe; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side of her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.*
8. *The old Duchess of* Norfolk, *in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the* Queen's *train.*
9. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*[13]

2. Gent. A royal train, believe me. — These I know; —
Who 's that, that bears the sceptre?
1. Gent. Marquess Dorset:
And that the earl of Surrey, with the rod.
2. Gent. A bold brave gentleman. That should be
The duke of Suffolk.
1. Gent. 'T is the same; high-steward.
2. Gent. And that my lord of Norfolk?
1. Gent. Yes.
2. Gent. Heaven bless thee!
[Looking on the Queen.
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on. —
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;
Our king has all the Indies in his arms,
And more, and richer, when he strains[14] that lady:
I cannot blame his conscience.[15]
1. Gent. They, that bear
The cloth of honour over her, are four barons
Of the Cinque-ports.
2. Gent. Those men are happy; and so are all, are near her.[16]
I take it, she that carries up the train
Is that old noble lady, duchess of Norfolk.
1. Gent. It is; and all the rest are countesses.
2. Gent. Their coronets say so. These are stars, indeed;
And sometimes falling ones.[17]
1. Gent. No more of that.
[Exit Procession, with a great flourish of trumpets.[18]

Enter a Third Gentleman.

God save you, Sir! Where have you been broiling?

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4) *greater* und *better taken* = besser eingerichtet, bezieht sich auf *shows etc.* 5) Zur Rechtfertigung der alten Form *beholding*, welche von den meisten Hggn. hier wie überall bei Sh. stillschweigend in *beholden* verändert ist, citirt Boswell hier aus Butler's English Grammar (1633) Folgendes: *Beholding to one, of to behold or regard: which by a synecdoche generis, signifieth to respect and behold, or look upon with love and thanks for a benefit received etc., yet some now adays had rather write it beholden i. e. obliged; which conceipt would seem the more probable, if to behold did signify to hold.* 6) *not-appearance* ist ein Wort = Nichterscheinung, Ausbleiben vor Gericht. Steevens vermuthete, dass Sh. *non-appearance* geschrieben. 7) Die vorige Ehe Katharinens und des Königs wurde für wirkungslos, ungültig erklärt. 8) *Kymmalton* in der Fol. 9) Der erste Wappenkönig in seinem Wappenrock. 10) *demi-coronal* = eine kleine Krone. 11) *Collars of Esses* in der Fol. — Es ist die Ordenskette des Hosenbandes gemeint, *SS* benannt von der Gestalt der Ringe, welche sie bilden. 12) Vier Barone der Häfen, welche an der englischen Küste Frankreich gegenüber liegen. Als *Cinque-ports* gelten Dover, Sandwich, Rye, Hastings, Seaford, Winchilsea, Rumney, Hithe, also eigentlich acht, nicht fünf, wie es ursprünglich gewesen sein muss. 13) Einfache goldene Reifen um den Kopf, nicht mit Blumen verziert, wie die Krone der Herzogin von Norfolk. — In der Fol. schliesst sich gleich daran *Exeunt first passing over the stage in order and state and then a great flourish of trumpets.* — Die Hgg. haben mit Recht den Weggang des Krönungszuges erst etwas später, vor das Auftreten des dritten Edelmannes gesetzt. 14) *to strain* = pressen in einer Umarmung, fest umarmen. 15) Sein Gewissen, welches ihm nicht länger erlaubte, Katharine als Frau zu behalten. 16) scil. *all that are near her.* 17) *falling stars* mit frivolem Nebensinn in Bezug auf die Hofdamen gebraucht. 18) Vgl. oben Anm. 13. 19) *abbey* ist die Westminsterabtei, wo die Krönung vor sich

3. Gent. Among the crowd i' the abbey;[19] where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more: I am stifled[20]
With the mere rankness of their joy.
2. Gent. You saw the ceremony?
3. Gent. That I did.
1. Gent. How was it?
3. Gent. Well worth the seeing.
2. Gent. Good Sir, speak it to us.
3. Gent. As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of lords, and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her; while her grace sat down
To rest awhile, some half an hour or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, Sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,
Doublets, I think,[21] flew up; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-bellied women,
That had not half a week to go,[22] like rams
In the old time of war,[23] would shake the press,
And make them reel before them. No man living
Could say, »This is my wife,« there; all were woven
So strangely in one piece.
2. Gent. But, what follow'd?
3. Gent. At length her grace rose, and with modest paces
Came to the altar; where she kneel'd, and saint-like
Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly.
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the archbishop of Canterbury
She had all the royal makings[24] of a queen;
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace,[25] and all such emblems
Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,
And with the same full state pac'd back again
To York-place, where the feast is held.
1. Gent. Sir,
You must no more call it York-place, that is past;
For, since the cardinal fell, that title 's lost:
'T is now the king's, and call'd Whitehall.[26]
3. Gent. I know it;
But 't is so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.
2. Gent. What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the queen?
3. Gent. Stokesly and Gardiner; the one, of Winchester,
Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary;
The other, London.[27]
2. Gent. He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover[28] of the archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.
3. Gent. All the land knows that:
However, yet there 's no great breach; when it comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.
2. Gent. Who may that be, I pray you?
3. Gent. Thomas Cromwell;
A man in much esteem with the king, and truly
A worthy friend. — The king
Has made him master of the jewel-house,
And one, already, of the privy-council.[29]
2. Gent. He will deserve more.[30]
3. Gent. Yes, without all doubt.
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests:
Something I can command.[31] As I walk thither,
I 'll tell ye more.
Both. You may command us, Sir. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Kimbolton.

Enter KATHARINE, *Dowager, sick; led between* GRIFFITH *and* PATIENCE.

Grif. How does your grace?
Kath. O Griffith! sick to death:
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden. Reach a chair: —
So, — now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou ledst me,
That the great child of honour,[1] cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?
Grif. Yes, Madam; but, I think,[2] your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to 't.
Kath. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he died:
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,[3]
For my example.
Grif. Well, the voice goes, Madam:
For after the stout earl Northumberland

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ging. 20) Hanmer las zur Vervollständigung des Verses *and I am stifled*. Vielleicht ist *stifled*, wie manche ähnliche Lautverbindung bei Sh., dreisylbig *(stifeled)* zu sprechen. 21) Die Begeisterung der Zuschauer beim Anblick der Königin war so gross, dass sie zum Zeichen ihres Beifalls nicht nur Hüte und Mäntel, sondern sogar ihre Wämmser in die Höhe warfen, und wenn ihre Köpfe nicht fest gesessen hätten, würden sie auch die weggeworfen haben. 22) *to go* = schwanger gehen. 23) Wie die Mauerbrecher, deren man sich in alten Zeiten im Kriege bei der Erstürmung der Städte bediente. Solche Widder, *battering rams*, führt Sh. auch in Antony and Cleopatra (A. 3, Sc. 2) und in Troilus and Cressida (A. 1, Sc. 3) an. 24) *making* = Zubehör, Alles was zu einer Königin gehört. 25) d. h. der silberne Stab mit der Taube als Symbol des Friedens darauf, welchen der Graf Surrey im Krönungszug getragen hatte. 26) York-Place, der Palast Wolsey's, hiess, seitdem er nach dem Sturze des Cardinals an den König gefallen war, Whitehall. 27) d. h. Gardiner war Bischof von Winchester; Stokesly Bischof von London. 28) *good lover* = guter Freund, Gönner. 29) Der König hat ihn bereits zum Hüter der Reichskleinodien und zum Mitgliede des Staatsraths gemacht. 30) Er wird sich noch höhere Ehren verdienen. 31) Ich kann am Hofe schon Etwas zu Eurer Bewirthung beordern.

1) So heisst es in K. Henry IV. First Part (A. 3, Sc. 2) von Henry Percy: *this same child of honour and renown.* 2) So verbesserte die zweite Folioausg. von 1632 das *I thank* der Fol. 3) *happily* = vielleicht. So in Taming of the Shrew (A. 4, Sc. 4) *And, happily, we might be interrupted.* 4) Nachdem er ihn wie

Arrested him at York, and brought him forward,
As a man sorely tainted, to his answer,[4]
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
He could not sit his mule.[5]

Kath. Alas, poor man!

Grif. At last, with easy roads,[6] he came to Leicester;
Lodg'd in the abbey, where the reverend abbot,
With all his covent,[7] honourably receiv'd him:
To whom he gave these words, — »O father abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!«
So went to bed, where eagerly his sickness
Pursu'd him still; and three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, which he himself
Foretold should be his last, full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest: his faults lie gently on him!
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,[8]
And yet with charity. — He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach,[9] ever ranking
Himself with princes; one, that by suggestion
Tied[10] all the kingdom: simony was fair-play;
His own opinion was his law: i' the presence[11]
He would say untruths, and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning. He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:[12]
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill,[13] and gave
The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble Madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good now?

Kath. Yes, good Griffith;
I were malicious else.

Grif. This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle.[14]
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading:
Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer:
And though he were unsatisfied[15] in getting,
(Which was a sin,) yet in bestowing, Madam,
He was most princely. Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich, and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;[16]
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,[17]
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth and modesty,[18]
Now in his ashes honour. Peace be with him! —
Patience, be near me still, and set me lower:
I have not long to trouble thee. — Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

[Sad and solemn music.

Grif. She is asleep. Good wench, let 's sit down quiet,
For fear we wake her: — softly, gentle Patience.

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einen schwerbeschuldigten Mann zu seinem Verhör, zu seiner Rechenschaft, gebracht hatte. 5) So in Cavendish's Life of Wolsey: *He rode like a cardinal, sumptuously upon his mule.* — Vgl. Einleitung pag. 1043. 6) *easy roads* = bequeme Fahrten, kleine Tagereisen. 7) *covent*, das Sh.'sche Wort hier für *convent*, von den meisten Hggn. stillschweigend modernisirt; ebenso in Measure for Measure (A. 4, Sc. 3) *One of our covent, and his confessor.* 8) Verstatte mir so weit zu gehen in meiner Aussage von ihm. So in Cymbeline (A. 1, Sc. 1) *You speak him far.* Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 4, Anm. 30. — Die folgende Charakteristik Wolsey's ist zum Theil wörtlich aus Holinshed entlehnt: *This cardinal was of great stomach, for he computed himself equal with princes, and by crafty suggestions got into his hands innumerable treasure; he forced little on simony, and was not pitiful, and stood affectionate in his own opinion; in open presence he would lie and say untruths, and was double both in speech and meaning: he would promise much and perform little, he was vicious of his body, and gave the clergy evil example.* 9) *stomach* = Hochmuth. 10) Für *tied* liest Hanmer *tith'd;* indess lässt sich auch die Lesart der Fol., eigentlich = er fesselte, er band, auffassen von den schweren Besteuerungen, mit denen Wolsey das Land drückte, tributpflichtig machte, entsprechend der Parallelstelle bei Holinshed. Andere erklären *to tie* = in sklavische Fesseln schlagen. — *suggestion* = heimliche böse Anstiftung. 11) Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 1, Anm. 3. 12) Wenn er Jemanden verderben wollte, so that er, als ob er ihn bemitleidete. 13) *he was vicious of his body* bei Holinshed = er sündigte in fleischlicher Beziehung. So sagt Hall's Chronik von der Geliebten Eduard's IV., Jane Shore: *She was naught of her body.* 14) Viele Hgg. setzen mit der Fol. ein Punctum hinter *honour* und verbinden *From his cradle* mit dem Folgenden. Die richtigere Interpunction rührt von Theobald her und stimmt mit der Charakteristik Wolsey's von Edmund Campion überein, welche Sh. bei Holinshed fand und hier benutzte. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 1043 u. 1044. 15) *unsatisfied* = unersättlich, nicht zu befriedigen, wie Sh. *unavoided* = unvermeidlich, *unvalued* = unschätzbar, etc. gebraucht. 16) Die von Wolsey in seinem Geburtsorte Ipswich gestiftete niedere Schule wollte die Güte, der sie ihr Dasein verdankte, nicht überleben, sondern ging mit ihrem Stifter unter. — *good* ist *goodness*, und der Wohlthäter wird als die gleichsam personificirte Wohlthat oder Güte gefasst. — Staunton ändert *that rear'd it.* 17) Sie denkt an den Herold, der hinter dem Sarge eines englischen Fürsten herging und die Titel des Verstorbenen ausrief. So in Coriolanus (A. 5, Sc. 5) *As the most noble corse that ever herald || Did follow to his urn.* 18) *modesty* = Masshalten im Reden und Handeln, Besonnenheit, Mässigung. 19) *to trip* gebraucht Sh. auch

The Vision. Enter, solemnly tripping[19] *one after another, six Personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces; branches of bays, or palm, in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which the other four make reverent curtsies: then, the two that held the garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head. Which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order: at which, (as it were by inspiration,) she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven. And so in their dancing they vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues.*

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? are ye all gone,
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?
Grif. Madam, we are here.
Kath. It is not you I call for.
Saw ye none enter, since I slept?
Grif. None, Madam.
Kath. No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?[20]
They promis'd me eternal happiness,
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall, assuredly.
Grif. I am most joyful, Madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.
Kath. Bid the music leave,
They[21] are harsh and heavy to me. *[Music ceases.*
Pat. Do you note,
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? how pale she looks,
And of an earthy cold? Mark her eyes![22]
Grif. She is going, wench. Pray, pray.
Pat. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An 't like your grace, —
Kath. You are a saucy fellow:
Deserve we no more reverence?[23]
Grif. You are to blame,
Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour: go to; kneel.
Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;
My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying
A gentleman, sent from the king to see you.
Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: but this fellow
Let me ne'er see again.[24]

[Exeunt Griffith *and Messenger*

Re-enter Griffith, *with* Capucius.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.
Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.
Kath. O my lord!
The times, and titles, now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?
Cap. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace; the next,
The king's request that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.
Kath. O! my good lord, that comfort comes too late;
'T is like a pardon after execution.
That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd me;
But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his highness?
Cap. Madam, in good health.
Kath. So may he ever do; and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom. — Patience, is that letter,
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?[25]
Pat. No, Madam.

[Giving it to Katharine.

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king.
Cap. Most willing, Madam.
Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model[26] of our chaste loves, his young daughter: —
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding, —
She is young, and of a noble modest nature;
I hope, she will deserve well, — and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:[27]
Of which there is not one, I dare avow
(And now I should not lie), but will deserve,
For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty, and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble;[28]
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have them.

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sonst von dem leisen Auftreten der Geister, Elfen und Feen. — Diese detaillirte Bühnenweisung findet sich so in der Fol. 20) Der überirdische Glanz des Angesichts dieser Erscheinungen wurde dargestellt durch die *golden vizards*, die vorher erwähnt worden. 21) *they* sind die verschiedenen Instrumente oder Töne, aus denen die Musik, collectiv gefasst, besteht; sie erklingen der Königin, die schon in der Vision einen Vorgeschmack der himmlischen Musik *(celestial harmony)* gehabt hat, rauh und schwerfällig. 22) Capell schob zur Verbesserung des Verses *you* hinter *mark* ein. 23) Der Bote in seiner Eilfertigkeit vergisst bei seinem Eintritt die Kniebeugung zu machen, auf welche Katharine als Königin Anspruch macht. 24) Holinshed erzählt, dass Katharine nach ihrer Ehescheidung sich nicht von denjenigen aus ihrer Dienerschaft bedienen lassen wollte, welche einen Eid abgelegt, sie länger nicht als Königin, sondern als Prinzessin Wittwe zu behandeln. Vgl. A. 3, Sc. 2, Anm. 14. 25) Dieser Brief Katharinens an den König, von dem Holinshed nur einen Auszug mittheilt, steht vollständig in Herbert's Life of Henry VIII. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 1044. 26) *model* = Abbild im Kleinen, Abdruck. So in Hamlet (A. 5, Sc. 2) *I had my father's signet in my purse,* || *Which was the model of that Danish seal.* 27) Die mir getreu in meinem guten Schicksal wie in meinem bösen gedient haben. 28) Malone fasst diese Worte *let him be a noble* als eine Mahnung Katharinens an den König, ihre Dienerinnen nur an Männer von Adel

The last is, for my men: — they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw them from me; —
That they may have their wages duly paid them,
And something over to remember me by:
If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life,
And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents: — and, good my lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
To do me this last right.
Cap. By heaven, I will,
Or let me lose the fashion[29] of a man!
Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his highness:
Say, his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world;[30] tell him, in death I bless'd him,
For so I will. — Mine eyes grow dim. — Farewell,
My lord. — Griffith, farewell. — Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet: I must to bed;
Call in more women. — When I am dead, good wench,
Let me be us'd with honour: strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave. Embalm me,
Then lay me forth: although unqueen'd,[31] yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more. — *[Exeunt, leading* Katharine.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

A Gallery in the Palace.

Enter Gardiner, *Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a torch before him, met by Sir* Thomas Lovell.

Gar. It 's one o'clock, boy, is 't not?
Boy. It hath struck.
Gar. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights;[1] times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times. — Good hour of night, Sir Thomas:
Whither so late?
Lov. Came you from the king, my lord?
Gar. I did, Sir Thomas; and left him at primero[2]
With the duke of Suffolk.
Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I 'll take my leave.
Gar. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What 's the matter?
It seems you are in haste: an if there be
No great offence belongs to 't, give your friend
Some touch of your late business.[3] Affairs that walk
(As, they say, spirits do) at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature, than the business
That seeks despatch by day.
Lov. My lord, I love you,
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The queen 's in labour,
They say, in great extremity; and fear'd,
She 'll with the labour end.
Gar. The fruit she goes with
I pray for heartily, that it may find
Good time,[4] and live: but for the stock, Sir Thomas,
I wish it grubb'd up now.
Lov. Methinks, I could
Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says
She 's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.
Gar. But, Sir, Sir, —
Hear me, Sir Thomas: you are a gentleman
Of mine own way;[5] I know you wise, religious;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,
'T will not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take 't of me,
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands,[6] and she,
Sleep in their graves.
Lov. Now, Sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Cromwell, —
Beside that of the jewel-house, is[7] made master
O' the rolls, and the king's secretary; further, Sir,
Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments,[8]
With which the time[9] will load him. The archbishop
Is the king's hand and tongue; and who dare speak
One syllable against him?
Gar. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,
There are that dare; and I myself have ventur'd
To speak my mind of him: and, indeed, this day,

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zu verheirathen, und setzt deshalb ein Semicolon vor *let*. Steevens bringt den Satz in engere Verbindung mit dem vorhergehenden und erklärt *even though he should be* oder *admit that he be noble*. Diese letztere Deutung scheint um so passender, als in dem wirklichen Briefe Katharinens, den Sh. zu Grunde legte, nichts steht, was Malone's Auffassung rechtfertigte. Die Fol. setzt *let him be a noble* in Parenthese ohne sonstige Interpunction. 29) *fashion* = Gestalt, Körperbildung. 30) Die Frau, die ihn so lange gequält hat, scheidet nun aus der Welt. Vielleicht ist hinter *passing* zufällig ein Wort ausgefallen. 31) *to unqueen* = der Würde einer Königin berauben, gebildet nach der Analogie von *to unking*, das Sh. in K. Richard II. (A. 4, Sc. 1) hat.

1) Gardiner spricht im Allgemeinen, nicht in Bezug auf sich selbst, wenn er meint, dass solche Stunden der Nacht nicht für Ergötzlichkeiten bestimmt sind; unter *necessities* versteht er, wie das Folgende zeigt, das Bedürfniss der Natur, sich im Schlafe zu kräftigen und zu erholen, wie *delights* mit *to waste these times* zu verbinden ist. 2) *primero* oder *prima vista*, auch französisch *prime* genannt, ein zu Sh.'s Zeit sehr beliebtes Kartenspiel, dessen Regeln sich jedoch jetzt nicht mehr feststellen lassen. Es wird auch erwähnt in Merry Wives of Windsor (A. 4, Sc. 5) *I never prospered since I forswore myself at primero.* 3) *your late business* = das Geschäft, das Ihr so spät, in der Nacht, noch habt. 4) *time* = Zeit der Niederkunft: möge die Frucht, mit der sie schwanger geht, eine glückliche Entbindung haben und am Leben bleiben. — Wieder eine Hindeutung auf die Königin Elisabeth. Vgl. A. 2, Sc. 3, Anm. 22. 5) *of mine own way* = von derselben Richtung, Gesinnung wie ich. Johnson erklärt es wohl zu speciell mit *mine own opinion in religion*. 6) Cranmer ist gleichsam die rechte Hand der Königin Anna Bullen. 7) Die meisten Hgg. setzen mit Theobald *he 's* für *is*. Indess liegt hier wahrscheinlich eine Sh.'sche Anakoluthie vor, und *Cromwell*, das vorhergeht, wird als Subject gefasst. — Zu *that of the jewel-house* ist zu supplíren *being master of the jewel-house*. Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 1, Anm. 29. 8) *gap* = offner Weg, erhält seine nähere Erklärung durch *trade* = Verkehr, Handel und Wandel, also: Cromwell steht in dem Wege, auf dem die Beförderungen verkehren; sie können ihm nicht entgehen. 9) Die Fol. hat *lime*, was erst

Sir, (I may tell it you,) I think, I have
Incens'd [10] the lords o' the council, that he is
(For so I know he is, they know he is)
A most arch heretic, a pestilence
That does infect the land: with which they moved
Have broken with the king; [11] who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint, (of his great grace
And princely care, foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him,) hath [12] commanded,
To-morrow morning to the council-board
He be convented. [13] He 's a rank weed, Sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long: good night, Sir Thomas.

Lov. Many good nights, my lord. I rest your servant.

[Exeunt GARDINER *and Page.*

As LOVELL *is going out, enter the* KING *and the Duke of* SUFFOLK.

K. Hen. Charles, I will play no more to-night:
My mind 's not on 't; you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

K. Hen. But little, Charles;
Nor shall not when my fancy 's on my play. [14]
Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message; who return'd her thanks
In the greatest humbleness, and desir'd your highness
Most heartily to pray for her.

K. Hen. What say'st thou? ha!
To pray for her? what! is she crying out? [15]

Lov. So said her woman; and that her sufferance made
Almost each pang a death.

K. Hen. Alas, good lady!

Suf. God safely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travail, to the gladding of
Your highness with an heir!

K. Hen. 'T is midnight, Charles:
Pr'ythee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember
The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;
For I must think of that, which company
Would not be friendly to. [16]

Suf. I wish your highness
A quiet night, and my good mistress will
Remember [17] in my prayers.

K. Hen. Charles, good night. —

[Exit SUFFOLK.

Enter Sir ANTHONY DENNY.

Well, Sir, what follows?

Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop,
As you commanded me.

K. Hen. Ha! Canterbury?

Den. Ay, my good lord.

K. Hen. 'T is true: where is he, Denny?

Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. Bring him to us. *[Exit* DENNY.

Lov. [Aside.] This is about that which the bishop spake:
I am happily come hither.

Re-enter DENNY, *with* CRANMER.

K. Hen. Avoid the gallery.

[LOVELL *seems to stay.* [18]
Ha! — I have said. — Be gone.
What! —

[Exeunt LOVELL *and* DENNY.

Cran. I am fearful. — Wherefore frowns he thus?
'T is his aspect of terror: all 's not well.

K. Hen. How now, my lord? You do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. It is my duty
To attend your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. 'Pray you, arise, [19]
My good and gracious lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together;
I have news to tell you. Come, come, give me your hand.
Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows.
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which, being consider'd,
Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us: where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till further trial in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower: you a brother of us, [20]
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your highness,
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most throughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder; for, I know,
There 's none stands under more calumnious tongues,
Than I myself, poor man.

K. Hen. Stand up, good Canterbury:
Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted
In us, thy friend. Give me thy hand, stand up:
Pr'ythee, let 's walk. Now, by my holidame, [21]
What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together

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die vierte Folioausg. von 1685 verbessert. 10) Ich habe sie darüber aufgebracht, sie darüber in Empörung gesetzt, dass er ein Erzketzer ist. 11) *to break with* als intransitives Verbum = Jemandem sich eröffnen, eine Mittheilung machen. So in Two Gentlemen of Verona (A. 3, Sc. 1) *I am to break with thee of some affairs.* 12) Pope fügte vor *hath* ein *he* ein, das Sh. in Folge des parenthetischen Zwischensatzes ausliess. 13) *to convent* = vor Gericht oder zur Verantwortung bescheiden, citiren. 14) *play* ist hier das Primerospiel. Vgl. oben Anm. 2. 15) *to cry out* = laut aufschreien, hier = in Kindesnöthen sein, Geburtsschmerzen leiden. 16) Ich muss an solche Dinge denken, die sich mit Gesellschaft nicht wohl vertragen, die sich nicht mittheilen lassen. 17) scil. *and I will remember my good mistress.* 18) Lovell macht Miene, bleiben zu wollen. — Diese Bühnenweisung ist in der Fol. 19) Cranmer macht vor dem Könige die übliche Kniebeugung. 20) Da Ihr ein Bruder, Genosse unseres Staatsraths seid, wie vorherging *us and our council,* und wie *our council* auch hinzuzudenken ist bei *this morning come before us.* — Sh.'s Quelle, Fox's Martyrs, hat hier: *to commit you to the Tower, or else no man dare come forth, as witness in these matters, you being a counsellor.* Vgl. Einleitung pag. 1044 u. 1045. 21) *holidame* = die heil. Jungfrau Maria. Das Wort ist durch Verwechslung entstellt aus *halidom*

Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard you,
Without indurance,[22] further.
Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on,[23] is my truth and honesty:
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person, which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant.[24] I fear nothing
What can be said against me.
K. Hen. Know you not
How your state stands i' the world, with the whole world?
Your enemies are many, and not small; their practices
Must bear the same proportion:[25] and not ever[26]
The justice and the truth o' the question carries
The due o' the verdict with it. At what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you? such things have been done.
You are potently oppos'd,[27] and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you[28] of better luck,
I mean in perjur'd witness, than your master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to:
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,[29]
And woo your own destruction.
Cran. God, and your majesty,
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!
K. Hen. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you; and this morning, see
You do appear before them. If they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,[30]
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them. — Look, the good man weeps:
He 's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother!
I swear, he is true-hearted; and a soul
None better in my kingdom.[31] — Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you. *[Exit* Cranmer.*]* — He has strangled
His language in his tears.

Enter an old Lady.[32]

Gent. [Within.] Come back: what mean you?
Old L. I 'll not come back; the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners. — Now, good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!
K. Hen. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?
Say, ay; and of a boy.
Old L. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: the God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her![33] — 't is a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted[34] with this stranger: 't is as like you,
As cherry is to cherry.
K. Hen. Lovell!

Re-enter Lovell.

Lov. Sir.
K. Hen. Give her an hundred marks. I 'll to the queen. *[Exit.*
Old L. An hundred marks! By this light, I 'll ha'[35] more.
An ordinary groom is for such payment:
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl was like to him?
I will have more, or else unsay 't; and now,
While it is hot, I 'll put it to the issue. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Lobby before the Council-chamber.

Enter Cranmer; *Servants, Door-keeper, etc., attending.*

Cran. I hope, I am not too late; and yet the gentleman,
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast?[1] what means this? Hoa!
Who waits there? — Sure, you know me?
D. Keep. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.

= Glauben, Frömmigkeit. 22) *indurance* hält Steevens für gleichbedeutend mit *durance* = Haft. Dass aber Johnson es richtiger mit *delay* und *procrastination* erklärt, erhellt aus den Stellen bei Fox, die Sh. hier benutzt: *I had thought that you would rather have sued to us to have taken the pains to have heard you and your accusers together for your trial, without any such indurance* — und nachher *require of them that you may have your accusers brought before them without any further indurance.* 23) Der Vortheil, auf den ich fusse, mich verlasse. — *to stand* in diesem Sinne ist bei Sh. so häufig, dass Johnson's Conjectur *the ground I stand on* überflüssig erscheint. 24) Wenn meine Wahrheit und Redlichkeit mich im Stich lassen, so will ich mit meinen Feinden gemeinschaftliche Sache gegen meine Person machen, da ich diese Person nicht achte, wenn sie von jenen Tugenden entblösst ist. — *to weigh* = in Anschlag bringen, einer Sache ein Gewicht beilegen. 25) Ihre Anschläge sind, wie sie selber sind, zahlreich und nicht geringfügig. 26) *not ever* = nicht jedes Mal, nicht immer. 27) Ihr habt mächtige Gegner, werdet von einflussreicher Seite angefeindet. 28) *to ween* = wähnen: Glaubt Ihr, dass Ihr glücklicher in meineidigen Zeugen sein werdet, als Christus, Euer Herr, war, so lange er hienieden lebte? 29) Ihr haltet einen Abgrund, der vor Euch liegt, für keinen gefährlichen Sprung; Ihr glaubt, dass Ihr ohne Gefahr hinüberspringen könnt. — Die Fol. hat *Precepit*, was die spätern Folioausgg. verbessern. 30) Wenn sie Euch Dinge schuldgeben, derentwegen man Euch verhaften könnte, so unterlasst nicht, die besten Gegenvorstellungen anzuwenden. 31) Er ist ein Gemüth, wie es kein besseres in meinem Reiche giebt. 32) Dieselbe alte Hofdame, welche schon A. 2, Sc. 3 aufgetreten war. 33) Die komische Wirkung dieser charakteristisch confusen Rede geht verloren, wenn man *her* auf *the queen* bezieht; *her* geht vielmehr auf *a lovely boy*, was die Hofdame erst später mit *'t is a girl*, zur Erklärung ihres *her*, corrigirt. 34) Vor *to be acquainted* ist aus *your visitation* ein *you* zu suppliren. 35) *ha'* in familiärer Redeweise für *have*. — Das Wiederauftreten Lovell's ist in der Fol. nicht bezeichnet.

Cran. Why?
D. Keep. Your grace must wait, till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor BUTTS.

Cran. So.
Butts. This is a piece of malice. I am glad,
I came this way so happily: the king
Shall understand it presently. *[Exit.*
Cran. [Aside.] 'T is Butts,
The king's physician. As he pass'd along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me.
'Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace![2] For certain,
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,
(God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice,)
To quench mine honour: they would shame to make me
Wait else [3] at door, a fellow-counsellor,[4]
'Mong boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the KING *and* BUTTS, *at a window above.*[5]

Butts. I 'll show your grace the strangest sight, —
K. Hen. What 's that, Butts?
Butts. I think, your highness saw this many a day.
K. Hen. Body o' me, where is it?
Butts. There, my lord:
The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages, and footboys.
K. Hen. Ha! 'T is he, indeed.
Is this the honour they do one another?
'T is well, there 's one above them yet. I had thought,
They had parted so much honesty among them[6]
(At least good manners), as not thus to suffer
A man of his place, and so near our favour,
To dance attendance on their lordship's pleasures,
And at the door too, like a post with packets.
By holy Mary, Butts, there 's knavery:
Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close;[7]
We shall hear more anon. *[Exeunt.*

The Council-chamber.

Enter the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of SUFFOLK, *Earl of* SURREY, *Lord Chamberlain,* GARDINER, *and* CROMWELL. *The Chancellor places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for the Archbishop of* CANTERBURY. *The rest seat themselves in order on each side.* CROMWELL *at the lower end, as secretary.*

Chan. Speak to the business, master secretary:
Why are we met in council?
Crom. Please your honours,
The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.
Gar. Has he had knowledge of it?
Crom. Yes.
Nor. Who waits there?
D. Keep. Without, my noble lords?
Gar. Yes.
D. Keep. My lord archbishop;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.
Chan. Let him come in.
D. Keep. Your grace may enter now.
[CRANMER *approaches the council-table.*
Chan. My good lord archbishop, I am very sorry
To sit here at this present, and behold
That chair stand empty: but we all are men,
In our own natures frail, and capable
Of our flesh;[8] few are angels: out of which frailty,
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,
Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching, and your chaplains,
(For so we are inform'd,) with new opinions,
Divers and dangerous; which are heresies,
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.
Gar. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble lords; for those that tame wild horses
Pace them not in their hands[9] to make them gentle,
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur them.
Till they obey the manage. If we suffer,
Out of our easiness and childish pity
To one man's honour, this contagious sickness,
Farewell all physic: and what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole state: as, of late days, our neighbours,
The upper Germany,[10] can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.
Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,

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1) Cranmer findet Alles verschlossen, die Thür, welche zu dem Staatsrathszimmer führt, noch nicht geöffnet. — Die Fol. lässt den Thürhüter erst nach Cranmer's Rede auftreten. 2) Cranmer spricht von Butts als vom Arzte, der den Sitz, die Natur einer Krankheit, hier der Ungnade, erforscht. 3) *else* gehört zu *they would shame.* 4) Ihren Genossen im Staatsrath. — *boys* sind die Hofpagen. 5) Auf dem Sh.'schen Theater war das Fenster eines der beiden zur Seite des Balcons im Hintergrunde der Bühne angebrachten, und, wie der Bühnenraum unterhalb des Balcons, mit einem Vorhange versehen, den Butts nachher zuzieht, damit der unten versammelte Staatsrath den droben lauschenden König nicht bemerke. — Die beiden ersten Reden von Butts bilden nur einen Satz: *the strangest sight which, as I think, your highness saw etc. — this many a day* = jetzt seit manchem Tage, seit langer Zeit. 6) Ich hatte gedacht, sie hätten doch so viel Ehrbarkeit unter sich vertheilt, es gäbe unter ihnen doch so viel Ehrbarkeit. 7) Vgl. oben Anm. 5. — In der Fol. ist ein Weggang des Königs und Butts' nicht bezeichnet, dagegen findet sich dort am Anfang der folgenden Bühnenweisung Folgendes: *A Council table brought in with chairs and stools and placed under the state. — state* ist der Thronsessel des Königs mit dem Baldachin darüber, der wahrscheinlich auf der kleinen, etwas erhöhten Bühne des Hintergrundes unter dem Balcon stand, falls nicht die ganze Scene am Berathungstisch ebendaselbst vor sich ging. 8) *capable of our flesh* ist in genauer Verbindung mit dem Vorhergehenden aufzufassen: wir sind Alle Menschen, gebrechlich in unserer Natur und empfänglich, zugänglich für unser Fleisch, für die fleischlichen Gelüste und Regungen, denen wir vermöge unserer Gebrechlichkeit ausgesetzt sind. — So in K. John (A. 3, Sc. 1) *For I am sick, and capable of fears.* — Malone las *incapable* für *and capable* und verband *of our flesh* mit *few are angels.* — M. Mason las *culpable* für *capable.* — Auf *capable of our flesh* bezieht sich dann das folgende *want of wisdom,* insofern dieses Vorwalten des Fleisches die wahre Weisheit im Menschen nicht aufkommen lässt. 9) Wer wilde Pferde zähmen will, bedient

And with no little study, that my teaching,
And the strong course of my authority,
Might go one way, and safely,[11] and the end
Was ever to do well: nor is there living
(I speak it with a single[12] heart, my lords)
A man, that more detests, more stirs against,
Both in his private conscience and his place,
Defacers of a[13] public peace, than I do.
'Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it! Men, that make
Envy and crooked malice nourishment,[14]
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,
That in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.
Suf. Nay, my lord,
That cannot be: you are a counsellor,
And by that virtue no man dare accuse you.
Gar. My lord, because we have business of more moment,
We will be short with you. 'T is his highness' pleasure,
And our consent,[15] for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower;
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.
Cran. Ah! my good lord of Winchester, I thank you;
You are always my good friend: if your will pass,
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful. I see your end:
'T is my undoing. Love and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition;
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,[16]
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience,
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.[17]
Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary;
That 's the plain truth: your painted gloss discovers,
To men that understand you, words and weakness.[18]
Crom. My lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp: men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 't is a cruelty,
To load a falling man.[19]
Gar. Good master secretary,
I cry your honour mercy: you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.
Crom. Why, my lord?
Gar. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.
Crom. Not sound?
Gar. Not sound, I say.
Crom. 'Would you were half so honest;
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.[20]
Gar. I shall remember this bold language.
Crom. Do.
Remember your bold life too.
Chan.[21] This is too much;
Forbear, for shame, my lords.
Gar. I have done.
Crom. And I.
Chan. Then thus for you, my lord: — it stands agreed,
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner,
There to remain, till the king's further pleasure
Be known unto us. Are you all agreed, lords?
All. We are.
Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?
Gar. What other
Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome.
Let some o' the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me?
Must I go like a traitor thither?
Gar. Receive him,
And see him safe i' the Tower.
Cran. Stay, good my lords;
I have a little yet to say. — Look there, my lords:
By virtue of that ring I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the king my master.
Chan. This is the king's ring.
Sur. 'T is no counterfeit.
Suf. 'T is the right ring, by heaven! I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a-rolling,
'T would fall upon ourselves.
Nor. Do you think, my lords,
The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?
Chan. 'T is now too certain:
How much more is his life in value with him?[22]
'Would I were fairly out on 't!
Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking[23] tales and informations

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sich nicht bloss der Hände dabei, sondern auch des Zaums und des Sporns. 10) Eine Anspielung auf die von den Reformator Thomas Münzer in Thüringen und Sachsen veranlassten Bürgerkriege und Aufstände, etwa zehn Jahre vor der Geburt der Elisabeth, daher *of late days*. 11) Ich habe danach gestrebt, dass meine Lehre und die Handhabung meiner erzbischöflichen Autorität immer eine und dieselbe sichere Richtung verfolge, nämlich recht zu handeln. 12) *single* = einfach, schlicht, das Gegentheil von *double* = doppelsinnig. — *single heart* = Herzenseinfalt. 13) Rowe's Aenderung *of the* ist unnöthig: Cranmer spricht von Solchen, die irgendwo den Frieden eines Landes brechen. 14) Leute, die von Tücke und versteckter Bosheit gleichsam wie von einer Nahrung leben. 15) *our consent* = unsre übereinstimmende Ansicht. 16) Wenn Ihr mir auch so viel aufbürdet, wie meine Geduld nur tragen kann. 17) *modest* = zurückhaltend in Reden. Vgl. A. 4, Sc. 2, Anm. 18. 18) Der schöne Schein, mit dem Ihr übertüncht seid, enthüllt doch Denen, die ihn durchschauen, was dahinter steckt, nichts als blosse Worte und Schwäche. 19) So hatte der Lord Chamberlain vorher (A. 3, Sc. 2) zu Surrey in Betreff Wolsey's gesagt: *O my lord! press not a falling man too far.* 20) Zu *fears* ist dem Sinne nach ein anderes Verbum als *seek*, das nur zu *prayers* recht passt, hinzuzudenken, etwa: auf Euch blicken, in's Auge fassen. 21) Die Fol. bezeichnet diese Rede und die drei folgenden des Chancellor statt mit *Chan.* mit *Cham.*, als ob der Lord Chamberlain das Wort führte. Die Verbesserung rührt von Capell her. 22) Wie viel höher muss der König das Leben Cranmer's schätzen, wenn er schon dessen kleinen Finger nicht gekränkt sehen will. 23) *in seeking* gehört zu dem folgenden

Against this man, whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,
Ye blew the fire that burns ye. Now have at ye!

Enter the KING, *frowning on them; he takes his seat.*[24]

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to heaven
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince;
Not only good and wise, but most religious:
One that in all obedience makes the church
The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

K. Hen. You were ever good at sudden commendations,[25]
Bishop of Winchester; but know, I come not
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence:
They[26] are too thin and bare to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach. You play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;
But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I 'm sure,
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody. —
[To CRANMER.*]* Good man, sit down. Now let me see the proudest
He,[27] that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:
By all that 's holy, he had better starve,
Than but once think this place[28] becomes thee not.

Sur. May it please your grace, —

K. Hen. No, Sir, it does not please me.
I had thought, I had had men of some understanding
And wisdom of my council; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man (few of you deserve that title),
This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy
At chamber-door? and one as great as you are?[29]
Why, what a shame was this! Did my commission
Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
Power, as he was a counsellor to try him,
Not as a groom. There 's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;
Which ye shall never have while I live.

Chan. Thus far,
My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather
(If there be faith in men)[30] meant for his trial,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice,
I 'm sure, in me.

K. Hen. Well, well, my lords, respect him:
Take him, and use him well; he 's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him: if a prince
May be beholding to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him:
Be friends, for shame, my lords! — My lord of Canterbury,
I have a suit which you must not deny me;
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,
You must be godfather,[31] and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
In such an honour: how may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you?

K. Hen. Come, come, my lord, you 'd spare your spoons.[32] You shall have
Two noble partners with you; the old duchess of Norfolk,
And lady marquess Dorset: will these please you?[33]
Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge you,
Embrace, and love this man.

Gar. With a true heart,
And brother-love, I do it.

Cran. And let heaven
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

K. Hen. Good man! those joyful tears show thy true heart.[34]
The common voice, I see, is verified
Of thee, which says thus, »Do my lord of Canterbury
A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.«[35] —
Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a Christian.
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain. *[Exeunt.*

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ye blew the fire that burns ye. 24) Der König, der bisher hinter dem Vorhange des Fensters Alles angehört hatte, erscheint jetzt auf der untern Bühne und nimmt auf dem Thronsessel Platz, der für ihn bereit stand. Vgl. oben Anm. 7. — Die Bühnenweisung ist aus der Fol. 25) *sudden commendations* = improvisirte Lobeserhebungen. 26) *they* bezieht sich auf *commendations:* sie sind zu durchsichtig und kahl, als dass sie Eure Vergehungen verdecken könnten. — *bare* ist Malone's plausible Emendation für *base* der Fol. — Manche Hgg. verbinden diesen Satz mit dem vorhergehenden *and in my presence*, und interpungiren den folgenden Vers so: *To me, you cannot reach, you play the spaniel* = Ihr spielt gegen mich, an den Ihr nicht hinanreichen könnet, den Schosshund. — Die Fol. hat jedoch hinter *reach* ein Punctum. 27) Den Ausdruck *the proudest he* hat Sh. in Taming of the Shrew (A. 3, Sc. 2) *I 'll bring mine action on the proudest he*, und in K. Henry VI. Third Part (A. 1, Sc. 1) *The proudest he that holds up Lancaster.* — Manche Hgg. fassen *the proudest* substantivisch und halten *he that dares most* für eine Apposition. 28) *his place* der Fol., in Bezug auf das vorhergehende *he*, will Malone rechtfertigen mit der Erklärung: *who dares to suppose that the place in which he is, is not suitable for thee also.* — Rowe's Emendation *this place* rechtfertigt sich damit, dass in einer früheren Bühnenweisung (vgl. Anm. 7) ausdrücklich das Leerbleiben eines Platzes für Cranmer bemerkt wird und dass der König mit den Worten *Good man, sit down* Cranmer auffordert, diesen leergebliebenen Platz einzunehmen. 29) Und noch dazu einen Mann, der eben so gross ist, wie Ihr seid. 30) Wenn man irgend einem Menschen, also auch uns, glauben darf. 31) scil. *that (my suit) is, you must be godfather to a fair young maid.* Vielleicht ist auch nach Sh.'scher Constructionsweise aus dem nachfolgenden *for her* das *for* zu *a fair young maid* zu suppliren. 32) Ein Dutzend silberner vergoldeter Löffel war ein gewöhnliches Pathengeschenk zu Sh.'s Zeit wie vorher und nachher. Sie hiessen *apostle spoons*, weil die Bilder der zwölf Apostel auf den Griff eingegraben waren. 33) Diese Rede des Königs ist bis hierher in der Fol. als Prosa gedruckt, und in der That hält es schwer, sie in regelrechte Blankverse abzutheilen. 34) *hearts* in der Fol.; von der zweiten Folioausg. verbessert. 35) Einen ähnlichen Ausspruch über Cranmer's grosse Herzensgüte, die er in ihrer Uebertreibung missbilligte, that Dr. Hethe, der Erzbischof von Canterbury.

SCENE III.

The Palace Yard.

Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter and his Man.

Port. You 'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals. Do you take the court for Paris-garden?[1] ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.[2]

[Within.] Good master porter, I belong to the larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, you rogue! — Is this a place to roar in? — Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones: these are but switches to them. — I 'll scratch your heads: you must be seeing christenings? Do you look for ale and cakes[3] here, you rude rascals?

Man. Pray, Sir, be patient: 't is as much impossible,
Unless we sweep them from the door with cannons,
To scatter them, as 't is to make them sleep
On May-day morning;[4] which will never be.
We may as well push against Paul's, as stir them.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not: how gets the tide in?
As much as one sound cudgel of four foot
(You see the poor remainder) could distribute,
I made no spare, Sir.

Port. You did nothing, Sir.

Man. I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand,[5]
To mow them down before me; but if I spared any,
That had a head to hit, either young or old,
He or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker,[6]
Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again;[7]
And that I would not for a cow, God save her.

[Within.] Do you hear, master porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good master puppy. — Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in?[8] or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door![9] On my christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand: here will be father, godfather, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger,[10] Sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier[11] by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in 's nose: all that stand about him are under the line,[12] they need no other penance. That fire-drake[13] did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me: he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us.[14] There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me till her pink'd porringer[15] fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state.[16] I miss'd the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out: Clubs![17] when I might see from far some forty truncheoners draw to her succour, which were the hope o' the Strand, where

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1) *Paris-garden* hiess der Bezirk, wo die Bärenhetzen, eine Hauptbelustigung des Volkes, gehalten wurden; er lag am südlichen Themseufer in der Nähe des Sh.'schen Globustheaters. Der Bärengarten hatte seinen Namen von Robert de Paris, der dort zur Zeit Richard's II. ein Haus und einen Garten besass. — Die Fol. hat *Parish Garden*, vielleicht eine geflissentliche Entstellung des eigentlichen Namens. 2) *to gape* = das Maul aufsperren, schreien. 3) Dieselbe Zusammenstellung Beider als einer Volksergötzung an Festtagen kommt in Twelfth-Night (A. 2, Sc. 3) vor: *Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?* 4) Reed citirt passend hierzu aus Stowe: *in the month of May, namely on May-day in the morning, every man except impediment would walk into the sweet meadows and green woods, there to rejoice their spirit with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers, and with the noise of birds, praising God in their kind.* 5) Der Diener zählt drei wegen ihrer Körperstärke berühmte Männer auf, den Simson des alten Testaments, Sir Guy, den Grafen von Warwick, und den dänischen Riesen Colbrand, den Sir Guy in einem Turnier in Winchester hinstreckte. In K. John (A. 1, Sc. 1) wird *Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man* gleichfalls erwähnt. — Die meisten Hgg. drucken diese Rede des Dieners als Prosa, während sie in der Fol., wie die beiden vorhergehenden, als Verse gedruckt steht. 6) So sagt in Troilus and Cressida (A. 5, Sc. 8) Thersites von Menelaus und Paris: *The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are at it.* 7) Der Diener denkt es sich als das schlimmste Unglück, wenn er kein tüchtiges Stück Ochsenfleisch mehr zu Gesicht bekommen sollte, und meint, selbst für eine ganze Kuh wolle er das nicht wünschen. — Die Vorliebe der Engländer für ihr Rindfleisch persifliren sonst die Franzosen bei Sh. an verschiedenen Stellen; so in K. Henry VI. First Part (A. 1, Sc. 2) *They want their porridge, and their fat bull-beeves.* — Staunton vermuthet *for my cow*, weil Phrasen wie *my cow, God save her!* oder *my mare, God save her!* oder *my sow, God save her!* damals sprichwörtlich waren. 8) Moorfields, damals noch ein freies Feld an der Nordseite der City, wo die Stadtmiliz exercirt wurde, bot ein Schauspiel, das die Weiber aus dem Volke vielleicht eben so sehr anzog, wie irgend ein wilder Indianer, der damals in London für Geld gezeigt wurde. Diese letztere Art von Schaulust persiflirt Sh. auch in Tempest (A. 2, Sc. 2) *When they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian.* 9) Das dichte Gedränge von Männern und Weibern durcheinander vor der Thür. 10) Um so mehr Pathenlöffel wird es geben. Vgl. A. 5, Sc. 2, Anm. 32. 11) *brazier* ist hier doppelsinnig = Kupferschmied, und = Kohlenpfanne. 12) Die ihn Umgebenden müssen beim Anblick seiner glühenden Nase sich so heiss fühlen, als wenn sie unter dem Aequator in der tropischen Zone lebten; sie bedürfen daher keines Fegefeuers mehr, um ihre Sünden abzubüssen. 13) *fire-drake* fasst Sh. hier synonym mit *meteor*, wie der Diener bald nachher den rothnasigen Kupferschmied bezeichnet. Es ist sonst sowohl = Feuermeteor, als auch = Irrlicht. 14) *to blow* = Jemanden in die Luft blasen, sprengen. 15) Die Haube nennt der Diener wegen ihrer Gestalt eine Suppenschüssel. So sagt in Taming of the Shrew (A. 4, Sc. 3) Petruchio von der Haube, die ihm gebracht wird: *Why, this was moulded on a porringer.* 16) Der Brand oder Aufruhr, den der Diener im Staate anstiftete, war das Feuer, das er mit seinem Knüppel aus dem Kopfe des Kupferschmiedes herausschlug. 17) *Clubs!* d. h. Knüppel, um die Leute auseinander zu treiben, war der gewöhnliche Ruf, der in den Londoner Strassen bei einem Handgemenge laut wurde, und der hier vierzig Knüppelträger, die sonst in der Londoner Verkehrsstrasse, Strand genannt, sich aufhielten, herbeizog. — Für *truncheoners* der

she was quartered. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to the broomstaff to me:[18] I defied 'em still; when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot,[19] delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work.[20] The devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse, and fight for bitten apples;[21] that no audience, but the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the Limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*,[22] and there they are like to dance these three days, besides the running banquet[23] of two beadles, that is to come.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here!
They grow still too, from all parts they are coming,
As if we kept a fair here! Where are these porters,
These lazy knaves? — Ye have made a fine hand, fellows:
There is a trim rabble let in. Are all these
Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall have
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
When they pass back from the christening.
Port. An 't please your honour,
We are but men; and what so many may do,
Not being torn a-pieces,[24] we have done:
An army cannot rule 'em.
Cham. As I live,
If the king blame me for 't, I 'll lay ye all
By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines for neglect. You are lazy knaves;
And here ye lie baiting of bombards,[25] when
Ye should do service. Hark! the trumpets sound;
They 're come already from the christening.
Go, break among the press, and find a way out
To let the troop[26] pass fairly, or I 'll find
A Marshalsea,[27] shall hold you play these two months.
Port. Make way there for the princess.
Man. You great fellow,
Stand close up, or I 'll make your head ache.
Port. You i' the camlet, get up o' the rail;
I 'll pick[28] you o'er the pales else. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Palace.

Enter Trumpets, sounding; then Two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, Cranmer, *Duke of* Norfolk, *with his marshal's staff, Duke of* Suffolk, *Two Noblemen bearing great standing-bowls*[1] *for the christening-gifts; then, Four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Duchess of* Norfolk, *godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, etc. Train borne by a Lady: then follows the Marchioness of* Dorset, *the other godmother, and Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.*

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth![2]

Flourish. Enter King *and Train.*

Cran. [Kneeling.] And to your royal grace, and the good queen,
My noble partners, and myself, thus pray:[3]
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!
K. Hen. Thank you, good lord archbishop;
What is her name?
Cran. Elizabeth.
K. Hen. Stand up, lord. —
[The King *kisses the Child.*
With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!
Into whose hand I give thy life.
Cran. Amen.

Fol. setzen viele Hgg. das auf der letzten Sylbe betonte *truncheoneers*. 18) So die Fol.; manche Hgg. ändern ohne Noth *with me:* sie kamen mir auf die Länge eines Besenstiels nahe. 19) *loose shot* erklärt Malone mit *loose shooters*, weil auch anderswo *shot* für *shooters* vorkommt. Vielleicht ist aber *shot* hier collectiv = Geschütz, gefasst und als solches als Apposition auf *file of boys* bezogen. 20) *work* = Befestigungswerk. Darunter versteht der Diener scherzhaft seinen Posten am Thore des Schlosses. 21) Solche Bursche prügeln sich im Theater um die angebissenen Aepfel, welche die vornehmeren Zuschauer auf den besseren Plätzen in's Parterre geworfen haben. Der Lärm, den sie im Theater machen, ist so arg, dass nur ein so gottseliges, demüthiges Publicum, wie die puritanischen Versammlungen auf dem Platz am Tower und am Limehouse bei London, sie aushalten könnte. — *their dear brothers* bezieht sich auf *Tribulation:* die Mitglieder des frommen Conventikels am Limehouse, zwei englische Meilen unterhalb London an der Themse gelegen, waren theure Brüder der Genossenschaft, die ihr Erbauungslocal auf dem Platz am Tower hatte und sich *Tribulation* nannte. — In Ben Jonson's Alchemist heisst ein Dissenterprediger aus Amsterdam *Tribulation-Wholesome.* — Staunton findet in *Tribulation of Tower-hill* und *Limbs of Limehouse* lediglich Anspielungen auf den Pöbel, der am Themseufer unterhalb der City hauste, und bezieht *their dear brothers* auf die vorerwähnten *hope o' the Strand.* 22) *in Limbo Patrum*, eigentlich lateinisch = in der Vorhölle, eine familiäre Bezeichnung für das Gefängniss, wie in Comedy of Errors (A. 4, Sc. 2) *No, he 's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell.* 23) Vgl. A. 1, Sc. 4, Anm. 3. — Hier ist *running banquet of two beadles* scherzhaft = die Durchprügelung, welche die Verhafteten bei ihrer Entlassung noch von zwei Bütteln zu erwarten haben, gleichsam ein Mahl, das sie im Lauf einnehmen. 24) Was Leute in so geringer Anzahl, wie ich und mein Diener, thun können, ohne in Stücke zerrissen zu werden, das haben wir gethan. 25) *to bait bombards* = Bierfässer anzapfen. 26) *the troop* ist der Zug, der von der Taufe kommt. 27) *Marshalsea*, ein Gefängniss, in der Vorstadt Southwark gelegen. Dort sollen die Beiden zur Strafe zwei Monate lang spielen, d. h. Strafarbeit thun. 28) *to pick* = werfen, schleudern. Die Fol. hat *peck.* — Zu *peck* = klopfen, schlagen, würde Knight's Lesart *pates* für *pales* passen. — Für *camlet* = Camelotzeug, hat die Fol. *Chamblet.*

1) *standing-bowl* = ein grosser Pokal mit einem Untersatz. 2) Diese Worte des Wappenkönigs, welche die Fol. als Verse druckt, fand Sh. in den Chroniken. 3) Und Folgendes erbitte ich und meine edlen Genossen bei der Taufe vom Himmel für Euch und für die Königin. 4) d. h. zu freigebig mit Euren Pathengeschenken. Der Chronist

K. Hen. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal.[4]
I thank ye heartily: so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.
Cran. Let me speak, Sir,
For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they 'll find them truth.
This royal infant, — heaven still move about her! —
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Saba[5] was never
More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece[6] as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her;
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be lov'd, and fear'd: her own shall bless her;
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow: good grows with her.
In her days, every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine what he plants;[7] and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.
God shall be truly known;[8] and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways[9] of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.[10]
Nor shall this peace sleep with her: but as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phœnix,
Her ashes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself:
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
(When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness,)
Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd. Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him:
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations:[11] he shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him. Our children's children
Shall see this, and bless heaven.
K. Hen. Thou speakest wonders.
Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
'Would I had known no more! but she must die[12] —
She must, the saints must have her — yet a virgin;
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.
K. Hen. O lord archbishop!
Thou hast made me now a man: never, before
This happy child, did I get anything.
This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker. —
I thank ye all. — To you, my good lord mayor,
And your good brethren,[13] I am much beholding:
I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful. — Lead the way, lords:
Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye;
She will be sick else. This day, no man think
H'as[14] business at his house, for all shall stay:
This little one shall make it holiday. *[Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

'T is ten to one, this play can never please
All that are here.[1] Some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,
We have frighted with our trumpets; so, 't is clear,
They 'll say, 't is naught:[2] others, to hear the city
Abus'd extremely, and to cry, — »That 's witty!«[3]

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erzählt nämlich: *the Archbishop of Canterbury gave to the Princess a standing-cup of gold; the Duchess of Norfolk gave to her a standing-cup of gold, fretted with pearl, the Marchioness of Dorset gave three gilt bowls, pounced, with a cover, and the Marchioness of Exeter gave three standing-bowls, graven, all gilt, with a cover.* 5) *Saba*, die Königin von Saba, die Freundin des weisen Salomon, ward so auch bei Sh.'s Zeitgenossen genannt; so in Marlowe's Doctor Faustus: *Were she as chaste as was Penelope,* || *As wise as Saba.* — Viele Hgg. setzen *Sheba* dafür, wie es jetzt in der englischen Bibel heisst. 6) *mighty piece* = ein mit Macht ausgestattetes Wesen, geht auf die spätere Erscheinung der Elisabeth als Königin. 7) Das Bild ist entlehnt aus der Bibel (1. Kön., Cap. 4, V. 25): *every man dwelt safely under his vine.* 8) Eine Hindeutung auf die unter Elisabeth's Regierung durchgeführte Kirchenreformation. 9) *ways*, auf das sich das folgende *by those* bezieht, verbesserten schon die späteren Folioausgg. das *way* der ersten Fol. 10) Die folgenden Zeilen bis einschliesslich zu den Worten des Königs *Thou speakest wonders* werden von vielen Hggn. für einen späteren Zusatz Sh.'s oder eines andern Dichters gehalten. Nach Theobald's Vermuthung ginge die Interpolation sogar noch weiter, bis *all the world shall mourn her*, und in Sh.'s ursprünglichem Texte hätte der König unmittelbar auf Cranmer's mit *not by blood* schliessende Rede geantwortet *Thou speakest wonders, O lord archbishop.* — Vgl. Einleitung pag. 1040. 11) Eine Anspielung auf die Colonisation Virginiens in Nordamerika, das im Jahre 1612 eine neue Verfassung von Jacob I. erhielt. 12) Viele Hgg. setzen hinter *die* ein Punctum oder Colon, während der Sinn offenbar die Verbindung *she must die yet a virgin* fordert. 13) *your good brethren* ist Theobald's Emendation für *you, good brethren* in der Fol. — Die Aldermen der City heissen wiederholt die Brüder des Lord Mayor; so in K. Henry V. (A. 5, Chorus) *The mayor, and all his brethren, in best sort.* 14) Die Fol. schreibt '*has* für *h'as*.

1) Wie in dem Prolog werden auch in dem Epilog, den wahrscheinlich derselbe Schauspieler sprach, verschiedene Classen von Zuschauern satyrisch charakterisirt. 2) Die Zuschauer, die nur in's Theater gekommen sind, um ein paar Acte lang zu schlafen, sind ärgerlich, wenn die lauten Trompetenstösse, wie sie z. B. bei dem Krönungszug und bei dem Taufzug vorkamen, sie im Schlafe stören, und erklären dann das Stück für schlecht. 3) Andere Zuschauer erwarteten ein Drama zu sehen, das, aus der Gegenwart gegriffen, die Londoner Bürger in ihrem Leben

Which we have not done neither: that, I fear,
All the expected good we 're like to hear
For this play, at this time,[4] is only in
The merciful construction of good women;
For such a one we show'd them.[5] If they smile,
And say, 't will do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours;[6] for 't is ill hap,
If they hold, when their ladies bid them clap.

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und Treiben persiflirt. — Eine solche Erwartung war kaum möglich, wenn das Drama unter seinem gegenwärtigen Titel zur Aufführung gelangte, sehr wohl aber, wenn es den Titel All is true führte. Vgl. Einleitung pag. 1039.
4) *at this time* = jetzt, da das Stück zu Ende ist. — Ueber den Reim von *in* und *good women* vgl. Prol. Anm. 8.
5) d. h. die Königin Katharine. 6) Eine ähnliche Appellation an den Beifall der Zuschauerinnen und ihren Einfluss auf die Männer findet sich in den Epilogen zu As you like it und zu K. Henry IV. Second Part.

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